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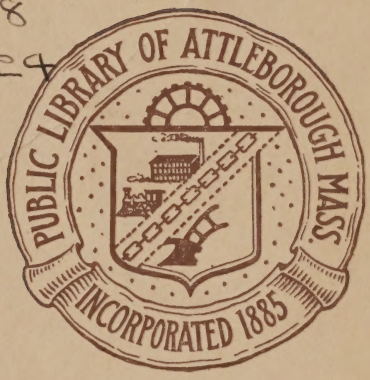

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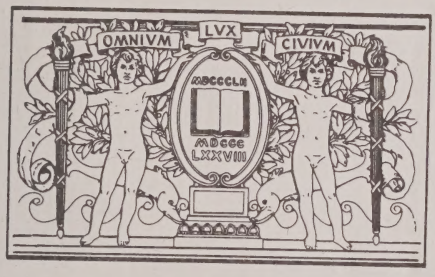

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THE HOAX OF BOLSHEVISM

BY HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

ONE of the paradoxical elements in the political psychology of the day is our incredible gullibility. Our politics is the very spoil of charlatanry. Our thinking is sublimely free of thought. And — to use a Nietzscheism — we are all the prey of a will to be hoaxed.

Our political supermen illustrate the point, they are so patently the product of an age of cinematographs and yellow dailies. They rise to greatness on a phrase. They are pied pipers of platitudes; worlds balance and reel on the turning of their metaphors. Democracies, in particular, are rank with phraseocrats. We are taught that, in democracies, the people rule, but the truth is, the thoughts of the people are boiler-plated and mobilized incalculably. Clever, enticing idealogues have become the specie of the political market. Phrase-artists sit in the seats of power, and it is the press agents who rule.

It is this phenomenon which has given such complexity to the Russian tangle. Our thinking has been so stereotyped in the past, that we stuttered when we were confronted with a political development which came to us with new and unaccustomed terminology. Our old phrases suddenly became obsolete. Democracy we knew, and Autocracy we understood; but Proletarocracy gagged us. And so, for eighteen months, Lenin has played us with a barrage of Bolshevist Marxisms. He has capitalized our confusion, and stabilized his government. And even to-day, he finds us still at sea — enmeshed by bewildering and paralyzing words.

This is not true alone of the laymen. The hysterical splutterings of our statesmen are constantly giving witness to the effectiveness of Lenin's verbal gas-guns. The writings in our current periodicals are humorously serious, as they wade through the fantastic ideologies which sprinkle the Bolshevist propaganda: the writers almost invariably take the Leninites at their word. A swarm of books has cluttered down upon us, and in each, Bolshevism is unquestioningly interpreted as a mirror of its self-declared phrases. Indeed, we have all been unstrung, and no one has yet appeared to ask the burning question whether Russia, like every other country, may not be otherwise than the picture which is drawn in its phrases; whether Bolshevism may not be more terrible in language than in reality; whether Lenin may not, like many of our own political chiefs, speak a language which is more daring than his deeds.

The popular conception of Bolshevism is Russian-made. It is the conception which we have gleaned from the

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books of Lenin and the burning, explosive utterances of Trotzky. And in this conception, Bolshevism is a veritable avalanche. It is Armageddon to the bourgeoisie: it is New Jerusalem to the proletariat. It comes like an apocalypse, to exalt the humble and to abase the lofty. It is Socialism barbed with a Red Terror. It is a mammoth economic experiment; a ruthless dictatorship which would strait-jacket one hundred and seventy million people to the iron Marxian pattern. Such is the announced Bolshevist programme.

But students of history are somewhat skeptical of apocalyptic political programmes. The past has been a museum of millenniums. Only too often the millennium has withered into an hyperbole.

And Bolshevism also, when stripped of its glamour, reveals itself as but a shibboleth. In theory, it sounded the blast of every value of life. But when the Bolsheviki ceased to be theorists, when Russia clothed them with the powers of state, Maximalism became Minimalism — only the phrases remained. The ideal, like all ideals, sobered in the presence of reality. Bolshevism and the Bolsheviki became two separate meanings, as even Lloyd George recognized in his recent speech in Parliament.

Perhaps we ought not to go so far as to say that Lenin purposely hoaxed the Russian masses. But the truth is stark: Lenin's published programme has long since ceased to be the Russian reality. And though the world looks upon the Bolshevik land with the wonderment of romance; though the proletariat of Europe gaze upon Moscow and see there the Sinai of their yearnings; though Mujik hordes pour out to die like zealots for the covenant of the Soviet, the Bolshevism of fact is neither an apocalypse nor a millennium; it is neither a revolution nor a commune; it is not Marxian and it is not proletarian. It is a republic, a democracy (hated though the word may be in Bolshevik writings), a sort of Whitley Council Socialist political state; different from the American, as Russia itself is different from the United States, but a political state, nevertheless, whose traditions stem from Jefferson far more than from Karl Marx. And Lenin — master phraseocrat of the age — enlists limitless battalions in a sacred war for a 'commune' which is only a republic!

To demonstrate my assertion, it is merely necessary to analyze the present Russian state. For a moment, one must descend from the rarified rhetoric of Lenin's propaganda. One must forget Bolshevism, the phrase; one must visualize Bolshevism, the state.

Now, the outstanding fact in the Russian situation is the fact that the Revolution — what there was of it — is over and accomplished. The flux of change has already cooled into a *status quo*. A rigid constitution is already operating, and this constitution is neither Marxism nor Communism.

A brief résumé will explain the significance of this. The announced programme of the Bolsheviki was, from the first, the Marxian programme. The writings of Lenin, Trotzky, Lunacharsky, Bucharin, and all the theorists of the original Bolshevik group were saturated with Marxism. The rigid formulas of the *Communist Manifesto* were accepted as infallible political guides. The accession of the group to power in November, 1917, was hailed by the world — and by themselves — as a Marxian victory. Other Socialists had mounted to political power before them: the Briands, the Millerands, the Albert Thomases, the Bissolatis, and even the Kerenskys and Tscheidses of their own country. But none of these had represented the Marxian school. The uniqueness of the Bolshevist victory lay pre-

cisely in this fact. The world looked upon Bolshevism as in the nature of a Marxian experiment; it prepared to judge the efficacy of Marxism for all time by the failure or success of the régime of Lenin.

The central thought in this Marxian creed is the dogma of the class struggle. All else rests like a pyramid upon this class-struggle hypothesis, and the structure stands or falls with its correctness.

According to Marx (and Bolshevism), the meaning of history stems from an inexorable division of man into two classes. These classes are not arbitrary: they are rigidly defined by economic law. They are the employing class and the employed class; capital and labor; the bourgeoisie and the proletariat! It is a distinction rock-ribbed by the imperative of economic determinism.

From this class-nature of society, in the Marxian creed, flows the class struggle. The bourgeoisie and the proletariat stand pitted against each other in every relation of life. The interest of one is the detriment of the other. The power of the one means the enslavement of the other. There can be no harmony between them any more than there can be peace between the robber and his victim. Economic determinism decrees that they fight a mortal and truceless war.

It is on this point that the ways of the Marxian and the Reformist Socialist have parted. The Reformists of the Ebert-Kerensky-Thomas school deny the class struggle. Society is multi-classed, not bi-classed, they claim. Man is a pattern of crisscrossing economic groups, which change and alter with all the flitting uncertainty of the clouds. There are no hard-and-fast boundaries of economic interests. There is no destiny-created class conflict. There is no categorical imperative which interdicts the freedom of man's will to act. History's meaning is not the senseless slaughter of class by class. Progress is not written in the terms of civil strife: it comes through adaptation; through the peaceful penetration of new systems into the systems of the past.

But Lenin, entering power, threw his defiance at this Reformist-Socialist programme. He announced a government in which there would be only one class — the proletariat. He repudiated reconciliation, he hailed the class dictatorship. He opened the chasm of a class conflict.

Such was the goal which Lenin pictured on that November day when Russia bowed to his rule. And such is still the *spoken* programme of Russia's rulers. But eighteen months have passed — an ordered government has been evolved — a constitution has been framed and executed by the Bolsheviki. And the significance of the Bolsheviki in world-history; their significance as a guide-post to the future drift of Socialism; as the first attempt to apply the Marxian dogma, lies in this. Have they succeeded in creating such a proletarian, Marxian commune?

The answer is, no. Up the hill of class struggle marched the Bolsheviki; but they tramped down again on the other side. Bravely they bore the banner of Marx, but they twined it at last with the pennant of Jeremy Bentham. Armed with their soap-boxes and their reticule of theories, they attempted to make Marxism work. They summoned the mountain — but it did not come! And so they have gone to the mountain.

The proof —

In the Marxian creed, there is a rigid irreducible minimum. (1) The commune must achieve complete Proletarianism; (2) it must be anti-Parliamentary; and (3) it must inaugurate Socialization. This, and this alone, is communism. Have the Bolsheviki realized these conditions? Let us test the Soviet rule by these yardsticks.

First, *Proletarianism*. With the fanfare of a Cagliostro, Lenin proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat. Bolshevism was to be a boiling cauldron in which all classes would be melted into one. Russia was to become industrocentric.

But then came the stern test of responsibility. Industries must be run. Cities must be fed. A great people must be economically integrated. Lenin learned bitterly that Proletarianism would not do this; and as he learned, the proletarian programme faded and withered. To-day, Proletarianism is still untried in Russia. The factories, with few exceptions, remain privately owned. In the committees of industrial management, the bourgeois technical experts are coördinate with the laborers. The former capitalists still manage industry, although now they bear the name of Peoples' Commissars. The intellectuals, so far from being slaughtered, as our official alarmists claimed, have been organized under Maxim Gorky, and sit high in the councils of the Soviet. The proletarian of the farm has, under Bolshevism, ceased to be a proletarian, and he is now the owner of land. And as of old, Russia presents a pyramid of social classes, and only in symbol has equalitarianism leveled the race.

True, there was a class war, but it was a war, not against the bourgeoisie as bourgeoisie, but against the bourgeoisie as slackers. The Red Terror was invoked, not to destroy them but to make them work: not to eliminate them, but to coerce them into continued life.

And in the Soviet state — ruling over all, sitting in the supreme seat of power — is the middle-class triumvirate of rulers: Lenin, the intellectual; Trotsky, the journalist; and Tchicherin, the son of a noble.

Again, the Marxian pledge of the Bolsheviki was *Anti-Parliamentarism*. Geographical parliaments would be swept away. Industrial communes would be created. Lenin entered power with the insistent slogan, 'The State must go!'

But great is the magic which lurks in words. Ruthlessly, the Leninites swept away the Duma; scornfully, they crushed the Constituent Assembly. With a proud gesture of Socialism, they gave 'all power to the Soviets.' And the world whispered that Bolshevism had slain the State.

But under analysis, we find that the State is still living. We find the vaunted Soviet is but a new form of Parliament — a delegate body, geographically chosen and giving representation to all those who function in the social life of the nation. We find authoritarianism concentrated. We find power centralized. We find that the real masters of the Soviet are the peasants, with their crushing numbers — those peasants who have become landowners. We find that the labor-unions, the natural expression of the industrial workers, are eclipsed into a rôle of pitiful subordination. Everywhere in the Soviet model — from the peak to the base of the system — the geographical principle still obtains. Locals integrate into districts, districts into departments, and departments coalesce in the national Soviet. The map, not the industry, is the basis. And it is only nominally that the proletariat rules the Soviets. Though the press agents of Lenin may speak in the language of industrialism, the Bolsheviki have doubled back into the time-honored mould of a political state. Lenin, like Marx, would have destroyed the State: instead, he has created a gigantic super-state.

Or take the question of *Socialization*. The Marxian plan would ruthlessly socialize industry by changing the ownership into the hands of the industrial workers. Thus, the miners would own the mines, the machinists the machine-

shops, the railroad workers the railroads, the textile workers the cotton mills, etc. Something of this sort, we read vaguely, was attempted in the early Kerensky period. But it did not last. The great industries of Russia are to-day owned in one of two modes. Either they are private property; or, as in most cases, they are owned by the State. The State has become the capitalist. The workers are still being exploited. Bolshevik Russia is in the State Socialist, not in the Industrial Unionist stage.

And so we could continue with a glossary of inconsistencies. *Private Property* has not been abolished. The division of land has actually increased the number of property-holders. The *Church* has not been destroyed. It has merely been expropriated. *Militarism*, which waned under Kerensky, has been revived under Marxian Lenin, and democracy has been expunged again from the army. A great and growing military caste dragoons the nation. *Patriotism* has revived — a deadly, fanatical patriotism, which recalls the republican zealots who ravished the world under Bonaparte. Lenin dreams of an empire of Europe, bowing to Moscow and built in Soviets. Bolshevism has become a jingoist Socialism.

And each day new deviations from the pattern of Marx appear. Lenin now offers to acknowledge the national debt; to reimburse the foreign capitalists for their expropriated property; to sell concessions in Russia to American exploitation. And how well this tells of his faded dream! Capitalism is returning into Russian industry. The proletariat is resuming the yoke. Bolshevism has forgotten Marx, and Lenin has learned that in the workaday life there is no class struggle.

And this is the lesson which theory always learns when it undertakes to do. History is but a long gallery of Lenins who dreamed, in their studies, of Utopia. For a moment, the dead levels of life are stirred by a gorgeous vision. Millions move to the magic of grandiose dreams. But life — sophisticated, remorseless life — still calmly flows in its age-old channel, unshaken by the whirlwinds. And always, the theory evaporates at last into opportunism: the zealot becomes a despot.

The Soviet government has already completed its economic cycle. It has learned that industry is a practical, not an ideologic problem. It has learned that society is an interlaced network of economic groups — each indispensable. It has learned that the conquering races are those who have achieved, not class struggle, but class integration; that classes are complements, not rivals.

And this is the lesson of Liberalism. This programme of democracy, this, our own ideal, waits for the Bolsheviki at the ending of the road. The task of progress is not won by revolutions: it comes through the ordered evolution of reform. The Bolshevik adventure has been a glorious vindication, not of the future, but of the past. Bitterly Lenin scorned political democracy, in the days of his propaganda, but he eagerly turns to its methods when he assumes the helm of power. And Bolshevism, which began as an abysmal challenge to the age, has now become but a raucous advance-post in a State Socialistic experiment which all nations are accepting. Every day it marches further to the right. The drift of the times in all nations is toward a measure of industrial democracy. Bolshevikiland, with its Soviets and Industrial Committees, may wrap itself in fearsome phrases, but it is little in advance of Great Britain, where an industrial parliament is already in the process of birth. The fangs of Russia are already dulled.

The real greatness of Lenin and his group is the greatness of demagogy.

They have caught a formula of glittering words: they have learned the verbal cadences which move the masses to ecstasy: they have learned to paint a vision of heaven, that shall outflare, in the minds of their followers, the shabby miseries of a Bolshevik earth. They are master phraseocrats, and in Russia they have reared an imperium on phraseocracy.

The alarmists who shriek of Russia would do well to turn their thoughts from Russia's Socialistic menace. The peril of Russia is not to our industries, but to our states. The menace of the Bolsheviki is not an economic, it is a *political* menace. It is the menace of fanatic armies, drunken with phrases and sweeping forward under Lenin like a Muscovite scourge. It is a menace of intoxicated proletarians, goaded by invented visions to seek to conquer the world.

In Nicolai Lenin, the Socialist, we have nought to fear. In Nicolai Lenin, the political chief of Russia's millions, we may well find menace, for his figure looms over the world. His Bolshevik Abracadabra has seduced the workers of every race. His stealthy propaganda has shattered the morale of every army in the world. His dreams are winging to Napoleonic flights, and well he may dream of destiny; for in an age when we bow to phrases, it is Lenin who is the master phraseocrat of the world.

EVENING PRIMROSES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

It had been a hot day and there seemed to be thunder in the air, but she was afraid there would be no rain that night. The abandoned garden needed it sadly; though, as she reflected, rain would encourage weeds rather than the few remaining flowers. Poppies had sown themselves everywhere, degenerates of the Shirleys which, three years ago, had spread their silken cups in the large bed at the foot of the lawn. Their withered stalks cracked beneath her steps in the paths, and glimmered under the unpruned branches of the cordon of apple trees. There were thistles, too, sorrel, and tall nettles, a matted carpet of bindweed and groundsel in the little kitchen-garden, once so neat; and, of course, as poor Charlie had predicted, the Michaelmas daisies had eaten up nearly everything in the herbaceous border. That was one of the last questions he had written to her: 'How are my pink phloxes? Have the Michaelmas daisies smothered them?' They had. It was the season at which the phloxes should be in fullest flower, but not one was to be seen; the dense, fine foliage of the daisies had advanced in a wall of green nearly to the border's edge.

It was still oppressively warm. A toad hopped indolently away and paused at the box edging, lying up against it, his front feet extended, as if so wearied by the heat that he took his chances of discovery. She stopped to

look at the clumsy creature, in which so little of nature's accurate grace was expressed; and as she stood there, a sudden rustle in the box betrayed another inhabitant — this time a baby hedgehog which, too young for fear, moved busily about among the flat dandelion plants that rosetted the path, and even, encountering the tips of her shoes, stopped to examine them carefully before moving on again. The baby hedgehog would have amused Charlie. He had always been delightful about animals; he and the boys had always had that great bond in common.

Yes, the bird-boxes were still there. She could see one in the big apple tree and one fixed to the porch of the house, under the rose. How well she remembered the frantic delight that hailed the hatching of the first brood of tits. And the day when Charlie had deemed it prudent to withdraw the door, for a peep at the beautifully fitted mosaic of bright little heads and bodies within, lifting up Giles in his holland pinafore for a long, blissful gaze. Six years ago that must have been.

The light was altering now, and when she turned at the end of the path, a great moon had risen across the lane and seemed to hang in the branches of the walnut tree that grew in the field beyond. A great, shining, heavy moon, and mournful, it seemed to her; her desolate thoughts, she was aware, lending their color to everything. Heavy, mournful, desolate; that was the rhythm of her own steps passing along in the twilight, pursued by the unformulated consciousness that lay behind all these pictures of the past; pausing at last, as if to let the dogging sorrow overtake her, as she came to where, near the summer-house, against the wall, the evening primroses grew.

It was years since Charlie had first planted them there, and she had said to herself at the time that they would never be rid of them, tenacious, recurrent things, sowing themselves patiently, and coming up even when there was no one to wish them well. Loyally, too, she felt touched by their presence; for though she had always found them untidy and uninteresting, she saw really now, for the first time, that they could be beautiful. Homely, loyal flowers; yet — was it the invading sense of sorrow coloring them, too? — a little uncanny, showing at this neutral hour of mingled dusk and moonlight their pale, evident gold; becoming conscious, as it were, becoming personal at the time when other flowers became invisible. Not that it was a sinister uncanniness; not that of ghosts; of fairies, rather; the very strangeness, sadness, sweetness of the moon, to which, from them, she lifted her eyes. And they reminded her of something, but what, she could not say. Not of Charlie. There had never been anything strange or sad about Charlie, except the fact pursuing her now in his deserted garden, that he was dead and would never see it again.

It was a year to-day since he had been killed, and she had come down to the country with the sense of commemoration. She wanted, alone in the little place so full of thoughts of him, to find him, to recall him; and she had been doing that at every turn. Yet the evening primroses shining there brought a pang deeper than any vision of him. They, though so homely, seemed to personify loneliness; they seemed to be missing something; and although she was desolate because Charlie was dead, because he would never again delight in his garden, it was, in a sense, for him rather than for herself that she sorrowed, and, in a sense, she did not miss him at all.

She stood still in the path, her hands clasped behind her, her head bent, a personification of widowhood in her thin black draperies, her intent, memorial poise. And she could have said of

herself with truth that, during all this year, she had known only a widow's sad preoccupations. There had been the settling of business matters — lawyers and bankers to interview; planning for the boys and schoolmasters to visit; tending of bereaved relations — Charlie's dear old parents clung to her. But now, on the day of his death, it was as if for the first time she had had leisure, at last, to realize that, with it all, she had never had the widow's heart. She had grieved over him; she had longed to do all for him that could be done — there was nothing new in that; but it was far worse than not being heartbroken: it was the sorry fact that she did not even miss him. He had left, as it were, no emptiness behind him.

She lifted her head and looked round the garden, trying, in the physical fact of absence, to summon the spiritual void. How he had planned, dug, planted it; pruned his fruit trees; placed his anemones in leaf-mould, his bulbs on sand. She saw his kindly, handsome figure everywhere; his brown cheek, good gray eye, and close-cropped, tawny hair. A manly, simple creature; the salt of the earth, as honest as the day — oh, she saw it all; she had said it to herself a hundred times; and there had, indeed, been nothing one could say against Charlie. But then, as a wife, there had been nothing to say against her, either; he had been perfectly happy with her — the happiest creature, even in the manner of his death.

II

He had been killed instantaneously, while walking, on a sunny day, beside his men along a road in France. Every letter she had had from his brother officers over there spoke of his gayety and good spirits. The war itself had, on the whole, meant happiness to him, for all his gravity over certain of its tragedies. But he had been almost as grave over mischances with his Boy Scouts, and it had all remained for him an immense, magnificent form of boy-scouting.

Dear good Charlie! Yet — was it possible that something of the old long-conquered exasperation could still, at this hour, thrust itself into her memories? He had not been quite boyish enough to justify his lightness and make it lovable. That had been the final, fundamental trouble in their mistaken marriage. She had not been able to mother him. He had not been appealing, beguiling, endearing, like a child. Not like a child; not boyish; fatherly, rather; even playfully didactic, and assuming always that theirs was a completely reciprocal marital intimacy. It had not been his fault, of course. She had been too clever ever to let him guess how stupid she found him. She felt the possessive arm laid about her shoulders for an evening stroll; saw the wag of his premonitory finger as he raised himself from a border to call out a jocose reprimand; heard the chaff with which, before friends, he countered her mistaken opinions.

And it had been when they were alone, especially at dinner, — Charlie across the table from her in his faultless black and white, — that the pressure of their distance had been most difficult to protect him from. He talked then, and she had to answer adequately. He was fond of talk, and, while the most uncritical of Conservatives, was full of solutions for old ills. He took Trade-Unionists, Home-Rulers, and Dissenters playfully and held them up to kindly ridicule. 'You can laugh most people out of their nonsense,' was one of Charlie's maxims; and if they did n't respond to the treatment, — he had tried it unsuccessfully on the village cobbler who preached in the tin chapel on Sunday, — he suspected them of being rather wicked.

In the first year of their marriage she had paid him the compliment of disagreement, or, at least, discrimination. She had, until her marriage, thought of herself as a Conservative; to be counted one by Charlie disturbed her sense of rectitude. But Charlie opposed, became puzzled, and finally aggrieved. He bothered and bothered and argued and argued, with the air of trying to bring an erring child to reason. 'Now look at it in this light,' he would say. Or, 'Try to see the thing squarely, Rosamund'; and would turn upon her irrelevant batteries from the *Spectator*. She had at last the sensation of flying, battered and breathless, from his platitudes, and found, soon, her only refuge in duplicity. After that, through all the years of their married life, Charlie, she knew, thought of their evening hours alone together as exceedingly pleasant and successful. He was n't one of your fellows who doze over the *Field* with a cigar after dinner. He had a clever wife, and he appreciated her and was proud — in spite of feminine aberrations affectionately recognized and checked — of what he called her 'intellect.' He called his father and mother his 'respected progenitors,' and his stomach was never other than 'Little Mary.' And while he talked and expounded and made his unexacting jests, Rosamund knew that her silences had no provocation, her smile no irony.

So it had gone on — so it might have gone on for the normal span of life. The only insecurity that had threatened her careful edifice was the question of the boys. The boys were like herself, or, rather, like her adored and brilliant father — proud, sensitive, ardent little creatures, tender-hearted and frightfully intelligent. Physically, too, they were of a different race from Charlie, with thick brown locks, passionate yet gentle eyes, and full, small, closely closing mouths. As boys, Charlie had fairly well understood them, — he got on well with the average boy, — as persons, never; and though as boys, at least as little boys, they got on beautifully with him, they had, as persons, almost at once understood him, even when they were too young to evade or hide from him. If they had not been so young, they would, already, then, have hurt him often.

And for her the boys at once complicated everything. It had been easy enough, in one way, to yield in non-essentials, though she was woman enough to cry her eyes out when Charlie had taken Philip and Giles, at the earliest age, to have their dear Jeanne-d'Arc heads close-cropped in pursuit of the ideal of manliness; easy, comparatively, to steel her heart when timid little Philip, blanched with terror, was made to ride at six. Charlie had been right about that, — how glad she had been to own it! — for Philip had, in a week's time, forgotten his fears. But she and Charlie had come near quarreling over Giles's rag-doll Bessie. Giles was only three and adored Bessie, and Charlie had tossed her in the air, mocked her, and held her up by the toe while Giles sobbed convulsively.

'Do you really want our boys to be milksops, Rosamund?' he had asked, as, refusing to argue, she took the doll from him, placed her in Giles's arms, and kept them both on her lap, pressed within her arms, her head bent down over them so that she need not look at her husband. He had gone away, vanquished, and Giles had kept his Bessie until, in the course of nature, she had dropped away from him.

Worse than this came one day when Charlie had found Philip in a corner writing poetry. He had not been altogether pleased by the children's literary tastes. To grind dutifully at Latin and Greek was one thing, and he was fond of a tag from Tennyson. But he had

never cared to read Keats and Shelley when he was a kid. He took the copy-book out of Philip's reluctant hands and, turning from page to page, read out, in mock-dramatic tones, the derivative, boyish efforts which yet, to her ear, had every now and then their innocent, bird-like note of reality.

'And now this — "To a Skylark," ' said Charlie, laying a restraining, affectionate hand on Philip's shoulder, wishing him to rise superior to vanity and join in the fun, once it was pointed out to him.

'" Glad creature from the dew upspringing
And through the sky your path upwinging!"

Up, up, pretty creature!'

Philip, twisting round under his father's hand, burst into tears of rage, tore the book from his hand, and struck him.

It had been a terrible moment, and Rosamund, reduced as she almost was to Philip's condition, had never more admired her husband, who, turning only rather pale, had walked away saying, 'I think you'll be sorry for that when you think it over, old fellow.' That he had been astonished, cut to the quick, she had seen, feeling it all for him at the moment of her deepest feeling feeling for Philip.

'I'm not sorry! I'm not sorry!' Philip had sobbed, rushing to her arms and burying his head on her breast. 'I'm not sorry! He's stupid! stupid! stupid!'

'Hush, hush,' she had said — what a horrid moment it had been! 'That is wrong and conceited of you, Philip. You must learn to take a little chaffing. You know how your father loves you.'

'It's not conceited! It's not conceited to care about what one tries to do. You know it's not. *You're* not stupid!' the boy had sobbed.

Alas, it had been only four years ago; only a year before the war! Even then, at nine, Philip had been old enough, when he recovered from his weeping, to know that he had hurt her most, had made things difficult for her; and he had been sorry about his father, too, going to him bravely with a tremulous, 'Please forgive me, father.' 'That's all right, old boy,' Charlie had said. It *was* all right, too, in a sense. It left not a trace in the sweetness of Charlie's nature. It was Philip who had been shaken, frightened to the very core, by what his own outburst had revealed to himself and to her. The boy would always have felt affection for his father; but he, too, would soon have protected him; he, too, would hardly miss him.

III

The moon had now risen far up out of the walnut branches, and flooded the garden with sorrowful brightness. Poor, poor Charlie! was that all it came to, then, for him? this deserted garden and a wife and children who hardly missed him? Why, was it not the very heart of his tragedy for her to see that they would be happier without him? 'And he *was* a dear,' she said to herself, remembering with an almost passionate determination kind, trustful looks and the happy lover of fifteen years ago.

She had been standing still all this while, near the evening primroses; but now, with the great sigh that lifted her breast, she moved forward again, and a bird, disturbed in its rest, flew out from the thick tangle of honeysuckle at the entrance to the summer-house, startling her. As she stopped, her eyes drawn to the spot, she saw, suddenly, that a pale figure was sitting in the summer-house, closely shrunken to one side; hoping in its stillness, — that was apparent, — to remain undiscovered. Ever since she had entered the garden it must have been sitting there; and ever since she had entered the garden it must have been

watching her. But why? How strange!

Dispelling a momentary qualm, she stooped her head under the honeysuckle and entered; and then, clearly visible, with her pale hair and face, — as pale, as evident as an evening primrose's, — the girl sitting there, wide-eyed, revealed her identity, that haunting analogy of a little while ago. Of course, it came in a flash now, that was what they reminded her of. Long ago she had thought — conceding them their most lovable association — that Pamela Braithwaite looked like an evening primrose.

'My dear Pamela,' she said, almost as gently as she would have said it to a somnabulist; for, like the flowers, again, she was sad, even uncanny; although Pamela's uncanniness, too, — sweet, homely creature, — could never be sinister. She put a hand upon her arm, for the girl had started to her feet.

'Oh — do forgive me, Mrs. Hayward!' Pamela gasped. Sad? It was more than that. She was broken, spent with weeping. 'I did n't know you were coming. I sit here sometimes in the evenings. I thought you would n't mind.'

'My dear child, why should I mind? I'm thankful to you for coming to the sad little place. It's much less lonely to think about, for you have always been so much of our life here.'

This, she knew, was an exaggeration; but she must be more than kind to such grief as this: she must find some comfort, if that were possible.

And to feel herself accepted, welcomed, did give comfort; for, sinking again on the seat, bending her face on her hands, Pamela sobbed, 'Oh, how kind you are!'

'Poor child, poor, poor child!' said Rosamund. She was only five years older, but she felt as a mother might feel toward the stricken girl. She put an arm around her, murmuring, 'Can you tell me what it is? Don't cry so, dear Pamela.'

Pamela Braithwaite was a girl of eighteen when they had come, in the first year of their marriage, to Crossfields. The Braithwaites lived a mile away, near the river, a large, affectionate, desultory family, in a large, dilapidated house. Already Pamela mothered the younger brood, and mothered her widowed father as well — a retired tea-planter, who had brought from Ceylon some undefined but convenient complaint that enabled him to pass the rest of his days wrapped in a number of coats, eating very heartily, and, as he expressed it, 'sitting about.' A peaceful, idle man, legs outstretched in sun or firelight, hat-brim turned down over his eyes (he had a curious way, even in the house, of almost always wearing his hat), pipe between his teeth; good-looking, too, tall and fair, like his daughters, and with a touch in his appearance, though not in his character, of amiable distinction.

Pamela, except for a brother already married and in Ceylon, was the eldest, with a long gap between her and the group of younger brothers, of whom Rosamund thought mainly as a reservoir of Boy Scouts until they had had to be thought of as a reservoir of volunteers. There were three or four younger sisters, too, some of whom had married and some of whom had gone forth into the world — always with an extreme light-heartedness and confidence — as companions or secretaries. These, again, were hardly individualized in Rosamund's recollection, except for the fact that, since Pamela was always making blouses or trimming hats for them, she had become aware that it was Phyllis who wore pink and Marjory blue.

But whoever went, Pamela always stayed; and even when the war broke upon the world, with Frank, the Braith-

waite baby, just old enough to enlist, and Phyllis and Marjory at once enrolling themselves as V.A.D.'s, Pamela remained rooted. Who, indeed, had she gone, would have taken care of Mr. Braithwaite, and of the brothers and sisters home on leave, and of the garden earnestly dedicated to potatoes, or the small family of Ceylon nephews and nieces deposited continually in her charge by their parents?

Poor little Pamela! She had had a burdened life; the assiduities of maternity and none of its initial romance. With her large, clear eyes, very far apart, she had always a wistful look; but it was that of a child watching a game and waiting for its turn to come in, and no creature could have given less the impression of weariness or routine. For she had remained, even at thirty-three, the merely bigger sister; an atmosphere of schoolroom tea and the nurture of rabbits and guinea-pigs still hanging about her; her resource and cheerfulness seeming concerned always with the organizing of games, the care of pets, and the soothing of unimportant distresses. Tall, in her scant tweed skirts, her much-repaired white blouses, her slender feet laced into heavy boots, gardening gloves on her hands, as on the day when Rosamund had last seen her, a year ago, just before Charlie had been killed, when she had straightened herself from moulding potatoes in the lawn borders, and had come forward with her pretty smile to greet her visitor and take her in to tea. Frank had been killed since then, as well as Charlie; but at that time, for both households, the war was splendid adventure rather than sorrow.

Mr. Braithwaite, in the sunny, shabby drawing-room, had stumbled up among his wrappings, to point out to her his accurate flags, advancing or retreating on the many maps that were pinned upon the walls. Frank's last letter had been read to her, and Dick's and Eustace's; and Pamela had come in and out, helping the maid with the tea (the Braithwaite maids were always as cheerful and as desultory as the family, and Rosamund never remembered seeing one of them who had not her cap askew or her cuffs untied), standing to butter the bread herself, the side of the loaf before cutting the slice, after her old schoolroom fashion; her discreet yet generous use of the butter, — the crust covered to a nicety, and no lumps on the crumb, — seeming to express her, as did the pouring out of the excellent tea, drawn to a point and never over, and the pleasant, capacious cups, with their gilt rims, and the immersed rose which, as one drank, discovered itself at the bottom.

A sweet, old-fashioned, homely creature; like the evening primroses; like them, obliterated, unnoticed in daylight; and like them now, becoming visible, becoming personal, even becoming tragic at this nocturnal hour; for was this really Pamela, sweet, prosaic Pamela, sobbing so broken-heartedly beside her? How meagre, intellectual, and unsubstantial her own grief seemed to Rosamund as she listened, almost aghast, her arm about Pamela's shoulders; and her instinct told her: 'It is a man. It is someone she loves — not Frank, but someone she loves far more — who is dead. It is something final and fatal that has broken her down like this.' And aloud she repeated: 'Can you tell me, Pamela dear? Please try to tell me. It may help you to tell.' Her own heart was shaken and tears were in her own eyes.

Between her sobs Pamela answered, 'I love him — I love him so much. He is dead. And sometimes I can't bear it.'

Rosamund had never heard of a love-affair. But these years of war had done many things, had found out even the hidden Pamelas.

'I did n't know. — My poor child! — I never heard. Were you engaged?'

She had Pamela's ringless hand in hers.

'No! No! It was n't that. No — I've never had anyone like that. No one ever knew. He never knew.' Pamela lifted lifted her head. Her face seemed now only a message emerging from the darkness; shadowed light upon the shadow, it was expression rather than form. 'May I tell you?' she said. 'Can you forgive my telling you — here and now, I mean — and to-night, when you've come to be with him? It was Mr. Hayward I loved. I've always loved him. He has been all my life. Ever since you first came here to live.'

Rosamund gazed at her, and through all her astonishment there ran an undertone of accomplished presage. Yes, that was it, of course. Had she not been feeling it, seeking it all the evening? — or had it not been seeking her? Here it was, then, the lacking emptiness. Desolate voids seemed to open upon her in Pamela's shadowy eyes. She tightly held the ringless hand and felt, presently, that she pressed it against her heart where something pierced her. Was it pity for Pamela? or for Charlie? This was his; had always been his. And Pamela, who had had nothing, had lost everything. 'My dear!' she murmured.

'Oh, how kind you are!' said Pamela. She sat quiet, looking down at their two hands held against Rosamund's heart. And with all the austerity of her grief she had never been more childlike in Rosamund's eyes. Like a child, once the barriers of shyness were down and trust established, she would confide everything.

Rosamund knew how it must help her to confide. 'Tell me if you will,' she said. 'I am glad you loved him, if it has not hurt you too much. You understand, don't you, that I must be glad — for him?'

'Yes, oh, yes; I understand. How beautiful of you to see it all! — Even though it's so little, it is his; something he did; and so you must care. But I don't think there's much to tell; nothing about him that you don't know.'

'About you, then. About what he was to you.'

'That would simply be my whole life,' said Pamela. 'It's so wonderful of you to understand and not to blame me. So many people would have thought it wrong; but it came before I knew what it was going to be, and I never can feel that it was wrong. He never knew. And even if he had, it could n't have made any difference. It must be because of that that I can tell you. If you had n't been so happy, if it had n't been so perfect, — for you and him, — I don't think that I could have told. I should just have rushed away when you came in and hidden from you.'

'Why?' asked Rosamund after a moment. She heard something in her own voice that Pamela would not hear.

'I don't quite know why,' said Pamela; 'but don't you feel it, too? Perhaps if it had n't been so perfect, even my little outside love might have hurt you — or troubled you — to hear about. But I see now that you are the only person in the world who could care to hear. It is a comfort to tell you. I am so glad you came.' Pamela turned her eyes upon her and it was almost with her smile. 'When I see you like this, I can believe that he is here, listening with you, and sorry for me, too.'

How like an evening primrose she was! Rosamund could see her clearly now: the candid oval of the face, the eyes, the innocent, child forehead with thick, fair hair falling across it.

'Yes. Go on,' she said, smiling back.

She was unworthy of Pamela, and poor Charlie was not worthy of her; but no human being is worthy of a flower. And though so innocent, she was not

stupid; subtlety like a fragrance was about her as she said, 'You can comfort me because you have so much to comfort with.'

'So much grief, or so much remembered happiness?'

'They go together, don't they?' said Pamela. 'Every sort of fullness. But I need n't try to get it clear. You understand. I always thought that perhaps people who had fullness could n't; now I see that I was mistaken.'

'Have you been very unhappy, dear child?'

'Until now? While he was here? Oh, no. I have been lonely. Even before he came, even though my life was so crowded, it was rather lonely. I never had anyone of my own, for myself. But afterwards, even if I felt lonely, I was happy. At least, after just at first. Because, just at first, it was miserable, for I could n't help longing to see him more and to have him like me more, and that made me understand that I was in love with him, and I was frightened. I can't explain clearly about it, even to myself. But I was very, very unhappy. Perhaps you remember the time when I was twenty, and got so run down, and they sent me to Germany to my old governess — the only time I ever went away from home, out of England. It was a miserable time. I tried not to think of him and not to care. But I had to come back, and he was there, and I knew I could n't stop caring, and that all I could do about it was to try to be better because of him, — you know, — and make people happier, and not think of myself, but of him and them. And everything changed after that. I was never frightened any more, and though perhaps it was n't exactly happiness, it was, sometimes, I believe, almost better. I can't explain it, but what I mean is in some poetry. I never cared much about poetry till he came. Then I seemed to understand things I'd never understood before, and to feel everything that was beautiful. — You remember how dear he was to us all — to the boys and me. I always shared in everything they did. Every bit of this country is full of him; I could never bear to go away and leave it. I want always to stay here till I die. — Flowers and birds — was n't he wonderful about them? And our walks in the woods! He saw everything, and made us see it. I never woke in the morning without thinking, Will he come to-day? What will he say and do? I was never tired of watching him and listening to him. All his little ways — you know. When I pleased him, — sometimes I saw the bird we were watching for first, or caught my trout well, — it was a red-letter day. And in big things — to feel I should have pleased him if he'd known. It was he who helped me in every way, without knowing it. And I took more and more joy in you. At first I had felt dreadfully shy with you — and afraid of you. You were so clever, with all your books and music and friends, and you did n't seem to need anything. But afterwards you were so kind, that though I was always shy, I was not frightened any longer. I used to think about you so much, and imagine what he felt about you — and you about him. — You won't mind my saying it, I know. Perhaps you remember the way I used so often, in the evenings, to walk past with the children, and say good-night over the wall. That was to see you and him walking together. You were so beautiful! You are far and far away the most beautiful person I've ever known. I always noticed everything you wore, and how your hair was done. I was glad when you took it down from the knot and had it all at the back, as you do now. And the lovely pale blue dress, with all the little flounces — do you remember? — a summer dress of lawn. I did love that.

And the white linen coats and skirts, and the big white hat with the lemon-colored bow. Your very shoes — those gray ones you always had, with the low heels and little silver buckles. No one had such lovely clothes. And the way you poured out tea and looked across the table at one. Always like a beautiful muse — you don't mind my saying it? — a little above everything, and apart, and quietly looking on. — How I understood what he felt for you! I felt it, too, I think, with him.'

Yes, dear flower and child, she had; offering to Charlie that last tribute of a woman's worship, the imaginative love of the woman he loves; cherishing the cruelly sweet closeness of that piercing community. How she had idealized them both. How she had idealized Charlie's love. Charlie had never seen her like this. Charlie had never dreamed of her as a muse, above, apart, and quietly watching. Why, with Pamela's Charlie she herself could almost have been in love!

'What did you talk about, you and he,' she asked, 'when you were together?' Their sylvan life, Pamela's and Charlie's, was almost as unknown to her as that of the birds they watched. She had almost a soft small hope that perhaps Pamela could show her something she had missed. 'Did you ever talk about poetry, for instance?'

'No; never about things like that,' Pamela answered. 'He talked more to the boys than to me; he talked to us all together — about what we were doing. But I used to love listening to him when he came and talked to father. Politics, you know; and the way things ought to be done. He was a great deal discouraged, you remember, by the way they *were* being done. All those unjust taxes, you know. He wanted, he used always to say, to *give* to the poor himself; he *loved* taking care of them. But he hated that his money should be taken from him like that, against his will. And he always, always foresaw the war; always knew what Germany was plotting, and how England swarmed with spies. He thought we ought to have declared war upon her long ago and struck first. — I'm rather glad we did n't, are n't you? because then, in a way, we should have been in the wrong rather than they; but of course he felt it as a statesman, not like an ignorant woman. — You think Germany plotted, too?'

'Yes, oh, yes.' How glad Rosamund was to be able to think it, to be able, here, with a clear conscience, to remember that, on the theme of Germany's craft and crime, she and Charlie had thought quite sufficiently alike. 'But I am with you about not striking first.'

'Are you really?' There was surprise in Pamela's voice. She did not dwell on the slight perplexity. 'Of course, he always worsted father if he disagreed. It was rather wicked of me, but I could n't help enjoying seeing father worsted. He'd never thought things out, as Mr. Hayward had. But that's what he talked about — things like that — and you.'

'Me?' Rosamund's voice was gentle, meditative — her old voice of the encounters with Charlie. How she could hear him through all Pamela's candid recitative!

'He was always thinking about you. "My wife says so and so. My wife agrees with me about it. I brought my wife last night to see it as I do." Oh, you were with him in everything! It was so beautiful to see and hear! I used to imagine that the Brownings were like that — after I read their lives. He *was* a sort of poet, was n't he? Anyone so loving and so happy is a sort of poet — even if they don't write poetry. Down in the meadows one day, when we were watching lapwings, he and I and the boys, — he wanted to show us a nest; you know how difficult they are to find, — you passed up on the hillside,

with Philip and Giles. We could see you against the larchwood, they in their holland smocks and you in white, with the white-and-yellow hat. I shall never forget the way he stood up and smiled, his eyes following you. "There's Rosamund and the progeny," he said. — You know the dear, funny way he had of saying things.'

Yes — she knew it. Yet tears had risen to Rosamund's eyes. Dear old Charlie; dear, old, tiresome Charlie! The tears had come as she saw him standing to look after her and his boys; but there was nothing more, nothing that she could give to Pamela, not one crumb of enrichment from what Pamela believed to be her great store. Pamela had seen all — and more than all — that there was to see.

In her own silence now she was aware of a growing oppression. She was too silent, even for one mute from the depth and sacredness of memory. Might not such silence seem to reprove Pamela's flooding confidence? She struggled with her thoughts. 'The lapwings?' she heard herself murmuring. 'I remember his showing me a nest. How he loved birds and how much he knew about them! Were n't you with us on the day we put up all the nesting-boxes here? Do you remember how he planned for the placing of each one, each bird to have its own appropriate domain? It was a lovely day, in very early spring.'

'Oh — *do* you remember that?' How Pamela craved the crumb was shown by her lightened face; it was almost happy, as it turned to Rosamund, with its sense of recovered treasures. 'Very early spring — March. Snowdrops were up over there, — and there, — and there were daffodils at the foot of the wall. You were in blue: a frieze coat and skirt of Japanese blue, with a gray silk scarf and a little soft gray hat with a blue wing in it; and you said, — you were standing just over there, near the pond, — "We can always count on tits." But you did get robins, too, and thrushes, in the big boxes; and then the splendid year when the nuthatches came to the box down in the orchard. And you were tying up one box, but it was too high, and he came and did it for you. I can see you both so plainly, your hands stretching up against the sky. Tall as you are, he was taller; his head seemed to tower up into the branches. Such a blue sky it was! And afterwards we had tea in the drawing-room, and the tea was n't strong enough for him, and you liked China and he Indian tea, and you teased him and said that you had always to make him the little brown pot all for himself. He said, "Tea never tastes so right as out of a brown pot." There was a bowl of white tulips growing on the tea-table. And then you played to us. And you sang — "I need no star in heaven to guide me." He was so fond of that. Oh, do you remember it all, too?'

All — all. Rosamund, though her tears fell, felt her cheek flushing in the darkness. How often he had asked for 'I need no star in heaven to guide me'! How often she had sung it to him, rejoicing so soon, while she threw the proper tumultuous fervor that Charlie loved into the foolish air, in the atoning thought that already Philip's favorite was 'Der Nussbaum,' and that even little Giles asked for 'the sheep song,' the bleak, beautiful old Scottish strain: 'Ca' the yows fra' the nows,' with its sweetest drop to 'my bonnie dearie.' 'Oh — give us something cheerful!' Charlie would exclaim after it.

'I remember it all, dear,' she answered; and there was silence for a while.

'How do you bear it?' Pamela whispered suddenly.

The hour, the stillness, the hands that held her, drew her past the last barrier. Her broken heart yearned for the comfort that the greater loss alone

could give. What was the strength that enabled his wife to sit there so quietly, so gently, so full of peace and pity?

Rosamund felt herself faltering, stumbling, as she heard the inevitable question, and knew, as it came, that even Pamela's heavenly blindness might not protect her, unless she could be very careful, from horrid loss or suspicion. To touch with a breath of her daylight reality that silver world of recollection would be to desecrate. Could she hold her breath and tread softly while she answered? Yes, surely. Surely she, who had hidden through all the years from Charlie, could hide from Pamela, although Pamela already was nearer and knew her better than Charlie had ever been or done. All the old strength and resource welled up in her, protecting this lovely thing, as, after the long moment, not looking at Pamela, but into Charlie's garden, she found the right answer.

'You see, dear, it is so different with me. You have only your memories. I have the boys — his boys — to live for.'

It was right. It was the only answer. She heard Pamela's long, soft breaths, full of a gentle awe, and felt her hand more tightly clasped. Once the right step was taken, it was easier to go on: —

'I want to tell you why I am so glad to have found you here, Pamela dear. You'll understand, I think, when I say that motherhood lives in the present and future, and is almost cruel, cruel to everything not itself, for it forgets the past in the present. Do you see,' — she found the beautiful untruth, — 'he is so much in them for me, that I might almost forget him in them — forget to mourn him, as one would if they were not there. So do you see why it comforts me to know that, while I must go on into the future with them, you will be keeping him here and remembering?'

She could look at Pamela now, in safety, and she turned to her, finding rapt eyes upon her.

'Come here often, won't you, when I'm away as well as when I'm here. We must make it all look again as it did when he was with us — flowers and trees and bird-boxes. You will help me in it all and you will think of him here and love him. I know what happiness you meant to him — more than he was aware of. You were a beautiful part of his life. You say you were always, for him, only together, with the boys. That is only partly true. He used often to speak of you to me, the little passing things people say of anyone they are very fond of and take for granted. He appreciated you and counted upon you. I came here so sad, Pamela, so burdened. I've never been sadder in my life than I was to-night as I walked here. And you have lifted it all. It makes all the difference to know that you are here, in his garden, remembering him. More difference than I can say.'

It was an unutterable gratitude that, with her tears, with love and pity and reverence, welled up in her, seeing what Pamela had done. The garden was no longer empty, and Charlie not forgotten. In the night of his death and disappearance this flower had become visible. Always, when she thought of him, she would think of evening primroses and of Pamela, so that it would be with tenderness, with the understanding, homely, unexacting, consecrating, that Pamela gave; Pamela herself becoming a gift from Charlie; emerging from the darkness, evident and beautiful, — almost another child whose future she must carry in her heart; though the only gift she could give her now, in return for all that she had given, was the full and free possession of the past, where, outside the garden wall, she had been a wistful onlooker. She felt that she opened the gate, drew Pamela in, and put into her keeping all the keys that had weighed so heavily in her unfitted hands.

RELIGION NOW

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

I

I WRITE only of the state of Religion in England, as I know it. None but Americans can tell how far what I say is true also of their country. Some of it is likely to be true, since we belong to the same western society and our religious needs are the same; but it may interest Americans to learn the points of difference.

In England, now, there is a great desire for belief, satisfied by no existing church or sect. There are still Rationalists, who continue to prove that what is said in the Book of Genesis about the creation of the world is not true; but they are a little negative sect by themselves. Even the fun has died out of their activities; they have lost the joy of audacity. We all know what they continue to prove; and our desire is to believe, not to disbelieve; but what?

Many varieties of Christianity offer us belief; but not one of them satisfies us. They all have their convinced believers, but they do not win the ablest, or the most naturally religious, among us. These do not reject Christianity; they do not think that the Christian effort of feeling, of thought, of conduct, which has been maintained now for nearly two thousand years, has been futile or mistaken; but they are not content with any present statement of the Christian faith. For these statements seem to them not to be serious enough; they are like our modern Gothic churches, cumbered with the superfluous ornament of the past. What we need is not toy-shop Gothic, but a building of our own thought in which we can be at home. All existing forms of Christianity seem to wear fancy dress, and we are not comfortable in it. Yet we would not be cut off from the Christian tradition; for we believe, far more than our fathers did, that the truth is hidden in it; but it remains, for us, hidden.

The war has increased the desire for belief, not only in the weak, who seek consolation at all costs, but also in the strong, who see that science has not made us wise about the nature of the universe or our own nature. We know in our hearts that not only the Germans, but all of us, have been fools: we have believed something sillier than the silliest version of Christianity, namely, that mankind was advancing toward perfection by some mechanical process called evolution. This process we thought of as imposed on us by the nature of things; all we had to do was not to impede it by faith in anything else. To the prosperous, it is always flattering to believe in the survival of the fittest: they survive, and so they are the fittest. If the master-fact of life is the struggle for life, they are succeeding in that struggle. The universe favors them, and they are content to be its puppets.

But now this struggle for life, as practised by the Germans, has turned into a struggle for death. They, most of all nations, were content to be the puppets of the universe; they made their will subject to the mechanism of things; and

that mechanism has betrayed them. When we fought against them, we rebelled against the whole doctrine of the struggle for life; we affirmed the will of man, the will for righteousness; and, now that we have won, we are less than ever content to believe that we have survived because we are the fittest. For those whom we loved best have died for us; and we do not believe that they died because they were less fit than ourselves. They fought and died, not for us alone, nor for England alone, but for a universe of meaning; and what is the meaning of it?

Before the war it was a commonplace to sneer at the Christian doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, the doctrine of the Redemption. In our shallowness and comfort, we said that it was immoral; but now we know that the world is saved, and faith in the universe is preserved, by vicarious sacrifice. It is just because those who died for us, and for mankind, were better, not worse, than ourselves, that we begin to believe passionately in the meaning of the universe. For if it were a mechanism, whence comes that passion which sent the best joyfully to death? 'Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.' These words begin to have meaning for us; not as spoken by one man, or God, to his disciples, but as spoken by all our dead to us. They live because they died for us; and we live a life of meaning because of their sacrifice. Our logic of justice, by which a man pays for himself alone, is not the logic of God, as Christ said long ago. The universe is better than that: it is of such a nature that men can redeem each other and die for each other. So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us.

And we see that there is a surprising, unfathomed wisdom in the Christian faith. By ourselves we could never have discovered it, with all our knowledge of the mechanism of the stars. The way of our knowledge is not the way toward that wisdom. We made machines that would tear our best in pieces; we devised new and more horrible crosses for them; and on the cross they convince us that our power is only for destruction, and our wisdom foolishness. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'; that is the best that can be said for us, no less than for the Germans. And now we wish to know what we do. Nothing is stranger than the contrast between our disorder, impotence, and bewilderment in peace, and our power, resolution, and discipline in war. We made many mistakes; but our will was one and clear; and we accomplished it — I mean, not England alone, but all of us together. And there was this contrast: because in war we knew what we wished to do, and in peace we do not. Victory is a single aim, easily conceived and unanimously desired; but what is the aim of life? We have a thousand different answers; and many never even ask themselves the question. No nation, no parliament, asks it. No church answers it now, in terms that convince. And yet we believe that there is an answer that we can find; millions of us believe that Christ found it, if only we can understand his words and reëxpress them in our own. What we need is, to find the aim and to agree on it, all together; then we shall accomplish it, as we have accomplished victory, but with a greater joy and without the sacrifice of our best.

That, I believe, is the religious state of mind of the most naturally religious in my country. If it is less intense in yours, it is because you have suffered less, and because, perhaps, you have not been so foolish. Our old world has an intense life because of its enormities. In Europe, for many centuries, all the problems have forced themselves upon both thinkers and actors. We live

crowded together among the glories and failures of the past; we hate and love extremely; there is instant retribution for our sins. It is but fifty years since we began to admire the success of Prussia, and to say in our hearts that her blood-and-iron creed was true and Christianity false. And now she has disproved it, at a cost to herself, and to us, that you cannot by any effort of sympathy imagine. Or perhaps some of your old men, who remember your own war, can imagine it. But then your people was a simple people. It has not gone a-whoring after strange gods, nor had it said in its heart that there was no God. All the peoples of Europe have said that in their hearts, and now they know that in saying it they went a-whoring after the Prussian idol. Prussia is but the drunken helot for us all; we too had our temples of Baal, our Ahabs and Jezebels; but where is the Temple of the true God?

II

There is, to begin with, the Roman Catholic Church. Its defect is that it belies its name and is no longer Catholic. Among the educated, only certain peculiarly minded people find themselves able to belong to it. It remains Catholic for the uneducated; and that is why we are all drawn toward it. For the Catholic element, the Catholic desire in it, is of the greatest value; and we know that there is truth in it. But it is a truth of feeling rather than of intellect. The educated man must attain to that feeling by a process which most educated men now will not accept. They will not accept certain postulates which seem to them arbitrary, chief among them the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. It does not matter that the Pope in practice is seldom infallible; that no one knows quite certainly when he is infallible. It is the doctrine that matters; for it is the doctrine of authority. You must make a certain surrender, not merely of yourself but of your highest values, if you are to enter into that Catholicity. You must become a pragmatist, saying that that is truth which works; and that the Church, out of its immemorial experience, knows better than you do what does work.

That is a surrender which only certain peculiarly minded people can now make. According to my observation, it is made usually by those who are aware of some weakness in themselves which they despair of conquering. I speak of converts, not of born Catholics. The Catholic Church would say, of course, that we all have some weakness which we cannot conquer without the help of God. That is true, and the Church is a kind, wise physician; but it offers you a perpetual rest-cure. It will never admit that you are well. The doctors themselves are valetudinarians; and they talk always the language of the sick-room. It is through your weakness that they draw you into their home, and it remains a home for the weak. Grant that they are often cured; but not by any means of a kind of hypnotism which must always continue. The Church, in fact, prefers hypnotism to psycho-analysis. And the wisest and bravest minds are turning to psycho-analysis, away from hypnotism. They would encourage the will rather than subdue it. They have trust in the mind of man, of every man, if only it can know itself. The Roman Church believes in a universal mind; but delegates it to a spiritual despot.

Next, there is the Church of England. It is both the glory and the shame of that Church that it does not really exist: it is always in process of becoming. The question now is, can it attain to existence? In the Church of England there are creeds; but there is no one, no body even, to interpret them. There is

an organization; but no one, no body even, to govern it, except the State, which clearly is not the Church. The most real and impassioned part of the Church rejects the authority of the State. The English Catholic, or High Churchman, asserts that his Church is a church, and therefore subject to no authority outside itself. But he too cannot find the authority within it. He says that the Church of England is part of the Catholic Church; but this the Roman denies; and the Catholic Church of the English Catholic has no actual existence, even for him, since there is no actual man, or body of men, whom he will obey. It is perhaps in process of becoming, but it does not come.

So at present English Catholicism is an inn rather than a home. Those who accept it are passing on, either to Roman Catholicism or to some greater freedom. But often they remain in the inn, because there is no Catholic freedom to be found. Yet, among the English Catholic clergy, if not the laity, there is the hope and the promise of a Catholic freedom. They do believe utterly in Christianity and try to practise it. They try to make the Church of England the church of the poor, and often they succeed. The charge that their Catholicism is a silly game and make-believe is false. In their ritual is the return of the sense of beauty; only they have not yet made it quite their own. In their faith is the return of Christianity; only they cannot yet quite express it, and cling to old formulæ so that they may not lose hold of it. They think themselves conservatives; but they will not find their true faith until they become revolutionaries in thought, as they often are in politics. If they can do that, still keeping the Christian tradition, they will conquer England, so far as it can be conquered by faith.

The rest of the Church of England is either clinging to the unvenerable past of the Reformation — that is the Low-Church party; or it is looking to a future not yet seen — that is the Modernists. The Low-Church party now merely maintains its existence — and hardly that. It has piety, but nothing else, and its piety is rather domestic than divine. It believes in individual salvation; and all living religion knows that is impossible. If we are to be saved, we must be saved all together. A man who would be content with his own individual salvation does not know what salvation is. And the Low-Church party does not know what salvation is. It is doomed because it has a wrong notion of salvation. No religion now can satisfy us which is not Catholic; and the religion of the Low Church is not Catholic.

As for the Modernists — they too are not Catholic yet. But it is unfair to criticize them as a whole, because they are not a whole. They consist merely of a number of individuals, often able and sincere, who are thinking about religion individually. The Modernist Churchman wishes to remain in the Church, not for the sake of his salary, but because he loves the Church and believes in it. He no more wishes to leave it than a man wishes to deny his mother if he is forced to criticize her. This affection of the Modernist — an affection almost natural — is not understood by those who cry that he ought to leave the Church. To him the Church is still a most important part of religion. He is a member of it, as he is an English citizen; and he thinks that he has a right still to live within it and to attempt to work those changes upon it which he desires. He is not bound to leave it because he does not believe every article of its creeds. He knows, as a matter of fact, that no one does believe them all literally; and no authority has laid down exactly which of them must be believed, and which may be taken not to mean what they say, or to

mean nothing at all. He is no more a traitor than an Englishman is a traitor to his country if he wishes England to be a republic, yet still takes off his hat when 'God save the King' is played.

But the weakness of the Modernists is this — that most of them are critical rather than creative; and they are apt to harbor theories merely critical and produced by the destructive criticism of a past generation. For instance, there is a notion that Christ himself was possessed with the belief that the world was coming to an end very soon, and that all his teaching was controlled by that belief — that it is the key to all his sayings. If that is so, whatever truth he uttered was an accidental result — a by-product — of his delusion. The notion itself is an example of the scientific method misapplied. It is of the same nature as the notion that all the content of the human mind may be explained as a more or less disguised expression of the sexual instinct. Both notions make of religion itself an illusion; they are part of the great assumption that all is illusion in the human mind except some quite primitive and valueless force. Whatever we value is a by-product of this force. Things never are what they seem to us when we hope and believe, but only what they seem to us when we are in the mood to talk scandal about the universe. Christ himself was a kind of dervish, possessed by some unconscious national or racial instinct which made him condemn the Roman world into which he was born. He inherited this instinct, and gave an accidentally beautiful and passionate expression to it. When he said that we are to take no thought for the morrow, he did not mean a real faith or a real philosophy; he meant only that there was not going to be any morrow — which was untrue.

Now the Modernists have taken notions of this kind too seriously; they have not been able to explode them with the secure wit of faith. They have not clearly seen the difference between constructive and destructive criticism; they have not seen that the defect of modern Christianity, whether Roman or English Catholic, is that it has not enough dogma. They still cling to the notion that Christianity must be made acceptable by ridding itself of dogma. But if Christianity is to prevail now, it must do so, not by expressing a number of good intentions so vaguely that anyone can agree to them. It must convince us that the universe is of a certain nature, and that we have to live according to that nature. The Roman or the English Catholic now can be considered orthodox, and yet hold utterly unchristian beliefs about the nature of the universe and of man. For instance, an English Roman Catholic peer lately wrote to the *Times* to say that, since man was a fighting animal, it was absurd to dream of a league of nations. Yet, because he believes in the Virgin Birth and the infallibility of the Pope, he is held to be orthodox. His Church does not tell him that man is not a fighting animal, and that it is the duty of men, as Christians, to believe in a league of nations and to work for it. That is why I say that the churches have not enough dogmas, while many of the dogmas they cling to are irrelevant, since they do not prevent those who hold them from believing faithless nonsense about the nature of the universe and of man.

The Modernist has not seen this; he has been content to attack the doctrine of the Virgin Birth negatively, as being merely historically untrue — not as being philosophically or religiously untrue, or at least irrelevant. He has not a Christian faith of his own, more passionate and more precise, to offer instead of the part-obsolete and altogether too vague faith of the churches. So he too

fails to overcome the world, in spite of his learning, his sincerity, and his patience.

I do not know how it is with you in America, but in England all churches and sects fail to convince because not one of them can achieve a harmony between the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the educated, a harmony both of belief and of action. The Roman Church, as I have said, is often the church of the poor, and of those prosperous and educated people who have some weakness for which they seek a cure. But it is not the church of the great mass of the naturally religious, both rich and poor, because of its insistence on authority, and also because it offers no political hopes to the world. It tells men, or inclines them, to be content with the *status quo*, whatever it may be. Having always its own politics, it is not interested in the politics of mankind. They are, to it, secular; but Christianity will not be itself until it insists that no politics are secular, that the political aim of mankind is to establish Christ's Kingdom of Heaven here and now on earth, and in all human institutions. This it can do only by insisting that the universe and man are of a certain nature, which it must define and express both with precision and with passion. Early Christianity prevailed because it brought an immense hope into the world; Christianity can prevail now only if it renews that hope in the terms of our own time and in relation to our problems. At present no church and no sect does that.

There is the Salvation Army; but it is possible only for the poor. It is evangelical in the old sense, offering men individual salvation. It can, and does, cure them of drink, but there is no philosophy in it, no political hope. It talks of the Blood of Jesus, but not of the nature of the universe. Its one aim is immediate rescue — a noble aim, no doubt, but altogether hand-to-mouth. It is concerned with what it shall do to comfort an overworked charwoman; it has no faith by which it can change the world so that charwomen shall not be overworked.

As for those Christian sects which we call Nonconformist, they have many merits, but they are, one and all, declining. They know, themselves, that the future is not with them. In England there is a social difference between them and the English and Roman churches, which does not exist in America. Because of that difference they are not Catholic; but they fail to be Catholic because the poor, no less than the rich, avoid them. They are altogether of the middle class; and the middle class, of all others, is now the least likely to produce a religion. It is conscientious, often intelligent, but ashamed of itself and afraid of other classes. It lacks beauty, passion, intellectual conviction; and its religion, in all its minute varieties, suffers from the same lack. The Nonconformist sects become more negative, more merely social, every day. They have been and still are political; but their politics is class and not religious politics. They are liberal in a mild way, but possessed by a fear of labor; their chief defect is that they are self-satisfied, and no one else is satisfied with them. They are, in fact, like the Church of Laodicea.

Lastly, there are the new sects, most of which we have got from America: Christian Science, Theosophists, New Thought, Spiritualists or Spiritists. Not one of these, of course, is Catholic; most of them, however full of good works, do not even try to appeal to the poor. A few of the poor are Spiritualists, or Spiritists, because they enjoy the notion of intercourse with the dead; but they have not enough time or energy to be Christian Scientists. That is a religion for those who have time

to make a good job of themselves, to turn themselves into works of art.

No one can doubt the achievements of Christian Science. It has a right to the word science, in that, unlike all the churches, even the Roman Catholic, it does teach a science, a technique, of life, and one that actually works. It says, 'Live thus and thus, not merely so that you may go to heaven, but so that you may live well here and now, judged by any actual standard.' It has, in fact, some understanding of Christ's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven; but, for it, the Kingdom seems to be altogether within us. It would, of course, deny this; but in practice it does seem to be guilty of the heresy of mere immanence without transcendence. The Christian Scientist believes, like the follower of the New Thought, in the Christ in himself; and he tries to educate, to draw out, that Christ — a task for which he needs much leisure and pains. That is the weak point of his faith. I cannot imagine Michelangelo, or Beethoven, or Christ himself, as a Christian Scientist. They were too much absorbed in the Kingdom of Heaven outside themselves to be always thinking of it within themselves. Christian Science does provide a cure, but it is a self-cure. The great passionate lovers of the world, the great Catholics, might have lived more seemly lives if they had tried to cure themselves; but they would never have done what they did do. The Christian Scientists save, and do not spend themselves; their aim is to make beautiful works of art of themselves; but the great lovers make works of art of something else.

Perhaps Christian Science was born in too prosperous a society; anyhow it seems too prosperous and too satisfied a religion to prevail in England now. It is a kind of Salvation Army for the well-to-do who suffer from nerves. I would not sneer at them or at the faith that cures them; but it is not and cannot be Catholic until it aims at working a change, not only on the inner minds of individuals, but on the whole order of society.

III

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you.' That saying is the essence of Catholic religion, the religion never yet realized. Also, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' But these new faiths of technique are concerned, not so much with the Kingdom of Heaven, as with the very best of the things that shall be added. I read lately a tract, not of Christian Science, but of one of the New Thought sects. It began, well enough, by saying that we must try to find the Christ in ourselves. But then, suddenly, it let the cat, that is the self, out of the bag. If you find the Christ in yourself, it said, you can achieve whatever you wish to achieve — health, power, wealth. Trust the Christ in yourself, and you can do all things. It is one side of the doctrine of Christ, but only what he said in his passionate, exultant, humorous way. By faith you can move mountains; but the important thing is, not to move the mountains, but to have the faith; and if you try to have the faith so that you may move the mountains, you will not have it. You may hypnotize yourself, but you will not see the Kingdom of Heaven. You may be a success, but you will not be a Catholic. Besides, the people who do succeed thus are not attractive to others. We may wish for their success, but we do not wish to be like them. A Catholic faith would draw us through our desire to be like those who hold it.

As for the Theosophists: their doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and of Karma, has this defect, that it is devised to explain things, and to justify

the ways of God to man. Things are what they are — the very iniquities of the world are what they are — because we are paying, or being paid, for the past. The Theosophists profess to make their faith out of the best of all religions, to have reached, by an eclectic process, the permanent religion of mankind. But nothing could be more contrary to the most profound and surprising part of Christ's teaching than this doctrine of Karma. According to the doctrine of Karma, the essence of God is justice; he has devised a universe in which everything has to be paid for, in which the past rules the present, causation controlling spirit as it controls matter. But, according to Christ, God transcends justice, and spirit can free itself, can become part of the utter freedom of the Kingdom of Heaven. God is not a judge, nor has he made a fixed, rigid, systematic universe. He has given to man a creative power, by which he can free himself of the past and rise into the eternal life of the present. Christ did not preach a doctrine of Karma; He said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee. Cease to trouble about them. Sin no more; be a new man.' And He told men to make a new world by forgiveness, which is forgetting the past in each other. He told them to judge not, so that they might be like God, who does not judge. But these sayings of his have not been taken seriously, because men have not seen the philosophy in them, the profound, difficult view of the nature of the universe and of life which they imply.

The effort of the Theosophists to find justice in the universe, as we see it, is based upon the conception of a static universe, with its future all involved in its past. In that conception there is no hope for the wicked, the weakling, the degenerate. As they have been, so they will be; the best they can do is to consent to their evil fate because it is the result of their own past. But Christ says there is not justice in the universe, because its future is not involved in its past, because it is free and growing, because all life, in so far as it is life, shares in the spontaneity of God. Faith is seeing reality, not with the eyes or always, but at heaven-sent moments which rule the life of faith. And, in this reality seen by faith, there is no payment or punishment or law imposed from outside, but an infinite possibility for all men, because, having life, they have their share in the spontaneity of God. They are not what they have been, but what they are trying to become. The Grace of God, if we will to accept it, is supreme and omnipotent in us; and it comes to us, not as a reward for past virtue, but because we will to accept it now. Above all, we must not consent to the iniquities of this life as being part of the divine order. There is no divine order, in the old materialist sense of causation and law. What is divine is the creative power, which can give to man a new nature and a new world to live in — the power that is within him if he will see it without him.

Compared with this faith, Theosophy, like the old scientific determinism, is retrograde. Indeed, it does express the old scientific determinism in a religious form. It is a kind of Calvinism orientalized. But the religious effort of our time is to escape utterly from all kinds of determinism, to see the nature of man imaginatively, in terms of spirit, in terms of our highest values. And we are beginning to be aware that Christianity has maintained that effort for nearly two thousand years, with many failures and perversities, but not utterly in vain. In the nineteenth century the great advance in scientific knowledge seemed to cut the present mind of man off from its past. It was assumed that, before that knowledge came, men could not think rightly about anything.

Religion, and even art, belonged to the childhood of the human mind; philosophy was a vain effort to discover what could not be discovered. But now men were at last discovering what could be discovered; they saw a new earth, and no heaven, and were immensely complacent over their own disillusionment.

Well, the war has cured us of that complacency. The new earth is but the old one, the mind of man is as blind, as bloody, as superstitious, as ever. The Germans, whom we all hailed as the leaders of the new age, have reverted to a pre-Christian mythology. Their God is a tribal Jahveh, and they are the chosen people, though they assert it in a new scientific jargon.

There are some who say that Christianity has failed, as if it were likely to succeed when men did not believe in it. Certainly it has failed to make men believe in it; and that failure is absolute, if we hold that Christianity is something revealed once for all two thousand years ago. But to hold that, is to misunderstand Christ himself. He professed to be a visionary, that is to say, one who saw the truth, as other men see a cow in a field; and his aim was to make men see this truth. He could not reveal it in a series of statements, any more than one could reveal a cow to those who had not seen it. All that He said was an effort to make men see it, to give them his own vision. So we can now try to attain to his vision, undiscouraged by the failures of the past. For these very failures, implying as they do efforts constantly renewed, prove that for two thousand years men have not been able to escape from the belief that Christ had a vision, that his Kingdom of Heaven was a fact which He really beheld with his inner sight, and that we can behold it also.

In England, now, faith means more and more faith in the Kingdom of Heaven, as a fact which can be seen, as an order to which man, by his own effort and the Grace of God, can belong. The words 'The Kingdom of Heaven' are constantly used by the religious as containing some meaning which has to be discovered. There is a great impatience with the churches because they have not discovered, or even tried much to discover, what those words mean. Their old dogmas say nothing about the Kingdom of Heaven, and therefore seem to be irrelevant. They are for the most part concerned with some state of being not our own; but Christ says that the Kingdom of Heaven can be seen, and we ourselves can become part of it here and now. In that doctrine is the missing element of Christianity, the reason why it has failed always to be itself. The Christian Scientists supply part of that doctrine; they tell us that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us; but the whole of it has not yet been grasped by them or by any church. The question remains, which no one yet can answer, whether any existing church has the energy to grasp it, to free itself from its own past, to proclaim the truth that Christianity is yet to be discovered by all the powers of man's mind, and to be practised by all the energy of his will. If not, we may dare to predict that a new Church will arise and destroy the old ones. But, in England, it certainly has not arisen yet.

THE UGLY CITY

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

I

You are, perhaps, a traveler from the East. You find yourself, some gray afternoon, rounding that long blue tongue of lake that licks the sands of Indiana. Villages, farmhouses, ragged patches of woodland fly past the car-windows. Glimpses of the dunes, flashes of tossing water. Prairie.

Suddenly the country ends, and the gray meadows begin to be peopled by giants, silent but animate. They loom against the sky, swart and untidy. They push upward the snouts of chimneys. They wave black, misshapen arms; they put forth clumsy limbs, such as coal-chutes, levels of track, lifting-devices. Bursts of smoke, veils and cloaks of smoke, hover about these monsters. The soot is on their shoulders. They are whitened with dust; stained with acids. These giants have no time for toilet. It is the valley of factories.

The assemblage of them thickens as you go on. They stand in compact ranks, in whole regiments, amid the life exuded from them. They have given birth to hideous small houses, grouped roughly by streets. In these streets — alleys, rather — figures in drab, shapeless clothing, the figures of men, women, and children, pass slowly on the meagre errands of life. The architectural morass thickens — thickens and darkens. Street after street wheels past, below your train, revealing endless vistas of stores, saloons, street-cars, telegraph wires. You look out over miles of smutty roofs. Thick, thick, thick lie the houses, sticking elbows into each other, their battered stairways intermingled, back doors leering into other back doors. A cathedral spire, with a cross on it, rises haughtily above the welter; so does the foolishly carved tower of an amusement place. They blink at each other across the smoky vale.

And you plunge into the city itself. You are aware of wider streets, larger and solider buildings. You pass melancholy congeries of freight-cars, tumble-down cottages, or plethoric tenements full of whooping negroes. A great hotel, brown stone with dirty white facings, climbs fifteen stories above the roofs. Some of its windows are twinkling, for now an impatient twilight is beginning to fall. At last you glide into a smother of freight-houses, and into a cave, roaring, smoking, and sweating. You join the dark-clad, determined procession going out into tumult.

You have arrived.

You are in the Ugly City.

Cities, like people, may grow ugly for various reasons, such as age, disease, or neglect. I have my theory about Chicago; but let it wait.

In the meantime, behold the 'loop.'

The 'loop' happened to us more than twenty years ago, when the masters of transportation built coils of elevated track around the central district. These tracks disfigure and overwhelm the heart of Chicago. Theirs is the diapason of an uproar that increases

from year to year. But worse: theirs is the profoundest contribution to ugliness. Squarely in the centre of four major streets stand the soot-stained uprights, a forest of legs with feet sunken in the pavements. Overhead run the tracks and timbers, turning the space below into a level like a mine gallery. Overhead the trains thunder, jarring down showers of dirt, or casting into the wan light, where teams and cars proceed, baleful flashes. This foul and grim structure, all sweating iron, and gloomy platforms and dirty cars, monopolizes the four streets.

The four streets are discouraged. One of them, nearest the lake and parallel with it, tries to be gay with piano-stores and furniture-stores and book-stores. But even this thoroughfare has the anxious, slightly damaged aspect of a middle-aged person anticipating decay. As for the three others, they have given up attempting to be cheerful or progressive. For whole blocks they exhibit little besides the driftwood of city life. They are prolific of stool-and-counter restaurants, fly-blown fruiteries, saloons with tatterdemalion customers in plain view, battered stairways ascending to sweatshops, lodging-houses and detective agencies, or the rudely carved relics of what were once fine business buildings. Here you may pass mercantile places whose names are famous, clinging to the 'old location' despite all. A few hotels, railroad offices, and the like, hang on too. But every year some of them give it up. Every year the ancient stone entrances admit a few more bucket-shops, labor-union offices, and 'exhibition parlors' for artificial limbs. It is getting to be an ill-odored jumble of mismated buildings. Here in the 'loop' — that is, within the windows opening upon the 'L' — there is breeding a forlornness born of racket, darkness, and the feeling that nobody cares.

Within the square of tracks work thousands of people. Do they care? No, they escape. They work all day practically in twilight, sometimes in complete darkness, and you might think, to see them bending over desks or hurrying about amid the mess of tracks, teams, signboards, wires, that they are as forlorn as the buildings. But they escape. They do not care. The ugliness, the fact that hardly anybody cares — those are two keynotes of Chicago.

There is a river, two branches of which help to confine the business district, while another fork threads its way northward into regions that few visit or consider.

What a river!

To thousands of our people it may be a bright and glowing thing. Sometimes they stand and gaze at it. Sometimes an artist paints it. But the river is never beautiful save as some wistful glow may come upon it at evening. It is really a wretched little waterway that reflects, on its best days, mainly dreary, abandoned docks, or the back doors of rotting buildings, or ramparts of water-tanks. Hardly anybody cares. Under one of the principal bridges a shattered platform rises from the waters, black and unsightly. It has been there for years. Near that same spot there is a huge shapeless structure into which teams labor all day, carrying dumpings; and the dumpings are vomited into scows; and the scows float away drearily down the dreary stream. A little farther south, where a building has been razed, there is a hole. The hole is occupied by red and yellow posters of last month's plays, by piles of broken brick, by shaggy timbers. The hole has been there for years. A saloon next door to the ruin had to go out of business. Nobody could drink enough to be cheerful there.

All this graces one of Chicago's main streets. The multitude — rich and poor — pass such nightmares daily, unconscious of them. The people are used to our streets, which tend toward a certain fixed development. They begin, some of them, in the country, where birds and insects sing cheerful godspeed to the traveler. They march toward the city, gradually changing for the worse. Begin to appear the characteristic buildings, very likely to be made of tarnished red brick, having saloons below and 'rooms for rent' above; or of frame, extending to two or three stories, with tipsy steps and twisted iron railings. Begin to appear the mere skeletons of buildings, uninhabited, insulted by every Ishmael of the neighborhood, ghostly. They have a long story to tell, usually of their tenancy by a procession of races: first, thrifty beings from Northern Europe, then people of less and less stable sort, until they fall into the hands of races inherently transitory and destructive — and the buildings are doomed. They stand shamefacedly in the company of decent and thriving structures. Nobody will repair them. They become signboards for the landlords who will not repair them, and for the politicians who fatten on the landlords.

Continuing along one of these streets, you will observe that the builders have simply shoved themselves in, frantic with haste, and regardless of proportion or decency. It is a 'gold rush' for rentals. The better buildings are infected by the poorer, and dirt, the dirt of commerce and neglect, paints all the same color. No building restrictions — none at least that cannot be evaded by the powerful. That is one reason why it is the Ugly City. And hardly anybody cares.

West Madison Street is an endless immoral, cluttered lane that runs westward for miles; here defaced by cheap lodging-houses, there blazing with the lights of cheap theatres, and emerging into beauty only where the city ends.

Halsted Street is a whole history of civilization, a gathering-place for all nations, a torrent boiling between hideous cliffs of houses and stores.

Milwaukee Avenue is another Halsted Street, but longer, crookeder, and uglier.

Cottage Grove Avenue winds its smutted, discouraged length at the edge of the lake, bordered by relics of happier days.

Washington Boulevard — another reminder of years when the city was more winsome — is fronted by whole blocks of stone buildings, once cheerful dwellings, now chipped, smeared, and 'for rent cheap.'

Ashland Avenue, 63rd Street, Belmont Avenue, 31st Street — name fifty others at random, and not one will evoke any picture except dreary utility, linear monotony. You can travel a whole day on some of our 'through lines,' and never have a glimpse of anything well-favored. You may walk miles, and not find a clean sidewalk or a green thing growing.

'Well,' say you, 'there must be another side to this. It can't be possible—

But it is.

Of course, Chicago has its rarely glimpsed beauties. It has a few natural charms, like the curve of the lake northward from Lincoln Park. It has Michigan Avenue on a summer night — that pageant of lights under the skyscrapers. It has the wooded island in Jackson Park. It has boulevards and suburbs. But these scattered and incidental beauties contend unsuccessfully against the awful whole. Isolated as they are, and provided usually with an offsetting ugliness near at hand, — such as that celebrated offset to Michigan Avenue, the Illinois Central Rail-

road, — they no more redeem the city than a few bright buttons, sewn haphazard upon a homely gown, beautify the gown. The areas of gloom are too enormous. The unclean, disordered excretions of a life desperately lived are piled too thickly.

I can take you for a ride of four miles, reaching from the last green traces of suburb clear to the 'loop,' and you will be amazed that people can live in that district contentedly. You will be astonished that they do not rise up and declare war on the factories, the gas-tanks, the breweries, which frown upon this region from all sides; which squat complacently among dwellings and 'flats.' Why are such enormities permitted? Because life is too short to struggle against them. And not only is there one such region, but there are scores. Two million people have rushed here to win bread, and in the turmoil of doing so have sought shelter, and no more. After the day's work they have not enough time or energy left for revolt. So they go on, year after year, poisoned by their environment, but scarcely aware of it. It is 'somebody's' business to cure these things. There ought not to be a factory over there, smoking away between a school and a two-flat building; but who is to take it away? The people are too busy to do anything except look to the authorities; and the authorities are too busy doing something less useful. So nothing gets done.

In other words, of the causes of ugliness I mentioned, — age, disease, and neglect, — it is neglect that is the trouble here.

That is what maddens one about Chicago's desolation: the casualness of it, the knowledge that Chicago could do better if it would. Chicago is the idiot child of cities. Most of the time its civic brains are dormant; the rest, they are uncoördinated. It has been from the first a genetic mistake; nature never intended to have a city here in the swamp. And its upbringing has been in the hands, very largely, of hurried, greedy, unfastidious folk, who will continue, perhaps for many years, to ignore the fact that its face is caked with dirt, its clothes filthy and torn. It is tremendously vital, but it is an idiot. And the form of its idiocy is that caused by deprivation of one or more of the senses. To mention one: the sense of beauty.

II

What does it mean to be born in Chicago — let us say, near the intersection of Western Avenue and West Madison Street? There are worse places than that to be born in, but the locality mentioned is fairly typical.

It means that, from the time of his first consciousness, up to the years when he is able to join skylarking gangs that roam the city in a heart-breaking search for 'something different,' the child sees scarcely anything that will tell him that beauty exists. His home is a 'flat' over a store. His front yard is the sidewalk. His world beyond — the world he sees from his 'little window' of the poem — is a plain on which has been piled a chaos of foundries, lumber-heaps, trackage, varied by rows of wretched little houses, whose cottage type has been repeated so often that it has become an established symbol of Chicago's poverty of imagination.

The child adapts himself to this forlornness. He has his pleasures, his adventures, among the slag-heaps. He is a being full of ambitions — such as they are. He grows up here, finds a job in one of the foundries, and raises a family of his own. They are all congenitally blind, like himself. They are 'used to it' — used to this terrible negation of beauty. Perhaps they revolt, some of them, from living like guinea-pigs in a cage. They undergo the tre-

mendous exertion and anxiety of making a home in a new subdivision, where real-estate speculators promise 'a house in the country; your own backyard; your own trees.' What is this paradise? Well, it often turns out to be only a collection of oblong boxes, floating in a morass of weeds, and with twig-like trees planted in stiff ranks. It is the end of the world. But the poor creatures from the region of factories think it the beginning of heaven. They are blind.

Because our children grow up in this way, learning nothing at home, and very little elsewhere, of the immense difference it makes to be in charming surroundings, we have a constantly increasing population of those who do not care. You cannot convince them that they should.

It does not help the situation that only a part — and probably a small part — of those who now make up our two millions and more were born here.

No statistician, I think, has computed the number of people who are natives of Chicago; but it is a fact which everyone knows that more people move to it than grow up in it. Chicago becomes every year more conspicuously the boarding-house of the midland. Ambitious, transient folk from a dozen states are drawn to it. Many of them frankly confess that they do not expect to stay; nay, they hope that they will not stay. (Nothing is more common than the remark, 'Well, I hope I shan't have to live here always.') Some of them count upon going back to Peoria, or Keokuk, or Kalamazoo, after their 'pile' has been made. Others look forward to New York, with ten thousand a year. They are dwelling from month to month in apartments, or in rented houses, or in hotels. They are a fugitive and half-alien population. They are quite as alien as the immigrants, and more fugitive. Fewer of the immigrants leave us; more of them settle down and acquire civic pride than of the money-makers from the small towns.

Being a boarding-house, Chicago cannot expect much. If the house needs paint, and the front walk is slovenly, and the furniture is falling to pieces, Chicago need not look to these transient residents to feel any direct responsibility. They will stand it as long as they can, and then go elsewhere. What is it to them, who have come to Chicago only for what they can get out of it, if ill-smelling factories are built in residence districts, or if grass-plots are defaced by bill-boards? They do not feel it their duty to lynch the vandals.

Add to this element the extraordinary number of people who have fled to the suburbs, and there really are not enough good voters left. These suburbanites have escaped. In their new homes they are ardent believers in improvement; there they insist upon beauty and cleanliness. They have left Chicago behind, save as a place in which to work or shop.

Not enough good voters left — that is a fundamental reason for bad city government, which in turn is largely responsible for ugliness. By 'good voters' one, of course, means men and women who vote with their eyes open, their senses alert, and their understanding of the common welfare educated. The boarders do not vote that way. They know little about the significance of measures, or the past records of candidates. So they vote somewhat at random, snatching a hasty glance at the newspapers before they go to the polls, acquiescent in whatever issue they find served out to them, and never starting anything themselves. Between elections they rarely think about the City Hall or what the City Council is doing. Beyond an occasional growl at the dirt or the gloom, they do not ponder their

surroundings at all. When it comes time for them to vote, their ballots are too often cast with those of the imbeciles, the prejudiced, and the purchased. This is enough to turn the scale for bad government.

And bad government is what we have had.

Better not go into details about this. Let us say merely that our political history is a history of ignoble partisanship governing movements that should be nonpartisan, of a steady decrease in economic common sense, and of selfishness and sloth in high places. Faced with taxation burdens both monstrous and ridiculous; unable to keep in office men whom it esteemed, and unable to get rid of those whom it despised; watching the city grow darker and drearier, and knowing neither the causes nor the cure, Chicago — that is, the Chicago of the great masses who carry elections — has reached its 'don't-care' stage by natural process. It is too much discouraged, besides being too busy, to do much more than admire, or acquiesce in, the efforts of an organization like the Chicago Plan Commission.

Of this commission let no depreciative word be said. It represents the consummation of attempts, dating back almost to the World's Fair, to reshape our crazy-quilt city into a beautiful, symmetrical design. With powerful backing, and growing enthusiasm, the commission is striking some telling blows. It has overcome the apathy of the crowd so far as to obtain assent to several important bond issues; and at this moment an army of workmen is hammering a vital part of the plan into reality. No question, the commission is a brilliant gleam of idealism in the Ugly City. The names of D. H. Burnham, Charles H. Wacker, and others deserve the lustre they have. The commission is one reason why I say that 'hardly anybody' cares, instead of 'nobody.' But my point is — and the commission itself will scarcely contest it — that the real awakening lies ahead. Is it not true that the masses, the floundering, discontented majority, are still blind to the promise of a 'city beautiful'? And what will awaken them? Not appeals at election time, not newspaper editorials, not even illustrated lectures.

The commission labors on, year after year, with most admirable optimism. No less hopefully, and with a sympathy for common folk not always laid to the credit of their profession, the architects labor, too. To the sagacious plans of the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute, headed by George W. Maher, I should like to give more than a paragraph. But if I gave them numberless paragraphs I should still insist that to the factory-worker, the shopkeeper in a small way, unquestionably to poor creatures lower in the scale, the Chicago Plan, indeed, all the pretty pictures and costly diagrams of a better city, must be like a mirage. To that sullen and toilworn swarm, would you dare offer a view of a Garden of the Gods, and expect them to believe they would ever live there? 'Not for us,' they sigh; 'these kind gentlemen don't mean it.'

Such improvements as are afoot resemble confections proffered to the many by the few. The process should and will be reversed: the many will be found offering progress to the few. It will take an æsthetic revolution to accomplish this reversal. Such a revolution will come.

The writer of these somewhat depressing impressions feels safe in making the prediction, for the same reason that he feels justified in recording the impressions — the reason that he is no mere casual observer of Chicago, but a native of it. After forty years of going about without realizing what was wrong with his home, he became sud-

denly enlightened — the city was ugly. But his eyes were opened to what it might be, and will be.

It happened one day that the writer had occasion to visit a home in one of the humbler residence districts. Not a slum this, but a place where respectable, hard-working people have lived for more than two generations. So shapeless, or so monotonous of shape, were the houses, so pitiful the little frontyards with their starveling plants, so dour and unsightly the background, where a smoking brewery rose like an affront and a threat, that life there suddenly seemed terrible. It was infuriating to realize that society, wealthy and resourceful, permitted stalwart workers, and plucky housewives, and gay children, to exist under such conditions.

Then came the thought: 'Why! Life is going on here. Despite all, life is going on, perhaps with as much light and shade as in most other places. There are pleasures — even ecstasies. Neglect has n't killed these people; they have it in them to survive.'

So one might speak, not merely of this humble neighborhood, but of the city as a whole. That people can exist and develop under such skies, and amid such a clutter, is thrilling. That they can also be good and happy — as at least half of them are — is more thrilling still. There is an illimitable future for such people as this. They are fighters. They will win.

To get the same impression in another way, go 'down town' on a Sunday afternoon, when some great musician is performing to 'capacity' at Orchestra Hall. See the throng that has been drawn there by a yearning for beauty. These devotees have paid for their seats; they are safe from the political stupidities and inhibitions that cheat them of beauty elsewhere. There, while the *maestro* plays, one sees boiling up into the keen and tragic faces of these Chicagoans a poetry, a delight, that show of what our people are really made. They go out into the twilight, radiant, and merge with a human stream from the Art Institute. A passion they do not understand has been satisfied. And they return to ugly homes in ugly streets.

That there exists this deep-seated yearning for music and pictures is not inconsistent with what I maintained above — that the city's sense of beauty is still dormant. Discrimination, taste, the will to live better, we have not yet reached. We have only the beginnings of a vision. Something mighty is stirring under our complex surfaces. Hands are beginning to grope through the gloom and clamor. And Chicago, whose magnificent spirit is proved by its gayety, its wit, its *flair* in the face of cheerlessness and slovenliness, will some day flame out in revolt against niggardly property-owners, shiftless aldermen, and drowsy or venal municipal bureaus. Sooner or later, perhaps through the processes of education, perhaps through some event as profoundly moving as the war, it will be revealed to our people that they live in an ugly city, and that there is no need of it. They will make a clean sweep.

It is this prospect that makes life in Chicago not only interesting, but captivating. I would rather live in Chicago, where this is about to happen, than dwell among the perfected glories of Lake Leman.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING FORTNIGHT

BY ALICE BACHE GOULD

I

THIS is the story of a little adventure in the Spanish archives. It was an adventure, not so much in the writing of history proper, as in the humbler field of making tools for the historian's use; and the tool in this case was an Itinerary of the Emperor Charles V.

Itineraries, or time-tables, showing where important personages were at any given time, have proved their value again and again. They are especially useful in checking documents whose date or whose genuineness may be challenged. A really careful itinerary is an instrument of precision, like any other gauge, and it means much arduous laboring over facts in themselves as unimportant as any scratch upon a vernier scale.

The Emperor Charles V very nearly broke the record for royal travel. He was the heir of all four grandparents, some of whom did more than twofold balls and treble sceptres carry. To this was added the Holy Empire and the whole New World *plus ultra*. Small wonder that he moved from capital to capital, and that, even with the help of his secretary's journal and his own memoirs, it is hard to follow him exactly.

To make a complete and scientific itinerary of Charles V, from his cradle in Ghent to his coffin in San Yuste, — and indeed the book has finally exceeded a little at each extreme, — giving his whereabouts on every day of more than fifty-eight years, with reference to the ultimate authority for every statement, was the task set for himself by a modern Spanish scholar. Don Manuel Foronda — now Marquis of that ilk and member of the Royal Academy of History, but then merely a well-born young Spanish lawyer and counselor of embassy — began in youth the accumulation of facts which he has recently published at the age of seventy-five. He published many small works on the way to the larger one, — Charles V in this place and Charles V in that place, Charles V considered as doing this, that, and the other, — and also a skeleton itinerary which we wish he would republish corrected for use by workers. His *magnum opus* is a magnificent thing; but ten pounds avoirdupois and three pounds sterling are a disheartening combination for ready reference.

Of course, three quarters of such compiling is straightforward drudgery with steady advance. Then come the disputed or ignored dates which require investigation, and the archives begin to yield their more uninteresting secrets. Finally, there remain some outposts of ignorance, some days when all that can be said is that we have no reason to suppose that the protagonist has gone anywhere or done anything. We have to leave him *in statu quo* — but with the mark of interrogation required by the modern scientific conscience.

Years rolled by, as the melodramas sum it up. Years rolled, and D. Manuel Foronda toiled, and at last the life was complete but for one single interval of

about a fortnight. One little group of hypocritic days refused to look straight and be classified. Under their solemn fillets they looked scorn at the historian.

See what is the conscience of the modern maker of 'scientific' history! For fifteen years Foronda held that book back — for fifteen years — and he, the author, was over sixty when at last it was ready except for the abhorred vacuum of that fortnight. In those fifteen years he became known as *el bou de los archiveros* — the bogy lying in wait for young archivists. I have heard it whispered that his later appeals met with little except courtesy — at least, not with solid work. 'Can we by searching find out what is not there? Pray try, señora; it is all open to you. But I, have I not tried? In years gone by, when Foronda wanted other dates, I found them for him. I tried long for that fortnight and now — I try no more.'

The days wanted were in 1538. On July 26, 1538, Charles leaves Barcelona for Valladolid. In early August he arrives — at least, in the latter part of that month he has been there for some time, and Foronda suggested the 9th for his arrival. The Secretary, Vandenesse, tells us he went to Valladolid, traveling *par ses journées*, to join the Empress. This contented the old-fashioned compilers; but a careful modern worker by the day notices at once, both that the number of days in the interval is too great, and that we know nothing of the route followed.

Many other times Charles crosses the Spains between those two places, and his progress is always traceable. So, when nothing can be found in 1538, one naturally looks for some unusual route. But when letters to the archives, whether of church or town, in every littlest hamlet that suggested itself had yielded nothing, and reiterated search in the large deposits of state papers seemed to make it certain that Charles had transacted no business that required his signature, then the perturbed biographer began to ask himself strange questions. If other intervals had not been filled up at last, it would have been less disconcerting. But that over fifty-eight years should be traceable day by day, in peace and war, in rain and shine, in better and worse fortune, and yet one consecutive fortnight be baffling; that half a dozen transferences between the same two places should be readable long after, because of addresses by the loyal, largesses by the monarch, household accounts, letters, state papers, diaries, pardons; and yet that another journey should leave no trace at all — all this was certainly queer. On the negative evidence D. Manuel ventured only two opinions: that Charles had not passed through Lerida, nor yet through Saragossa. But there was growing in his mind a suspicion that more than met the eye might be shadowed here. Monarchs have wanted to disappear before now.

It was a suggestive time for a mystery, for Charles had just returned from a very important conference. There had been an attempt at a triple meeting of Pope and Emperor and French King; but although the Pope came to Nice and talked with Charles and talked with Francis, he never could inveigle his two sons-in-Christ into his presence at the same time. At last, he fairly gave it up and went home, escorted for some distance by the Emperor, who, having thus astutely got rid of the third party, turned back and overtook Francis at Aigues-Mortes. A dramatic moment of pause — and then the royal brothers-in-law seek each other's arms, and 'register' complete confidence and affection, so straitly embraced that Eleanor the Queen puts her arms about

the two at once. Chroniclers dwell with affectionate detail upon the precious vessels, the crystal and the napery of the splendid banquet that followed, at which Eleanor and her stepdaughter, the French princess Marguerite, brought water to wash the imperial hands after eating, and offered the damask napkins. But Charles would accept no personal service from such noble ladies. With graceful courtesy, he elected to wipe his mouth on the tablecloth instead.

A treaty for a ten years' peace is drawn up; the monarchs embrace and part; and Charles sails across to the Spanish coast, landing at Barcelona. The Empress, his Regent, is at Valladolid, and for Valladolid he is to start on July 26. The rest is silence.

Now there are certainly possibilities in this situation. No reader of melodrama but guesses at once that Charles has crossed the Pyrenees and is secretly seeing Francis again — in an interview unknown to history. If not — why then one begins to think of that little affair of Hernani. Is there another Doña Sol in 1538? Where is Charles, and what is he doing? Apparently it is something that he preferred should not be known, and to the modern scientific historian that seems reason enough for trying to know it.

So for fifteen long years Foronda's book lay waiting, and D. Manuel himself wrote and searched and wondered. Then it seems to have been a chance comment by a friend that brought him to the sticking-place. Many friends had urged publication, and been told, 'Not yet.' But some well-intentioned person said to Foronda, — apropos of his being seventy-five years old, — 'Don Manuel, what a pity it would be *if anything should happen* to prevent your ever publishing at all!'

'He put it politely — *but I knew perfectly well what the man meant.*'

And the result of this crystallizing feather touch was the final publication of Foronda's weighty tome, with an appeal in the preface to all and sundry, and in the hope, as D. Manuel said, that the very fact of owning to ignorance of those few days would guarantee his trustworthiness about all other days.

II

When I first saw Foronda's book, I was studying the discovery of America in one of the larger Spanish archives; and I was somewhat disheartened by the lack of answer to the broader questions I was putting to the dusty bundles. Was it that no answer could be given? or that I personally could not handle an archive? I wanted to test myself on something neatly asked. Spanish policies, streams of tendency, motives of legislators — all these are slippery matters; but 'Where was the Emperor on August 1, 1538?' — this is so definite and safe and clear an inquiry. Either you know the answer, or you don't.

Moreover, I was distinctly intrigued by the appeal in Foronda's introduction, and by the story of his unavailing persistence. Other people's affairs are so interesting. Of course, the real reason for their charm is that one sheds all responsibility when one strays into bypaths, and any primroses pulled by the path are pure gain. From the beginning, I think that I meant to try for those missing days, though I was half ashamed to confess it to myself, even with the excuse that a new eye on a problem is an advantage. I have often witnessed what the language of the moment would call the 'mobilization of ignorance,' which sends ignoramuses rushing in where scholars fear to tread. Sometimes they come out with surprisingly valuable results, just because of the naïve unexpectedness of their points

of view. I was at least free from all prejudice about Charles's doings in 1538.

It occurred to me at once that the uncertain date of arrival in Valladolid could be checked by the Empress's signatures as Regent. When did she stop signing? Most routine papers were executed by the Council, but certain things, mostly appointments and commissions, carry the royal *Yo el rey*. I sought the bundles where such papers were on file, and started a tabulation of signatures, and an hour or two gave me what I wanted.

Charles himself seemed to have signed none of the routine papers until quite late in the month; evidently he took things easily for some time after his arrival. As to the Empress Isabel — since I write without any of my own notes at hand, I cannot give exact numbers; but, speaking loosely, it was rare to find a day with no signature at all from her, and there were usually two or three daily, until August 11, when she suddenly took to signing more than a score of papers, and then she never signed again!

Evidently Foronda had put Charles's arrival too early, when he guessed it to be on the 9th, for the Regent would never have signed in Valladolid with the Emperor already present. Moreover, if human nature in the sixteenth century was my human nature today, that woman expected her lord on August 12. The score of signatures on the 11th meant that the Empress was cleaning up her desk.

This was not enough to send to Foronda, and it made the time Charles spent on the journey even longer than before. So, after struggling for some hours among the state papers of 1538, to the great amusement of an archivist who had already spent many a weary day among those bundles, I dropped the matter, with an inward vow that I would try again in Barcelona.

I was going to Barcelona for some weeks of early spring, partly on pleasure bent and partly to visit the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon. Besides more serious matters, I wanted to look there for a little freak of a fact reported fifty years ago by Bergenroth, who says that Ferdinand gave to the Venetian ambassador an island found by Columbus, together with the title in perpetuity of Count of the Cannibal Isle. This is pleasant enough, and an alternative name for the island, 'Of Cannibals or of Roses,' really adds another touch. The whole affair seemed to me deliciously improbable, and Bergenroth gives no reference; but the context showed in what papers he had been grubbing, and I wanted to grub a little on my own account. Let me in passing beg pardon of Bergenroth's most scholarly ghost, for I found the grant exactly as he says. It is a long paper in mediæval Latin, and the only doubt that remains to me is whether 'roses' should not be translated with reference to a man's name and not to a rose-bush, though one hates not to leave such a choice as that between cannibals and roses to the taste and fancy of the speller.

But all this is beside the mark. I was bound for the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon, and I was trying to keep it a secret from myself that, wherever I went, I meant to append to my own legitimate work a somewhat shamefaced inquiry after the year 1538.

III

The Aragonese archive is beautifully arranged and excellently administered. But papers may be in Latin, Catalan, or Spanish, to say nothing of other languages. Secular and religious matters are kept apart, and the different kingdoms — Aragon, Sicily, Navarre, and so on — are all separately filed. More-

over, when one gets down to the ultimate divisions and the papers themselves, one finds that they have been bound into an order roughly chronological, but not always exact within the limits of any given month. I saw at once that it was no quick and easy thing to say surely whether any signature of a given date existed. To get out all the proper bundles, to find the place on the page where each document was dated, and then to see whether it was signed by council or by king, would mean a deal of drudgery, of fussy, nervously irritating, meticulous, what the Scotch call 'fikey' little labors, petty and persistent. To plod one's weary way through twenty or thirty pages in each of twenty or thirty books, would be so disagreeable that, if any of Foronda's searching had been done by copyists who search for a price, it was likely enough not to have been done thoroughly. With a certain furtiveness, telling myself that it was merely for amusement, I began to search a book or two a day, in odds and ends of time.

There followed the reward that sometimes falls to one through sheer luck. One morning, as I was languidly turning over successive documents without even trying to read more than the endings, I suddenly sat up electrified. I was staring at an ending plainly written, as plain as if it had been in print — *De Lerida, último de Julio de 1538. Yo el Rey.*

Lerida! Directly on the road to Saragossa, and just the reasonable time after leaving Barcelona! The document itself was perfectly uninteresting — a letter about the affairs of some obscure person who had appealed to Cæsar; but I dropped the search for the Count of the Cannibals, whose Latin title had not yet gladdened my eyes; I dropped Columbus and all his companions; I came forward more than forty years, to 1538, and attacked the thing in earnest. A few days' livelier work yielded five signatures and three stopping-places, taking Charles as far as Saragossa on August 4. Here the trail was lost again. There was one straight road to Valladolid; but, if he arrived on the 12th, he was still taking too many days for the journey. Had he lingered in Saragossa? Was the key to the affair in that city?

The head of the archives, to whom I carried my trove, was very sympathetic and very much amused. From his professional point of view, the really funny thing was the emotion that would be felt by those who had assured Foronda that all the books had been thoroughly searched. He gave me the names of certain excellent investigators who had committed themselves to the non-existence of any such dates. One such person — of national reputation — was even then downstairs. 'Señora, he is not likely to think it as amusing as we think it!'

There was another person downstairs, a man who would take photostat prints, both good and cheap. This was luck, indeed, for such prints are not always to be had; and I promptly secured reproductions of all five documents.

Now for my own good reasons, connected with violets and blossoming groves of orange, with roses and the blue Mediterranean, I meant to go by Tarragona to Valencia, before turning north again. Valencia was much in my thoughts, and I instinctively noticed it whenever it came to the fore in my miscellaneous reading. I noticed for instance that just at this time, in July and August of 1538, the viceroy in Valencia was sore vexed by pirates off the coast making descents on little towns near by. It was not the famous pirate Barbarossa, whom Charles had himself chastised three years before; but just because of this recent fight with

Barbarossa, Charles was likely to take much interest in the havoc wrought, and Saragossa was the point nearest Valencia, if one stopped on the direct road from Barcelona to Valladolid. Could it be that the Emperor had paused to send couriers to the south? If so, there would be letters in the Archivo Regional of Valencia. I meant to look in there at any rate, because I wanted some things about the Santangel family, whose persistent repetitions of a few Christian names (after christening began in that family) has confused many a good writer about Columbus's money affairs.

And in that archive I promptly found two other letters signed by Charles, both dated in Saragossa on August 4, with plenty of evidence of the anxiety of the Viceroy, the Duke of Calabria, who kept writing about those pirates both to Charles and to the Empress. Though the hearts of kings are bad guessing, I decided to adopt the theory that here we had at least one motive for a short delay in Saragossa, which would account for a lapse of days, and might be followed by travel at the ordinary speed.

Again my luck held. I received a call from a professor of history in the University of Valencia, who had run across my tracks so often that I had become a joke. 'La mís' had always just preceded him. No Spanish peasant could pronounce my name, but 'la mís,' as who should say, the señorita, or the fräulein, was identification enough; and my tastes, whether *in re* manuscripts or meringues, amateur bull-fights or library hours, were continually brought out for comparison with his own. Indeed it is not from him alone that I know how the village confectioner in a certain upland village still urges the local *azucarillo* and a particular kind of cake as favorites with 'la mís,' therefore proper for all and any of these queer pilgrims of history who arrive from distant parts.

My caller had a keen sense of humor, as so many Spaniards have, and he invited me to consider my own existence dispassionately. I imagine he may have modified a first belief that there warn't no sich a person into an attempt to prove that 'la mís' was a sun-myth, or perhaps some modern incarnation of the visiting moon. And when finally he heard (I don't know how) that 'la mís' was actually in his own city, walking about his own library and university, it was too much for him. He presented himself at the desk of an archivist friend, and requested an immediate introduction to the mís-errant, who could even then be seen near the window, wrestling with the ramifications of the Santangel family.

When two writers-errant meet, they compare adventures. We were soon offering mutual sympathy on the way in which one finds all sorts of interesting things one does n't want, while the longed-for things elude all capture. I was pursuing Christopher Columbus; the professor's subject just then was the Marquis of Brandenburg, second husband of Germaine de Foix. As far as I could gather, he had been selected because nobody knew anything about him. He was therefore what in my student days was called a good subject for a Ph.D. His own biographer assured me that he never did anything worth mention, except marry Germaine and attend a chapter of the Golden Fleece, both these things in Barcelona, in 1519. Germaine de Foix, let me remind the reader, is the young princess whom Ferdinand married after Isabella's death; she was, incidentally, his own great-half-niece, — or half-great-niece, if that sounds any better, — and naturally she outlived him. The marquis was a cadet of the electoral house of Brandenburg; and Charles may have turned an eye on

the two Brandenburg votes of 1519, when he bestowed the hand of his step-grandmother and second-half-cousin on this one of his own young companions.

The marquis died early, and the Queen's third venture was a man of more importance, that very Duke of Calabria who was anxious about pirates in 1538. His tomb is one of the things to see in Valencia, though it is not the Queen, but a later duchess, who lies beside him. For my own satisfaction, I tried to formulate the connection between this last Duchess of Calabria and Isabella the Catholic. Spanish enables one to express neatly things like a brother's brother-in-law, or the other godfather of one's own godson, but Spanish saves me nothing if I want to say that one woman was the second wife of the third husband of the second wife of the only husband of the other. I might make the chain even longer, since the duchess too had been married before.

The professor had amassed a surprising amount of information about this so-frankly-uninteresting Brandenburg, husband *ad interim* of Queen Germaine; but queerly enough his marriage lines are not to be found, and even the exact day of the wedding is doubtful. We chatted on about this missing marriage record, and the many missing things I wanted, and the horrid probability that a little fact for which we toil and moil in vain may even then be lying, an unappreciated jewel, before some other scratcher-up of the heap. Bitterest of all, the little fact gets buried again, as if it had never come to the surface.

For my own part, I keep a collection of what I call staccato notes. For instance, is there anyone reading this who wishes to know that Isabella the Catholic bought an alarm-clock in 1496? Clocks are not in my line, but the books which I rather timidly consulted would seem to place the invention of portable alarm-clocks distinctly later than that. If anybody wants this fact, let me present it. The exact date and price have escaped my memory, but I have them in my notes the other side of the ocean.

My new friend and I felt alike on the moral obligation of keeping tab on what other folk are doing, in order that labor may not be wasted. Upon this hint I spoke of my latest adventure. 'For instance,' said I, not expecting to throw a thunderbolt, but merely illustrating the conversation, — 'for instance, I have found documents signed by Charles in that interval for which Foronda has looked so long. Is it not whimsical in Fate to send them to me instead of to him?'

Tableau! My new-found professor was a personal friend of Foronda. I fancy he had himself pursued the hunt for those days in the same half-shamefaced way in which I had begun. At any rate, the effect upon him of this somewhat off-hand announcement was such as startled me.

'Señora!' he gasped after a speechless moment, 'am I to under stand that you know where Charles was during those days?'

I indicated that, simple as I sat there, at the service of God and of himself, I had my own opinion concerning Charles's whereabouts. 'I have photographs of the documents,' I added, becoming almost frightened by the man's expression.

'Señora! have you communicated with Foronda?'

'Not yet — I wanted to try a little longer — the record was not complete.'

'Señora! for the love of God! Do you not know that Foronda takes his seat in the Academy of History within three weeks; that his inaugural discourse upon that itinerary must be printed beforehand! that he would rather have

this information *now*, this week, than ever again — *now*, NOW!'

Truly I should have known it, and I could only plead that I had regarded Charles as a luxury, while Columbus and his companions were necessary business. The professor was polite, but he looked at me as I should look at a child whom I found playing with priceless first editions. 'La mís,' indeed! He went away, after bidding me lose no time in writing to Madrid, and offering to come and correct any Spanish letter for me at the hotel — this in answer to a feeble excuse which I proffered for doing things so slowly.

Accordingly I arranged my photographic reproductions, pasted the loose leaves together, and sketched my letter to Foronda, which was nearly ready when, on my return from another morning in the archives, I found the Professor of History with a minor archivist holding up the door of the hotel like a pair of caryatides. He had been told that I was not at home, but to avoid any possible chance of missing me, he had taken the liberty of posting himself in the entrance, instead of going to the drawing-room and calling on the other ladies in my party. He had a letter from Foronda!

Whether he had telegraphed, or merely written, I do not know. At any rate, he was taking no chances, and if one compares the Yankee and the Spaniard concerned in this matter, the national characteristics have got themselves rather mixed. Foronda's letter breathed amazement. For the love of God and his Holy Mother! is the classic exclamation — if he did not use those words, he meant them. If it were true that a person, an amateur, a foreigner, a Yanquí — and a woman! — was wandering about Spain, with his long-sought dates in her pocket! then for the love of heaven, while this lady was within reach, let his friend find out where she got them, how she knew! and *where* Charles was. Also, let him assure the lady that, if she would but share her knowledge, all glory and credit should be given her: he, Foronda, would — then followed, numbered (1), (2), (3), and so on, the things Foronda would do! He would announce it in print, he would proclaim it to the Academy; the name of that lady should, and so forth, and so forth.

The lady found herself inclined to laughter. Who was she, to be an accomplice, so long after the fact, in Charles's celebrated disappearance? But the solemnity of the occasion overwhelmed all temptation to be flippant. She assured the waiting historian that her constant intention had been to put that minute bit of information where it would do the most good. Certainly it would do no good to her or to Christopher Columbus, and she was deeply grateful for having been saved from further delay, even though the material was still so incomplete

We had begun the business in the portal, to the great edification of the concierge, but we adjourned to a more fitting spot, and I went to fetch the evidence. I brought the photographs of the Barcelona documents, I produced the numbers of the Valencia documents. But might he take these photographs and see if he could get them off *certificados* in this evening's mail for Madrid? He might. He did. He returned to inspect and correct my own letter, and he declared — such was his agitation that it shook his judgment — that it was in faultless Spanish.

IV

I suppose I kept my rough draft of that letter, and I certainly have kept and treasured the answer to it, the first of many letters from my dear and honored friend the Marquis of Foronda.

But both are on the other side of the Atlantic now, and I can reproduce only from memory. I developed with painful accuracy the case of Aladdin's window. When Aladdin wished to give the greatest possible pleasure to his father-in-law — so I began; but a foreign language made my would-be gracefulness rather elephantine — 'on me,' as the Irish would say, with their excellent feeling for the ethical dative. I remember explaining, 'You, sir, must be Aladdin, and the public is in this case the father-in-law, and I' — here I found myself getting very much mixed as I proffered these few little inclosed gems to the detail of a jeweled pattern which even yet must be unfinished. I do not now remember how I managed to include myself in the compound father-in-law, but I do remember that I had no dictionary with me. I was traveling light, and I was supposed no longer to need a dictionary. At any rate, I know I ended with the reflection that, when the baffled sultan gave up the window, he had at least learned to appreciate the labor represented by the rest of the palace.

But where I flounder out of my depth in courtly tropes, a Spaniard glides serenely into port. The return letter addressed me by a combination of every title, French, English, and Spanish. 'Señora of my utmost admiration and respect. The Spanish language is universally acknowledged to be the richest since the Tower of Babel. Nevertheless, señora, it does not contain sufficient words to express my gratitude. What an honor for my poor book, — nay, what an honor for history, for Charles, and for Spain herself, — that ladies traveling in her borders should be moved to occupy themselves with such matters!' There followed a kind and cordial invitation to come to Madrid at the time when he was to enter the Academy of History.

I did not go to the Academy meeting. I think I was alarmed at the prospect of the honor-giving hand, *monstrante digito*, under circumstances which would make it impossible for me to protest that I knew the size of a grain of sand, and knew the difference between productive erudition and sheer good luck. But I forthwith decided again to make the audacious attempt to find something in the great Archives of Simancas where so many had looked before me; and on the way there, to travel for myself from village to village, over the road from Saragossa to Valladolid, and see for myself whether anything remained in church or town records. This I did, in the company of two thrilled Spanish companions. The three white elephants, we used to call ourselves, as we noted the surprise we left in our wake. And it profited us nothing at all. Never a trace remained, so far as I could see, of the passage of the Emperor Charles; although perhaps four centuries hence someone may come upon traces of the passage of the three elephants.

We had a very good time, and were very courteously entreated, except by a single snappy old blind priest, who informed us that no one short of a *grande de España* ought to be interested in the doings of Charles the Emperor. But the results for history were just exactly nothing at all — nothing externally, that is. Internally, I was revolving the question as never before, with the hope of taking it from some new angle.

And a new idea did come to me. The household accounts — expenses *de casa y boca* — have been a source of copious information, and if such royal accounts for 1538 had been extant, I believe that Foronda would not have experienced any difficulty. They are not to be found; but it occurred to me that there was a similar class of papers which had not been tried.

Some time before, when studying that very bundle in which I found the alarm-clock, I had noticed that couriers used to be paid by distance ridden, not by the time it took them to ride it. The bills used to state that they were sent from such a place to such a place, a distance of so many leagues, and they were then paid by the league. If this was true in 1538, and if Charles wrote to anybody about anything while on that journey; if, indeed, any of the secretaries accompanying him wrote any letters of importance, then, even though the letters themselves may have perished long ago, there is always the chance that the posting-bills are on file. Now I knew just where to call for such courier's accounts, although, indeed, anyone who has ventured on the vasty deep of archived papers feels like a Glendower calling for documents. Will they come? Would the postman's bills have gone where household bills go?

Reader, they had not gone! Perhaps because they were so totally uninteresting to anybody, there they were in duplicate, perfectly in order, absolutely easy to read. Heaven knows how long it was since anybody had opened that bundle, or 'book' as the inventories call it. A 'book' is distinguished by the simple and primitive binding process, which consists in punching a hole, putting a piece of string through it, and tying a looped knot. If you expect to be bound, you leave a little round blank spot in the upper left quarter of the page. If you fail to do this, a crescent cut is made, and the flap of each page is turned back. In years the round trap-door of course tears out, and little round bits of manuscript litter the shelves of every archive. Moreover, as the bundle is lifted by that string, of course it cuts through the paper in time. But so little had the couriers' books been touched that they were as if new.

And there — oh, triumph and delight! — I found exactly what I wanted. Charles's two principal secretaries, Los Cobos and Granvelle, were also crossing Spain, but farther to the north and slightly behind him, and from their three lines of route the couriers wove back and forth like shuttles, and then shot away for the courts of Hungary and Bohemia. Above all, Charles was sending forward to the Empress at Valladolid, to tell her of his progress, and the Empress was sending couriers to greet him on his way, and it was always a payment for bearing our royal letters from such a place to such a place, on such a date. The whole route was perfectly clear; nay, heaven vouchsafed me one final reward, for I actually found a paper at Simancas which had been overlooked. It was a secretary's rough draft of a letter, — what would be replaced to-day by a press copy or typewritten duplicate, — and because it was full of corrections and was a mere rough unsigned copy, and had, moreover, its date tucked into a corner, no one had bothered to read it through. But it was another letter to the Duke of Calabria, who was still troubled about those pirates; it was sent from Aranda de Duero, the last stage before Valladolid, and it mentioned that they had been making forced marches in order to make up for the time lost, and that (if it were God's will) they would enter Valladolid to-morrow, August 12. It was written on the 11th — the very day when I had felt so sure that the Empress was clearing her desk. Truly, it was like the answer that proves the sum. Aladdin's tower was finished, and his window framed and glazed.

And will the reader please notice that the point of this story lies in its utter pointlessness? Charles was not doing anything at all. There was no mystery. It was the merest chance that had

made those days recalcitrant; and if Foronda had published when he was only sixty, instead of waiting till he was seventy-five, his book would have served just as well for all historical purposes, but I should have missed one amusing episode of my life in Spain, and should have missed the friendship of the very most charming Spaniard whom I have known.

But what is the moral? Is it, 'Do your work thoroughly'? or is it, 'Scant your work sometimes'? Perhaps it is, 'Trust the public, and appeal to "Notes and Queries."' 'The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with' — this is an excellent maxim, but it does n't seem to work out. 'Mind your own business' (*ma non troppo*), would be a good motto for my collection of staccato notes.

Y así se escribe la historia — thus is history written. The Spaniard uses this little catchword with a shrug, but in its literal sense it indicates whole romances of modern adventure, when Pentapolin *del arremangado brazo* — he of the rolled up sleeves — prepares to dig the dust enclosed in archive cupboards.

IMPRESSIONS

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

The villagers come walking down the road;
A funeral procession scuffles by;
The bearers bow bare heads beneath their load;
A woman scans my window on the sly.
On to the open grave! Grief is strange to me.
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

II

I pass a neighbor's house in early morn;
The window silhouettes the doctor's head;
The tavern said some child was to be born,
And some old thing — bed-ridden years — was dead.
Up to the quiet room! Birth is nought to me.
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

III

The old trees are falling one by one.
The sexton with his choleric blue eye
And bushy beard — how his girls used to run
From me in the woods, pretending to be shy!
They are married now, and have forgotten me.
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

IV

The old trees are falling. Parson's down,
Him with the long black cloak and humble gaze.
Making up poems with a gentle frown,
Walking alone in twilight, he had happy days.
Now he walks with God. How does it fare with me?
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

V

The Squire, too. His sons are home from France,
Major and Captain. Now the place is theirs.
Out in the car all day, every night a dance.
They have seen death, and dodged. They are the heirs.
Major and Captain. They think nought of me.
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

VI

Away to Brighton on a Friday night.
The train is full of Jews and men on leave,
Lusty and urgent, fortunate and bright,
With arrogant women whom nothing can bereave.
They can enjoy their sins. But what of me?
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

VII

The lamp-posts in the village street are dark;
A flapper titters sweetly as I pass.
She loves a uniform, the pictures, and a lark —
Something alive moves in the garden grass.
Something alive moves in the heart of me —
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

VIII

Down in the valley where the stream in flood
Spreads round the choking growth of reeds and clay,
A soldier and a girl together stood.
She wore no ring. He kissed her fears away.
O virtue drear! No woman mourns for me.
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

IX

Beneath the churchyard firs I stand alone:
'*Dearly Beloved*' — my father's name is dim,
The sides are burst. Green stains run down the stone.
'*For those in peril*' — that was carved for him.
O stanch old heart, who toiled so long for me!
I waste my years sailing along the sea.

MALTA, 1919.

HIGH SCHOOLS AND CLASSICS

BY FREDERIC IRLAND

SOME gentlemen connected with one of Mr. Carnegie's firm foundations have been finding a good deal of fault with American schools. They have been saying the same things that Herbert Spencer and Thomas H. Huxley said sixty years ago, when school conditions were very different from what they are now. I am the father of children who will soon enter a high school, and so am interested in the question what they are to study there. Their time will be all too short. If some unpleasant ailment should take me prematurely from my enjoyable life, my children might be cheated of their chance to go to college. So they must make the most of the high school. But I am not a teacher, and Dr. Flexner says that I am not competent to judge what studies are best for my children; that all I may do is to ask why, why, why? Well, Dr. Flexner has said that my children must not study certain things. Let us see about it.

I live near a very large high school. It is an inspiring place. Often I look in upon it on my way to the office where I work. There is enthusiasm in the air of the breezy corridors, and sunshine in the pupils' faces. The building is an architectural joy. The assembly-hall will seat two thousand. A great gymnasium, a swimming-pool big enough to float a ship, lunch-rooms, a ten-minute dancing-class every noon, a biological laboratory, a chemical laboratory, an electrical department, a school of free-hand drawing, another of mechanical drawing, wood-working and metal-working shops, a factory where halting stenographers and typists are produced, schools of domestic science, book-keeping, banking, commerce — these are some of the high-school activities of our town.

But there is a dark side to every picture. While a thousand just persons study pragmatics, another thousand misguided *pueri et puellæ* are so dead in trespasses and sins that they have studied forbidden things. As a famous monologist has told us, with the multiplied tongues of the gutta-percha record, the first six months in the high school these boys and girls studied, for forty minutes each day, 'I'm a beau, I'm a bass, I'm a bat.' Then they began to read a blood-and-thunder story by a man named Cæsar, about a country divided into three parts, of whom the bravest were the Belgians. That book has been said to be out of date. Perhaps. The next year they read some partisan speeches by an old lawyer called Cicero. Following that, they sang of arms and the man who had adventures on what is now spoken of as the Mediterranean littoral; finishing with the perishing odes of one who boasted that he had built himself a monument more durable than brass, and higher than the pyramids, which would not wet through or sag in its foundations; that not all of him would die, but that the most of him would live amid increasing praises as long as Senators ascended the steps of the Capitol accompanied by chatty girl-stenographers. Since printing was invented, there have

been more than seven hundred editions of his little book — a record that nearly equals some of our best-sellers, and is surely reason enough why it should now be suppressed.

But let us not overlook one thing. The instruction in our high school is carried on in a language of sinister lineage. Its genealogical tree grew straight enough in the forests of Central Europe; but about nine hundred years ago, as Norman Bob was riding home from hunting, he saw a young laundress with her skirts tucked up around her knees, and the water rippling about her white ankles. So the English language is as mixed as the family records of William the Conqueror. And strangely enough, when one thinks about intellectual and spiritual things, the words he must use are nearly all from Arletta's side of the family. Religion and politics, sociology and education, morality and government, science and progress, are all talked about in words that come *via* the left-hand branch. The battle of Hastings, and Domesday, certainly did things to the English language.

Dr. Eliot and Dr. Flexner and the Chairman of the Pineville School Board all agree that our sons and daughters must not study languages that have been dead more'n a thousand years. But even the Latin-haters admit that it is a good thing to be able to speak and write English. There are people who ridicule what they call 'specious glibness,' and 'meeting the verbalist in his own field,' but most men of any calibre agree that it is worth while to understand good books, to talk well, to have a large vocabulary. When the great Johns Hopkins University was dedicated, forty-one years ago, the star feature of the occasion was an address by Thomas H. Huxley, — surely no partisan of the classics, — in which he said: —

'Now, I have a very clear conviction as to what elementary education ought to be; what it really may be when properly organized; and what I think it will be, before many years have passed over our heads, in England and America. Such education should enable an average boy of fifteen or sixteen to read and write his own language with ease and accuracy, and with a sense of literary excellence derived from the study of our classic writers; to have a general acquaintance with the history of his own country and with the great laws of social existence; to have acquired the rudiments of the physical and psychological sciences.'

Surely no one can quarrel with this, so far as it goes. Even those who revamp the arguments of half a century ago admit that it is a good thing to be able to read and write English in an intelligible way.

The average high-school graduate, who has studied no other language than English, cannot even understand literary English, much less use it. He does not know the meaning of the words, though they define themselves upon their faces to those who have a very little knowledge of the foundation tongues. I do not mean the nomenclature of botany and faunal naturalism and anatomy, of psychology and physical science, though these are easy to one who knows a little Greek. I mean ordinary words one floor above the street. I induced the teachers in our home high school to try their fourth-year pupils on some non-technical words. Those who had studied the Classics defined the words very well. The students of English pure and undefiled, who excelled even Shakespeare in that they knew no Latin and no Greek at all, presented papers so extraordinary as to be beyond belief without the documentary proof. The first one presented, written by an American-born boy who had studied English eleven years in school, contained the following amazing definitions: —

Pomp — a dancing slipper.
Genealogical — gentle, kind.
Chronic — a record.
Phosphorescent — gaseous, bubbling.
Stamina — an excuse.
Cynical — circular.
Hypocrite — one who talks religion continually.
Diaphanous — strong-headed.
Hieroglyphic — a hereditary gift.
Eugenics — a study of etiquette.
Sycophant — one-eyed.
Symposium — sympathy in verse.
Phenomena — reasons for not doing what should have been done.
Hierarchy — hereditary rule.
Parable — capable of being peeled.
Polynesia — an island in the Indian-Ocean near Java.

As to six other words in a list of thirty-four in all, he had no views whatever. Thirteen he defined correctly.

This paper was not much worse than the others in English classes about to graduate from the high school. I wished to know if the pupils in other parts of the country knew as little about words they see every day. So the lists were multigraphed and sent to schools in widely separated parts of the United States. There is an amazing uniformity in the answers. Ten per cent of all American high-school pupils seventeen years old or over, when they see the word 'phenomena,' think of it as 'a disease of the lungs'; sixty per cent believe that the word means an unusual or miraculous happening; not one in a hundred recognizes it as in the plural number; and out of more than a thousand answers, not one defined it correctly — always excepting pupils who had studied Latin or Greek. The latter usually expressed themselves well, and understood the words.

Here are some of the definitions given in one small class by those pupils who had no knowledge of Latin; and I have more than twenty-five thousand just like them.

Arctic —
High.
Anything which deals with coldness.
That part of the world which is covered with snow.
The arc around the North Pole.
The coldest region in the world.
An imaginary region on maps of the world, around both poles, for the aiding of navigation.
A large overshoe, worn over the regular shoe to keep out the cold.
A coast in Alaska.
The oldest part of the world.
Pertaining to a circle.
Of an arc form, that is, rounding in proportion.
Pertaining to a zone.

Chronic —
A malignant illness.
A disease.
Cranky.
Sudden or sporadic.
Growlsome or quarrelsome.
A skeptic.
Severe, acute.
A chronic person is a grouchy person.
Some kind of a disease.
Inherited.
Quick.
Long-lived.
Pertaining to the year.
Relating to the throat.
Pertaining to lungs.
Pertaining to the muscles, or muscular development.

Cryptographic —
A newly invented machine similar to a typewriter, but only has numbers, used for printing checks and bills.
Of a plain type, having no fancy curvatures or blandishments.
Pertaining to crypt.
A part of mathematics.
Relating to a phonograph.
Photographic.
Tomb-like.

Cynical —
Pertaining to the centre.
One who does not believe.
Pertaining to a moneyed man.
Conical.

Associated.
Round in form.
Relating to a cone.
Long and round.
Sometimes applied to geometry.
Smiling.

Diabolical —

Something offensive to one's five senses.
Pertaining to or like a certain thing.
Two-sided.
Pertaining to the Bible.
Foolish.
Standing for something.
Extraordinary.
Practically the same.
Having two aims.
Chief.
Insane.

Doxology —

A doctrine.
A science.
'Nearer My God to Thee.'
Part of the Methodist hymnal.
Creed.
The end.

Diaphanous —

Having to do with the diaphragm.
Voluminous.
Two-sided.
Shimmering.
Immaterial.
A new disease.
Slim, slender, snaky.

Dynamo —

A high explosive.
A shape.
An explosive powder.
Substance used for artificial electricity.
A number of electrons.
Anything full of life and action.
Mechanical instrument.
A great calamity or uprising, favorable or not.
A powder used in blasting.
Something powerful.

Dynasty —

Province ruled by a king.
Applied to kingdoms where hard rule is used, or sometimes in business where the rules are very sharp.
Destiny.
A ruler and his assistants.
A small kingdom.
God.
A large empire — usually alluded to when reading of olden times.
A principality.
An office in something.
Division of time.
Certain divisions in a country.
Referring to a person's character and ability.
Ten years.
A political organization.
Confusion in government.

Episcopalian —

A form of church half-way between Catholic and Protestant.
A branch of the Holy Catholic Church.
A member of the Episcopal Church.

(Not one paper in a thousand gives an intelligent definition of this word.)

Eugenics —

The cleanliness of anything.
A study taught in schools.
The study of mathematical works.
Genius.
One who is skilled.
A term used in psychology.
A study of food composition.
By a certain code.
Having to do with everyday work and life.

Eulogize —

To theorize.
To speak on a certain subject.
To preach.
To scorn a person.
To analyze a word as to its origin.
To express thoughts.
Criticize.
To make use of anything.
To tell the duration of anything.
To speak at length, usually of one's self.
To forgive.
To turn.
To make philosophical comments.

Genealogical —

The science or study of minerals.
Dealing with the formation of the earth.
Study of the body.

A person who is always speaking of what would happen under certain circumstances.
Familiarity or friendly.
Having to do with the surface of the earth.
In a general manner.
Pertaining to everything in general.
Pertaining to the beginning of time.
Relating to geography.
Almost impossible without the help of some extraordinary power.
To be genial or pleasant.

Genesis —

A person who knows in peculiar every point in one certain study, then he is a genesis in that study.
A wonder in art, music, etc.
Sort of turning point.
Brilliant, extraordinary person.
A chapter in the Bible.
Wondering.
Exception and an extraordinary character.
A person very skilled in some profession.

Hierarchy —

Hear-say.
A government ruled strictly by four persons.
A body of angels.
A double government; two kings who rule over a country.
Stars or moon, etc.
Government run by the heirs of one family.
The division of a dead person's property among his heirs.
A government controlled by one man.
Inherited kingdom.
An arch used for the hair.
Government by a few.

Hypocrite —

One who is hyped on any subject.
A person who always finds fault.
One who does not believe in the Bible.
A person who believes in God but does not care what he does.
A crazy person.
A selfish person.
A form of socialist.
One who is extreme in his religious views.
A many-sided man.

Idiom —

A chemical.
A false saying.
An example.
A point of view.
A fact to prove the truth.
Anything that may be substituted for something else.

Iridescent —

Not clear.
The power to be seen through.
Not respectful.
Dry.
Reborn.
Excitable, bad-tempered.
Not decent.
Not erasible.
A crescent turned away.
Kind of electric light.
You say an iridescent manner.
Not very respectable.

Narcotic —

An intoxicant such as alcohol.
Pertaining to narcots.
A chemical solution.
A disinfectant.
Nourishable.
A stimulant used when a person is hurt.

Paregoric —

An act or story which teaches a moral.
Equally balanced.
Antiseptic.
Sick.
A poisonous acid.
Equal.

Phenomena —

A sickness which attacks the organs of breathing, stopping up the lung.
A heavenly body, star or moon.
Something seldom seen.
A sudden happening.
A delusion.
An illness like a bad cold, but more fatal.
Appearances contrary to nature.
Something inexplicable.
A genius.
Miracles.
A symptom.
Thing to take the place of something.
A sickness.
Unusual occurrence having uncanny appearance.

Extraordinary person.
An illness caused by a cold on the lungs.
A belief.
A disease which destroys the lungs.
A likeness of a face.
A biological term.
A warning of something which is to take place.
Something inanimate.
A vision.
Something beyond human comprehension.

Polynesia —
A disease.
A language used by the black race in olden times.
A country in Asia.
An island off the coast of Asia Minor.
A character in the movies.
Grecian peninsula.
Many-sided instrument.
A territory.

Pomp —
A way of wearing the hair.
A slipper used in dancing.
Cheerfulness.
New style of hair-dressing.
Affectiveness.
Directness.
A dignified person.

Pseudonym —
Something imaginary.
One word that can be used for another without change of meaning.
A biological term.
A kind of acid.
Unpolished literary expression.

Sarcophagus —
Part of the human body; also some animals has it.
An Egyptian bug.
A beetle.
An Egyptian seal.
A sarcastic person.
The throat.

Semaphore —
Meaning something before.
Something like a megaphone.
A horn for throwing the voice.
A musical figure.
An illustration, like something else.

Stamina —
A person who is critical.
Still, not moving; lazy, not industrial.
A part of a flower.
A blot on one's name.
An inducement.
A formed habit.
The central part of a flower.
Manner of speaking.
A disease of the eye.
Muddy water.
Energy.
The reproductive part of a plant.

Sycophant —
One who is always dancing.
A melody.
A fool or cynic.

Sympathy —
The imparture of self-feeling.
The power to feel your own sorrows or that of other people.
The expression, whether conveyed vocally or mentally, of the synchronous workings of the souls, minds and hearts of people.
A feeling of regret.

Technical —
Pertaining to technicalities, or the minute components of an article.
The art of well-fingering a composition in music.
A foul in basket-ball for running with the ball, or a double dribble.
Deep thort of anything.
A study of mathematics at a very high degree.
Technic in music means touch; technical the thought of others.
To go into particulars.
Pertaining to hand labor.
Dealing with everyday life.
Simple.
True meaning.
A mechanical point of view.
A small but important part.

Any teacher in any high school who wishes to try the experiment can get similar results. A little Latin and Greek gives a correct understanding of English. That is why the recent great increase in the number of Latin pupils in the high and grade schools of the United States is encouraging for the future of the English language.

If the classiphobiacs want to know 'why, why, why' some of us believe the few hours spent in the study of foundations may be useful in the development of linguistic architecture, let them try any exclusively English class in any school, on a list of words derived from Latin or Greek, and compare the answers with those given by students of Cicero and Horace and Homer. They may mourn the fact that, as Freeman says, 'the tongue in which men sang the deeds of Beowulf while Englishmen still dwelled in their old home — the tongue of Cædmon and Ælfred — has forever become the spoil of the enemy.' Some people do not bewail that fact, but think we are trebly fortunate in having the richest, the most flexible, the indivisible mixture of the best and most durable words ever coined by the human imagination. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but words shall not pass away; and the only easy way to learn their meaning is to study the roots from which they have sprung.

THE VACATION OF CHARLIE FRENCH

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

THE fall Doc' Burger had his shock Green Valley went without dental attention. For years the little dark waiting-room had been a kind of purgatory, and all Green Valley had had a nervous hand in pulling to pieces the one ancient willow chair which graced it, while they waited for the old doc' to finish his game of solitaire back in the office. Stop in the middle of his game he never did, not for the angriest molar or the most abusive tongue. He said a little solitaire steadied his hand; and true it was that, once his patient was clamped in the faded red-plush chair and choked with a vast expanse of rubber, the old doc' fell to with a kind of fierce glee, and dug, and drilled, and hammered as if he never would have done, paying no more attention to his wriggling victim than to the purring of his great Maltese cat.

But the old man's days of service had come to a sudden end, and the fact that Green Valley bore him no malice for those racking hours was proved by the long line of slow-moving surreys which followed him to the cemetery.

After that, Green Valley elders went down to the city, if need was pressing; and Green Valley children were guilefully tied by their loosened members to a door which slammed shut, taking with it their cherished teeth, while they stood amazedly looking after. It was a species of parental deceit which got noised abroad after a time, however, and then there were no more takers. All in all, it was a makeshift time, and Green Valley heard with satisfaction that Charlie French was going to move down and set up in Doc' Burger's office.

Charlie French had been a Green Valley boy not so many years before but that middle-aged citizens remembered plucking him out of their apple trees; but he had done well in the city, which partially removed the curse of youth and undue familiarity. Green

Valley did not know where he had found his red-headed wife, but the impression was general that she, like all the other strange women their sons had married, had been some sort of stenographer and quite lacking a conventional family background.

It was in the spring that the family moved into a suite of rooms over Norton's hardware store on the main street, where, Mrs. French said, they could at least hear the 'bus going down to the train, and see the traveling men smoking on the Commercial House porch across the street.

Abbie Barnes and Isa Rann went to call at once, tiptoeing up the narrow dark stairs with their best silk dresses carefully hoisted, and knocking doubtfully at the half-open door. It was a startling call, beginning with the half-dressed little girl with the mop of red hair flaming aureole fashion about her face, who led them, chattering very fast, into a small room crowded with furniture, gilt chairs jostling heavy oak tables, which, in their turn, bumped into a large mahogany piano which seemed to fill half the room. Miss Abbie and Isa Rann removed a dish of fudge from a gay pink divan shaped like an S, and sat down looking at one another.

Over the piano hung a large copy of Taylor's Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest, and Miss Isa pointed to it. 'I always did admire that picture,' she observed charitably.

'Humph!' said Miss Abbie.

Then Mrs. French came in. 'And if she did n't have a lavender chiffon dressing-jacket over her petticoat, and *that* at three o'clock in the afternoon!' Miss Abbie commented caustically afterward. At three o'clock, it is needless to say, all proper Green Valley women were neatly frizzed and buttoned, and sitting down to their crocheting in peace and quiet.

With her advent the ordinary stream-let of talk became a wild mill-race, whirling the bewildered ladies past conversational timber at which they could only gasp. Wild strictures upon this dead little old town, which she *loathed*, ended in the same sentence with eulogies of the dear darling people inhabiting it. Gloomy references to marital unhappiness were mixed with apostrophes to her dear sweet little old Charlie, slaving his life away. And topics pursued only by Green Valley intimates, by candlelight, and then in the most cautious seclusion, were brought merrily forward into the light of day while a knowing-eyed little girl listened observantly from a corner.

Her visitors became so confused that they entirely forgot the object of their call, which had been to invite Charlie French's wife to a lawn party in honor of Mary Sellers; and they had to send a little boy back with a note. 'Tickled to death to come,' Mrs. French scribbled back on lavender-bordered paper. 'If you do this often, you'll keep Charlie from being a widower.'

The little groups buzzing gayly away under the maple trees in Isa Rann's front yard a few days later grew frankly quiet as they caught sight of the newcomer swinging her purple umbrella far down the shady walk. Mary Sellers — who was now Mary Sellers Yeats, since she had married a rich Westerner after a violent courting which had left Green Valley gasping — grew pink with interest and put down her ice-cream saucer nervously. 'She doesn't *look* so queer,' she whispered to Abbie Barnes.

'You just wait,' Miss Abbie returned grimly.

A dozen pairs of eyes took mental note of the large black hat tilted over carefully marceled auburn locks, and the thin white dress cut to show plump shoulders. Then Mrs French bore down on them, smiling. It was plain that Mary Sellers was the object of her

liveliest curiosity. 'Some people have all the luck,' she bemoaned herself, shaking Mary's hand and staring incredulously at the small quiet figure. 'I tell Charlie if I'd had a chance at money, why true love and a garret like ours would n't have had a chance.' Her high voice carried, and everyone edged nearer. 'Are n't you all proud of her?' she turned on them suddenly. 'You ought to be. Though I'll bet all you old maids are jealous,' she added, shaking her parasol gayly at Ella Flagg and Isa Rann who stood near. 'It's all right to pretend you like the single state,' she went on, 'but we know better. We know where the shoe pinches, don't we?' turning to Mary, who stood helpless, blushing to her hair.

'Have some ice-cream,' interrupted Abbie Barnes, roughly shoving a mound of vivid pink at her, and following with an immense plate of heavily iced cakes.

Supper-tables that night oozed excited comment. 'She was downright insulting,' more than one woman protested to her husband. 'Just as if Abbie and Isa and the others could n't have had their pick of a dozen men!' they insisted loyally.

The men laughed and vowed they would like to see the woman who could put it over Abbie Barnes, like that — Abbie, whose ready tongue was respected wherever it was known.

As the weeks passed, Charlie French's business prospered. The little office had been overhauled and painted white, and many bright steel instruments gleamed in neat rows from his new glass case. Green Valley could hardly accustom itself to the immaculate white jackets he wore, and the painstaking way in which he scrubbed his long thin delicate hands. His gentle manner contrasted surprisingly with the old doc's sharpness, and his low kind voice was of a quality to brace a whimpering child. He was devoted to his work, too, they said, and his office light burned late many a warm night. But in spite of a growing business Charlie French's bank account remained always in an embryonic state, for Mrs. French drew out as fast as her husband could put in, at least, according to reports from the Green Valley State Bank. Skeptical anti-feminists smiled wisely and hinted that that was all you could expect when you were fool enough to let a woman draw her own checks. Indeed, the Woman's Suffrage League felt that Mrs. French was seriously injuring their cause.

A warm friendship sprang up between French and his second cousin, Nathan Flagg, so that it became no uncommon sight to see the dentist, slim and professional-looking in his gray suit and crisp straw hat, perched on the high wagon seat beside Nathan's stooped figure, driving over to salt the sheep on the west eighty. Behind them the church bells rang a chiming protest, and Sunday-shirted farmers in freshly washed buggies called jocose warning that they were headed the wrong way for church. There was a pleasant half hour when Charlie French was given the reins, and Nathan, with his bag of salt, strayed far out in the green pasture. Only the baa-ing sheep, crowding their master at the far edge by the stone fence, broke the Sabbath silence which hung like a benediction over the half-ploughed meadow and the ripening yellow fields beyond; and the far-off lazy progress of the flock and the occasional swoop of a hawk across the blue was all there was of movement. Driving back in the brooding warm sunshine, there were long silences broken by the briefest speeches.

'Women are queer,' said Charlie French one day.

'Yes,' responded Nathan, heartily, thinking of Mary Sellers, whom he had always thought to marry, before she

took an unfair advantage and became engaged to a stranger, 'they are.'

'But they 're all we 've got,' continued Charlie French; and Nathan again said, 'Yes.'

That fall the Green Valley *Herald* announced that Miss Eugenia French, who had had the benefit of the best instruction in 'vocal,' and æsthetic dancing, would direct a children's cantata to be given shortly in Barnes's Opera House, herself taking a leading rôle. Eugenia's mother corralled all the children in town between the ages of six and twelve, and for days after practice began they could be seen far down the street as they came from school, dipping grandly to right and left, clapping impassioned chubby fingers to their hearts, which in many cases proved to be on the wrong side, and waving a dramatic pencil in time to an unheard rhythm. Mothers complained that their children were too tired to sleep and too excited to eat, and the tide of popular opinion set in strong again, against Charlie French's wife. She and Eugenia buttonholed every man on the street, proffering pink tickets at twenty-five cents, and few had strength to resist.

'I just tell Charlie to skip along to the hotel for his meals,' she remarked airily, when Nellie Snyder said she had no time to make the cheesecloth robes for her two girls. 'I haven't time for meals now. Goodness, what do men think we're for? Not to slave over a hot stove for *them*. Charlie knows better,' she ended, with a toss of her head. 'I believe in the new woman, and he has to, too.'

September proved very warm, and the rooms over Norton's hardware store, in their dusty disorder, were particularly close. Charlie French's blond paleness seemed more pronounced, and he stooped over the bicycle bars as he rode back to the office, after a noisy meal in the mosquito-draped dining-room of the Commercial House. But he made no protest, not even when he heard that Eugenia had been taken out of school until the performance should be over.

Barnes's Opera House was full the night of Eugenia's cantata. Her mother, in a lace dress with a drooping aigrette in her hair, flew wildly back and forth, from stage to audience, and from audience to stage. 'Your Bella is a dream, the way I've fixed her hair,' she would drop in a loud whisper, as she flew past some uneasy parent. The June-bugs from the opened windows whirled noisily about the great lamps, and now and then fell heavily on some woman's hair, while the band tuned their instruments and then tuned them again.

Meanwhile, the crowd looked for Charlie French, who had not appeared. 'He hates this fol-de-rol,' Nathan Flagg whispered to his sister. '*I* know.'

At last the performance began, with a circle of children dressed in green, who were elves, and progressed to other children in rose, who sang loudly and long, and ended with children in yellow, who were twinkling stars on a background of black cambric.

In the midst of all moved Eugenia, who was the Sun, in an abbreviated orange costume, her fiery hair twisted into a Grecian knot. She ran, she leaped, she whirled wildly, she curved her bare arms to embrace the audience, she flung them scornfully from her, at intervals she sang breathlessly. At length the curtain came down on a cascade of pirouettes and kicks. Then the audience swarmed out of the stuffy room into the cool darkness. 'The fool-killers ain't all dead yet!' one old citizen grumbled to the crowd.

The next morning, just as Miss Abbie was finishing her sliced peaches and cream, and starting in on hot muffins and coffee, Ella Flagg came hurrying in without stopping to knock.

'Abbie,' she said, 'Charlie French is gone!'

Miss Abbie jumped. 'Gone! Not dead, Ella?'

'No — not — well, we don't know. May be. But he's gone, anyway. She telephoned Nathan early this morning. He never came home last night. They can't remember when they saw him last — probably not since morning yesterday.'

She sat down and began fanning herself nervously with a great palm-leaf fan.

'When's the last *anybody* saw him?' Miss Abbie asked practically.

'Well, we don't know. Old Jeb Norton thinks he saw him riding by to the office yesterday morning, but he can't be sure but what 't was the day before. Is n't it awful, Abbie? *She's* about distracted.'

'About what she deserves,' Miss Abbie disagreed. She had never forgiven the episode of the lawn party.

'I've got to go to see her — Charlie being a sort of cousin,' Ella went on, getting up; 'but I hate to so! She'll cry all over me.'

Miss Abbie followed her friend to the street, where little knots of people were already congregating. 'His wheel's gone,' one of them vouchsafed. 'And he was n't to the hotel to dinner yesterday noon,' put in another woman, hurrying up. Isa Rann began to cry, the slow tears trickling down her large, heavy cheeks. 'He was so good and kind,' she choked, 'and never hurt any more than he just had to.'

All day Charlie French's wife moaned hysterically on the pink divan, clutching at any friend who was handy; while Eugenia, scared and white, roamed about the little rooms, and ran nervously to the door whenever a sound was heard. Mrs. French had firmly and positively adopted the theory that her husband was dead. 'Only death could keep him from me this long,' she sobbed. 'He was always a home body. Just see that.' And she pointed to the picture over the piano. 'He gave it to me on our wedding-day, and I chose the frame to match the chairs,' she moaned.

'It's real pretty,' Ella Flagg agreed honestly.

By night they were all speaking of Charlie in the past tense, with a grave impersonal kindness, rehearsing little anecdotes of his boyhood, and describing with hushed awe the last time they had laid eyes on him. A dozen men, under the direction of Nathan Flagg, started out with ropes and grappling-irons to drag the little lake, the only body of water near the town. The crescent moon came up and found them still working, pale but determined. 'I think he's here, all right,' Nathan Flagg said grimly. 'It's what I'd' a' done myself if I'd got *her*.'

Careful search of Charlie French's office next day revealed a memorandum of personal property, and affixed to it the address of a dealer in second-hand office furniture. His little red account-book was carefully balanced up to date, and there was a slip with a small list of Green Valley citizens owing bills. There was also a certificate for some shares of stock, made out to his wife. Then the bank came forward with the statement that Charlie French had drawn twenty dollars the morning of the cantata. No one had seen him after that.

When these points were communicated to Mrs. French, she threw up her hands, and with one hysterical leap jumped to another settled conviction. 'He's deserted me for another woman!' she screamed, running her fingers through her uncombed hair until it stood out in wildest disarray. 'He's left me and his helpless child for another woman, and we without a cent. Men are brutes, brutes, brutes!' Her shrill voice ended in a scream.

Green Valley, though unconvinced, was mightily shocked. Business was practically at a standstill, and the conscientious farmer who went forth to distant fields each morning returned to civilization, asking, 'Any news of French?' People's walks took them strangely often past the old office, whose tightly closed door seemed to defy the curious glance; and children shivered, and looked behind when they ran home after dark.

'Do you suppose he 's run off with another woman?' Isa Rann asked for the twentieth time in hushed tones, putting down her hemming and looking beseechingly at Miss Abbie.

'No, I don't, if you want the truth. Though we'll never know. There ain't a particle of evidence for or against.'

'Mrs. French found that lock of brown hair in his desk,' Isa Rann persevered with pathetic zeal.

'And it looks just like his dead sister's to me,' Miss Abbie interposed decisively. 'But if he has, I can't say I blame him.'

'Why-y-y, Abbie! You're as bad as that free-love woman.'

'Rot!' Miss Abbie bit off the exclamation sharply. 'But I think too much of Charlie French's good sense to accuse him of running to another woman after *her*. It's peace and quiet he's wanting.'

It was the general opinion in Green Valley. After a week the intensest excitement died out, although Mrs. French still babbled to the gentlemen of the press who came in numbers to Green Valley from the city. She said they were the most sympathetic friends she had. It was settled that Charlie French had cleared out, and scarcely a tongue in Green Valley wagged in censure. 'Of course, we've got to look after her and the girl,' the men said, talking about things at the post-office. 'We'll all have to chip in.'

And then he came back. Jeb Norton saw him riding his wheel up to the store one early morning, and grew white under his old tan, as if he had seen a ghost.

'You — you — got back, Charlie?' the old man quavered.

'Yes, I got back, Uncle Jeb,' French returned quietly.

'Had a little vacation?' he persevered.

'Yes, a little vacation.'

The traveler was obviously tired and very dusty, and his face seemed thin, but his eyes wore a curious and baffling expression which Jeb Norton could not fathom. Then he vanished up the wooden stairway to his rooms.

That was all. The office-door stood open at the usual time, and the business of filling and pulling and polishing the teeth of Green Valley went on as usual. Green Valley knew no more, nor — it was suspected — did his family, although Mrs. French was accustomed thereafter to refer jocosely to the time Charlie tried to make a grass widow out of her.

There were the same silent Sunday morning rides with Nathan Flagg, down country roads, soft now with fallen yellow leaves, and bordered with outlying clumps of goldenrod.

'Funny how the year goes right on,' said Nathan one brisk cold morning. 'Can't nothing stop it — can't stop itself.'

'No funnier than the way we go right on,' said Charlie French.

MAINTAINING ORDER IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

BY JOHN RICKMAN

Soon after my appointment as Resident at a county hospital in the district of Buzuluk in the government of Samara, I was honored by a visit from the chief of police of the neighborhood. He was very polite, and offered to assist me so far as he was able. If I got into trouble with the peasants, I had merely to call on the constables and everything would be put right. I was told that the police had genuine Tashkent horses worth six hundred roubles, and if I cared for riding he was sure everything could be arranged. Finally, he mentioned that his daughter was dying of heart-disease and would I see her?

During the frequent visits that that disease involved, I became acquainted with the family, and found the report true that the chief of police was as kindhearted as any man in the province. The peasants respected him and no one had a bad word for him. His usual price was three roubles, but any work which he did for the people involving extensive silence called for a higher rate. People said that they respected the way in which he took the money — he was friendly, easy, and gave confidence without 'stooping to the people' or lowering himself in any way.

One day the village postman burst into the out-patients' department with a notice. He said, with a meaning smile, that he had n't time to discuss it then, but there would be plenty of time later. It was an official manifesto from Nicholas the Second; with it, a circular that began, 'At last. It has happened!' and went on to encourage the people by telling them that liberty lay in their hands, and that, if they used self-restraint, they would enjoy the privileges they had so long coveted.

I nailed the notice up on the wall, and proceeded with the work. The peasants came into the consulting-room beaming with delight. 'Well, so he's gone, just think of that! and he has been our Tsar for God knows how many years, and when he leaves us everything is the same as ever. I suppose he will go to manage his estates somewhere; he always liked farming' — and so on. Only an old woman cried, 'Poor man! he never did anyone any harm; why did they put him away?'

She was interrupted: 'Shut thy mouth, thou old fool! They are n't going to kill him; he's run away, that's all.'

'Oh, but he was our Tsar, and now we have *no one!*'

In the village street I met the chief of police; he forced a grim smile and said, 'Now I'm unemployed. Look at this.' And he slapped his left hip, 'Unarmed! And I, chief of police, this morning gave up my sword to a woman! In *Russia!*'

He turned, and we walked down the street to the square; but he would not go into the village Council-Room, as he still felt a little bit ridiculous in the presence of that woman. The person in question was a schoolteacher from a neighboring village who, because of her executive ability and public service in the past, had been chosen to fill the

post of Keeper of Public Order for the time being.

Several weeks passed without anything of note happening, till the time drew near for a local horse-fair which attracted thousands of people from outlying districts. In the Old Régime, this had always been a time of anxiety for the police, so we were anxious to see how the schoolmistress would cope with the situation. Going out to the fair, I noticed twelve old men, gray-beards, walking with long staves very like a Greek chorus, each wearing an armlet of white linen. I went up to one and asked him who they were.

He said, 'We are the militia. It is my first day out and I feel a bit foolish, but it will be all right in an hour or two when I get to talking with some of the people.'

I asked what his duties were.

'God knows. I'll just do what they all do.'

This militia was in force for several months. One or two old men, when appointed by their village councils to the duty, wrote to me asking for medical certificates that they were too old and feeble. The matter became so pressing that I paid a special visit to one village council to inquire what I had better do. The elders said that my sole criterion was to be real physical disease; they told me that they specially selected old men because they had tact and judgment and were of all people least likely to antagonize a young man if he was drunk or disorderly; they said that no one would dream of knocking down an old gray-beard, whereas, if they appointed a young man as militiaman, there would be trouble all the time. 'We don't need to be kept in order, we only need to be reminded.'

The deserting soldiers contributed with several other causes to produce a new militia. In my district I was told so many times that I should be shot if I did not give certificates of exemption from army service, that I wrote to headquarters requesting that a military tribunal should settle the cases in the villages. The threatenings in Russia are as a rule much more serious than the shootings. After a few weeks such a tribunal was instituted, and a military militia came into the district. In the middle of the summer several men in our village took exception to me because I was a friend of the ex-policeman, and must therefore be a counter-revolutionary. I received 'warnings,' and anonymous notes telling me of my danger were slipped under my door in the early hours of the morning, one written by the daughter of the would-be murderer.

Of course, nothing happened. The friends of my critic told the military militia of the danger I was in, in order to get the militia to take sides and so divide the village sentiments. But the militia said that it was 'all nonsense,' and that the whole affair would blow over. About a week later the would-be murderer was admitted to the hospital for scalp-wounds because he had told the villagers that they were not revolutionary enough. Perhaps he was the first Bolshevik we had in our village. Everyone was sorry for him — they said he was a bit 'cracked.'

The militia went away in the fall, and the village elected constables of their own. Not old men this time, but middle-aged men who were serving on the council. On one occasion it was discovered that four men whom the village trusted had been robbing the public coffers. An enraged people, on hearing their confession, led them out into the public square and clubbed them to death. Next day they were buried at the public expense, and their families pensioned.

Some months after this, just before the snow melted, I was driving through the street, when a man who was drunk,

a rare condition at that time, clutched at the collar of my coat and told me that he had a headache and wanted immediate treatment. My driver said, 'Come on, *barin*, he is drunk; shake him off.' So we got away from him. Outside the village boundary we stopped, and the driver said in a solemn way, 'You will please remember, *barin*, that he does not live in our village, he is not one of us.' I promised to remember.

About a month later, a man came to the out-patient department and sat down, not able apparently to speak for some time. Then he said, 'Do you not recognize me?' 'No.' 'I am the man who insulted you.' 'When?' 'That night, that terrible night; and I want to apologize, and here's a letter.' The letter was a request from his village elders that, if I received his apology, I would please be good enough to write an acknowledgment of it to them. I gave the man a document: 'With this I certify that I am not aware that I have been insulted by ——.' He was so grateful that I felt ashamed, as I if had committed some sin and had been discovered by a child.

Later, I went to his village elders to ask the meaning of their letter, and they told me the whole story. My driver had gone to them and told them of what one of their villagers had done. They regarded the matter as serious, affecting their honor, and agreed that action must be taken. So they waited a week and lived with the man as before; and when occasion arose, told him that he had not treated me in a brotherly way, that rough language and rough handling were not proper treatment for a man who had done no harm, and that he ought to apologize. One day he saw this and agreed to come and apologize. 'Yes,' he said, 'I was wrong, I will go to apologize *now*.' 'No,' they replied, 'wait till we give you a letter, you must take our letter.'

I asked the elders why they waited about two weeks before they gave the man the letter. They replied, 'If a man in the heat of feeling goes to you and apologizes, it is good; but we wished to know if his heart was true. So we waited day after day, and we lived with him and saw him all day. And we saw that his heart was changed and he was cleansed. Then we knew that he could have the letter.'

Under the latter days of the Bolsheviks, a few of the Red Army were put in charge in the villages — poor frightened boys, armed and set against the trained fighters of the allied Czechs and Cossacks. When the writer left, the village was patrolled by Cossacks, and the villagers lived in terror. I asked the people why they were frightened and they said, 'Because they are Cossacks and we know them.'

When working for order in Russia, there are two opposing agents between which we must choose: the force of the police and Cossacks, and the influence of the village elders. A peasant said to me, explaining the police, 'When a Russian is armed by the government he is made into a brute. We do not use force in our villages because it stands between men; our way brings them together.' And judging from my own experience, the period when gray-beards were clothed in authority was the period of greatest security and of fullest development of political and domestic life.

VICTORY IN OLIVE-GRAY

BY RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL

ROME, *March* 3.

THE boys are coming home now, are n't they? It brings my heart to my throat to think of a long street flying the red, white, and blue, and marching ranks of khaki. But our men came home too, the other day, on the first day of spring, under sunshine and yellow mimosa blossoms, marching through the Gate of the People into the city of Rome.

That was a regal kindness that the sun and winds showed to Italy. They had withdrawn their kindnesses often enough when the rocks below Grappa thrust up their heads, month after month, into stinging clouds of unceasing snow. The men lived through it, those who could; and, mercifully, when other countries are still in the last cold stretches of winter, they march home on the first day of warm, real spring.

I had forgotten what it was to have spring without war; we had all forgotten. As natural as breathing had become that reaction when we at home were warm or rested or content. 'Yes — but what must it be in the trenches!' Is it true there are no trenches? When we are warm, our men are warm. When we see the flowers, they see them, too. It was on the first day of spring that Italy remembered it was true.

That was a royal home-coming. That was a home-coming such as a young boy, before ever he goes to war, must dream of. A home-coming of dreams should be to a land of sunshine; to a city of stately old palaces where velvets and tapestries hang from the windows; where the violets and the hyacinths and the almond blossoms grow so thick that they shower like hail on the heads of conquerors. And it should be a city which knows how to be happy, which throws off sorrow like sleep on the first day of spring and the last of Carnival.

The placards were up for days during the last week of Carnival, signed by the Prefect of Rome and couched in stately chanting language.

'Citizens — Romans — a day of triumph — our heroes, eternally glorious!'

So Rome made holiday. A holiday in America means activity; in Rome it means quiet. It means that, hours before the parade, we step out on our balconies, not to secure the best places, but to enjoy the warm air. Almost everyone in Rome has a balcony — or a roof. It gives us an aerial city, diversified and beautiful, where we live during the months of summer. There are tiled roofs, like shelving brown barnacles; domes, topped with crosses; and the flat little hidden roofs that look out every which-way, over street and court and walled garden. And against the far sky, all opal blue, there is the biggest roof of all, St. Peter's dome, like an immense new hemisphere — blue water, unroughened by land.

On the roofs we stroll and look kindly into our neighbor's windows. He leaves open to view, on this friendly day, his floor of octagonal tiles; his portraits with the carved gold frames like wreathing tentacles; his crystal candlesticks and his leather chairs topped with gold coronets. Our neighbor's portières are

not in place to-day. They are, of course, of flowered crimson satin: no Roman house would be without them. And, like a loyal citizen, he has unhooked them from the draughty doorways and draped them every one from the house-windows, where his black-eyed children and his round-cheeked maids are leaning in a breathless row.

The mimosas are in flower in all the courts and gardens to-day, and the almond trees, branches like straight rods incrusted with pink blossoms. Our balconies are piled with them, and with tulips and myrtle and daffodils and roses. Spring without war!

'They will not get through down there,' tranquilly comments Clementina, the old Roman servant leaning by my side. For down there in the Corso, a street the width of a hall bedroom, the people are packed from wall to wall.

'Oh,' says Tonino the porter, on my other side, 'the soldiers will not be in a hurry.'

Not to-day. It is their day of triumph.

Up at the Place of the People, just beyond our balcony, there is a great shining emptiness. The carabineers, in long capes and black cocked hats, guard it in an immense solemn ring: officers sit waiting on horseback. It is the time. Clementina digs my ribs because I shall not see Italian soldiers as well as she.

'They come!'

Outside the Gate of the People there is a color like a rainstorm seen sheeting down over distant hills before its first drops touch us. Outside the Gate of the People there is, marking time, an endless column of men in olive-gray.

They come across the open place like the first thin gray streaks of rain, separating and gliding on. We lean over the balconies, but we do not shout. Can anyone, at the first glimpse of home-coming soldiers? Down there in the distance, with the silent breathless houses all around them, they advance like shadow men. Lean, close-clad, tight-belted, all in rain-colored gray, they walk with strides which, seen from above, look like the hurrying sweep of shadows.

While we lean in breathless silence, they have been welcomed to the city, these men who, of all the nation, have fought longest and won most praise. It is for that that, when they leave the mountains once Austrian, it is to Rome itself that they come back. The rulers and the generals have welcomed them; now they turn their faces from the open place before the gate to the long straight street that has run for centuries through the heart of Rome. It is almost dark in here, with the high houses and the people crowded like flies; but no one would desire to enter Rome by any other street.

The Romans do not shout; I wonder if they ever did. There is a twittering in the air, and you can almost feel the smiles; there descends on the olive-gray ranks the rain of flowers. The branches of yellow mimosa, heavy as fruit, light in mounds on knapsack and saddle. The men, in slow march, stretch out a hand to catch them from the air; you see a dark face turned up and a gleaming smile under a black moustache, searching for the giver. The mimosas are fastened under a knapsack strap, they are thrust into a gunbarrel, behind an ear. Soon the olive-gray ranks are radiant and glowing with color: not a man who does not blossom as if his gray battle-sheathing were only the stalk of a flower. The horses have flowers in their bridles; the motor-cycles and the stretchers are covered. It becomes a game with us to find the man who has the fewest flowers and to pelt him.

'Here, comrade, catch! Hold up your gun!'

The baby next door aims a bunch of

white hyacinths to graze a sober red ear. We cheer and clap the baby from all the balconies about. The owner of the ear cannot pause in the step — he has missed it. The man next behind is alert: with a well-planned lunge he has swept up the hyacinths and placed them in his tunic. Very well, then; but a rose for the owner of the ear! He gets it at the next balcony.

Lurching along in single file, gray boxes rattling on their flanks, comes the string of army mules. 'The mule,' the men have told us, 'was one of the heroes of the Grappa.' There were no camions on those scrambling mountain-paths; and when the mule that carried the bread was shot, there was no bread. The mule was exhausted, chronically exhausted, like more than one man. And mules were never known for speed. The mule would crawl, according to his kind, up and down about his continual task — except when he came to the corners exposed to Austrian shells. Then the mule never looked to right or left, but he trotted — and the men say that no blooded steed could trot faster. But they ask with a little sadness whether mules will ever trot like that again, now that Austrian shells have gone.

Mimosa for the mules! They must have great branches, big enough to conceal the gray boxes and to cover their waggling backs. A red rose hits the muleteer, and he turns a laughing tanned face. The red rose he kisses, but he fixes it nodding between the ears of his mule. He knows enough to honor a hero.

Violets for the banners! They are old, worn banners, like those hung in cathedrals. Somehow, one had the idea that such banners would never be produced again, any more than gothic windows. Their red is turned to orange and their green to yellow. They are banners that have received the medals of bronze and silver and gold, banners that have been concealed for years in German prison-camps by the men who would not give them up.

Roses for the cavalry! There are little purple streamers fluttering from the lances; the horses' heads twitch under the storm of confetti; here and there are the led horse and the covered saddle that mean a comrade gone. The men on horseback have child's play with the catching of flowers: an officer, riding alone, can make his horse leap sidewise across the road to intercept a rose that he knows is meant for him.

The horses go slowly, for ahead the crowd opens only step by step, like earth gradually cleaving to let the troops pass. 'American parades,' the Romans tell us, 'are so mathematical — the platoons in the street, the watchers on the pavement. Not human.' Here it is not mathematical. The citizens press against stirrup and gun-barrel, thrusting out nosegays. The children run to and fro, picking up blossoms that have missed their aim, and reaching them to a rough red hand. The gray-green troops pause, at times, to let the crowds press slowly past, and in the pause they, and we, let our eyes wander to the garden walls, where almond trees peep over, and toward the sky, faintly opalescent with a spring sunset.

They have passed, at last, even the motor-cycles, decked like triumphant cars. There is no pouring away of the crowds, only a tranquil leaning back to enjoy to the very last minute the orange sky behind the cypress trees; the golden light catching the tapestried houses; the streets that shine with flowers and streamers as in a fairy tale. And even when we wake to-morrow, we shall not think of war: we shall go out among the gardens to see the purple anemones.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

V. FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Chronology

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

Born in Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839;
Removed to Oberlin, Ohio, 1841;
Removed to Wisconsin, 1846;
At Milwaukee Female College, 1857;
At Northwestern Female College, 1858–1859;
Taught till 1874;
Entered Temperance Work, 1874;
President National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1879;
President World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1888;
Died February 17, 1898.

I

SHE had the great West behind her, its sky and its distances, its fresh vigor and its unexampled joy. Her father carried his New England traditions and his infant children from New York in the early forties, first to Ohio, then to Wisconsin; and Frances and her brother and sister were fed full on corn, pork, farming, and religion. She herself cites with entire approval her mother's analysis of the child's fortunate heredity: 'The Thompson generosity, the Willard delicacy, the Hill purpose and steadfastness, the French element coming from the Lewis family, make an unique human amalgam.' Whatever her heredity, she had a sane and healthy childhood. She lived with the animals, and raced and romped and rioted; she lived with the Bible and with high ideals and direct and pointed English; and she contracted an abhorrence of whiskey which supplied her for life with a more eager stimulant than whiskey could possibly have furnished her.

As a consequence of her breeding and surroundings, she had excellent health. Her mother said that in childhood Frances was the most delicate of all her children, and that she had an organism exceptionally susceptible to physical pain. She herself enlarges repeatedly upon the exquisite fineness of her sensibility. But fresh air, exercise, and ample sleep, maintained under even the greatest pressure of business, gave her a sound and vigorous body, and no doubt as much as anything else enabled her to say, near the very end of her career, 'The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, both physically, mentally, and religiously.' To have so good a time — remember it.

With the well-nourished body and the firm, sturdy muscles went an unfailing energy of purpose and of execution. She was no listless performer of household duty, no tame dishwasher or bedmaker, doing routine tasks from day to day, with no thought beyond them. Her mother says, 'I wonder sometimes that I had the wit to let her do what she preferred, instead of obliging her to take up housework as did all the other girls of our acquaintance.' Wit or not, it was a course admirably

suited to Frances. She dodged the dishpan, milked the cows instead, rode the horses, rode the cows, too, if the whim seized her, held the plough at need, and in the intervals roved the fields and pastures, and let her soul rove even more widely than her feet did. Routine of all sorts she hated always, and shunned it when she could. 'To be tied to a bell-rope,' she says, 'was an asphyxiating process from which I vainly sought escape, changing the spot only to keep the pain.'

Everything in her case, you see, favored the building up of a strong individuality, an ardent, independent will; and such was the result. She knew her own way and sought it, with tremendous persistence and astonishing success. She had a spice of temper, which she well recognized and fought and got the better of, but with immense struggle. When she was a schoolgirl, she had an amiable playmate whose amiability irritated her. She 'just stepped on Effie's toes at recess, to see if she would n't frown, and sure enough she did n't.' All through life she felt an inclination to step on such amiable toes. Her willfulness showed in the inclination, and her will in keeping it under.

Souls of this positive, individual temper are not always successful in their relations with others; do not always care to mingle with others, or to frame their lives in conjunction with their fellow men and women. Miss Willard's account of herself shows strong symptoms of this self-withdrawing disposition. She speaks of her painful shyness in youth, of her difficulties in meeting people and in adapting herself to them. She makes an interesting admission, also, which places her sharply in one of the two great classes into which social humanity is divided: 'I have an unconquerable aversion to intercourse with my superiors in position, age, or education.' Such an aversion, like its opposite, is the key to many lives, and furnishes a great help for understanding Miss Willard's.

On the other hand, she had many striking social qualities. Her rush and furious abundance of spirits, her immense mental activity, naturally sought utterance with those who would understand her and appreciate her ardor. She had varied and sparkling wit, could tell excellent stories and did — stories that were remembered and repeated after her. She shone in conversation — real conversation apparently, that is, in which others did their part as well as she. Her comment upon Emerson's well-known saying, 'We descend to meet,' is curious. She thinks that Emerson lived too early to know what true meeting was, and that the intercourse of advanced, emancipated women almost realized the privileges of celestial society. Yet, in a milder moment, she herself admits that wholly successful conversation is possible only with the very limited number who are akin to us. If she, who had talked with thousands and thousands, could write the following words, surely there is some excuse for those who find life a spiritual solitude. 'I do not believe that six persons have ever heard me talk, and not more than three ever in private converse heard my *vox humana*, simply because they were not skilled musicians. . . . For myself, I know so little of perfect response, that only as a foretaste of heaven's companionship do I think of such beatitude at all.'

However unsatisfactory Miss Willard may have found general society, there is no question as to her deep tenderness for her intimate friends and fellow workers. In her *Autobiography*, she gives a curious analysis of the passionate affections of her girlhood. They were marked by all the sensitiveness, all the confidence, all the jealousy of woman's love for man.

Above all, from youth to age, Miss Willard felt this yearning, clinging affection for the members of her own family. Her father and brother were very dear to her. Her sister, Mary, whose brief life she commemorated in the little volume entitled *Nineteen Beautiful Years*, was even dearer. With her mother the relation was closest of all. Mrs. Willard reared her daughter to be a notable woman, made her worthy to be so, and lived to see her so, with infinite satisfaction. And Frances's admiration and adoration for her mother continued and increased through life.

And how about men? It is evident enough that such a vivid, passionate nature had treasures of affection to bestow, if circumstances had favored it. She had lovers, too. At least, she says so, and I believe her. In the bitter, slightly over-bitter, analysis which she makes of herself, she says that she is 'not beautiful, pretty, or even good-looking.' Others thought differently, and one enthusiast concludes from her appearance in age, that in youth she 'must have possessed a rare and exquisite beauty.' However this may be, I fancy she was liked even more for her words and spirit than for her looks. She implies that possibly, if the right man had wooed her, she might have been won. The right man never did. Meanwhile, her comments upon love and her own capacity for love and her rigid resistance to love are delicious. I wish I could quote the whole of them. 'I have never been in love, I have never shed a tear or dreamed a dream, or sighed, or had a sleepless hour for love. . . . I was too cautious, loved my own peace too well, valued myself too highly, remembered too frequently that I was made for something far more worthy than to spend a disconsolate life, wasting my heart, the richest gift I could bestow, upon a man who did not care for it.' This when she was little over twenty. Many years later she adds, 'Of the real romance of my life, unguessed save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell.' Oh, but I wish they might have told. What would she have said of the love she had, when she writes so ardently of the love she had not.

But love in her career was a mere phantom, a drifting rose-cloud. She had other things to think of that were, or seemed to her, more important. And what apparatus and equipment had she for thinking of them? She had a good background of intelligence and thought behind her, came of New England stock that was accustomed to deal with the abstract problems of life, as well as with the practical. She had a substantial and fairly varied education. She read very widely, even in her younger days. When she was eighteen, she placidly informed her father that, being of age, she was going to read novels, though he disapproved of them. She did. The list of books on her desk, when she was twenty, is portentous: Watts's *On the Mind*, Kames's *Elements of Criticism*, Niebuhr's *Life and Letters*, etc. She was brought up on Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, and tried to put his precepts into practice. She digested the disillusioned maxims of Chamfort, and quotes with approval one of the most disillusioned of them: 'In great matters men show themselves as they wish to be seen; in small matters, as they are.'

And she had the natural thinking power, without which books, even disillusioned, obscure the spirit's progress rather than help it. She made up her mind about things independently, made it up firmly, though she always recognized the possibility of change with a changing point of view. 'This is my opinion now; will it change? It may seem wrong to others. It is my way of thinking, and I have a right to it. That

right I will maintain.' She analyzed everything fearlessly, analyzed her own heart, analyzed nature and the world, analyzed the men and women about her. Her analysis may not always have been perfect or profound. It was at least sincere, and, on the whole, free from prejudice. She analyzed life, and especially, with curious force and bareness, she analyzed death. How simple and direct is the account in her Journal of her feelings at the bedside of her dying sister: 'I leaned on the railing at the foot of the bed and looked at my sister — my sister Mary — and knew that she was dead, knew that she was alive! Everything was far off; I was benumbed, and am but waking to the tingling agony.' How vivid and poignant are the reflections suggested by the same scene in regard to herself: 'Then, too, I am coming right straight on to the same doom: I, who sit here this bright morning, with carefully made toilet, attentive eyes, ears open to every sound; I, with my thousand thoughts, my steady-beating heart, shall lie there so still, so cold, and for so long!'

If she applied such analysis to everything, and from her early childhood, how was it with religion. When did it take hold of her, how fully, how genuinely, how deeply? Her sensibility was keen enough to be much stirred by its emotional side. She was sensitive to everything. Art, indeed, did not come within her youthful range, and in later life she was too busy for it. But music she loved and felt, and music as the expression of religious feeling had an almost overpowering effect on her. The sense of mystery was present with her, too, always, even in the midst of common things. 'I have the feeling of one who walks blindfold among scenes too awful for his nerves to bear, in the midst of which we eat and drink, wash our faces, and complain that the fire won't burn in the grate, or that the tea-bell does n't ring in season.'

But in early days her analytical temper reacted against religion, as against other things. The letter of doubt and questioning which she wrote to her teacher in the midst of a revival, with its unconscious reproduction of a wicked jest of Voltaire, — 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,' — is a curious document. Nevertheless, she later accepted the orthodox faith in full, and with complete, though always enlightened, abandonment. Only religion to her was action — doing something for somebody, not dreaming or theological speculation. Her creed was broad enough to take in the whole world, but its essence was practice. In other words, her religion was not a science, but an art — the art she meant when one of her friends complained, 'How can you think it right to give up your interest in literature and art?' and Miss Willard answered, 'What greater art than to try to restore the image of God to faces that have lost it?'

II

For she was above all, and more than all, a worker for humanity, and it is as such that the study of her character becomes profoundly interesting. Let us first consider her work objectively, as it were, — that is, in its effect upon others, — and then in its even more curious effect upon herself. From a child she wanted to do something in the world to make men happier and better and fitter for this life and for another. She realized intensely the miseries of existence, those unavoidable and those that might so easily be avoided. She heard the cries of suffering that all might hear, and her vivid imagination pictured the cries that were heard of none. 'I wish my mission might be to those who make no sign, yet suffer most

intensely under their cold, impassive faces.' All through her youth she was restless, eager, longing, yet knew not what to do more than the daily task that came in her way. Then the temperance cause called her, with suffrage and the general advancement of women as adjuncts. She had found what she wanted, and she worked for it till death with every power that was in her. Thought of personal profit there was none; we may say it with absolute certainty. She liked comfort and she spent with freedom, but when she declares, 'I'll never lay up money, and I'll never be rich,' we know it is true.

And what admirable powers she had for the work! Energy? Her energy was inexhaustible, and as well directed as it was tireless. She herself tells us so. 'I have never been discouraged, but ready on the instant with my decision, and rejoicing in nothing so much as the taking of initiatives.' But we know it without her telling us. Labor? She can labor like a machine. 'What it would be to have an idle hour I find it hard to fancy.' She was careful as to sleep and regular as to exercise, but beyond that every minute was utilized. She traveled scores of thousands of miles, spoke often several times a day, answered every letter, some twenty thousand a year. She wasted no strength in worry or regret over lost opportunities. All the thought she gave to failure was to learn from it. 'If it be ambitious to have no fear of failure in any undertaking, to that I must plead guilty. . . . I frankly own that no position I have ever attained gave me a single perturbed or wakeful thought, nor could any that I would accept.'

Other gifts besides effort are needed, however, to ensure the triumph of a great cause. Whatever they may be, Miss Willard had them. There is the gift of organization, of combining great bodies of men and women together for a clearly defined purpose, and making them work in unison till that purpose is achieved. When she was a child, she devised clubs and framed elaborate constitutions for them. When she became a woman, she did the same work efficiently, rapidly, and with eminent success.

And there is the gift of speech. So many great ideas and noble conceptions are lost in realization, because the initiators of them cannot put them into adequate words and fire the world. Just as a fluent and admirable power of the tongue is too often given to those who have nothing behind it. Miss Willard's tongue had assuredly something behind it. But her power of expression was always ample, adequate, and either seductive or commanding, as she wished. She herself knew well what this gift of eloquence was, and used it to the full, and cultivated it. 'The spoken word, with a life and character back of it, the spoken word, sped home by earnest voice, conversational tone, and punctuating gesture, is the final human factor in the progress of reform.' Yet all testimony shows that her speeches were not oratorical, not rhetorical, not stuffed with formal figures or pompous trumpery. She went right to the heart, spoke as if her hearers were friends or brothers and sisters, unveiled her own feelings and experiences as if she were chatting at the fireside. 'That was the most homey talk I ever heard,' said an old farmer, after listening to her with tears.

This quality of simplicity in her public utterance was immensely emphasized by her appearance and manner. There was nothing imposing or dominating about her, rather an impression of frankness, gentleness, sympathetic and insinuating grace. One of her admirers, in endeavoring to describe her, says that her features refused 'to be impressed separately in your memory.

Only her smile and voice abide. She envelopes you, permeates you, enfolds you.' The general suggestion of grace, of graciousness, recurs and is reiterated in all attempts to reproduce her charm.

For she did charm. She charmed multitudes from the platform, made them, for the time at least, anxious to carry out her ideas and do her bidding. She charmed individuals, took them into quiet corners and whispered to them some spell of conviction which sent them out into the world to try to make life over, as she would have it. She entered into other peoples' souls, put herself in their places, saw the world as they saw it. There was a certain amount of theory about this attitude on her part. Tact, adaptation, adjustment were all a matter of principle with her. For a child to have been brought up on the letters of Lord Chesterfield was no bad preparation for meeting the world, though one is rather surprised to find it on a Wisconsin farm. She preaches deference, courtesy, and consideration to everybody, no matter what their position in life. 'Who says a kind word to the man that blacks his boots, to the maid that makes his bed and sweeps his hearth? . . . Oh, we forget these things!' But with Miss Willard there was more to it than theory. She was interested in the lives of all men and women, curious about them. 'I am somewhat of a questioner,' she says. She questioned everybody and so got a peep into the heart. But back of the questioning were tenderness and sympathy and kindness, the desire not only to understand but to help, not only to analyze but to make over. And precisely in this combination of understanding with love lay her mighty power over men, the infinite tact which enabled her to identify other wills with her own, and so to persuade rather than to command, for the achievement of a great purpose.

Even in her early days of teaching, she formulated the method that later obtained such vast results. 'When you get them all to think alike and act alike by your command, you can do with them what you will.' But I prefer the testimony of a simple heart, which elucidates the whole point. 'A poor seamstress said the other day, "I go to sew at Miss Willard's sometimes. I see very little of her, scarcely hear her speak, but why is it I always leave there saying to myself, 'I must be a better woman, I must indeed'?"' So the world said, when Miss Willard had done with it.

This is not the place to attempt more than to summarize briefly what the fullness of Miss Willard's actual achievement was. It may be that her ardent admirers somewhat exaggerate it, as is natural. To say that in her work for American women 'she has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook, and develop our gifts, than any man, or any other woman of her time' is making a broad claim, though perhaps not too broad. It is, at any rate, certain that, as head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she diminished almost incalculably the sum of human misery; and who would wish to have more said of her than that? One who knew her work well writes, 'There are countless men and women all over the world to-day living useful lives, filling positions of trust and responsibility, who owe to Frances Willard all that they are, because her word first aroused their dormant powers and gave them faith in themselves.' It is a just and noble eulogy.

Above all, in this year 1919, when, among a multitude of surprising and far-reaching events, few are more notable than the establishment of absolute prohibition in the United States of America, the name of Miss Willard deserves to be widely remembered and

commemorated by her countrymen and countrywomen.

III

Yet I confess that I am even more, interested in what prohibition did for Miss Willard than in what Miss Willard did for prohibition. Here again, let us consider the external influences first, and then follow them to their spiritual results. To begin with, take the praise, the eulogy, the idolatry almost, which were necessarily and naturally poured upon her during the last years of her life. 'She has won a love and loyalty that no other woman, I think, has ever before possessed,' says her biographer. It was immense, in any case. Huge audiences screamed with enthusiasm over her mere presence. Princes and potentates welcomed her, high functionaries bowed down to her, precious souls rescued from destruction hailed her as their savior. Children were named after her — so many that her secretary has to keep the record: over one hundred, she says. No exuberance of praise seems excessive, and one adorer assures us that 'Frances Willard lived, literally, the Christ-life on earth.' That 'literally' is, I think, about as far as ecstasy can go. The mind that could not be affected by such treatment as this would indeed have something superhuman.

And besides the influence of unlimited applause, there is what I may call the platform habit, the peculiar and unavoidable effect of appearing constantly before multitudes of people and exhibiting one's personality, one's soul, to them, more or less unreservedly. Of course, every preacher is exposed to this to some extent, and few preachers wholly escape the consequences of it. But the ordinary preacher is limited in his audience and constrained to forget himself to some extent in his holy calling. The lecturer, the political orator, and, most of all, the reformer and the revivalist, are almost always moulded by this habit of public appearance in ways most curious to consider, and few have been exposed to the influence more overwhelmingly than Miss Willard.

The platform instinct was born in her. At three or four years old she was set up on a chair to recite hymns, and enjoyed it. Of one favorite she says, 'Mother taught me how to speak it, where to put in the volume of sound and the soft, repressed utterance; and as for the pathos, I knew where to put that in myself.' She always knew. And this instinct is not one that loses anything with the process of time. As years went on, publicity became existence to her; she thought in public, as it were, and all her inner life was lived in the presence of her faithful followers. Do not take this as in any way contradicting what I have said above about her charm and about her simplicity. There is nothing incompatible here. It was just because life in public was so natural and easy to her, because she faced it without shrinking and without embarrassment, that she was able to convey herself, all her enthusiasms and ideals, so directly to others. The stimulus of a crowd roused her to intenser thought and feeling, just as one sympathetic auditor rouses others of a different temperament. To her, vast numbers were just one sympathetic auditor. Hear how shrewd and vivid is her own statement of this: 'To me, an audience is like a well-bred person, quiet, attentive, sympathetic, and, best of all, not in a position to answer back.'

And, as she felt the stimulus of an audience when it was before her, so she gradually came to carry one always in her mind, to feel that she was living before the vast audience of the world, and to put into every action the consciousness that it must be a lesson and

example. An amiable hostess thoughtlessly invites her to take a glass of wine, when much fatigued. 'The blood flushed in cheek and brow as I said to her, "Madam, two hundred thousand women would lose somewhat of their faith in humanity if I should drink a drop of wine."' Think what it must be to feel the eyes of two hundred thousand women fixed upon you from the time you wake till the time you sleep again! This is the way Miss Willlard lived.

Perhaps the most curious illustration of the sense of exemplariness is her *Autobiography*. Here is a book of seven hundred closely printed pages, written by herself about herself, to be given to the world in her own lifetime, and the publishers inform us frankly that she originally wrote twelve hundred pages that had to be cut down. Assuredly no one ever turned themselves inside out more absolutely for the improvement of a hearkening world. And everywhere the necessity of setting an example is apparent. This becomes evident at once, when you compare the simple, natural journals of Miss Willard's youth with the carefully prepared matter of the later narrative. Of course nothing is false, nothing is misrepresented. Yet the consciousness of edification, the overwhelming nearness of the lecture platform, are everywhere present.

Now let us analyze a little more fully the effect of this curious life upon the woman's soul. To begin with, in the immense work she had undertaken of making over the world by the power of speech, did she experience alternations of hope and despair, enthusiasm and discouragement? Most men, and especially most women, one would think, would have had their hours of being exalted with the assured confidence of success, and hours again when blank depression would have made it seem as if they were fighting against a stone wall. Symptoms of such depression may perhaps be detected in Miss Willard's *Autobiography*, but I have looked for them carefully, and I have found few indeed. She had splendid health, she had an even temper, and she had an unfailing faculty of hope. If she had dark moments, she concealed them, perhaps out of consideration for the two hundred thousand.

I have also enjoyed probing the personal motives that lay behind her tremendous and constant effort; for she herself, in the seven hundred close pages, has invited such probing too earnestly for anyone to resist it. We have already seen that she aimed to help mankind, set out to do a noble work in the world, no doubt mainly for the sake of doing it. Her one sole aim, says her enthusiastic biographer, 'has been to do the will of God as far as she knew it.' But to talk of the sole aim of anyone is perilous. We are not made so neatly of one piece. Besides her large philanthropy, Miss Willard had a lot of healthy human ambition, just plain common desire to be admired and spoken well of and generally famous. She admits this herself very freely. 'I have been called ambitious, and so I am, if to have had from childhood the sense of being born to a fate is an element of ambition.' She was keenly anxious to help on such fate also. In confessing her faults, she enumerates: 'My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too-ready tongue, and the purpose to be a celebrated person.' She even admits, with admirable frankness, that it hurt her to be excelled by others. 'I have odious little "inwardnesses" of discomfort when distanced.'

Her ambition was as wide as it was intense. Politics? Oh, yes, certainly politics. 'Next to a wish I had to be a saint some day,' she tells an audience, 'I really would like to be a politician.' Literature? In youth she feels an over-

powering desire to utter great thoughts and emotions, which she can never quite put into words. And all her life the same desire haunted her, so that the immense realized glory of her public achievement was never thoroughly satisfying. She would have liked to write something that the future would have read and read forever. One curious passage from her *Autobiography* is worth quoting at length, as an illustration of her mind and temper and also of her frankness of self-revelation.

'Just here I will say, though it is not usual to reveal one's highest literary ambition, especially when one has failed to attain it, that I am willing to admit that mine has been during the last thirty years to write for the *Atlantic Monthly*! . . . I have written for *Harper's* and had a letter in the *Century*, but I have never yet dared offer one to the *Atlantic*. Once I went so far as to send its admired editor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a printed article that I thought tolerably good, that is for me, asking him if he believed I could write anything the *Atlantic* would accept. I received in reply a courteous note, with the enigmatical statement that he was unable to say from the article forwarded whether I could or not. The question in my mind is now and ever shall be, "Is that a compliment to the article?" . . . But I give the cultured editor notice that, though I may never be lifted to the Olympian heights of his pages, I intend so to live that somebody who is shall yet write of me between those magic yellow covers of the Queen of Monthlies!' [1]

Though she wrote vastly, it is not to be supposed that Miss Willard's literary reputation is likely to be permanent. It was in the very different field of immediate personal triumph that she won successes huge enough to satisfy any ambition that could be satisfied at all. It is of the nature of these triumphs that they caress and excite and stimulate the soul more than any others, and the study of their effect on Miss Willard is everywhere extremely curious.

In other words, all through the immense length of her *Autobiography* I think we may perceive, cannot deny, a growing self-consciousness, which I would call vanity, if the word were not misleading. Do not suppose that this is inconsistent with power. Cicero was an enormous power in the world, and was one of the vainest of men. It would be folly to speak of Miss Willard as vain in comparison with Cicero. Nor is the vanity inconsistent with an almost childlike simplicity. On the contrary, it seems to go with it naturally. It did with Cicero. It did with Miss Willard. Simplicity and a singular charm are not incompatible with vanity at all. Nevertheless, by force of endeavoring to live all one's life as an example, one runs a little risk of coming to regard one's life as exemplary, and this danger Miss Willard did not altogether escape. This it is which leads her to expose her soul in page after page with such extraordinary frankness. She meant to do good, no doubt she might do good, and did do good; but one cannot wholly escape the impression of a naturally modest lady undressing in public.

Of course, through all the exposure and the stress upon precept there is a constant insistence upon humility. And no one can question for a moment that the humility is genuine. When Miss Willard wrote in her youth, 'I think myself not good, not gifted in any way. I cannot see why I should be loved, why I should hope for myself a beautiful and useful life or a glorious immortality at its close,' she meant it. When she wrote in age, 'I love too well the good words of the good concern-

[1] It may be worth noting that, so far as the *Atlantic* is concerned, Miss Willard's ambition is now for the first time realized. — THE AUTHOR.

ing what I do; I have not the control of tongue and temper that I ought to have, . . . and the sweet south wind of love has not yet thawed out the ice-cake of selfishness from my breast,' she meant it also, though she might have preferred saying it herself to having anyone else say it. Yet even in the humility the subtle and pervading influence of the exemplary life does make itself felt. I know few things more profitable than Miss Willard's elaborate study of her own faults for the benefit of the public. After the most thorough and searching investigation, it would appear that she practically finds but two, and of those two, one runs eminent risk of finally turning out be a virtue.

I do not mean, however, to exaggerate this element of self-consciousness in Miss Willard, which was entirely natural and almost unavoidable in the life she led. But, no matter what may have been the effects of that life upon her character, there can be no question but that she enjoyed it. She herself tells us so. She had magnificent health, cherished by intelligent care and enduring through a long course of years. 'Painless, in a world of pain,' she says of herself; and what a qualification that is for hearty enjoyment! She adds further the notable sentence already quoted, 'The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, both physically, mentally, and religiously.' A good time she certainly did have. All the excitement of the ordinary public entertainer was hers — the actor, the singer, the performer to huge audiences generally. Everywhere she could count upon an attentive hearing, usually upon an enthusiastic one; and if she had to battle to make it so, the battle, to her temperament, was almost as delightful as the victory. But to the general excitement of the stage and the platform was added the far greater excitement of conscious benevolent motive. You were stirring all these crowds, winning all these plaudits, not for yourself, not for your personal glory, but for a great cause, for the advancement of good in the world, to hasten the splendid coming of the kingdom of God. Perhaps the psychology of the philanthropist, of the reformer, of the evangelist, has yet to be written with minute and analytical care, and he will never be the one to write it himself. But Miss Willard has supplied more curious information on the subject than anyone else.

Take the impressive and delightful incident, described by her and by others, of the attack on the Pittsburg saloon by a group of women, all standing in earnest, awed attention along the curbstone, while 'a sorrowful old lady, whose only son had gone to ruin through that very death-trap, knelt on the cold, moist pavement and offered a broken-hearted prayer.' No doubt these are the things that move the world, but they also afford an interest beyond any other for those who take part in them. Miss Willard, with the best intentions, wished to deny to everybody the excitement of alcohol. But she herself lived on the fierce excitement of doing good, beside which all other stimulants are pale and watery.

IV

I have thus emphasized the vast and varied enjoyment of Miss Willard's life because so many of her admirers have called it a life of sacrifice. Of course she made sacrifices. Who does not? When she chose her philanthropic career, she gave up a prospect of assured ease and assured usefulness for a wild and stormy course which might lead nowhere. And at other times she gave up things which were hard to relinquish. But to call her life a life of sacrifice in comparison with

some other lives, would be absurd. How many women go daily about city streets, to relieve suffering, to comfort misery, to cherish fainting hope, without any thought of reward or any stimulus of glory, worn, weary, and discouraged, sacrificing everything to the sense of duty and the pressure of conscience? How many women in far country homes live long lives of utter monotony, drudging over ugly cares, with nothing but grumbling and fault-finding about them, their habit of existence so inwoven with sacrifice that they cannot even imagine the possibility of anything else? Beside these, how can anyone talk of sacrifice in connection with Frances Elizabeth Willard? If she could have been convinced that she could bring the cause she served to immediate triumph by changing places with one of these women, I think so highly of her that I am sure she would have done it. But what ingenuity she would have shown in resisting the conviction!

Let me repeat, then, that she was a woman of noble character, of splendid and enduring power, one who left the world a legacy of accomplishment which is to-day maturing into the widest and most fruitful results; but she was neither a martyr nor a saint, and, heavens, how she did enjoy herself!

TO OUR ELDEST HOPE

On his assuming the Trouser Virilis

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

But, Charles! have some compunctions! could you not
  Progress a thought more slow?
Think how you dallied with a train of cars
  Less than a year ago!

Forgive that rash reminder; but reflect,
  Time's checkerboard is stern;
It freely grants the forward move, but not
  The Prodigal return.

Ah! pretermit a little of your pride,
  A little while, your joy;
To please the dotage of our two-score years,
  Be twelve more hours a boy!

LEAVES FROM A COBLENZ DIARY. I

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF HEINRICH SCHEINSTUTZEN, APOTHECARY

BY LOUIS GRAVES

November 9, 1918. — Tidings have come that our beloved Kaiser has gone to Holland, to visit one of his noble kinsmen. Some of his subjects have been unworthy enough to apply the word 'flight' to his departure, but in a little while they will have learned what fools they were, and will be seeking to deny that they ever uttered such a word. But we shall remember them, and they will hear from it some day!

November 10. — It appears from the newspapers that an armistice with the enemy is under consideration. What the terms are is not yet known, but we be may sure that our wise generals have guarded the Fatherland's interests well, while arranging a much-needed rest for the brave fellows who have defended us so long from the world's envy. No doubt we shall continue to occupy part of the conquered territory, making sure that the inhabitants provide what is needed for the support and comfort of our gallant soldiers.

There are those who talk of an occupation of part of the Fatherland by the foe, but this is not to be taken seriously. The alarmists even hint that the foreign troops may come as far as our dear city of Coblenz itself. But plainly that is nonsensical. I cannot imagine foreign soldiers daring to enter — except as prisoners, ha! ha! — a city which boasts the possession of one of the Kaiser's most favored palaces and is privileged to call itself *Residenzstadt*.

It is most reprehensible that some of our own citizens (though there are not many such, God be thanked!) are talking of the Fatherland's present state as if it were a defeat, and of the possibility of hostile 'armies' taking possession of the Rhineland. Precious fine armies the enemy has, after the way our troops have been killing them off year after year!

November 11. — Something in my own household has come to be more and more disturbing to my peace of mind. And that something is my wife. She is not the same attentive and obedient Maria I used to know. For more than a year, ever since the news came that our Fritz had been killed fighting for his Kaiser, I have been conscious of the change taking place in her demeanor, but never admitted it to myself till now. At first it was moods of sadness and silence; but then it began to show itself in little flare-ups — sudden remarks not at all befitting a loyal German woman. It is as if she were nursing a grievance. One day I heard her muttering something that I am almost ashamed to write down, questioning the wisdom of our Government's 'taking her boy away to be slaughtered.' Of

course, women are not expected to know anything of statesmanship and the affairs of nations; but I cannot help being irritated at these unfortunate outbursts. I often say to myself: Can this be the same Maria who went out to the country with me on a holiday, three years ago, when our daring sailors sank the great merchant ship of our arch-enemies the English?

November 12. — The conditions of the Armistice have been published, and I confess I am stunned. The Allies are to occupy all the left bank of the Rhine, and a belt of thirty kilometres east of the river. And we are to deliver over quantities of locomotives and cars and trucks and aeroplanes, and part of our great fleet. I find it difficult to take this in, and have to take up the paper again and again to prove to myself that I am not dreaming. Ah, that the Fatherland should have ever come to this! But I suppress my first feeling of despair. Our leaders know best; they would not act but for the benefit of the Empire; and, even though this arrangement does not seem on its face advantageous to us, no doubt all will come out well in the end.

November 15. — Again I have found myself impatient with Maria. When it was reported to-day that the Americans might come to take charge of our city during the Armistice, she exclaimed with eyes positively flashing, —

'Well, what of it! We could n't be any worse off than we've been this last year, with our young men being killed every day. Probably better off we'll be!'

I find it hard to maintain my accustomed dignity when she talks like this. She is becoming most unfeminine and rebellious. But I find comfort in the fact that most of our citizens retain their sanity and loyalty. After this display of Maria's, which I properly received with silence, I went out to the Schloss Café, and there found a group of my friends. We sat around our favorite table in the corner and conversed for two or three hours.

It was a very agreeable evening, although the beer these days is of painfully inferior quality. So it has been for the last year or two, owing to the shortness of the hop yield in the absence of able-bodied workers at the front. This has indeed been one of the most regrettable aspects of the war. It takes ten or twelve mugs to quench a thirst that would have been satisfied formerly by half a dozen. But nevertheless, as I have said, the time passed pleasantly. Upon thoroughly discussing the Armistice, we concluded that things could have been much worse. It was comforting to reflect that, after all, our troops were still unconquered. They are withdrawing in perfect order before superior numbers, — not under compulsion, but by agreement, — and will soon pass triumphantly through our city.

We could not deny to ourselves that the Armistice would bring alleviation in many respects. Men would return to their occupations, such as farming and mining and manufacturing, and the hardships that we had been bearing so willingly would be considerably relieved. We agreed that not the least welcome of the changes for the better would be the return of the brave hop-workers to their former duties. Before we parted, the good Friedrich Schnitzel sat down at the piano, and we sang 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Dann fahren wir gegen Eng-e-land.'

November 20. — As for two or three weeks past, the government of our city is carried on under an organization called the Soldiers' Council. This has a sound that suggests the less perfect

methods of other countries; but to us, who know so well the temper of our people, it brings no alarm. Though only an apothecary, I pride myself upon judging with creditable keenness the thoughts that are in men's minds, and I know how our citizens feel in their hearts toward the Kaiser and his generals and statesmen. Foolish folk may talk of the great change that has taken place; it is not what men are saying, however, but what they are thinking, that counts, and we loyal Germans are thinking much as we always did. Flighty women, and a few firebrands who are having their short day of glory, may make a big stir, but I can state proudly that in substance Germans have altered but little.

The proclamation of the great Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg, bidding the people to preserve discipline and order, was all that was needed to allay surface troubles in our city. The Soldiers' Council has recognized the excellence of our tested leadership by placing an officer of noble birth and long military experience in control, and he has matters well in hand.

November 21. — More news calculated to reconcile us to the Armistice came to-day. We cannot be sure yet, but it is reported that the Americans will ship us many thousands of tons of food, including the fats which we need so badly. While we have not suffered for food to the extent that our enemies imagined, still, there are many articles that have been sadly scarce, and naturally the Allies will be glad to send us the supplies in partial return for our agreeing to the Armistice.

November 22. — Our gallant troops, who crossed the border on their return to the Fatherland several days ago, are to enter the city day after to-morrow, and all our hearts are glowing with pride at the prospect of receiving them. As one of our newspapers well says, 'Unconquered by a world of enemies, our heroes are now returning to their homes'; and the same paper reminds us that we are to greet them 'as if they were conquerors.' Flags are being brought out and displayed in great numbers.

November 25. — What a splendid day for Coblenz yesterday! The first elements of our returning soldiers marched through the streets. Flags flew from every house, the Government building was brilliantly decorated, and the streets were thronged with men, women, and children, cheering and throwing flowers to the home-comers. The officers, striding proudly ahead of their men, were tremendously admired.

A cable dispatch from Washington brings the definite announcement that the Americans are to come to Coblenz.

December 2. — The Americans reached the city of Trier yesterday in their march hitherward. There is much talk of how we Germans shall act when the foreigners come among us. I was discussing this matter with Heinrich Schnitzel and Johann Schmidt at the Schloss Café last evening, and we agreed that the only wise course was to be agreeable to the strangers. Johann has remarkably sensible ideas, considering that he is a grocer and spends most of each day rolling barrels about and weighing out potatoes and spinach for a rather low class of customers.

'They are going to have a big meeting in Paris to decide on peace terms,' he said, 'and we have got to look to somebody to stand for fair terms to the Fatherland. Can we look to the French? Surely not. And not to the English, after what our wonderful U-boats and airships have done. But the Americans — they have not suffered like the

others, and my cousin Gustav writes me that they are a soft and forgetful folk. So we must not offend them by unfriendliness, but must rather earn their good-will.'

'That is right,' I said; 'but of course we must not mix with them socially, as no doubt they will wish us to do.'

To which they all said yes.

And then Johann looked up at the ceiling while he puffed on that monster pipe of his.

'And do not forget that the Americans will bring much money with them; they are good purchasers, these Americans — we know that from the travelers before the war.'

A sly fellow, that Johann!

December 4. — Maria shows signs of fright when the talk is of the Americans' arrival.

'Will they harm us?' she asked to-day. 'I have heard they do not like some of the things that happened while our troops were in France and Belgium.'

'Our good soldiers did only what was proper in the conquered land,' I told her sternly. 'And do you think our generals have not provided well for our safety during the Armistice?'

I found my little niece Marguerita in tears when she was here to-day. Somebody had been telling her stories of what the foreign soldiers would do when they came, and she was all a-tremble. We had trouble in quieting the child.

December 5. — I find that it is not only the women and children who fear rough treatment from the American troops. Some of my friends suggest that they may be revengeful. Of course, the Germans did nothing in France and Belgium but what the conditions of war compelled; but our enemies are said to be emotional and to imagine all kinds of grievances.

'You know how all soldiers behave when they have a civil population under foot,' said Heinrich last night, shaking his head as if he foresaw evil times.

In his gloomy moments Heinrich says the most disturbing things. But we must not let ourselves be a prey to fears. Certainly, I tell myself, our leaders have made sure that we shall not be harmed.

December 7. — The last of the German troops passed through our city to-day. The flags were still waving, and the soldiers were cheered, but there were not so many people on the streets as the day of the entry. With sorrow we saw the tail of the column cross the pontoon bridge, leaving the left bank of the Rhine free of the Kaiser's fighters. As soon as they were gone, the people began to take in the flags; for the Americans are to reach here soon. Our Oberbürgermeister has seen fit to request the American chiefs to put their troops in Coblenz as soon as possible after the last German detachment has left, in order to prevent any sort of disturbances that the absence of military force might encourage.

December 9. — So this is their army! We had a big laugh over it at the café last night. A few hundred troops came in by railroad about midday, and groups of three or four soldiers began to walk back and forth through the streets, assisting our worthy police. The whole foreign force here makes only a handful. No wonder that they are so few, after the carnage caused among them during the last few months. And their officers — they are mere innocent young boys. Two or three of us went to the station to see the Americans come in, and it was all we could do to restrain our merriment at the sight of a rosy-faced youth — a major in their army, he is, too! — in conversation with our general, with his fine gray whiskers.

They were arranging the transfer of certain barracks, warehouses, and so on. The general was thoroughly polite, but we knew what pity he must be feeling for the inexperience of this child-major.

December 13. — It seems that the American soldiers who entered the city last Sunday were not their army at all, but only a detachment sent on ahead, at the request of our Oberbürgermeister, to act as military police. Yesterday the first part of the army proper arrived — the First Division, they call it. It tramped through our streets a good part of the day, preparatory to crossing the Rhine this forenoon. There were thousands upon thousands of the soldiers, with cannon and machine-guns and rifles. Naturally they do not make the appearance to which we are accustomed in the Kaiser's troops. They wear brownish-yellow uniforms. They laugh a great deal, but some of our citizens remarked that when they were not laughing they had an unusually direct and serious gaze.

Their bands marched in front of the regiments, playing gay tunes, from one end of the city to the other, and they carried flying banners. Our people had been reminded by the newspapers that they must not show themselves gaping and curious; but one could see much by looking from behind window-curtains. How we hate to see foreign troops in our dear Residenzstadt! But we conceal our feelings, of course, and are outwardly friendly.

December 14. — I learn that the regiments passing through Coblenz were only part of those that have reached the Rhine. Farther down the river two more divisions are crossing, to occupy what they call the bridgehead, a semicircular area extending 30 kilometres from here. And there are many other divisions that stop on this side of the Rhine, disposing themselves in the district to the north and west and southwest, all the way back to the Luxembourg and French frontier. Altogether, there are a quarter of a million Americans in the Fatherland. The British are to the north and the French to the south, but of these I do not know the exact number.

When they are not in formation, the Americans, officers and soldiers both, spread throughout the city, entering the shops and buying every sort of article. I have heard of their high pay, but even at that I do not understand how they can spend so much. Their main thought when off duty seems to be to get rid of their money at once. They rarely question the price of anything. They are forbidden to buy food of any kind from civilians, but on other purchases there is no restriction. We sell to them gladly.

December 17. — What occurred this afternoon stirred me to the deepest anger. They have billeted two Americans on me; and not officers, but enlisted men! I should have thought at least that, if I had to submit to such a thing, only officers should be placed in my house. But no. Because I happen to dwell near the barracks, I am selected to accommodate a sergeant and corporal, who, it seems, must have special quarters. When the officer informed me of it, he must have seen my displeasure, for he turned gruff all of a sudden and told me to make haste and prepare the room. I forced myself to smile and speak pleasantly, but how I raged inside!

December 18. — I congratulate myself upon having had the good fortune to study English at school; that was many years ago, but it comes back to me, and I can understand what these people say I pretend not to under-

stand, of course, and they talk freely around me. Thus I may learn something helpful to the Fatherland or the city.

December 20. — Maria has changed completely in the last day or two. Another one of her moods! It is almost humiliating to realize how little I know of my own wife. I used to think I knew her, but now there is always some new turn. It is troubling. A fortnight ago she was nervous, almost frightened; now she is smiling and content.

The American corporal knocked at our door a little while ago, and when Maria went and opened it, he took off his queer little hat and bowed and asked her for a candle. He could say only two words, 'candle' and 'please,' and when she fetched it, he said one word only: 'Thanks.' Maria smiled at him and bade him good-night.

'That is right, Maria,' I said to her when she sat down. 'It is our duty to be agreeable to these Americans. It is to them that we must look for help at the peace meeting.'

She sat up straight in her chair and looked hard at me.

'That was not why I smiled at him!' she exclaimed. 'I know nothing of your peace meetings! He is always polite to me, and kind. I am learning something.'

She said no more, but seemed to forget me and bent over her sewing again, and I could see her smiling to herself. Thus a woman speaks in riddles.

December 21. — I cannot keep that child Marguerita away from the house, though she used not to come often. I know — it is the Americans. I met her coming along the street hand-in-hand with the corporal to-day. She is only eight years old, and the top of her head reached hardly above his waist. She kept hopping and skipping along, to keep even with him, and looking up at him, shouting and laughing the way children do. He would take her by both hands now and then, and lift her far off the ground, and they would both laugh aloud. They were so busy at this nonsense that they did n't see me as I passed.

The other, the sergeant, leaned out of the window and called, —

'Cut out that fraternizing, bo! The M.P.'s will run you in!'

One of these silly American jokes, I suppose. They are always going on in that fashion.

December 22. — We are beginning to hear tales of the Americans from all through the occupied district, on both sides of the Rhine. They are billeted in the towns and villages — sometimes one or two in a house, sometimes half a dozen or more. From everywhere one hears the same story of how they behave toward women and children, and of how the women and children are coming to like them. A truck-gardener from below Andernach told me that one or two of the women in his village had actually ventured to compare these strangers' bearing with that of German men, to the disadvantage of the latter! Sometimes I wonder what we are coming to, indeed, when things like that can be spoken aloud.

But the men of the Rhineland are not to be fooled. They keep their heads. They do not like the Americans. We may all seem to be friendly toward them, men and women alike, but it is for a different reason. With the women, this conduct springs from their foolishness: they have their silly heads turned because these downy-cheeked boys stand aside to let them pass and say 'please' and 'thank you,' and show them a sort of reverence. With the men, it is because we know what is best for the Fatherland; we know that there is nothing to be gained at present by

showing animosity, and probably much is to be gained by the opposite attitude; these men will write back home of the Germans, and their feeling will be transferred to their Congress and cabinet ministers, and will find itself reflected at the Peace meeting. Oh, we Germans are not fools!

December 23. — On the stairs this morning, I met the corporal coming up with a loaf of bread and a great lump of butter in his hands. Fine yellow butter! I had not had even a taste for days, and it made my mouth water. I could not resist the impulse to obtain some. I would not speak English to him, — he is not to know that I can speak it, — but I went quickly into the kitchen and brought back two eggs a friend from the country had given me. When he opened the door to my knock, I pointed to the butter on the table, then to the eggs in my hand, and smiled so that he could not miss my meaning.

'Nothing doing, Fritzie,' he said, talking in his own language just as if he thought I could understand. 'Against Army Regulations. But I'll tell you what I'll do.'

Thereupon he seized the bread and butter, took me by the elbow, and before I could understand what he was about had piloted me downstairs and into the room where Maria was cleaning the floor. With a knife which he drew from his pocket he cut a thick slice from the loaf of bread, spread butter on it, and handed it to Maria. He pushed her gently into a chair and said, —

'Eat that.'

The impudent fellow then locked his arm in mine, and we stood there together looking down at Maria munching the bread and butter.

'Now, ain't that fine?' he asked, looking at me. 'The very best quality your Uncle Samuel carries.'

I made a move to break away from him, but a sudden severe pressure of his arm prevented; and so we stood there until Maria had finished the last mouthful. Then he loosed me, bounded out of the room with the rest of the bread and butter, and ran up the stairs guffawing at the top of his lungs. Maria might well have looked ashamed, but she did not. She got up from her chair and went ahead with her cleaning as if nothing had happened.

December 24. — After luncheon today I found Maria and the child Marguerita putting up a small Christmas tree, all decorated with beads and tinsel and colored candles, in the room of the two Americans.

December 27. — These Americans are soft. It is easy to see that they could not be fighters, with their mild and bashful ways. It was their luck to reach the battlefield when our men had become tired after years of war, and when our leaders had already decided it was wisest to make peace. Naturally they cannot be resisted in any manner here. It would not be prudent to cause any ill-feeling under present circumstances; besides, all the Germans have had their arms taken away from them. But what short work we could make of them if we had a fair chance!

December 28. — There is much talk of the Republic, as if it were surely a permanent affair. We are to have an election to choose delegates to a National Assembly. This is all very well. We have to go on with it and make the best of it, *for a time*. But one would think, to hear some of these young radicals talk, that all eternity was embraced in a half-year. They do not seem to realize that time brings great changes. Our schoolmasters have taught us how Prussia, a short while after being under

the heel of Napoleon, had trained an army and was again in the field. The peace will come; the armed forces now gathered will scatter; all the nations of the world will not necessarily be always leagued against us, as they are now. At this moment our armies are out of action, and our Kaiser is in exile; but who knows — there is much speech-making, and issuing of manifestoes, and such like. But there are several million Germans who are saying little, and thinking, and — waiting. They may be enrolling in this or that party, Majority Socialist, or People's Democratic Party, or what not; but they are, first of all, Germans.

December 29. — This being Sunday, I remained at home. In the afternoon, while the two American soldiers sat on the front steps, in the fine weather, I was in my armchair just inside the window. After talking a few minutes about their desire to return home (in their ignorance not valuing the privilege of spending several months in such a city as ours), the sergeant remarked, —

'The fat Fritzie we live with is a great old stiff, ain't he?'

'You know he's in the window there and can hear every word we say,' replied the corporal, whose name is Tanner.

'What's the odds? He can't understand English. We can say what we like.'

'That's right; we can call the old pig all the names in the dictionary.'

I chuckled to myself at this, and the satisfaction at outwitting these foreigners outweighed the natural discomfort I felt at hearing uncomplimentary things about myself.

'Ain't he the selfishest one you ever saw?' agreed the sergeant.

'Looks out for number one every minute, you bet.'

'You ought to've seen him the other day when I made him stand and watch his wife eat that bread and butter. He pretty near foamed at the mouth.'

'Never looks so happy as when he starts out after supper every night to guzzle beer with those other Heinies in the café up the street.'

'Treats his wife like a dog.'

'She's a nice sort of woman. Hard luck to be hooked up to a thing like him, eh?'

'If we could stay here and train the children, there would n't be any left like him after about fifty years.'

'You 're right. And Germany 'll never be any good till they get rid of his kind.'

They paused a moment, and I could hear them laugh.

'Now, let him have it, corporal,' said the sergeant.

'And the funniest thing about him,' said the corporal, raising his voice, 'is how he thinks he's fooling us about not understanding English. We caught on to the way he was listening the first day we were here, and yet he thinks he's kept us in the dark. And now he sits there right behind us in the window, listening to all the names we've been calling him, and thinking how clever he is. Ain't it the funniest — '

In my indignation, I shut the window with a bang at this point. As I went upstairs I could hear the two creatures shouting with laughter. I would not write down this stupid talk, except as an illustration of the brutal manners of these Americans.

(*To be concluded*)

THE MORAL ISSUE IN RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, JR.

MUCH has been written in criticism and condemnation of the American policy in Russia and Siberia. Many pages of pure propaganda, written, from one point of view or another, to help definite parties and factions, and much honest discussion, especially in liberal papers, in which theory has tended to become divorced from facts, and in which American standards and measures and American psychology are too often applied to Russian affairs, have tended to becloud the real issues of the struggle in Russia, and to leave the inquirer confused and disheartened in the face of a situation so far away, so terrible, and so complex. The tragedy and suffering throughout the length and breadth of Russia, which seem so useless, and which the ever-ready generosity of Americans longs to relieve, make many people impatient that no way has yet been found to end this terrible situation; and this very eagerness to help, this heartfelt sympathy for Russia, withheld by the nature of the case from its natural expression, render a cool and reasoned view of the situation tenfold more difficult.

The present article, based on continued residence in Soviet Russia and Siberia since the first day of the October Revolution (1917), when the Bolsheviki first came into power, may, it is sincerely hoped, serve to bring the discussion up to date, and to set forth clearly and simply the main outlines of the situation as it exists to-day.

To speak first in general terms — the situation is hopeful. Constant association with Russians of all sorts and classes indelibly impresses on one's mind the fact that Russia is fundamentally democratic. Through all its failure, its misery and oppression, its mistakes and factional strife, bound down by the deadening ignorance of its masses and the incapacity for true self-government of those who should be its natural leaders, due largely to their lifelong training in conspiracy and plotting under the iron rule of their Tsars, the Russian people are reaching out for some sort of free government, some purely Russian expression of their national life. They have done forever with the old tyranny of which all the world knows, and they are weary and in revolt against the new tyranny of Lenin and Trotsky, and will in time, by their own force, overthrow it. It is a strange thing that, while they recognize their community of interest in the destruction of liberal forces everywhere, and, in a very real sense, their community of method, many Russian monarchists have been, and still are, able to work in utmost harmony with the Bolsheviki.

For those who have read the official words of Bolshevist leaders and of their supporters and apologists in America, and who are comparatively uninformed as to the manner in which Bolshevist rule actually works out in practice, it is natural to regard the Bolsheviki as a political party entitled to consideration equally with other parties. For those who have lived only in advanced self-governing countries, it

is easy to say, 'The Bolsheviki control most of Russia — they must have wide popular support, otherwise the people would overthrow them.' For those wholly unacquainted with conditions in Siberia it will be equally easy to misinterpret the nature of the opposition to the Bolsheviki and glibly to say that it consists of a group of reactionaries little better than the Bolsheviki themselves. To all such persons the presence of American troops in Russia and Siberia must seem a wrong and uncalled-for interference in other people's affairs; and the suggestion that all Russians cease fighting and agree upon a general armistice will seem only reasonable and right.

To meet these widely entertained points of view it is necessary to show — First, that the Soviet government is in no sense a popular or democratic government, and that it does not represent the majority of the people, or even a majority of the working-class. Second, that the political system developed under the Bolsheviki is not a natural outgrowth of established institutions. Third, that the Omsk government is not a reactionary government, and cannot be lightly swept aside as a mere political faction. Fourth, that an armistice among the Russians now contending for supremacy is both impossible and undesirable, because of the nature of the struggle.

After careful consideration of facts which can be adduced in support of these propositions it will be easier to estimate the value of the work now being done by the United States in Siberia, the necessity of the retention of American soldiers in Russia, and the significance of recent events there.

I

Lenin himself would be surprised to hear that Soviet government has found defenders in America or anywhere else on the ground that it is in any sense a popular or democratic form of government. The writer has been assured in Russia, not once, but many times, by Bolshevist officials and supporters, that Soviet government is something higher and better than democratic government; that Soviet Russia has passed through and beyond the elementary stage of democracy in which the United States, poor benighted country, is still enmeshed. The theory that elections to the Soviets are based upon an occupational franchise, in which every citizen is classified under a certain head, either as a hand-worker or as a brain-worker, and votes with his economic group, excluding only the non-productive elements, is on the face of it attractive to those who are intensely conscious of the evils of our present system.

There is, however, in the Bolshevist philosophy one cardinal doctrine, which changes the whole character of Soviet rule. It is not a chance doctrine, but one which has repeatedly been enunciated by Lenin, and which makes perfectly plain and logical many acts that Americans who desire to escape from the old system are apt to regard as altogether apart from the idea of Soviet rule as such, and as only the arbitrary acts of individuals. This doctrine is simply this: first, that the proletariat does not know what is good for its own welfare; second, that there is a small minority group which does know what is best for the proletariat, and, fully justified by this knowledge, not only ought, but is bound as a sacred duty, to act by force against the will of the majority of the workers if such will is, in their opinion, contrary to their best interests.

This doctrine is well summarized in a conversation between an American friend of the writer and a Bolshevist

commissar[1] from Kazan, in which the American propounded this hypothetical question:—

'If there were a Constituent Assembly elected under Bolshevist military control, but composed of three hundred and ninety-nine Social-Revolutionist delegates and one Bolshevist delegate, and the one Bolshevist were armed, would the latter be justified in dissolving the Assembly by force of arms, and thus constituting himself the whole Assembly?'

The commissar replied, 'It would not only be his right but his duty, as he would be the only one of all those present who was a real friend of the proletariat.'

It is this doctrine of a Bolshevist 'divine right,' in essence no different from the ancient divine right of kings, which constitutes the Bolsheviki the only judges as to who is a friend of the people, who shall be elected to the Soviets, and who shall constitute the electorate; which doctrine, carried out in practice to its ultimate conclusion, has resulted in so complete an identification of the Soviets and the Bolsheviki as to destroy any validity in the view taken by many Americans, that they are two very different things. This distinction is not *now* made in Russia at all.

Three instances may serve to illustrate the way in which the above doctrine works out in practice. The first was the dissolution by force of arms of the Constituent Assembly elected in November, 1917, for the sole and simple reason that, although the elections had been held under complete Bolshevist control, an overwhelming majority of Social-Revolutionist candidates was elected.

The second was the following. In March, 1918, the writer attended the Congress of All-Russian Soviets of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies in Moscow. After the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, the election of the Central Executive Committee, the administrative body which was to carry on the government for the next year, was carried out according to a prearranged plan. This body was to elect the People's Commissars. After all this had been accomplished, a Social-Revolutionist delegate, Martov, — one of the seventy-five or so admitted for the sake of form, the controlled Bolshevist representation amounting to not less than 600, — rose to speak. He made the suggestion that, inasmuch as the Congress was the representative of all Russian Soviets, — the body in which the ultimate sovereignty of the Russian proletarian government was supposed to be lodged, — it would be well that the People's Commissars, elected by its Executive Committee, should be required to present monthly accounts of the vast sums of the people's money they handled — at least, to the Executive Committee. Martov pointed out that this was merely a continuation of the practice followed when the Bolsheviki were represented in Kerensky's cabinet, and that now they were in full power, he did not see why it should be abolished. At a signal from the Bolshevist leaders a storm of protest arose. The speaker was howled down, branded as a counter-revolutionist, and was not allowed to finish his speech. In other words, the Bolshevist leaders acted upon the doctrine set forth above, namely, that the self-constituted minority group in power must be free from any control whatsoever, even from those very members of the proletariat who they had decided were entitled to vote. Democratic principles, even in so purely formal and elementary a form as that suggested by

[1] *Commissar*, or commissioner, is the usual term applied to the higher Bolshevist officials of all classes.

Martov, were not to be tolerated for a moment.

The third instance is taken from a typical small provincial town and serves to show that the same doctrine was acted upon in all parts of the country. The writer attended, in May, 1918, an election to the local Soviet in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. The occupational group taking part in the election was that of clerks and office-workers. At the meeting held to elect the twelve representatives allotted to this group in the Soviet, not one person who was not a humble wage-earner was present. It was in every respect a proletarian meeting. Early in the proceedings it became evident that the Social-Revolutionists were in the majority. A test vote was taken on a question of credentials and the Bolsheviki were defeated three to one.

As is always the case when the Bolsheviki are outvoted, they refused to abide by the decision. Their leaders called upon all Bolshevist sympathizers to leave the room immediately, branding the Social-Revolutionists as enemies of the people. After all the Bolsheviki had left the hall, it was found that a quorum still remained, and twelve Social-Revolutionist members were elected to the Soviet. The next morning the election was declared illegal, a new meeting was held, from which all anti-Bolshevist members were excluded, and twelve Bolshevist members were elected and seated in the Soviet.

Such methods can be successfully carried out by the Bolsheviki for the simple reason that might is stronger than right. They have possession of all the arms and ammunition, having come into control in the beginning by cleverly capitalizing the longing of the people for land and peace, and having then organized a highly paid, mercenary Red army.

In accordance with this doctrine, then, and in this manner, the Soviet in Russia has become an instrument of political tyranny.

II

The preceding paragraphs will serve to show that it is rather a stretch of the imagination to regard Soviet government, as found in Russia to-day, as a natural outgrowth of that fundamental ancient Russian institution, the village council, or Mir. Let us analyze the Soviet government of Siberia at the time of its overthrow by the Czechs in June, 1918. It was modeled by Bolshevist emissaries from Moscow closely on the Soviet organization of European Russia. At the centre of the government, as supreme administrative, and in practice also as supreme legislative body, there was a small permanent committee known as Centro Sibir. This committee elected the People's Commissars for Foreign Affairs, the Interior, etc., for Siberia, and was itself elected by a general Siberian convention of Soviets — a large body meeting for a few days at rare intervals, to act on carefully prepared agenda. This convention was composed of delegates from three different types of political organizations — the Soviets, or Councils, of certain independent industrial groups, such as the workmen in large factories, and in isolated industries, etc.; the city Soviets, representing the proletariat of the cities; and the county congresses of Soviets, representing the country districts.

These three types of Soviet were about equally represented at the General Siberian Convention, giving the cities a two-to-one majority over the peasants. But the county congresses of Soviets were not the direct representatives of the peasants: they were composed of delegates from the cantonal or

district congresses of Soviets. And not even the cantonal congresses were the direct representatives of the peasants, but were composed in turn of delegates from the village councils, or Soviets, which, in the last analysis, did directly represent the peasants. By an ingenious provision in the constitution of this Soviet republic, each of these Soviets, from the bottom up, was given the 'privilege' of electing one or more outsiders as advisers, on the theory that the peasants were not competent to understand the way in which a Soviet should be run and were not sufficiently conversant with the principles of the economic revolution. This, of course, meant that the Bolsheviki of the central organization had their own representative in control of every Soviet in the whole step-ladder.

We have, then, a structure in which the working-class, in Russia an exceedingly small percentage of the people, is given overwhelming representation in the (so-called) general legislative body, and is directly represented therein, while the peasants, the great mass of the people, have only a minority representation, diluted through two extra elections. The peasants and the workers, without participation in the administrative power, are represented in the central government only in a body whose function is confined to meeting a few days in the year to act as a rubber stamp.

Such a scheme of government can by no means be explained as a natural outgrowth of the old village Soviet, which was first introduced into Russia to give the peasants some chance to express their grievances. The city Soviets, — representing a small minority of the people, — which are given such preponderance in the scheme of government analyzed above, are adaptations of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils which sprang up here and there after the 1905 Revolution. This great superstructure, grafted upon and submerging the original village Soviet, was so far from being a natural evolution of an already established Russian institution that the Bolshevist leaders were obliged to establish schools for agitators, to teach their own agents what it was all about, so as to fit them for the work of instructing the people. This agitation, based entirely on the well-known principle of advertising, that a thing repeated often enough and categorically enough will come to be believed, has always been the chief instrument of the spread of Bolshevism throughout Russia, if we leave out of the account the more forcible arguments used by the Red Army and the committees of Poverty.

In Perm the writer noticed the prospectus of one of the Bolshevist schools for agitators, offering courses in Soviet government, the Red Army, the World-Revolution, and the like. A regular diploma was offered, as in any other institution of learning. Such a method as this would not be necessary if this form of government were natural to Russia.

In a captured box-car used as an office by the Bolsheviki, and taken by the Siberian army, the writer found last December, a printed questionnaire for the use of Bolshevist agitators sent out to convert the villages. Prominent among the questions to be answered were the following: —

'Is there a Soviet in this village?' 'Is there any sentiment in favor of a Soviet?' 'Do the people understand how to organize a Soviet?' 'Do you recommend sending organizers from Perm to organize a Soviet here?' 'Who are the men who might be used in a Soviet organization here?' 'Who are the rich peasants in the village?' and so forth.

Such questions show clearly that the

Soviet form of government was not a universal or natural one in Russian villages; and the fact that it was necessary for the Bolsheviki to send out their organizers from the city to the villages themselves, to form Soviets there, implies very strongly that the Soviet system as it actually exists was built from the top down, and not from the bottom up.

Such is the highly autocratic political weapon which the Bolsheviki have forged for themselves, which they have used and are using in conjunction with the Red Army for the destruction, root and branch, of the modern economic system of production and distribution, and of the entire class representing that system, including the people who represent such truly Russian and democratic institutions as the City Councils and Zemstvos.

III

Opposing the Soviet government by force of arms in Siberia there is the All-Russian government, headed by Admiral Kolchak, with its seat in Omsk. The history of the development of this government is as follows. After the dispersal by the Bolsheviki of the November (1917) Constituent Assembly in Moscow, many of the members found their way into Siberia, and maintained their organization secretly under the Bolshevist régime. On the liberation of Central Siberia by the Czechs, in May and June, 1918, this group elected an Executive Council of Ministers, set up a government known as the Temporary Siberian Government, and immediately set about organizing a Russian anti-Bolshevist army. Delegates from this group managed to reach Vladivostock, and on the overthrow of the Bolsheviki there, declared themselves to be the representatives in the Far East of the Temporary Siberian Government, deriving their authority from the undeniable fact that they were the only duly elected representatives of the people on the scene. Coördination between this group and the Temporary Siberian Government in Central Siberia, under the leadership of Vologodski, was rendered almost impossible by the total lack of direct communication due to the existence of three separate military fronts between Vladivostock and Central Siberia: the front between Semeonov and the Bolsheviki and Germans on the Western Manchurian border; the front between Kalmikov and the Bolsheviki and Germans on the Eastern Siberian border; and the front between the Czechs and the Bolsheviki and Germans near Nikolsk.

Late in July, 1918, the capture of Nikolsk by the Czechs and the consequent liquidation of the Kalmikov front opened up communication, through Manchuria, with the Semeonov front. This was followed at once by the proclamation of General Horvat, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chinese Eastern Railroad and, in effect, dictator of Manchuria, setting himself up as supreme ruler of Russia. This proclamation, coming shortly before the joint Allied declarations on intervention, aside from being an interesting incident, created an *impasse* between the Temporary Siberian Government representatives and General Horvat on the question who represented the legitimate power in Eastern Siberia.

Early in September the heroic Czechs, advancing eastward on the Trans-Siberian line after capturing Chita, took the Bolshevist forces opposing Semeonov from behind. The Germans and Austrians, deserted by the Russian part of the Red Army, were forced to give way, and on September 6, 1918, communication was at last established between Vladivostock and

the Urals, when Gaida and Semeonov effected a junction.

Then for the first time it became generally known that there was in Omsk a Russian government, based on liberal principles, and commanding a growing army, which was gradually beginning to lend real help to the Czechs, and around which, although slowly, a real national sentiment was forming. The sphere of direct influence of the Vologodski government at Omsk was at first not great, and a more radical governmental group was formed, first at Ekaterinburg and then at Ufa, in which the radical Avksentiev was the leading figure. In the meantime, Semeonov had moved out to Chita, and had established himself there.

In October, 1918, there had emerged from the complete economic and mental confusion left by the Bolsheviki in Siberia four major governmental groups, all strongly anti-Bolshevist, but inspired by radically different ideas, and separated physically by immense distances and very slow communications. These groups were: 1. The Temporary Siberian Government at Omsk; 2. The Ufa Convention under Avksentiev; 3. General Horvat in the Far East; 4. Semeonov in Chita. The problem of reconciling and unifying these four groups, hopeless as it seemed at first, has been met and solved in very large measure. The magnificent constancy of the Czechs held things together at the front and along the railroad line, until the shattered Russian forces could be gathered together under unified leadership. Four months ago the last Czech forces left the Ural front, and the Russians themselves assumed the full burden of the war of liberation.

The political and economic unification of the vast and varied territories between Krasnoyarsk and Vladivostock has not yet been thoroughly carried out. Especially is this true of the Far East, where tremendous outside world-forces are constantly at play, preventing anything like a normal development. The steadying influences of the Czech army and the Allied forces in this territory is still an important factor. It is true, however, that immediately on the liberation of Siberia by the Czechs, the real Russian organs of local government, the City Councils and Zemstvo Unions, everywhere resumed their legitimate essential and constructive work. In every city and town from Vladivostock to the Urals we have now functioning purely Russian institutions, whose parallel is not found in other countries, which have grown up to fill the needs of Russian life, and which are carrying on the work of local government in which they were interrupted by the autocratic power of the Moscow Council of the People's Commissars. Newspapers of every shade of political opinion, except out-and-out Bolshevist papers, are published everywhere, in strong contrast to the complete destruction of freedom of speech in Bolshevist Russia.

The process of unification of the sane elements of Russia against the Bolshevist tyranny has not been accomplished without many arbitrary acts, many heart-burnings, bitter recriminations, and disappointed personal and party hopes. From these has sprung much of that unfortunate division of opinion among anti-Bolshevist Russians, both in Siberia and in the United States, which has tended to confuse the issues and perplex the onlooker.

The steps by which this unification was finally achieved were as follows. After prolonged negotiation, an arrangement was reached between the Ufa Convention and the Temporary Siberian Government in Omsk, by virtue of which a directorate of five, including both Avksentiev and Vologodski, was formed at Omsk, and the

Ufa government was liquidated. This was from the first a makeshift. On November 18, 1918, the Directorate was overthrown by a *coup d'état*, and the Ufa elements in it, headed by Avksentiev, were arrested and exiled, and a new government, under Admiral Kolchak as supreme ruler, was set up in its place. Kolchak, as head of the government, was made responsible to a Council of Ministers, with Vologodski — the man who had been through so many months a guiding power in holding together the organization of the dispersed members of the Constituent Assembly and then in organizing the first Russian anti-Bolshevist army — still at its head. Every order of Kolchak must be countersigned by the secretary of this Council of Ministers.

The *coup d'état* of November 18 was defended as absolutely necessary to avoid a Bolshevist military victory at the front, as the Avksentiev group was pursuing a strictly partisan and extremely radical policy, hampering the work of reconstruction and impairing the morale of the army. This view was first expressed to the writer the morning after the *coup d'état* by the editor of *Zarya* (in Omsk), the most important coöperative paper now published in Russia, and was afterwards repeated many times by independent Russian sources.

A competent American officer, after a trip to Ufa at this time, told the writer that in his personal opinion, based upon a purely military point of view, the extreme radicalism of the Ufa government had been largely responsible for the loss of that city to the Bolsheviki. The desertion to the Bolsheviki of Chernov, who, while not a member of the Directorate, had been closely identified with the Ufa group, tends to bear out this assertion. At any rate, it was obvious that an irreconcilable breach existed in the Directorate, and that a strong man was needed to hold things together.

On assuming power, Admiral Kolchak pledged himself to call a Constituent Assembly at the first possible moment, for the determination of the future government of Russia. From this determination he has never wavered. In personal conversation with Russians Kolchak has repeatedly said that he is primarily an officer in the navy, and has taken up the immense burden laid upon him only in order to hold things together until an opportunity is found to call a Constituent Assembly through the military defeat of the Bolsheviki; and that after that he intends to resign. That Kolchak is not, and never has been, in favor of the old régime has been admitted to the writer by some of the bitterest opponents of his government in Vladivostock; and this fact is abundantly testified to by his unpopularity among those in power in the navy under the Tsar, who consistently opposed his promotion and blocked his progress, on the ground that he was too radical.

However, to gain the support of the older officers, whose professional services were essential to the success of the army, and to obtain the allegiance of Horvat, the *de facto* power in the Far East, Kolchak made certain concessions to the reactionary elements, which alienated many liberal and patriotic persons. Especially is this true of the appointment of certain military governors in interior cities, whose disregard of local institutions and whose arbitrary acts, especially those of General Ivanov-Rinov (since removed from power by Kolchak) in Vladivostock, have done much to foster the impression that the Omsk government is a thoroughly reactionary one. But the monarchists have been far from satisfied, and it is established on the very best authority that there have been two, or

perhaps three, serious attempts to capture the Omsk government for the monarchists. Kolchak has successfully resisted them all, and recently the radical Socialist groups in Siberia, the central organs of all the Siberian coöperators, and the Central Union of the Zemstvos have united in a public declaration of support of the Kolchak government so long as it holds true to its pledge to summon a freely elected Constituent Assembly. This declaration was followed by a very noticeable consolidation of Russian Socialist groups in the United States and in Paris, including the coöperators and Babushka Breshkovskaya. This latter development, which took place early in May, 1919, very materially strengthens the hands of the liberals in the Omsk government and shows the growth of popular belief that Kolchak, strengthened and confirmed in his position as a national and not a purely local or regional leader by the allegiance of the governments of Deniken and Tschaikowski, will carry out his pledge in this essential matter.

Semeonov in the meantime has descended to the level of a mere irresponsible bandit, playing the game of organized speculation and exploitation of his country's misery as long as he can safely and profitably play it.

IV

The Omsk government, many as its defects are admitted to be, is one in which liberal and decent elements in Russian life are struggling, not only against the Bolsheviki at the front, but also against the reactionaries in their own midst. The liberal elements have thus far kept control. They feel that they are waging a war of liberation of their country from a hideous tyranny. They are having their first fruits of success. They stand for the idea of nationality, while the Bolsheviki's fundamental principle denies the validity of the idea of nationality and scoffs at patriotism as a scheme of capitalism to oppress the poor. They stand for the payment of Russia's foreign debt; the Bolsheviki openly repudiate that debt, but are willing to use the promise to honor it as a bribe to other countries. They stand for a government that will give the whole nation freedom to express its will and continue its natural national development; the Bolsheviki stand for the old principle of government by the knout. They believe the Siberian army to be an army of liberation, destined to free the common people from intolerable economic oppression, and to rescue the last remnants of the educated, the intelligent, and the cultivated from annihilation under the heel of ruthless and cruel despotism; while the Bolsheviki are obliged by the inexorable logic of their position to refuse the offer made by neutral countries to feed the hungry and the suffering in the great cities; for they cannot feed and strengthen those whom they are pledged to destroy, and still retain their power.

That the Siberian army is, in fact, regarded as an army of liberation was brought home to the writer most impressively when he entered the city of Perm three days after its capture from the Bolsheviki by the Siberian troops. The empty streets, the closed stores, the empty markets, the hungry and hunted faces of the people, the joy they expressed at being spoken to as friends, and at the hope of getting bread and something to read other than constant and venomous abuse of all that decent people hold sacred and honorable, their stories of the brutal execution of their friends and their anxious inquiries as to the fate of the hostages, all tended to produce an impression that here were people freed from slavery and given the chance to live anew. Is it to be won-

dered at that the suggestion, heard so often in America, that all Russian 'factions' should conclude a general armistice, comes to such men as a shock and an insult, born of an almost unbelievable misunderstanding of the situation? For both sides it is civil war, war to the death. A just estimate of Russian reaction to American policies requires an appreciation of the fact that the psychology of the conflict in Russia is a psychology of civil war. It is, furthermore, a civil war toward which it is not honorable to preserve a neutral attitude. There is a tremendous moral obligation upon the Allies not to desert Russia, on account of her five million dead in the war. Nearly every decent man admits this, but says, 'Alas, there is little choice between the factions. Where does that obligation lie?' To one who knows the facts, there is little doubt as to where the choice of a truly liberal man should fall.

America has openly recognized this obligation, and in giving practical encouragement to those who are struggling to re-create a Russian state on a liberal and sound basis, she has recognized the fact that in this struggle in Russia one side is right and the other wrong. The most important of all the methods by which America, in conjunction with her allies, is trying to discharge her obligation to Russia is in the rehabilitation of the Trans-Siberian Railway. On the successful carrying out of this work depends the economic reëstablishment of Russia. The conclusion of the international agreement and the beginning of actual work on the railway by the Stevens Commission brought joy and hope to thousands of the disheartened and discouraged among the patriotic liberal elements of Russia. Any American along the Trans-Siberian road can to-day answer in the affirmative the oft-repeated question, 'Have the Americans started to restore the railroad?' asked anxiously by all classes of men, and will receive in return a smile of relief and pleasure which will make him proud that America has undertaken this great work.

To protect this railroad against organized and semi-official bandits like Semeonov at Chita, and against wandering bands of Bolshevist sympathizers, it is necessary to have troops. The Czechs are doing much of this policing work, and the other Allies have some part in it. America is doing her share. Every American in uniform who has traveled over the Trans-Siberian Railway can testify to the eagerness with which the people crowded about him and asked if at last the long-awaited American soldiers were coming; and he will not easily forget the disappointment in their faces when he had to say that they were not. This eagerness to see the American soldiers is due to the fact that in them is seen a guaranty that the country will not again be given over to Bolshevism, that the actual work of rehabilitation of the railroad is begun, that the day of Semeonov and the other semi-independent Cossack *hetmans* is over, and that the normal flow of goods will be resumed. The writer can confidently testify to the desire on the part of all classes, except monarchists, to have the Americans come to help them in their fight for liberation, if not at the front, at least in economic and police duties at the rear. The monarchists know that they look in vain for any help from American sources.

There is, however, a reason more selfish than the carrying out of our obligation toward the sane and liberal elements in Russia why it is necessary and justifiable to have American troops in Russia. This grows out of the very nature of Bolshevism. The great hope of the Bolsheviki has always rested in the world-revolution. The Spartacus

outbreak and the Communist revolution in Hungary gave hope and life to the Bolsheviki. Lenin has said that Bolshevism cannot live in Russia alone. Unless the Bolshevist world-revolution follows, his 'great experiment' fails. Therefore the Bolsheviki cannot stop their foreign propaganda for the overthrow of foreign governments, and they hate the American government as much as the German Imperial government, for in weakening it and in weakening France, Italy, and Great Britain lies their only hope.

When we went to war with Germany, Germany did not threaten us directly as she threatened France, but we knew that a German-controlled Europe would be a terrible menace to American democracy. Bolshevism does not threaten us directly, as it threatens Central Europe, Germany, France, and Italy, but we know that a Bolshevik-controlled Europe would be a great menace to American institutions and principles. By retaining our soldiers in Russia and Siberia and by sending there our Red Cross and our engineers, we are not only in part liquidating our debt to loyal and patriotic Russians by assisting them in their effort to save their country, and carrying out the obligation we have entered into with our allies: we are also, by forming part of the iron ring which has been drawn about the Russian Soviet government, contending against a highly organized force which, from the nature of the peculiar philosophy underlying it, cannot cease to wage relentless war upon the very institutions which are the hope of a self-determining and free Russia. These institutions are the agencies of local self-government which have their roots in Russian history and meet Russian needs. They are institutions which can develop in harmony and coördination with the development of liberal institutions elsewhere, and add their own peculiar Russian contribution to the general progress of mankind toward a better and more perfectly organized world-society. As the Siberian army advances, in one freed town after another the City Councils and Zemstvos, Coöperators, and other real Russian political and economic organizations take up anew their interrupted work. By opposing the Bolsheviki with armed force, therefore, we are helping in a very fundamental way in the liberation of Russia and bringing nearer the lasting peace which cannot come to pass until that country is powerful and free.

GERMANY IN REVOLUTION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

I

THE German revolution was long preparing, and, like other great events, it cast its shadow far before. In one of several peace appeals which Russia addressed to the Central Powers before the abdication of the Tsar, the government at Petrograd cautioned: 'Every day that peace is postponed contains an added threat to the security of the European dynasties.' Count Czernin, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary, said in a memorandum to Emperor Charles in April, 1917:—

'I cannot pass over a topic which gives its supreme emphasis to my whole argument. This is the danger of revolution, which is lowering over the horizon of all Europe. Five monarchs already have lost their thrones in this war, and the appalling ease with which the most powerful monarch in the world has been overthrown may encourage people to ponder the proverb, *Exempla trahunt.* It is not enough to say that conditions are different in Germany and Austria-Hungary. . . . The war has opened a new era in history. It has no previous examples and recognizes no precedents. The world is no longer the same world that it was three years ago, and we seek in vain for analogies in past history for events that have now become everyday occurrences. Any statesman who is not blind or deaf must appreciate that the stupid despair of the people is growing daily. He must hear the deep growl of dissatisfaction among the masses, and if he has any sense of responsibility he must take this situation into account. . . . I am thoroughly impressed with the conviction that, if Germany should try to conduct another winter campaign, revolutionary disturbances would occur in that country.'

The last prediction came true; for the first overt acts of revolution were the political strikes in Austria, Hungary, and Germany the following winter. The Bolshevist overturn in Russia, and the withdrawal of that country from the war, had encouraged the common people of the Central Powers to hope for speedy peace. When this hope was disappointed by the interruption of negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, late in December, 1917, popular protest expressed itself by acts. Strikes started in Vienna on January 16, spread over Austria and to Budapest within forty-eight hours, and came to a head in Berlin and throughout Germany ten days later. Work ceased in all industries; the fires of furnaces died down; the wheels of munitions works were still; newspapers could not appear; hotels and restaurants were without service. These demonstrations were political rather than economic, and were planned to last but a few days.

Radical Socialists were the prime movers, while government Socialists and trade-union leaders held aloof. Evidences of Russian Bolshevist propaganda were already apparent. The governments promised reforms until their people returned to work, and then used conventional reactionary methods to punish the principal agitators.

Spring came, bringing formal peace with Russia, warmth and sunshine, and the promise of a successful offensive in the West. But deep in the hearts of the common people were bitterness and discontent. Subsequent military reverses merely released the flood. The Kaiser's September speech at Essen was the frightened plea of a monarch already cowering before the rising tide of popular wrath, which had withdrawn for a moment, only to return with over-overwhelming force.

II

While revolutionary sentiment was diffused throughout the Central Powers, the acute foci were in industrial centres and the army and navy. Army disaffection was particularly strong among replacement troops and reserves in garrisons. As early as 1915, furloughed soldiers from manufacturing towns employed their excursions into the country for provisions to spread revolutionary propaganda among the peasants. Convalescents returning to duty were disaffected; for revolutionary teaching found fertile soil in army hospitals and other centres of discouragement and morbidity. Thousands of former prisoners who came back from Russia after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk poured a stream of Bolshevist doctrine into the Western trenches. Replacement troops of the later classes were young men who had attained maturity during the past four years. They had grown up in an atmosphere of war demoralization. Many of them had earned high wages and led undisciplined lives in crowded cities. They had no stomach for the hardships and dangers of the front.

Consequently, soldiers courted sentences to the guard-house, organized secret societies, with such names as 'We want to live,' in order to assist each other in evading duty, and established underground railways to facilitate desertion.

Germany's officer losses were very heavy. In proportion to the number in service, three times as many Prussian commissioned officers as privates were killed and five times as many wounded. The result was a dearth of competent leaders. Inferior and immature men — 'boys from the school-bench' — were placed in command of veteran troops. Their incompetence destroyed the confidence and undermined the loyalty of the rank and file. Distrust of the government spread apace. A growing fraction of the army felt that it had been intentionally deceived as to the true causes and issues of the war, and a sense of moral betrayal weakened its devotion to duty.

The spreading spirit of resentment and revolt was carried from the navy to the army by the practice of sentencing mutinous sailors to the trenches. It was conveyed from industrial centres to the army by the custom of sentencing strikers and labor-agitators to service at the front. Last summer, furloughed navy men flocked to the lines behind the battle-area, ostensibly to visit relatives, but really — according to present reports — to promote a revolutionary understanding between the army and the fleet.

In the navy itself disaffection was more acute and of longer standing than among the land forces. It began before the war, and was fostered by abuses peculiar to naval conditions. The men resented the harsh discipline and overbearing manner of their officers. They saw the latter enjoy relatively sumptuous fare, while common soldiers were confined to a monotonous and limited war-diet. 'One abuse that aroused great bitterness,' according to Captain Persius, 'was the fact that officers appropriated food for their families that

was intended for the men, and sent considerable quantities off the vessels.' While on shore duty and leave, enlisted men associated in port cities and naval bases with shipyard workers, who are among the most radical revolutionary elements in Germany. On board vessels favorable opportunities for conspiracy existed, and discontent was communicated rapidly from man to man. Possibly, also, propaganda drifted down the Baltic from the Bolshevist stronghold at Kronstadt.

Nevertheless, most of the complaints of the army and navy concerned service grievances. They would not have infected an empire if the whole body politic had not been feverish with the toxins of the old régime. Political discontent was universal.

Meanwhile, a deliberate and long-planned scheme of revolt was promoted at Berlin. The censorship, the state-of-siege law, the suspension of regulations protecting workers, were specific grievances. The failure of the government to liberalize the Prussian franchise, and the stupid resistance of the Junkers to every move toward popular government, embittered, not only the Socialists, but also Liberals of the middle class. Insensibly the whole nation was drifting toward radicalism. Directly as the pressure of the popular will upon the shell of the old system increased, the autocrats added new weights to the safety-valve. Professional revolutionists, with trained fingers on the pulse of the people, stood alert to utilize the crisis.

In former years the Socialist party in Germany financed revolution in Russia. Now the Bolshevists could return the favor. Lenin's note-presses were reeling off paper roubles, with which he established credits abroad for propaganda. Sums equivalent to millions of dollars found their way from Petrograd and Moscow to the Radical Socialists in Berlin, and were quietly used to prepare the public mind for events whose shadow already lay athwart the heavens, and to arm the proletariat.

By this time, the ruling powers of Germany were trying to parry the lightning of revolution with the foil of parliamentary reform. Here an interesting Nemesis appears. For years, not only German Conservatives, but influential Socialists, had preached the doctrine that workers could better their condition more quickly under a monarchy than under a democracy. They compared the backward labor legislation of England and America with the advanced laws and their excellent enforcement in Germany, and asked the people, 'Do you prefer the enlightened paternalism of the Hohenzollerns or the brutal exploitation of Manchester and Wall Street plutocrats?' Thus they created distrust in constitutional democracy, by representing it as but 'a new machine for pumping blood from the veins of the workers.' But they did not succeed in their prime object of making monarchy the only alternative. The masses conceived a dictatorship of the proletariat as a third exit from their difficulties.

However, during the pause before the plunge into revolution, a responsible ministry was formed under Prince Max of Baden, with Social Democrats of the safe and sane school in the administration. This cabinet, supported by a panicky Reichstag and by a Prussian legislature bedazzled by the light of a new and unwelcome era, hastened to liberalize the old constitution so as to concede overnight what progressives had sought in vain for decades. These changes gave Germany a government as liberal in form as that of England, but not confirmed by practice and parliamentary habit. It had, in the popular eye, the dubious aspect of a death-bed repentance. Four years ago such a

reconstruction might have stabilized the Empire for decades. Now it came too late.

III

This marks the limit of the bourgeois revolution, which lasted from the appointment of Prince Max as Chancellor, on October 3, until the abdication of the Kaiser on November 9. Then began the Social Democratic revolution, which is still in progress. Bourgeois revolution meant remodeling and modernizing the old government plant. Social revolution means tearing down the old plant and building anew. Social Democrats do not agree among themselves upon the new design; but they are unanimous that it must differ fundamentally in form and functions from the old one.

When the war broke out, the Social Democratic executive, partly convinced that Germany was being wantonly attacked, partly inspired by traditional hatred of the Tsar, partly fearing to sacrifice concrete legislative attainments by incurring political unpopularity in a period of war hysteria, and partly narcotized by long indulgence in nationalist visions, voted credits for the war and supported the government in its policy of aggression.

But from the first some dissented. As early as December, 1914, Karl Liebknecht handed the following statement to the President of the Reichstag, though he was prevented by disorders in the house from making it orally, and by the officers of the Reichstag from inserting it in the minutes: —

'This war, which no one of the nations participating in it desired, was not started for the welfare of the German nation or of any other nation. It is a strictly imperialistic war, and a war for the capitalist control of world-markets; for the political subjugation of important areas of colonization which can be dominated by our industrial and banking capital. It is, viewed from the standpoint of world-armament, a "preventive" war, caused by the German and Austrian war-parties acting together in the obscure paths of semi-absolutism and secret diplomacy. It is a typical Bonapartist campaign to demoralize and ruin the rising labor movement. The recent months have shown these facts with increasing clearness, in spite of the ruthless campaign to confuse the public mind.

'The German battle-cry, "Against Tsarism," serves in the same way as the present English and French battle-cry, "Against Militarism," to mobilize the noblest instincts and the revolutionary aspirations and traditions of the people in the service of international hatred. Germany, which is the accomplice of Tsarism and the typical representative of political backwardness, is not called to be a liberator of nations. The liberation of Russia, like the liberation of Germany, must be the work of its own people. The war is not a German defensive war. Its historical character and its course up to the present moment prevent our believing a capitalistic government when it states that the purpose for which it demands the present credit is the defense of the Fatherland.'

No formal break occurred in the Social-Democratic Reichstag delegation till March 24, 1916, when Hugo Haase, with a score or more followers, refused to vote for the war-budget. The caucus then expelled the bolters, and the latter formed what is now the Independent Socialist party. Coincident with the outbreak of the revolution, a third more radical body was formed. Its members called themselves Spartacans, from the pseudonym signed by their leader, Karl Liebknecht, to a series of sensational revolutionary letters which he secretly issued early in the war. The Spartacans are affiliated in doctrine and organiza-

tion with the Russian Bolshevists. Sporadic or local groups still more extreme have appeared here and there, and have been inaccurately dubbed 'Communists' and 'syndicalists.' They are more properly chaos parties.

IV

On November 2, when service grievances in the navy flashed a spark into the powder magazine of popular discontent, Germany seemed well started toward orderly liberal reform. The conservative Social Democrats of Prince Max's Cabinet did not lead their followers into revolution. They evidently were not fully aware of its imminence. They probably wished to avoid an overturn which would play into the hands of their more radical rivals. When the country drifted irresistibly into the rapids of political revolt, they merely tried to steer clear of the boulders in the channel. They were not an impelling force in revolution, and therefore they sacrificed the prestige that goes to men of action in a crisis.

On the November Saturday when the Kiel sailors started a navy strike, a grievance committee was appointed to present their demands to their superiors. These demands were rather radical, — such as equal rations for men and officers, and abolition of saluting except on duty, — and they contained one political request, the abdication of the Kaiser. Almost immediately, however, Social Democrats — mostly of the independent wing — took control of the situation. They turned the navy strike into a revolution, by substituting for the petitions of the sailors, whose eyes were still mainly on such things as mess-reforms, the single demand that a sailors' and soldiers' council should approve all orders of the officers. Here this institution first entered German political life.

Soldiers' Councils were organized during the Russian Revolution of 1905, and are said to have been modeled by the professional conspirators of that country upon similar bodies formed in 1647 among Cromwell's troops. Each regiment of the Roundhead army elected a committee of privates and lower officers, who became for a time the mouthpiece of the English Revolution in civil as well as military matters. Their members were known as 'agitators,' a term quite suggestive of their functions.

Such councils may be organized by soldiers, by sailors, by workingmen, or by peasants. Transplanted from Russia to Kiel, they propagated themselves throughout Germany almost overnight. The Berlin authorities tried to isolate the Kiel revolt focus by stopping railway communication; but the mutineers sent torpedo-boats and small cruisers to the port towns and Hansa cities, and speedily outflanked the government forces. Resistance collapsed, because the old régime had lost moral self-confidence, and authority fell into the hands of soldiers' and workers' councils, because they are the spontaneous organs of proletarian revolution. They are the simple and obvious tools for overthrowing an existing order where the new order to be created professes to be based on the will of the people. At the time of the Kiel revolt, a great part of the adult male population of Germany belonged to troop formations — regiments, batteries, and similar units — which had common interests during a period of upheaval. Another large fraction of the people was already crystallized into occupational groups, at factories, mines, mercantile establishments, banks, and government offices, where they had common interests and were accustomed to act together.

The sailors on a naval vessel were in a similar position. Indeed, the peasants

of a village or countryside were the only workers of Germany who lived under conditions similar to those almost universal in America when our township government arose, and peasants' councils are boards of selectmen. It was the vocational community of interest, as much as neighborhood grouping of New England farmers, which created our township system; it is the vocational community of interest of modern industrial workers which has made trade divisions and factory walls supersede precinct boundaries in the electoral system of the Soviets. A workers' council is a shop committee with political functions and authority.

The Soviet stage of the revolution lasted from the abdication of the Kaiser and the resignation of Prince Max until the assembling of the Constitutional Convention at Weimar on February 6. Parenthetically, the Kaiser's abdication and the renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince were regarded in Germany as minor incidents in the great flow of events. They were not excitedly discussed, and even sturdy monarchists hastened to distinguish between their loyalty to the institution and to individuals. *Simplicissimus* pictured the common sentiment in a cartoon representing a desolate 'No-Man's Land,' stretching under gray clouds to a remote horizon. In the far distance was the minute departing figure of the Kaiser, and in the foreground were the German people, represented by widows, orphans, and war-cripples, staring after him with seared faces and corpse-like fixity. The legend was, 'We shed no tears for him, for he has left us no tears to shed.'

During the Soviet period, Germany was ruled by a central government appointed by the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils of Greater Berlin and the Empire, through their central committees and congresses. Cabinets similarly set up and accredited took the place of the former hereditary rulers and ministries of the Federal States. Not a crowned head remained between the North Sea and the Adriatic, though the heads that had worn crowns were unharmed.

Hardly was the project for a constitutional convention under way, when civil dissension started anew in Germany. This was not a struggle between reaction and revolution, but within the ranks of revolution itself. Both Majority Socialists and Independents served in the first Cabinet after the abdication; but at holiday time the Independents withdrew, and since then have remained outside of and hostile to the government. The Workers' Councils, although their congress indorsed, and indeed created, the convention, do not want to relinquish their own authority. Majority Socialists support the convention; Independent Socialists trim between the convention and the councils; while the Spartacans tried to prevent an election, and now repudiate constitutional democracy and advocate a dictatorship of the proletariat. In their effort to accomplish their purpose the Spartacans have instigated revolts and political strikes throughout Germany, which culminated in three periods of heavy fighting at Berlin, late in December, early in January, and early in March. Each successive attempt was more desperate and more nearly successful than its predecessor.

The Constitutional Convention has met and organized a government. It has adopted a temporary constitution and is debating a permanent constitution. A majority of the German nation have given it a legitimate title to authority by their votes. But the status of this government is still insecure.

No useful purpose would be served by recounting the ebb and flow of Spartacan revolt, which is a European rather than a specifically German phe-

nomenon. Neither would it be fruitful to detail the controversies among the Socialist factions. The radicals want to socialize industry at once; the moderates want to do so gradually. The radicals want a dictatorship of the proletariat, which would exclude all but manual or mental workers from political rights, and a government similar to that of Russia; to the moderates, Russia's example is anathema, and a dictatorship of the proletariat is treason to democracy. Efforts to unite upon a middle ground have so far failed. The legitimate government is trying to incorporate the Workers' Councils in the parliamentary system. Coal-mining is being socialized, and insurance and deep-sea fishing, as well as all local public utilities not already owned by state and municipal governments, are destined speedily to undergo the same treatment. But mere political mechanics cannot control the forces of upheaval.

V

One reason why Germany seemed to have a machine-made revolution was that its proletariat was so well disciplined. Tammany Hall in its palmiest days, or the Republican Party in 1906, was not so efficiently organized as the Social Democratic party and its trade-union shadow, with their hierarchy of salaried managers, secretaries, and propagandists. The party had its own schools and training system to teach socialist theory and political tactics to youths and field-workers of both sexes. Therefore, Germany was as well organized for revolt at home as it was for war abroad. The result is that the revolution continues in a sense under the constellation of the old régime. The party bureaucracy still holds the reins. The government has been revolutionized, but not the party itself. The leaders sincerely desire social and political reform; but their uninspiring professionalism checks spontaneity, and makes the common followers distrustful. The revolution in its Weimar manifestation resembles a great, advanced political renascence in America, controlled by machine politicians. In addition, the Social-Democratic party originated and matured as a party of opposition. The rank and file conceive government only as something to be fought. Their own champions become objects of suspicion when they don the robes of state.

Furthermore, the ordinary machinery of government has not changed. No spoils-to-the-victors policy was adopted. The old civil servants moil over their desks, and the old judges dispense justice. Even higher bureaucrats remain in office; and occasionally some Bourbon local dignitary intones a subdued hymn of regretful praise for the departed Hohenzollerns. The Prussian Minister of Education was recently compelled to issue an order forbidding the ceremonious reinstallation of royal portraits and busts in certain schools and government offices, whence they were removed in the early days of the revolution. Whenever the Junker spirit thus raises itself to view, it inspires the commons with a momentary spasm of enraged distrust.

However, even the bourgeoisie accepts the revolution as an accomplished fact, and faces with comparative resignation the economic consequences of Socialism. An Austrian observer writes from Berlin, —

'Germany's substantial burgers regard the approaching Socialist order as inevitable; and the so-called middle class, including the bureaucracy, seems gradually to grow friendly to Socialism. . . . In the nightly street debates in Potsdam Place I recently heard a student with duel-scarred features, who probably was a devoted follower of Treitschke a year ago, shout to a Spar-

tacan street orator, "Go read your Kautsky and learn sense." Another time an elegantly dressed gentleman in a silk hat interrupted a similar speaker with, "You are preaching revolution against a real Socialist government, which is utter madness." '

At times such support of the present authorities may only add to the distrust of the populace. In any case, one must distinguish between the revolution as a political formality and as a social revolt.

Spartacus draws its vitality from this distinction. 'Its agitation uses the methods of a hypnotizer monotonously repeating one idea — "Everything must be torn down before we can begin to build anew." That thought works with a magic charm on the hysterical public mind, thrown off its balance by the nerve-killing strain of war and revolution.' How well the artificial hunger of the protracted food-blockade fostered such ideas is suggested by a recent declaration of the Spartacan leader, Schumacher: 'We hope that conditions will become worse in Germany than in Russia. Our factories should be put entirely out of commission. When the people are half-starved, we then shall be ready to rebuild upon the ruins of the old.'

This seems madness, but it is a madness that should be pondered. We regard the recent war as differing only quantitatively from other wars; to Europeans still panting under its incubus, it is different in kind as well as in extent. We regard revolution as an outcome of war. Millions of Europeans regard the war as but an episode in revolution. If they are right, those who deal with revolution as only an aftermath of war may see their covenants and settlements and paper-adjustments swept into the waste-basket of history, with the other archives of human error. In dealing with new eras the practical wisdom of older eras is often folly.

In its larger sense the revolution represents inconoclasm toward revered social forms. It would uproot, not only property rights, but religious and moral standards. A great sign on the municipal building of Moscow reads: 'Religion is a narcotic for the masses.' The war was such a conspicuous repudiation of Christian teaching that it has wrecked spiritual faith. A German priest writes in a clerical paper, confirming abundant testimony from other sources, 'By 1917, furloughed soldiers, who in the earlier years of the war almost invariably came to take the sacrament before returning to the front, entirely ceased to do so.' God lost prestige in Germany from his association with the Kaiser; and the church is regarded a Junker institution.'

Patriotism and loyalty are sentiments almost as suspect as piety. They, too, are regarded as narcotics for the masses, to stupefy the commons while privilege picks their pockets. The great war-fortunes, the passion for luxury and pleasure, and the conspicuous prodigality that accompanied war-inflation justify such skepticism in the eyes of the suffering people. Little or no moral stigma attaches to disloyalty. Deserters hold public meetings, organize special councils to defend their interests, hold dances and entertainments, and rate their act good service against militarism. A sign on a government building in a Berlin suburb recently read: 'Information office for furloughed soldiers, deserters, and discharged soldiers.' The man who preaches patriotism is suspected of drawing a herring across the trail of social progress to divert people from pursuing their true interests. In a word, revolution teaches atheism in respect to current social faiths, and its leaders live, mentally, in a fourth dimension inconceivable to the average American.

Moral chaos in high places started the war; moral chaos at the base of

society impels the revolution. This is not revolt against morality *per se*, but against the traditional forms of morality that permitted the appalling catastrophe of the war. This ethical repulsion assumes futurist aspects which reflect themselves in manners as well as conduct. The press of the revolution outdoes the slums in despising conventional courtesies of language. A collector of current idiosyncracies discovered that the Berlin organ of the Spartacans, *The Red Flag*, in forty-two consecutive issues used the word 'murderer' 318 times, 'bloodhound' 221 times, 'traitor' 461 times, 'capitalist hireling' 305 times' and 'henchman of the money-power' 250 times.

A legion of new revolutionary periodicals has sprung up in every city of importance. These wild-opinioned and usually ephemeral publications bear names that suggest the tenor of their contents. One in Budapest is known as *The Dunghill;* and another in Berlin is printed on red paper and bears the title, *The Red Gallows.* The editor of the latter signs his leaders 'The Hangman.' Cool-headed Germans ascribe these phenomena to war-neurosis complicated by revolution and undernourishment; and indeed there is more or less physiological reason for many of the manifestations now occurring.

If we consider the physical basis of society, not only has material civilization drifted backward; not only have homes, factories, farms, forests, mines, and railways been destroyed or wasted, so that large populations are now existing on previous accumulations, — lessened as these already are, — because they are not producing as much as they consume; but the despair in Europe inhibits its production itself. Behind the social superficies with which parliaments and constitutional conventions and peace congresses have been tinkering is, in the last analysis, the individual man, who has been demoralized. A generation of young people has grown up without the discipline and restraint which older prudence imposed upon future citizens during their immaturity. Families have been broken up. Sexual morality has declined. Habits of industry have been undermined. Men are unwilling to return to useful labor. Patience to endure toil was destroyed upon the battlefield. The factory output per operative has fallen off; coal-miners produce hardly a third as much per shift as before the war. Germany's farms are calling for nearly a million laborers. More than a million men are idle in the cities, but they refuse to heed that call. Budapest is overcrowded with peasants from the great estates, who have flocked in from the country because they refuse longer to till land which is not their own.

Only a crowded metropolis can satisfy the craving of the discharged soldiers for excitement. There the dangerous, ever latent blood-lust of the brute in man, aroused by four years of legalized killing, incites to homicide. Murders have multiplied, and street battles are the matinées of the populace.

'A dozen Spartacans start to storm a police office. A flock of criminals swarms to the scene of disorder and begins to loot. A detachment of marines arrives, and captures the looters, whom it lines up against a wall and shoots. The order is, "Shoot on the spot anyone caught plundering." Then suddenly the marines begin to direct their fire against the police office itself. They have found an unpopular rival military organization garrisoning the place. . . .

'Meanwhile, the general public crowds around. Everyone must be right on hand, women as well as men. They gather in dense groups behind the nearest corner that affords protection from the flying bullets. There they start lively debates. . . . So eager are they in their discussions, that the police have

difficulty in getting them farther back, out of the direct line of the fire. . . . Then come people who want to cross the street where the fighting is going on. They make a great complaint because they have no time to make a détour. So they crouch down and scurry across the street, with the bullets and shells whistling past them.'

The deaths come with tragic suddenness, but, like those of an epidemic, they affect but little the callous public. A young girl steps out of the conservatory from her music lesson, and a bullet crashes through her forehead. The public gathers for a moment as it would after an automobile accident; the corpse is carried into the nearest drug-store, and the people hasten away on their daily errands. While the battle is raging in one street, the public is promenading unconcerned along a neighboring thoroughfare. Hand-organs are grinding, and newsboys calling their papers.

'While I write this, not only do I hear the rattle of machine-guns, but at the same time I hear the orchestra playing in the gorgeous salon of our sumptuous hotel, where many a daintily clad foot is tripping carelessly at a tea dance.'

Indeed, the people of Berlin resumed dancing with such extraordinary enthusiasm after the relaxation of war-restraints, that the police have interfered to enforce moderation.

Death and dancing side by side — that is one aspect of the revolution. Another aspect is ever-reappearing Nemesis. Incidents of the Belgian invasion, for instance, are visited with almost startling identity upon the German people themselves. Their cities, spared by war, are ravaged by the air-bombs and shells of their own aviators and artillery. A rifle accidentally discharged in a crowd creates a false alarm; and a peaceful home is invaded and the inmates are killed, because the excited mob fancies that counter-revolutionists have fired from its windows. Two women had their throats cut under such circumstances at Hamburg. A crowd of hungry children gathered around the field-kitchen of a detachment of government troops in a Berlin suburb last spring, begging for food. They did not disperse when told, and an angry soldier 'dropped' a fog-bomb in their midst. In addition to those burned, four little girls and one little boy were carried, seriously wounded, to a hospital. A timid old merchant, an aged invalid, was accustomed to keep a small revolver on the table at the head of his bed at night. It was discovered by a lieutenant and soldiers searching for forbidden arms; and the old man was forthwith led into the court of his building and shot.

These incidents are not peculiar to Germany. The horrors of the Bolshevist foray across the territories evacuated by the German troops in Russia belittle all that has occurred at any time since August 1, 1914, farther West. The recent pogroms in Poland and in Galicia; the excesses of the Roumanian irregular troops in Transylvania, — where Count Karolyi charges them with cutting off the arms of Hungarian peasants and rubbing salt on the stumps, — and the brutalities in Budapest itself, are but part of the long record of war-degeneration. Bela Kun, the Bolshevist dictator of Hungary, was himself beaten nearly to death by angry police in his cell last February; and it is typical of the sudden changes of fortune of these abnormal times that he was taken directly from prison to his luxurious official quarters in the royal palace.

Surely there was never a more unpromising introduction to the millennium. And yet a millennium is precisely what the common people of Europe await expectantly. Will their faith be

strong enough to urge them upwards toward this goal; or will their despair precipitate them into still darker depths?

In some respects the war has brought the common people of all lands closer together. This has not occurred mainly through political alliances and military coöperation, which in the long run may engender discord and dislike rather than harmony and friendship, but by intensifying their consciousness of common suffering. The 'solidarity of the proletariat,' though seriously shaken by animosities of the moment, has really grown stronger, because war has made the rank and file of every country more class-conscious. Where the birth-pains of a new age are most intense, comprehension of that age is likely to come most quickly.

Germans hope that their country may emerge from its present bitter experience with a clarity of political vision and a moral conviction of new social truths that will make her a leader of the new civilization. We ourselves may pause a moment to consider whether, if social betterment through the state and internationalism are to be the guiding principles of the future, the relative position of America and Europe in regard to liberalism may not be reversed during the present century. When the League of Nations Covenant was published, *Vorwarts*, which represents majority opinion in Germany on such subjects, likened its purely hortatory clauses on international labor-protection to the action of a Liberal meeting in London fifty years ago, which limited its response to a plea for some positive political move in behalf of labor by rising and standing for a moment as a token of its respect for the merits of the toilers.

Yet what seems fifty years behind the times to Germany, presents novel, if not radical, aspects to Americans. Revolutionary Europe is striving toward extreme liberalism in regard to tariffs, immigration, control of capital, international highways and commerce, and all similar matters that may contain the germs of future war. Meanwhile, Germany is dreaming dreams that may be hunger hallucinations, or visions of beatitude like those that sometimes come to men whom the hope of more substantial felicity has deserted. But dreams there are, in the midst of Germany's humiliation and distress, of her brutalization by foreign and civil war, of her cynical rejection of venerable moral symbols; and from these dreams the people derive something of comfort and inspiration. The following words from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, put in the mouth, not of a German, but of a friendly neutral, voice these visions: —

'Germany must point the way to a better future for the working classes. The French Revolution brought political freedom. The German Revolution must bring economic freedom. Keep your attention on this. Do not become absorbed in worn-out games of high politics. Your armies and your fleets have disappeared. Propaganda in other countries will do no good. Diplomatic manœuvres will lead to nothing. Germany's influence in the world must be restored by creating higher social forms at home. Then your country will exercise an irresistible influence upon the proletariat of every country.'

But this vision is clouded with doubt; for, as the same friendly observer says, —

'I do not yet see the creative force; but the German Revolution is far from terminated. I miss the attitude of devotion which, at the high point of the French Revolution, inspired the upper classes to a joyous surrender of their privileges. How would a similar step be contemplated by the capitalists of Germany? We shall not create a new society by bitter controversy, but

by sacrifice for the community. We shall succeed, not by Philistinism, but by inspiration.'

'Poised upon the knife-edge,' is a description of Germany's political condition common in the papers of that country. But the people will not yield to Bolshevism without resistance, as did the people of Hungary. Spring sunshine, the passing of the physical discomfort of winter's cold and darkness, the call to summer labor on the farms, and the partial lifting of the food-blockade, are helping to stabilize conditions. Moreover a nation may become revolution-weary, as it becomes war-weary. Possibly the flood of radicalism is ebbing somewhat and the slow process of social convalescence has begun. But it is too early to make confident predictions; and not until the revolution emerges from the convulsive stage of physical violence and moral chaos, will the real depth of the chasms it has left in the old order be fully revealed.

DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH INDUSTRIAL THOUGHT

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD

I

ONE of the most significant developments of the war in Great Britain was the growth of a new attitude toward industrial problems — an attitude which was far removed from that which obtained before the war. It is true that, in the generation before the outbreak of the world-war, there had been a gradual change in outlook upon industrial life and conditions. The public conscience had been aroused by the more obvious industrial evils, and action was taken to meet them: as for example in the Trade Boards Act of 1909 and the Act of 1911 establishing a system of unemployment insurance in certain industries; while the history of our factory and mines acts is a long story of a revolt against inhuman conditions. But the remedies of pre-war days appear ludicrously small compared with the much more generous programme which an increasing body of the general public now regards as essential to national well-being.

Employers themselves have been driven to take a much wider view of the state of industry and the conditions it offers to the workers; and as Sir Allan Smith, the Secretary of the Engineering Employers' Federation told the Industrial Conference convened by the Prime Minister,[1] 'Many of the employers are prepared to go very much further in the amelioration of the conditions under which you work, than some of you have any idea of.' The general attitude of employers, however, is one of reform within the existing system. It would appear that they do not realize the extent to which public opinion as a whole has swung forward. The significant

[1] This Conference, which met in London on February 27, 1919, consisted of representatives of employers and trade-unionists from practically all the industries in the country. It was convened for the purpose of discussing the industrial situation. — THE AUTHOR.

feature of the time is the rapid change which has taken place in the minds of people outside the industrial field, among those not directly engaged in the struggle between Capital and Labor.

But before proceeding to illustrate the growth of the new social conscience, we may perhaps consider the revised attitude of employers toward industrial problems. It is to be seen in the fuller recognition of trade-unions and in the acceptance of the right of organized labor to participate in the determination of industrial policy. When the British Government adopted the proposals of the Whitley Report, there were many employers who regarded them with a certain diffidence; and there has been more than one struggle over the scope of the problems which industrial councils should consider. The crux of the question was whether the functions of industrial councils should include the discussion of other than purely labor problems. Many employers maintain that commercial, financial, and similar questions are matters with which the workers are not concerned.

There are at the present time industrial councils in thirty-two industries.[1] In addition, the Ministry of Reconstruction took the initiative in establishing interim industrial reconstruction committees, composed equally of representatives of employers' associations and of trade-unions, in those industries where, for one reason or another, industrial councils were not likely to be established in the very near future. There are now over thirty such committees.

The functions of industrial councils and interim industrial reconstruction committees vary, but in most cases they are sufficiently wide to cover the discussion of any problem affecting the particular industry. Broadly speaking, though there are, of course, numerous individual exceptions, employers regard industrial councils as an instrument compatible with the existing order, while trade-unionists conceive them as a means of education in the problems of industrial administration and an experiment in the direction of what is called 'industrial control.'

Though there are few, if any, cases on record of employers' organizations spontaneously offering improved conditions to workmen in the post-war period, yet since the armistice agreements have been negotiated between employers' associations and trade-unions, or by industrial councils, which provide wages and conditions far superior to those current before the war; and these agreements have for the most part been carried through without a stoppage of work. It may be concluded, therefore, that employers are prepared to accept new and higher standards, and realize the futility of attempting to return to standards which were operative in pre-war days.

Groups of employers have formulated the conditions under which industry should in the future be conducted. The employers participating in discussions of this kind will naturally tend to be the most public-spirited and those who realize most keenly their responsibilities. The views laid down by them, therefore, are perhaps not representative of the general body of employers. Nevertheless, they indicate the extent to which the ferment is working, even among the employing classes.

In April, 1918, a conference of employers was held, chiefly members of

[1] Asbestos, Baking, Bedsteads, Bobbins, Building, Chemical Trade, China Clay, Coir Matting, Elastic Webbing, Electrical Contracting, Heating and Domestic Engineering, Furniture, Gold, Silver, Horological and allied trades, Hosiery, Leather Goods, Matches, Packing-Case-Making, Paint and Varnish, Pottery, Commercial Road Transport, Rubber, Sawmilling, Silk, Surgical Instruments, Tin-Mining, Tinplate, Vehicle Building, Wall-Paper-Making, Waterworks, Woollen and Worsted. — THE AUTHOR.

the Society of Friends. The proceedings of the Conference have been published in a volume, under the title of *Quakerism and Industry*. As in the case of the Archbishops' Committee, to whose report reference is made later, the religious element enters, and therefore the views expressed do not rest merely upon economic considerations. What is important is, that a body of employers deliberately met together in an attempt to square their economic actions with their religious professions.

Their report 'is an attempt to see how the Christian conception of the divine worth of all life affects our modern industrial life, and in particular the relationship between employers and employed.' Though it was not found possible to discuss any fundamental reorganization of society's economic arrangements, the Quaker employers recognize that they should work toward the alteration of the industrial system in so far as they regard it as inconsistent with the principles of their religion; but, 'in the meantime,' they say, 'we cannot afford to neglect the urgent needs and the outstanding opportunities which confront us in our own factories.' The report pays attention to questions of wages, security of employment, and working conditions. Of particular interest, however, are the views of the conference concerning the status of the workers and the appropriation of surplus profits, for it is on these questions more particularly that the change in industrial thought is most significant.

The portion of the report dealing with the status of the workers states clearly and succinctly what may be called the new view of industrial relationships. 'The worker asks to-day for more than an improvement in his economic position. He claims from employers and managers the clear recognition of his rights as a person. The justice of this claim our religion compels us to admit. We cannot regard human beings as if they were merely so many units of brain-power, so many of nervous or muscular energy. We must coöperate with them, and treat them as we ourselves should wish to be treated. This position involves the surrender by capital of its supposed right to dictate to labor the conditions under which work shall be carried on. It involves more: the frank avowal that all matters affecting the workers should be decided in consultation with them, when once they are recognized as members of an all-embracing human brotherhood.'

How are these principles to be applied? The reply of the Quaker employers is that 'with the financial and commercial aspects of the business and the general policy connected therewith the worker is not at present so directly concerned, although indirectly they affect him vitally. But in the industrial policy of the business he is directly and continuously interested, and he is capable of helping to determine it.' The report accordingly suggests that 'as an initial step, any existing Shop Committees, such as that of the Shop Stewards in engineering works, should be formally recognized. But, in the absence of such bodies, we recommend the establishment of Committees or Works Councils, in which the chosen representatives of the workers should discuss matters which concern them, first alone, but secondly, and at frequent intervals, with the management. In this connection it would be essential to secure the coöperation of Trade-Unions, and make it certain that their position would not be prejudiced by the existence of such Councils.'

There might be referred to these Councils 'questions affecting the individual workers, such as wages, rates, discipline, and shop-rules, the engagement and dismissal of workers, the time

and duration of factory holidays, adjustments of working hours and number of staff to meet shortage of work, health, canteen, and other social work. It is fully realized that experience on Works Councils may and should train the members for greater participation in the control of the business, and enable them ultimately to take part in the commercial and financial administration.' Questions affecting the whole industry should be settled on the same principles of consultation and coöperation, through the National and District Industrial Councils recommended by the Whitley Report.

On the question of profits the conference suggests 'the desirability of giving full information as to wages, average costs, and average profits in the industry, as a basis for effectual collective bargaining, and as a recognition of the public character of our industrial functions.' The appropriation of surplus profits was discussed; and by surplus profits the conference meant any surplus which may remain over when labor has received adequate wages, and managers and directors have been remunerated according to the market-value of their services; when capital has received the rate of interest necessary to ensure an adequate supply, having regard to the risk involved; and when necessary reserves have been made for the security and development of the business.

'We cannot believe,' say the Quaker employers, 'that either the proprietors or the workers are entitled to the whole of the surplus profits of a business, though they might reasonably ask for such a share as would give them an interest in its financial prosperity. . . . The consumer should never be exploited. The price charged to him should always be reasonable, having in view the average cost of production and distribution; and the State should be asked to interfere to protect his interests, wheu they are threatened by monopoly. We believe that in future the community will claim a greater part of surplus profits in the form of taxation, and we believe that such a development would be right.'

During the war a number of conferences of employers took place, as well as joint conferences of employers and workers. With the latter we are not specially concerned. Of the former one of the most interesting was a meeting of pottery manufacturers extending over a week-end. Many suggestions were put forward, among them some of considerable importance. The pottery manufacturers urged the 'full recognition of and coöperation with the operatives' unions,' and refer to two points emphasized in the report outlined above. In the first place, the conference suggested that 'through joint committees and conferences of a representative character, it would be possible to meet the growing demand of the operatives for a share in the control of industry, since in this way they could take an equal part in settling the conditions and imposing the common rules under which the industry would be carried on.' In the second place, it is laid down that 'employers must treat the operatives as men, not merely as hands; they must respect and try to understand their point of view, and suppress all domineering or bullying by members of the management.'

II

Perhaps more significant are the expressions of opinion coming from non-industrial sources. One of the most striking statements on industrial problems is the outcome of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, conducted by the Church of England. One of its activities was the appointment, in 1917, of five committees. It is with

the fifth only that we are concerned. This was a strong committee of clerics and laymen, men and women, industrialists and non-industrialists, set up by the archbishops to consider Christianity and industrial problems. Its report, moderate in its language and dignified in tone, supplies an effective criticism of the modern economic system, from the point of view of the Church. Its acute analysis of the evils of our industrial economy, and its courageous application of the principles of Christian teaching, must make a deep impression upon those who read the report. The industrial system, says the committee, is 'defective, not merely in the sense that industrial relations are embittered by faults of temper and lack of generosity on the part of the employer, of the employed, and of the general public alike, but because the system itself makes it exceedingly difficult to carry into practice the principles of Christianity. Its faults are not the accidental or occasional maladjustments of a social order, the general spirit and tendency of which can be accepted as satisfactory by Christians. They are the expressions of certain deficiencies deeply rooted in the nature of that order itself. They appear in one form or another, not in this place or in that, but in every country which has been touched by the spirit, and has adopted the institutions, of modern industrialism. To remove them it is necessary to be prepared for such changes as will remove the deeper causes of which they are the result.'

The committee combats the view that takes for granted the general economic arrangements of society, and would confine attention to 'supplementing incidental shortcomings and relieving industrial distress. The solution of the industrial problem involves . . . not merely the improvement of individuals, but a fundamental change in the spirit of the industrial system itself.' 'What is on trial,' says the committee in another section of its report, 'is, not only the shortcomings of individuals, but also the quality of a system.'

The Archbishops' Committee, when it comes to consider the changes that are necessary, finds them in the acceptance of two principles. 'The first is, that industry is a social function, and is carried on to serve the community. The second is, that the relations between the different parties engaged in it should be determined by considerations of right and justice, not merely by economic expediency or economic power.' The industrial system should, in short, 'be *social* in purpose and *co-operative* in spirit.'

Expressed in terms of actual reforms, this means the establishment of a living wage, reduction of the hours of labor, prevention of and provision for unemployment, and the further protection of children and young persons. But though these proposals would prevent the degradation of the workers, they would not realize the ideals of the Archbishops' Committee. The reforms suggested might be adopted and yet leave the main framework of the industrial system intact. The test of the sincerity of the Committee is to be found in its further proposals, which strike at the roots of the existing economic organization of society.

In the first place, industry is dominated by the motive of economic self-interest. It is admitted that the increase of productive power which is the most conspicuous achievement of the past century and a half has taken place largely under the stimulus of private gain; though it is equally true that some of the most important economic improvements have been the work of scientists or inventors whose interest in their financial result was small. 'But,'

it is argued in the report, 'while it is evident that the economic stimulus of personal profit is one cause which has elicited the increased production of wealth required by the community, it is also evident that it is not by itself a guaranty that, when the interests of any group of producers are at variance with those of the public, the greater interest will be preferred to the less. Economic motives are good servants, but bad masters; and the danger of a society which exalts them unduly is that it may evoke a spirit which it cannot control.' 'What alternative is there,' asks the committee, 'to the struggle of groups for riches and advancement except their common subordination to the principle of public service?'

Later in its report, the committee remarks that 'the principle of coöperative service has to contend with a rival principle, which too often overpowers it. That rival is the idea that the end of industry is the personal profit of those by whom it is carried on; that the measure of its success is the financial return which it yields them; and that, provided they do not infringe the law, any method of organization or economic policy, by which that return is increased, possesses, at any rate, a *prima-facie* justification.'

The remedy is to be found, the committee urges, in a new attitude toward profits. There has been in England during the war a strong agitation against 'profiteering,' and the suspicion in the public mind against the profit-maker has been deepened by the elusive nature of profits and the difficulty of ascertaining the truth about them. The committee feels it important that 'steps should be taken by the Board of Trade, or by some other department concerned with industry, to place at the disposal of the public the fullest information which it can obtain with regard to the profits of different industries. In particular, if in future, as seems not impossible, the State should encourage the formation of combinations, it would be reasonable . . . to require that their profits should be checked by an extension of the costing system adopted during the war, and by a public audit of their accounts.' But this in itself is not sufficient. There is a 'principle for which Christian men and women should stand' — the principle that 'there is no moral justification for profits which exceed the amount needed to pay adequate salaries to the management, a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, and such reserves as are needed to ensure and maintain the highest efficiency of production and the development and growth of the industry.' It clearly follows from this that, 'since industry is a public function, no persons are entitled to an income for which no service is rendered; and that it is the duty of those engaged in it to offer the community the best service technically possible at the lowest price compatible with adequate payment to those who provide it and with the growth and extension of the industry itself.' The proposal of the committee is that, after the necessary charges upon industry have been met, 'any surplus should be applied to the benefit of the whole community.'

The second outstanding feature of the report is its attitude with regard to the workers. Attention is called, not merely to low wages, insecurity of employment, long hours, and evil industrial conditions, but to the 'unjustifiable position of subordination in which many wage-earners are placed by the organization of modern industry, except in so far as it has been modified by law or by voluntary combination.'

'What we have in mind,' says the committee, 'is the position of economic inferiority in which, unless he has emancipated himself from it by concerted

action with his fellows, the worker is liable to be placed by his dependence for his livelihood upon an undertaking whose general policy and organization he is powerless, as an individual, to control, or sometimes even to influence. . . . We think that the common description of workers as "hands" summarizes aptly an aspect of their economic position which is not the less degrading because it has hitherto met with too general acquiescence. The suggestion is that the worker is an accessory to industry, rather than a partner in it; that his physical strength and manual dexterity are required to perform its operations, but that he has neither a mind which requires to be consulted as to its policy nor a personality which demands consideration; that he is a hired servant whose duty ends with implicit obedience, not a citizen of industry whose virtue is in initiative and intelligence.'

This is the human as opposed to the economic view of the worker. As the committee says, 'large numbers of working-people are at the present time employed on terms which suggest that they are means to the production of wealth rather than themselves the human end for whom wealth is produced. They too often have cause to feel that they are directed by an industrial autocracy, which is sometimes, indeed, both kindly and capable, but which is repugnant to them precisely because it is an autocracy, and because, in so far as it controls their means of livelihood, it also, not the less certainly because often unconsciously, controls their lives.'

What is the line of advance? The answer of the committee is that 'Christians cannot acquiesce in the undue subordination of human beings to the exigencies of any mechanical or economic system.' Some way must be found of determining industrial policy and conditions in consultation with the work-people. The committee therefore proposes that 'it should be the normal practice in organized trades for representatives of employers and workers to confer at regular intervals, not merely upon wages and working conditions, but upon all such questions affecting the trade as may be suitable for common discussion.' Moreover, 'representatives of the workers in different workshops should be normally and permanently associated with the management in matters affecting their livelihood and comfort, and the welfare of the business, such as the fixing and alteration of piece-rates, the improvement of processes and machinery, and the settlement of the terms upon which they are to be introduced, workshop discipline, and the establishment of the maximum possible security of employment.'

III

Such are the pronouncements of a committee appointed by the Archbishops of the Church of England. We may now turn to a series of proposals emanating from a different source. The Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction on Adult Education,[1] in its first report, deals with industrial and social conditions in relation to adult education. The committee points out that it 'found it impossible to consider adult education apart from those social and industrial conditions which determine to a large degree the educational opportunities, the interests, and the general outlook of men and women.'

[1] This Committee, under the chairmanship of the Master of Balliol, was appointed 'to consider the provision for, and possibilities of, Adult Education (other than technical or vocational) in Great Britain and to make recommendations.' There is in England a considerable amount of educational activity carried on by such organizations as the Workers' Educational Association. — THE AUTHOR.

It recommends measures which would ensure a reasonable leisure to work-people, by a reduction in the working day, the limitation of overtime, and the establishment of a statutory annual holiday with pay. It urges that the insecurity of the worker's life should be remedied by steps to deal with unemployment. It desires to see in operation conditions which will reduce to a minimum monotonous work, and heavy and exhausting work.

The Adult Education Committee adopts much the same attitude toward the fundamental problems of industry as the Archbishops' Committee, whose views have already been set forth. The former refers to 'the long evolution which has subjected man to mechanism. It is true that men control machines; but those who control are few as compared with the many who are controlled. . . . There can be no doubt that the degradation of human beings to the position of mere "hands," and the treatment of labor as a commodity to be bought and sold, has created a revolt in the minds of a large section of the community. The conditions of industrial life have only too often outraged human personality.'

The committee then proceeds to an analysis of the revolt referred to above. 'There is undoubtedly a growing feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of work-people with what they regard as their position of inferiority. This inferiority, it is urged, is due to a forced submission to undesirable conditions, to the subjection of the worker, both to the machine, and to the will of others who are vested with an authority in which the workers have no share. The new currents of thought, which during the past few years have increasingly agitated Labor, are a sign of a deep-seated reaction against the dehumanizing influences surrounding industrial life. One of the most insistent demands made by the rising generation of workers is for what is called "industrial control." The view which they hold is that the subordination of the worker to an industrial policy and to regulations for which they are not themselves directly responsible is unjustifiable, because it is inconsistent with the rights and obligations which ought to be inherent in membership of any organized group in society. They believe that industrial democracy is as essential to individual freedom as political democracy. . . . From the point of view of both the individual and the community, it is desirable that the new claims should somehow be met.' The guiding principle of the committee is that 'industry exists for man, not man for industry.' From this it follows that 'material progress is of value only in so far as it assists toward the realization of human possibilities. Industry and commerce, and the social conditions which are in a large degree dependent upon them, must in our opinion be regarded from this point of view, and if they cramp the life of the individual, no amount of economic argument will suffice to justify them.'

The committee boldly admits that it has taken up its stand 'on moral grounds,' and goes on to say: 'We do not think, however, that there is of necessity a fundamental antagonism between ethics and economics. Adequate pay, reasonable hours of labor, the supersession of heavy, degrading, and monotonous forms of manual labor by machinery and improved processes, the provision of holidays, the introduction of human relations and of the social motive into industry, healthy homes and a cheerful environment — these are the indispensable conditions of economic efficiency; they are also among the elementary rights to which the citizen, as such, and in virtue of his responsibilities, is entitled.' The committee

pleads that 'adult education and, indeed, good citizenship, depend in no small degree . . . upon a new orientation of our industrial outlook and activities.'

Running through these various reports we find two interwoven threads — regard for the personality of the worker and the social motive in industry. Prior to the war, these views were already stirring in the minds of the younger workmen and their intellectual sympathizers. There was a movement away from the consideration of the interests of the consumer, and toward the vindication of the importance of the producer; or, to use labels which may, however, be misinterpreted, from collectivism toward syndicalism and guild-socialism, from the consideration of questions of ownership and the external regulation of industry by the State toward the sympathetic discussion of the internal government and administration of industry. The articulate workers were arguing in moral rather than economic terms.

During the war these new currents of thought have made very remarkable headway in the British Labor movement; but what is particularly significant is the trend of thought in these directions among the general public. The conception of industry as a public service governed by a social motive, which is emphasized in the reports already quoted, has gradually worked its way into the public mind. The human rights and needs of the worker have been fully recognized by the people of Great Britain. These changes in outlook have taken place with a swiftness and thoroughness which few people would have dared to expect before the war.

The new attitude may be illustrated by reference to the Coal Industry Commission. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain formulated a series of demands, including the nationalization of coal mines, the reduction of the hours of labor from eight to six per day, and a thirty per cent increase of wages. A Royal Commission was set up by the government, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Sankey. It consisted of three miners' representatives and three mine-owners' representatives, together with six other members, three of whom represented employers' interests and three labor interests. The Commission was instructed to prepare an interim report by March 20. The six Labor men signed a report of their own, upholding the claims of the Miners' Federation; the three mine-owners signed a cautious report. The Chairman and the three employers produced a report which the Government has accepted. It is to this document that I wish to refer.

It is to be borne in mind that the Chairman's colleagues were representative of the employing classes. The report recommended that the working day underground should be shortened by an hour from July 16, 1919, and, subject to the economic position of the industry at the end of 1920, by a further hour from July 13, 1921; and also that wages should be increased by two shillings per shift or per day worked (and one shilling in the case of workers under sixteen years of age). The latter proposal would mean the distribution of an additional sum of £30,000,000 per annum among colliery workers. The Chairman and his colleagues are emphatic in the view that 'even upon the evidence already given, the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it.' While they do not pronounce, in their interim report, upon what lines the system should be established, they make a declaration in harmony with the views to which attention has been drawn above when they say, 'We are

prepared, however, to report now, that it is in the interests of the country that the colliery worker shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mine. For a generation the colliery worker has been educated socially and technically. The result is a great national asset. Why not use it?'

Those words strike the death-knell of the old industrial system, and have touched a responsive chord in the heart of the British people. The public is prepared to elevate and humanize the conditions under which miners work. The appeal of the Miners' Federation was based on moral grounds; and the appeal has been answered. Moreover, the worker's desire to take an active part in the direction and control of the mines is to be satisfied.

The net result of the transformation in the public outlook upon industrial policy has been to establish new landmarks. In place of the insistence on the motive of private gain there is a new conception of industry, as a great public service, carried on in the public interest. Instead of neglect of the worker, and a tacit admission of his inferiority, there is a recognition of the rightful claims of the personality of the worker in industry and of the justice of his plea for 'industrial democracy.'

These ideas will not be translated into action immediately. The shell of the old system will retain its outward appearance, at any rate in many industries. Few people realize the implications of the moral and social impulse which has uprooted the old economic traditions. But one thing is certain: when the historian of the future surveys the period through which we are now living, he will proclaim it as an epoch of revolution wherein were laid the foundations of a new moral and social order.

A JEWISH PALESTINE

BY H. SACHER

I

THE Zionist movement dates from A.D. 70, the year of the destruction of the Temple and the Jewish State. The Zionist Organization dates from 1897, the year of the first Zionist Congress. The Zionist movement is a longing and a striving to restore to the Jewish people a normal national life. The Zionist Organization is a particular instrumentality for achieving that end. The Zionist movement will continue until the Jewish people are once more living a normal national life, when it will be transformed into the active expression of that normal national life. The Zionist Organization, when the particular phase of Jewish national life which called into being this special instrumentality has passed, will merge into some other instrumentality.

There are some who deny that there is such a thing as the Jewish people, but the denial is a modern innovation. Very rare is the non-Jew who thinks of Jews as merely a sect without national quality; and it is doubtful whether

among the Jews themselves there could be found a single instance of such a denial much earlier than the second decade of the nineteenth century. The negation of Jewish nationality was first presented by German Jews as part of what is called the 'reform' movement in German Jewry, which itself was hardly separable from the movement for Jewish political emancipation in that country. From Germany it spread to other lands, but it has never had much respect among any save a small minority of Jews, and it has never had any respect at all from non-Jews, except when political expediency made it convenient for a Gentile statesman or diplomat to invoke this strange dogma.

Let us try to clear the ground by attempting, not so much a definition as a characterization of Judaism. Judaism is not a religion in the Western sense of the word. Judaism is the precipitated spiritual experience of the Jewish people. The idea of Judaism is inseparable from the idea of the Jewish people, and the idea of the Jewish people is inseparable from the idea of the Jewish land. You may see this in every form and expression of Jewish religious life. Individual prayer, prayer for the individual Jew alone, is exceedingly rare. When the Jew prays, he prays not simply for himself, but for all Israel; and this national conception permeates prayer even in what might be considered to be the most personal and individual incidents of life: birth, marriage, death.

The welding of the idea of the Jewish people with the idea of the Jewish land is manifest in every page of the Jewish Liturgy. When the lad is confirmed and assumes the full burden of the law, he prays that 'God may have mercy upon Zion, for it is the hope of our life,' and that 'He may save her who is broken in spirit speedily even in our days.' He thanks God for having planted eternal life in the Jewish people. 'Gladden us, O Lord our God, with Elijah thy servant, and with the Kingdom of the House of David thy anointed. Soon may he come and rejoice our hearts. Suffer not a stranger to sit upon his throne nor let others inherit his glory.'

Let it not be supposed that this passionate identification of the Jewish people with the Jewish land is an aspiration for some allegorical spiritual Zion that never was on sea or land. The Jewish people preserve to this day the calendar of a land from which they have been exiled for two thousand years. The seasons which they mark with observance, the times of sowing and of planting, of harvest and of vintage, are the seasons and the times, not of the lands in which they dwell, but of the land in which their fathers lived and from which they have been exiled. The name in the everyday speech of the Jew for the lands of the Diaspora is *Galuth*, exile. The Jewish sages celebrated the bitterness of exile in many a poignant phrase: 'The Galuth atones for all the sins of the Jews.' 'With him who dwells outside Palestine it is as though God were not with him.' 'Those Jews who dwell outside Palestine do not enjoy eternal life.' Such sayings of the rabbis bring out their conception of the meaning of exile.

Rabbinical literature is full of apophthegms that express the positive passion of the teachers of Israel for the soil, the air, the water, the physical being of the national land. 'Whosoever walks four cubits in Palestine is assured of the world to come.' 'It is better to dwell in a Palestine desert than to live in a land of plenty abroad.' 'To live in the land of Israel outweighs all the commands of the Torah.' 'The air of Palestine makes men wise.' 'Even the chatter of Palestine is worthy of study.' 'Palestine is the microcosm of the world.' 'Rabbi Abah used to kiss the rocks of

Palestine. Rabbi Chazah used to roll in the dust of Palestine.' The whole doctrine of the rabbis in regard to the national home is summed up in the sentence: 'God said to Moses, "the Land is dear to me and Israel is dear to me. I will bring Israel who is dear to me to the Land that is dear to me.' Here is the triple thread which is Judaism — God, the Jewish people, the Jewish land. What the rabbis taught and felt, the Jewish people believed and felt.

II

The determination of the Jewish people to recover a normal national life never limited itself to faith in a miraculous restoration independent of the effort of the Jews themselves, although the conviction that the restoration was certain to come one day was part of the faith of every Jew. A continuous series of efforts to restore the Jewish national life in Palestine marks the centuries of exile. The rising of Bar Kochba against Hadrian threatened for a time the fabric of Roman dominion. The great outburst in the early years of the seventh century, in conjunction with the Parthians, expelled the Romans for a few years. The coming of Moslem rule diverted Jewish effort for a long time from the political to the quasi-miraculous. From the thirteenth to the eighteenth century was the period of the pseudo-Messiahs, of whom the two best known are that David Alroy around whom Disraeli wove a novel, and Sabbatai-Zevi, of whom Zangwill has given a marvelously penetrating study.

With the nineteenth century we come to efforts which are neither strictly political nor yet miraculous. The Jew begins to return to Palestine, but to return as an individual. It is probable that there never was a period when there was no Jewish settlement of any kind in Palestine. Mediæval Jewish travelers have left records of Jewish communities, and there is evidence of the existence of Jewish agricultural communities, perhaps from the days of the Temple. In the seventeenth century, the illustrious Don Joseph Nasi and his mother conceived the idea of planting Jews on the soil of Palestine. Early in the nineteenth century, Jews from Eastern Europe began to drift in, brought thither mainly by the profound emotion of the bliss of dying and being buried in the dust of the Holy Land. Every Jew who settled in Palestine was a link between the Diaspora and the land of Israel, for it was the duty and the pleasure of his brethren to maintain in Palestine men given up to meditation and study and dedicated to the spiritual life.

With Sir Moses Montefiore, whose journeys to Palestine began in the eighteen-thirties, Western Jewry began to occupy itself constructively with the Jewish restoration. There was established a fund for the cultivation of land in Palestine by the Jews. Sir Moses had the idea of obtaining extensive concessions, and so bringing about 'the return of thousands of our brethren to the lands of Israel.' Many years afterward he summed up the goal of his striving in the following words: 'I do not expect that all Israelites will quit their abodes in those territories in which they feel happy, even as there are Englishmen in Hungary, Germany, America, and Japan; but Palestine must belong to the Jews, and Jerusalem is destined to become the city of a Jewish commonwealth.'

Many public men in Great Britain were deeply interested in these efforts to restore the Jewish people to the Jewish land. Lord Shaftesbury was the foremost of them. 'The inherent vitality,' he wrote, 'of the Hebrew race reasserts itself with amazing persistence. Its genius, to tell the truth, adapts itself

more or less to all the currents of civilization all over the world, nevertheless always emerging with distinctive features and a gallant recovery of vigor. There is un unbroken identity of Jewish race and Jewish mind down to our times; but the great revival can take place only in the Holy Land.' He believed that the hour had struck for the Jewish restoration, and he labored to persuade English statesmen to take up the holy task. Another distinguished Englishman of those days who was penetrated with the same conviction was Colonel Churchill, the British Resident at Damascus, who urged upon the Jews the return to Palestine as the solution of the Eastern question.

The interest of Englishmen in the Jewish people and a Jewish Palestine dates back to the Commonwealth. The same school of thought which permitted the Jews to return to England speculated further upon the Jewish restoration to Palestine; and this religious interest, fed upon the Bible and upon Protestantism, has survived in great strength down to our own day, as is evidenced by a whole literature, including a book conceived in this spirit recently published by Sir Andrew Wingate, a distinguished ex-Indian civil servant. The religious element of English interest in Jewish nationalism was fortified by political considerations. The genius of Napoleon revived the statesmanship of Cæsar and Alexander, and conceived, as they did, of the Jewish people in Palestine as a pillar of empire in the East. When Napoleon started upon his expedition to Syria, he issued a proclamation announcing his wish to restore the scattered hosts of Jewry to their ancient land. There can be little doubt that this seed planted by Napoleon found lodgment in English minds. From Colonel Churchill to Laurence Oliphant can be seen sprouting the idea of serving both God and Great Britain, as well as the Jewish people, by re-creating a Jewish Palestine. It was an alternative solution of the Eastern question, to the maintenance of the decrepit Ottoman Empire. This latter solution may be said to have been the orthodox one in the nineteenth century, and to have held the field in official England until the middle of the Great War; but the conflict of the two political conceptions persisted, although in a dormant condition, throughout the century, and in the end it was the larger and nobler which triumphed.

The big political schemes for a Jewish Palestine in the eighteen-forties, whether conceived by Gentile or conceived by Jew, were based upon the rule of Mehemet Ali over Syria and Palestine. The great Powers, in bringing about the fall of Mehemet Ali, sterilized all these projects. The foundations of a Jewish Palestine were to be laid slowly, arduously, with infinite toil, by the sacrifices of individual Jews. In the eighteen-sixties Jews from Russia and Roumania began to buy land to start colonies. In 1870 the agricultural school of Mikveh Israel was founded, to be followed by several other agricultural settlements. The pogroms of the eighteen-eighties lessened the great Jewish passion for Palestine by shattering some of the illusions of emancipation. That decade saw the establishment of numerous colonies. It also saw the intervention in this task of reconstituting a Jewish Palestine of Baron Edmund de Rothschild of Paris.

There is no chapter in the colonizing history of any people finer than the story of these Jewish pioneers. They came to Palestine ignorant of agriculture, ignorant of the land, ignorant of the people, miserably equipped. The government laid its dead hand on all development. It was only by stealth, and with the assistance of baksheesh, that a house or a shelter could be

erected. There was no security for land or property or life, and fever and pestilence raged. The settlers had to compete with native labor accustomed to a very low standard of life. They had to make their own roads, furnish their own police, their own schools, their own sanitary apparatus; and while the government of Palestine offered them nothing but the privilege of paying taxes, the governors of the countries from which the colonists came extended them no protection. On top of these troubles there came a severe crisis in the agricultural industry on which the colonists were mainly dependent. In the end, all these difficulties were conquered, and the Jewish colonies of to-day in Palestine, numbering over forty, are so firmly founded that they could resist the ravages of the war and of the blockade. These Jewish settlements are perhaps the only vital communities in the country.

Most of the Jewish colonies are given up to plantations of oranges, almonds, olives, and vines, though there is a certain amount of cattle-raising and of corn-growing. The wines of Palestine are famous throughout the Jewish world, and they are established in the neighboring markets of Egypt and Syria. The Jewish colonists have demonstrated that they have a real talent for special work, grafting and the like, in plantations, and have shown that the process of reconverting the Jew into a husbandman is natural and not difficult. The Jewish colonists have introduced the motor-pump in place of the blinded camel or mule. They have cleared the stagnant pools by planting eucalyptus. They have worked out at the Agricultural Experiment Station (which is an American foundation) many devices for combatting the enemies of their crops and for improving species. They have improved the breeds of cattle and of poultry, and have sent students all over the world, notably to California, whence they have brought back to the ancient East the latest developments in Western dry-farming. They have introduced irrigation and coöperation. They have founded at Jerusalem a school of arts and crafts which is to be the mother of a revived Jewish art.

These Jewish colonies, just because they are the children of an ideal and a passion, much more than of the pursuit of material gain, have a unique atmosphere and quality. The farmer and the laborer are scholars as well as sons of the soil. The school and the public hall are as indispensable as the shed. The cultivation of the Hebrew tongue is as natural as the cultivation of the land, and the children of the colonists speak and sing and play and jest in Hebrew, their mother-tongue. A considerable Hebrew literature of great range has sprung up, from the masterly dictionary of Ben Jehudah to the daily newspaper. There are reviews specializing in education and in agriculture; there are medical reports and a considerable variety of monographs on every aspect of the life of the colonist. This pulsating Jewish life, small in scale though it still is, is the microcosm of the Jewish Palestine that is to be. Perhaps the political charter of the New Jewish Palestine never would have come but for those few score thousands of Jewish settlers.

III

Men searching for a single phrase have found it hard to express precisely the function of the Zionist Organization in the building up of the Jewish Palestine in the period before the war. Perhaps we can say that it wedded Eastern and Western Jewry for the common task, that it Hebraized Western Jewry and infused into European Jewry the technical knowledge and intelligence and the organizing gifts of

Western Jews. It reintroduced into the making of a Jewish Palestine political action. Under the stimulus of the Zionist Organization there was no Jewish community, of any size, in the world which did not have a group of men who linked their own personal as well as their national hopes with Palestine, and who labored to achieve a Jewish Palestine.

The Zionist Organization called into being financial instruments such as the Jewish Colonial Trust and the Anglo-Palestine Company, which strengthened and sustained the Jewish settlements in Palestine, notably under the trials of the war. The congresses summoned by the Organization are memorable for the influence they exerted in bringing together the scattered hosts of Jewry, and in educating Jewry as to the Jewish present, the Jewish past, and the Jewish destiny. Nobody who has ever attended a Zionist Congress but has felt that here was something unique; that here, in this gathering of Jews from the remotest parts of the earth, all assembled to deliberate solely upon Jewish questions, there was a living demonstration of the ancient saying that all Israel are brethren. To be present at a congress was to have what was most Jewish in Jewry brought under one's eyes.

Again, the Zionist Organization has educated the Gentile world as to the true character of the Jewish question. The artificial status of the Jewish people had evoked self-constituted interpreters and representatives of the Jews to the outside world. These worthy and well-meaning men had, in fact, lost touch with those in whose name they spoke. The Organization ultimately overthrew this curious dynasty, and offered the world in its place Jewish representation at once democratic and faithful.

The Zionist Organization reintroduced the political element into the creation of a Jewish Palestine. It was not concerned with parties or factions inside the various countries; but its aim was to give the Jewish people in Palestine a secure home under the guaranty of the Great Powers. It is possible that Dr. Herzl, the father of the Zionist Organization, was too optimistic in his expectations that either Turkey or the Powers would recognize the value to themselves and to the world of a Jewish Palestine. Nevertheless, his efforts were not wholly sterile. He fixed the identity of the Jews and of Palestine in the political vision of modern statesmen, and he secured from Great Britain two offers which were the first recognition in modern times, by any government, that the Jews constituted a nation, and that they had a right to remake a Jewish national home; that, in the words of the old and pregnant dictum of the rabbis, Israel was not a widower. These offers were of an autonomous Jewish settlement in East Africa, and of a Jewish settlement in the Sinai Peninsula. For a variety of reasons they came to nothing, but they sustained British interest in the Jewish national restoration, and they were a milestone on that road which was to lead to a Jewish Palestine under a British trusteeship.

Pessimists might well have argued that the war, which shattered Jewry and divided the Zionist Organization, meant the indefinite deferring of the day of Israel's redemption. Perhaps to no people did the war come at first as so enormous and so unqualified a disaster. Eastern Europe, the greatest of all Jewish centres, became the battlefield of a peculiarly ferocious war, in which millions of Jewish existences were brought to naught, and ancient seats of Jewish culture went up in ruin. For practical purposes Eastern was sundered from Western Jewry, and the whole of Jewry,

save the Jewish communities of the Central Powers, was separated from Palestine. That major portion of the Jewish population of Palestine which was dependent on support from its brethren without, was threatened with starvation. The colonies found themselves deprived of their markets, subjected to the plunder attendant upon Oriental warfare, and exposed to persecution by the Turkish authorities. The directing heads of the Zionist Organization were scattered in half a dozen countries. The prospect was very dark, but the trial demonstrated the tenacious purpose of the Jewish national will.

On the material side, the debt of Palestine and the whole Jewish people during the years of war to American Jewry is incalculable. When the United States was neutral, and the American Jews had access to the East, they promptly assumed the responsibility which had fallen upon them. If the centre of gravity of the commonwealth of Jewry has passed from Russia to the United States, that is due, not simply to wealth and numerical strength, but to the fact that, when the call came, American Jews answered it. Justice requires that the services of German Zionists in the preservation of the nucleus of the Jewish Palestine should be noted. Alone of the Great Powers during the war, Germany could bring political influence to bear upon the Turkish authorities, and on more than one critical occasion the German Zionists induced the German Government to put a check on the fury of Djemal Pasha. But not the least remarkable of Zionist manifestations during this trying time was the political insight of the Zionist leaders.

During the early years of the war the British alliance with Russia did not make for sympathy with Jewish sufferings and Jewish aspirations. The dominant school in British military and political thought still built upon the Turk, and showed little appreciation of nationality as the heir of the Turk in the Near and Middle East. This is manifest in the secret treaty of 1916 for the division among the Great Powers of the Turk's estate. Under that treaty France obtained 'the coastal strip of Syria,' except the ports of Haifa and Acre. There was to be an Arab zone between the French and British territories, and 'with a view to securing the religious interests of the Entente Powers, Palestine with the Holy Places was to be separated from Turkish territory and subjected to a special régime, to be determined by agreement between Russia, France, and England.' This secret treaty contains no mention of Jewish national rights. It prescribes the partition of the Jewish motherland, it sets up a condominium over that fragment of Palestine which was not otherwise distributed. Every one of the deadly sins against Jewish nationalism was embodied in this unhappy agreement. To recall it is to indicate the magnitude of the political task with which the Jewish statesmen grappled and which they overcame.

The Zionist leaders pinned their faith, a faith which never wavered in the darkest hours, to the Allied cause. The Zionist leader in England, Dr. Weizmann, a distinguished scientist attached to the Manchester University, got into touch with British statesmen in the earliest days of the war. The first of these to grasp the importance of the Jewish national claim was Mr. Balfour, whose interest has been steadily sustained, and whose merit it was to sign the famous Declaration of the British Government recognizing the Jewish rights to Palestine. Such of the leaders of the Zionist Organization as war conditions permitted assembled in England, and it was his ceaseless labors

which brought about the death in London of Dr. Dchlenow, a leader of the Russian Zionists. The chief part in this diplomatic work was carried on by Mr. Sokolow, who represented the Russian Jews, and Dr. Weizmann. Dr. Weizmann was chiefly concerned with the British authorities, and Mr. Sokolow went on missions to Paris, Rome, and the Vatican.

The Zionist cause gained a valuable ally in the foundation in Manchester, in 1916, of the British Palestine Committee, which, early in 1917, commenced the issue of its weekly organ, *Palestine*. The British Palestine Committee presented the case for a Jewish Palestine from the British point of view. Its policy was 'to reset the ancient glories of the Jewish nation in the freedom of a new British dominion in Palestine.' It advocated a Jewish Palestine under British sovereignty, and it is a matter of historical interest that it was from the British Palestine Committee that the demand was first launched for a British mandate under the League of Nations for a Jewish Palestine. Indeed, this committee was one of the first, if not the first, to put forward the conception of the mandatory system in general, a conception which was promptly adopted by the Zionist leaders, who thus consistently associated the idea of a Jewish Palestine with the idea of the League of Nations. The British Palestine Committee early laid it down that any satisfactory solution of the Palestine question must embrace an integral Palestine, under a single sovereignty. Its slogan was 'neither partition nor condominium.' Every conceivable argument, political, economic, strategic, and moral, was brought to bear in *Palestine*, which became immediately a recognized authority with regard to all Palestinian questions. Without question the propaganda of the British Palestine Committee did much to convert public opinion to the idea of a Jewish Palestine.

All these efforts were ultimately dependent on the fortunes of the British military campaign in Palestine. The Eastern and Western schools fought one another over Palestine almost as hard as the Turk was fought. The Western school held that the expedition should never have been undertaken, and even as late as the spring of 1918 there was serious talk of evacuating Jerusalem and falling back on Gaza. In the end the East won, and the genius of General Allenby carried British arms to the Taurus and shattered the Ottoman Empire.

But even while the military fortunes were in the balance, a great political victory had been won for a Jewish Palestine. On November 2, 1917, on the eve of the capture of Gaza and Beersheba, Mr. Balfour issued the memorable pronouncement: 'His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.'

The declaration of the British Government was speedily adopted by the French and Italian governments, and it has since been approved in terms or in substance by all the powers associated in the war against Germany.

It is not invidious to inquire what were the motives which brought the British Government to this momentous decision. As has been pointed out, it was in line with a long British tradition of interest, religious and political, in the Jewish restoration to Palestine, and it met with unanimous approval among

the British people. The idealistic motive weighed heavily with British statesmen, as those Jews who came in contact with them during the war can testify. Another consideration was the necessity for recasting British policy in the East, now that Turkey had become an irreconcilable enemy to Great Britain. British statesmanship instinctively realized the necessity of substituting for the Ottoman Empire a new East, constituted by the revived and restored subject nations. The part which a Jewish Palestine could claim as an interpreter and a bridge and a reconciler between East and West appealed to the British imagination. These ideas weighed much with the late Sir Mark Sykes, who throughout was the chief channel of communication between Zionism and British statesmanship. A third argument was the political influence, immediate and future, of the Jewish people. America was a new recruit to the war, and England appreciated the value of Jewish friendship. A people of fourteen millions spread throughout the world was, again, a political fact not to be depreciated.

By more roads than one, therefore, Great Britain came to identify herself with a Jewish Palestine, and once having taken the decision, followed out its logic. A Zionist Commission was sent to Palestine in 1918, to prepare the way for the future. Its most inspiring act was to lay the foundation of a Hebrew University at Jerusalem. At Paris, the Zionists had 'their day in court,' as President Wilson called it, and they have submitted their demands. The British Government has accepted the Zionist idea of a British mandate under the League of Nations for a Jewish Palestine. The British Government has further cleansed itself of its original sins of partition and condominium. The Jewish Palestine is to be an integral Palestine, and it is not to be cursed by a divided rule. Zionist statesmanship has succeeded in reversing the whole policy of the secret treaty of 1916, and it has succeeded at the same time in rallying to itself the support of the American and the Italian and, finally, even of the French government. The Zionist leaders have been able to do this because they have never allowed themselves to become the instruments of British or any other imperialism, but have pursued steadily and with a single eye the interests of the Jewish nation, which are the interests of humanity.

IV

What do the Jews want in Palestine? what do they hope? what do they intend? In the proposals laid before the Peace Conference by the Zionist Organization, the following demands are submitted. (1) For the recognition of the historic title of the Jewish people to Palestine, and the right of the Jews to reconstitute Palestine as their national home. (2) That the boundaries of Palestine shall extend on the west to the Mediterranean, on the north to the Lebanon, on the east to the Hedjaz railway and the Gulf of Akabah. (3) That the sovereign title to Palestine shall be vested in the League of Nations, and the government be intrusted to Great Britain as mandatory of the League. (4) That Palestine shall be placed under such political administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment there of the Jewish national home, and ultimately render possible the creation of an autonomous commonwealth, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country. (5) For these purposes the mandatory power is to promote

Jewish immigration and close settlement on the land; to accept the coöperation of a Council representing the Jews of Palestine and the world, and to give this Council (which is to be precluded from making a private profit) priority in any concession for public works or the development of the natural resources of Palestine. (6) Hebrew shall be one of the official languages of Palestine, and the Jewish Sabbath and Holy Days shall be recognized as legal days of rest.

Such in brief outline are the proposals which the Zionist leaders are making to the Peace Conference, and which have already commended themselves to most of the peace delegations by their moderation and good sense. The Jews are not asking that they shall govern Palestine. They constitute at present, numerically, but a small minority in the country, although qualitatively that minority is the most important element, and represents the fourteen millions of the Jewish people. What Jews are asking for is the right to make Palestine a Jewish country once again — Jewish in the sense that the majority of the people shall be Jews; Jewish in the sense that the predominant culture shall be Hebrew culture. For this purpose a mere bare permission to emigrate into the country will not suffice. He who wills the end must also will the means. The land must be made accessible to the Jews. At present, from sixty to eighty per cent of the soil of Palestine is held in great estates, by absentee landowners, who rack-rent a miserable peasantry. The Jewish people had no intention of allowing their passion for the country, their enterprise, and their genius to be converted into unearned increment for the benefit of these absentee landlords. They are, however, anxious that the rights of the cultivating fellaheen shall be conserved, and there is plenty of room for the fellaheen and for the Jewish immigrants. Palestine to-day has not one tenth of the population it once had. The Jewish people again demand that the development of the natural resources of the country shall not pass to alien capitalists, but shall be entrusted to the Jewish Council, representing and working on behalf of the Jewish people. These economic instrumentalities are indispensable if the Peace Conference is to make real its design of calling into being a Jewish Palestine. As and when Palestine becomes Jewish once again, the Jewish people will ask that its political institutions shall express that Jewish social reality.

The Jewish people do not expect that all the Jews of the world will ever be gathered into Palestine. The country is too small to hold them all, and there is no universal desire to go there. In the fullness of time there will be several million Jews in Palestine, but in all human probability the majority of Jews will still live outside its borders. Skepticism is sometimes expressed as to the likelihood of Jewish emigration into Palestine; as to whether the comfortable or the indifferent of the new and the old worlds will turn their steps toward Zion. The anxiety of the Zionist leaders, as it happens, is lest, in the early years, the flood of immigration may be so great as to threaten the stability of a Jewish Palestine — threaten it as an economic entity, threaten it as a Hebraic entity. During the early years the need will certainly be for selection among the immigrants, rather than for stimulation of immigration.

What kind of men will come? Palestine will get many of the best in Jewry, for, beyond a doubt, Zionism is the one vital Jewish thing in Jewry. It appeals to the idealism of the Jew, be he student, professor, craftsman, or business man. Zionism has saved the soul of Jewry in every country of the Diaspora. Many, far more than the non-Jew even

dreams, are girding themselves for the great adventure. The desolation that has swept over the European world has set free hosts of the pick of Jewry, and a Jewish Palestine will have at its disposal talents of every variety and of rare quality. Those who do not go themselves, and with their own hands and brains share in the building of the new Palestine, will be happy to assist from a distance by material help and encouragement. Even those who have resisted the march of Zionism will rally to the positive work of reconstruction, once the conflict of theories and politics is over and done with. In the new Palestine there will be a task attractive to every man of fine spirit. Though not every Jew will ever be there physically the whole Jewish people will assuredly collaborate in making the new Jewish Palestine.

Sociologically, the Jewish Palestine will be the home of many experiments. It will set the common weal above private appetite. It will blend public ownership and private enterprise. It will make education, in accordance with Jewish tradition, the possession of every citizen. It will do justice between all the nationalities within its borders. It will establish the equality of men and women, and work toward democracy, political and economic. It will be one of the pillars of the League of Nations, and by its relationship to all the scattered communities of Israel, it will forge powerful links for the brotherhood of the peoples. In the Near East and the Middle East it will strive to replace the broken tyranny of the Turk by a harmonious coöperation between Jew, Arab, and Armenian. It will read the riddle of the West to the East, and the riddle of the East to the West. For the Jews throughout the world, the new Jewish Palestine will be once again a Zion from which the Law and the word of God shall go forth. No Jew outside Palestine will have any political tie with, or obligation to, a Jewish Palestine; but every Jew who feels in himself the Jewish soul and the Jewish consciousness will see in the Jewish Palestine the example of a pure Jewish society. There he will see the Jewish faith developing freely, according to the law of its being, distracted neither by opposition, nor by surrender to an alien environment. There he will see the Jewish national spirit expressing itself in a society modeled on the Jewish idea of justice, in a Hebrew literature, in a Hebrew art, in the myriad activities which make the life of a people on its own soil, under its own sky. There he will see the Jewish nation once again making its contribution to the common task of humanity, and he will see himself the better citizen of the land in which he dwells for the spiritual ties which link him with a Jewish Palestine.

Such is the goal toward which the Jewish people are striving, and such is the fabric for which the ground is now being cleared by the labor of the Peace Conference at Paris. The Zionist ideal is the twofold ideal, national and human, of the Rabbis. 'Jerusalem is the city that made all Israel brothers. Jerusalem is destined to be the mother-city of all the lands.'

POLAND, THE VERGE OF BOLSHEVISM

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

FROM Bialystock to Slonim is something over one hundred miles. We had come from Warsaw the day before, another hundred, and hoped to get on east from Bialystock to the Polish-Bolshevist front at Slonim, and thence south down the front to Pinsk, or, if the roads along the frontier were unsafe for our heavy car, then southwest over the Russian-built military highway through Prujanny to Brest-Litovsk. If we were to reach either Pinsk or Brest by nightfall, it meant doing rather more than two hundred miles during the day. So we started early from Bialystock, of which we saw little more than the streets of late afternoon and early morning could reveal. At the railway station, where we obtained a so-called breakfast that the hotel could not give us at so early an hour, we saw a train-load of refugees who had been picked up farther east and were being hauled in box-cars toward the west. It was my introduction to the theme of this paper.

These people were being hauled back from the verge of Bolshevism — not only the geographic verge, but the political and economic verge: for this train meant not only the actual carrying of the refugees from the dangerous borderland where Russian Bolshevism is making its effort to sweep westward, but it meant new Poland's governmental recognition of the necessity of doing something to meet the threat that everywhere now in Europe rises from masses of people existing under conditions that they are making convulsive efforts to change. We may call these efforts Bolshevism, or revolution, or anarchy, or whatever we like: the first and most important thing is to recognize their reality and their threat, and to do something swiftly for their remedy. We can analyze them with all academic nicety when we have more leisure and are in less danger of their taking an unfortunate direction; for political Bolshevism, criminal Bolshevism, and righteous Bolshevism have all enough in common as to cause and course, to make sufficiently obvious what we have immediately to do if we are to save the really good in our present social organization from being swept away with the really bad, for which the time of passing began vividly with the beginning of the war. Some of the bad has gone in violence; more of the bad must go; if we do not arrange for its going peacefully, there will be more violence.

II

Between Warsaw and Bialystock most of the fields were under cultivation. The dull green of the winter grain showed over long stretches from which the snow was fast disappearing under the April sun, and other long stretches were being ploughed for the spring sowing.

The farming of the great Polish plain is much like that of our Northwest: simple, undiversified, just grain and more grain, over rolling hundreds and thou-

sands of acres. Most of the soil is not over-rich, and the yield is not large per acre; but the acreage is large per farm, and the furrows run for long uninterrupted distances. Some day these great fields will all be ploughed and harvested by the huge machines that progress, like crawling Saurians, slowly but powerfully over our own Western acres. But now the peasants, and their horses, and their wives in red and green and yellow skirts, move constantly over the fields, manuring and ploughing and seeding and reaping and stacking, or travel slowly and interminably along the heavy roads in their long, low, narrow, small-wheeled wagons, between fields and farming villages all alike in their dull color of weathered timber walls and heavy thatch.

But not all of the land between Warsaw and Bialystock that should have been cultivated was being cared for. There was lack of horses and seed and manure; lack, indeed, of farmers in sheepskin coats, and farmers' wives and daughters in bright-colored skirts. For war has killed some of the people, weakened others, and driven yet others away.

But it was not until the next day, when we began that hundred and more miles beyond Bialystock to Slonim, that we saw what war has really done to the fields of Eastern Poland. There were a few widely separated crumbling old trenches here and there, and a few wrecked and rusting German or Russian motor-trucks along the narrow, straight, white military road. And there were scars in the scattered fir and pine forests through which the road passed, where ruthless cutting had stripped bare an occasional score of woodland acres. But all this was nothing. It would have been more intelligible if there had been something. But that was just the horror of it. There was nothing.

There were the long stretches of cultivable and once cultivated land, now all but untouched by the hands of men and women; just rarely here and there a single, pitiful, narrow line of furrows, or a tiny lonely square of worked soil. The scattered villages appeared with monotonous regularity as our speedometer told off the swiftly measured miles; lifting their low soil-colored walls and roofs hardly perceptibly above the soil itself; all alike, and now more strikingly so than ever in the silence and immobility of desertion. Now and then, in agreement with the occasional bit of worked ground, a single one, or even two or three, of the thatched-roof huts in some village sent up a thin thread of smoke, revealing human occupancy.

Finally we came to one village, larger than the average, stretching directly across the highway and giving obvious sign of more habitation than we had seen in any other hamlet. There were even a couple of sheepskin-covered men and a barefooted rickety child idling by the road. We stopped and began to talk with them. Others appeared silently and mysteriously, until there were a score of ragged, dirt-incrusted men and boys, and a couple of women. It was the population of the town, the present population. The others were still away; they might come back. These had come back. But to what purpose? No animals, no tools — the Germans had taken them; no seed, no manure, no food. But there must be some food, or you could not stay here. Well, yes, a few potatoes from somewhere. And something besides? You cannot be living on potatoes alone; though it is true that many have been forced to in these Eastern lands in these last years; that is, they lived on them as long as they lived at all. Well, then, some beets and cabbages. That is all? Yes, all. But that is n't enough. No. What are you going to do? We don't know; somebody must help us.

So we leave our bits of chocolate and crackers, and a box of cigarettes, and travel on through the leagues-long grain-fields of Poland, in which the only visible growth is the little bushes that do not belong in them.

At Slonim there is a Polish battalion and a colonel-commandant with whom we have luncheon, more hearty in its hospitality than in its food. He shows us on his maps the general position and course of the Polish and Bolshevist front lines: the Polish line runs through Slonim and approximates closely the line long held by the Germans against the Russians. No-Man's Land is about twenty miles wide here, and Bolshevist and Polish mounted patrols move stealthily about in it. Occasionally one side or the other crosses in some force and attempts a *coup*. Three weeks ago Slonim itself had to withstand a vigorous attack. But, for the most part, war on the Polish-Bolshevist front is not battle, but pressure — constant, harassing, wearing, dangerous. And one of the problems in it is that of the refugees, those forlorn beings fled or evacuated from their homes during the war and now trying to return to them.

Through Slonim there had been for some time a constant passing of these refugees from East to West. They had got through the Bolshevist lines somehow, and then across No-Man's Land, with occasional accidents, to the Polish line. Then they went on westward toward the deserted villages in the deserted grain-fields. One lost sight and track of them after they passed. No one knew these people as individuals, as fathers and mothers and children; they were just bands of creatures moving in bands like migrating buffalo or lemmings, or like any animals driven from their breeding-ground by fire or other scourge and then blindly returning to the home wastes. Still, the land, ready to be worked, and their huts, all alike, in the villages, all alike, would be there waiting for them — if they ever reached them.

But it was not so simple after all, the commandant-colonel confessed. It was not merely a matter of letting or helping these people, who mostly were Polish peasants and peasant families trying to return to their homes, go back to their villages and fields. There was more to do than that. Among these bands were some people who were not returning peasants: they were incoming Russian Bolshevists, Bolshevist agents and agitators, some of them with much money hidden in their rough clothing. Warsaw had reported to Slonim that too many Russian Bolshevists were getting there. They must be stopped.

What was a simple colonel-commandant to do? One could not tell Bolshevist from peasant at sight. So he was simply stopping them all at the frontier. He did not have any food for them, or clothing. And they needed both food and clothing. It was hard, and, yes, — this in answer to our question, — it was a very good way to make Bolshevists out of them all, to hold them there, cold, hungry, and suffering, and talking together, in restless, resentful groups.

He sent an aide with us to one of these groups huddled together in a large bare building in the town. They were not allowed to leave the building, nor could any from outside come in. It was like a pest-house in which were crowded a group of human beings suspected of having been exposed to the contamination of an infectious disease. We found them to be starving. A woman was sitting in the midst of the huddle, silently weeping, with a dying babe in her lap. Another woman leaped at us with wild eyes, to demand food for her two children who were on the swift way to be dying.

There was another clamorous group

interned in a long low shed across the river in front of the Polish line. As we crossed the bridge, soldiers were keeping back a group demanding to cross into the town. In the shed the creatures, men, women, and children, anonymous and undifferentiated from the guarding soldiers, resolved themselves under our questioning into human beings with names and relationships, into fathers, mothers, and children, into peasants, workmen, a lawyer, a school-teacher, with life-stories, with sorrows and complaints, with desires and hopes. They were creatures of our species and race, they were of the brotherhood of man. But they, too, were 'unclean'; some of them were probably Bolshevists; all of them had been exposed to the disease. The homely, direct military remedy was to cage them. It was not a remedy that would save them; but the colonel-commandant thought that it might save Poland, and — although he probably did not really think that far — the rest of the world; for Poland is to be a bulwark against Bolshevism according to the present scheme of things.

Still the colonel was not entirely clear in his mind about the efficiency of his remedy, because, if these people did not all starve to death, and that was not part of his plan, some day they would all, or most of them, have to be released to go on into Poland; for most of them undoubtedly belonged in those empty gray villages scattered among the deserted grain-fields of Eastern Poland. And they were needed there. For Poland needs grain from those fields.

The colonel-commandant's problem was, in little, not unlike that larger one that is worrying the whole world to-day. What to do about all of Russia — that is, all of Bolshevist and Bolshevist-tainted Russia? And the remedy so far being tried, or trying to be tried, is the same as the simple colonel-commandant's. Cage it; cage all the Russian Bolshevists; make a sanitary cordon about them; establish a dead line for Bolshevism. But for how long can this be maintained, and how much of a real remedy is it when done? Bolshevism is not only epidemic: it is endemic. It seems to have its seeds scattered already all over the world; and all that is necessary is a favorable condition, and it springs to life and activity in a score of separate centres.

We started rather late for Brest-Litovsk, because it took some time to arrange about a temporary supply of food for the caged refugees, which we were fortunately in a position to effect. I do not think I have ever felt more glad to be one of 'Hoover's food men' than in this instance. Only I can never forget the anonymous babe dying in the anonymous mother-creature's lap. We were too late to avoid having to see that — or too early.

Nightfall overtook us when we were but half-way to our goal. And we found that we had in some way got off the main road. The towns that we should have passed through, according to our map, did not appear. In fact, we were running long distances without seeing any towns at all; all we saw were great stretches of forest alternating with great stretches of swamp. Our road was getting rougher, and we could not get on so rapidly. Nor could we search for better roads, for there were no diverging ways. But the general direction was right, and we could only go on.

As there was almost no farming land along the way, we met no peasants on the road. In fact, we should have seen almost no living things at all except that now and then there would shine out at us from the road far in front, or from the forest by its side, a pair of brilliant small red spots, the eyes of a wild-cat reflecting the glare of our headlights; or we would meet, or overtake, a pair

or little group of plodding human creatures who would silently draw back to the roadside, or even into the forest, as we passed. They were refugees moving through the night along the lonely road, in persistent response to the instinct that drove them always on in search of the long-deserted hut that they called home. Each one carried a bag or roll which contained all his belongings. Often they doffed their caps with a servile gesture as our lighted car slipped by.

We halted as we overtook a man all alone, who stood with hat off as we slowed down. We asked him the way. He did not know. We asked him where he was going. He answered in a broken voice, trembling from very weakness of body. He hoped to find some place where he could get something to eat. Not far beyond him our headlights picked up two women staggering along under the huge bundle that each carried on her back. We ran just twenty miles after we passed these night-walkers before we came to the first human habitation by the roadside. They could not reach it in less than a day from where we passed them — if they could ever reach it.

III

Now all this disconnected talk of peasants and refugees, of monotonous stretching fields and uncounted dull-colored identical villages, made up of dull-colored identical huts inhabited for months and years and generations by human beings, anonymous, unreckoned with except as animals who are to produce each year so many bushels of grain and pounds of meat, and so many new animals like themselves, so that there will never be any falling off, under usual conditions, of the numbers of bushels and pounds of food for the people in Warsaw and Petrograd — all this desultory description may sound very dull and insignificant, when one might be writing of so many beautiful places and so many significant people whose names we know.

But I am trying to write about the verge of Bolshevism, and all this is what I take the verge of Bolshevism to be — the geographic verge, the political and the economic verge. For not far east of this land is Bolshevism in full reality; and not far away in the life of these people, these millions of anonymous people here and in similar condition in other lands, is the possibility of an explosion into all the reality of revolution. These lands and these people have known misery for many generations; the war has brought them new and more intense suffering. And at the same time it has revealed what is described to them to be, and what they blindly feel to be, the possibility of a relief from misery; from the misery they know for themselves and the misery they look forward to for their children's children. It promises them a larger share of the bushels of grain and pounds of meat that they produce. It promises them some of the things they see that their landlords and other people have. It promises them a sort of revenge for what has been done to them. It promises them, at any rate, change, and any change can seem to be only relief.

Bolshevism is a genus of several species, the most noxious of which is the Bolshevism that is only the violent substitution of one sort of tyranny for another, and this sort, like the other, can persist only by violence. The violent, or even the peaceful, rule of the proletariat is not democracy, any more than is the rule of the privileged. Each is dictation by a single class. And whether this class is that of the workmen of an industrialized community, or of the peasants of an agricultural land, it is still a one-class group, and its rule is not democratic. Its rule can be as unfair, as brutal, as bloodily horrible as

the rule of a militarized autocracy. It can be worse.

But the species of Bolshevism which is not the frankly criminal kind that revels in pillage and murder, or the political kind with the obsession of a fantastic economic belief, but is the kind which is simply the outcome of a convulsive effort on the part of long-neglected and unrecognized and terribly mistreated human beings of the same blood and biologic inheritance as ourselves, to enjoy some of the same sunshine and social inheritance as ourselves, is a different matter. The Bolshevism that is the effort of human beings now existing only as anonymous human hordes to become recognized human individuals, to be known and treated as fathers and mothers and children, to be fairly rewarded for faithful work, to have opportunity for individual capacity and effort with their just deserts, to have all the advantages of education and care in sickness and distress and of protection from greedy exploitation, and to have the enjoyment of what is beautiful and expanding and ennobling, as we have, is a matter that must be met with understanding and sympathy — and not with cages.

The time has come, not only for peace among nations and self-determination of peoples, but for peace among classes and self-determination of individuals. But these latter things cannot come, any more than the former, without a radical change in the old order. The kind of Bolshevism that aims at this, for the sake of a place in the sun, on sunny days, of all the people together, is a justifiable Bolshevism. That which aims simply at turning upside down the old order so that what was at bottom shall be on top, and shall take its turn at the bloody game of tyranny, of exploitation and expropriation, of disregard of equality of rights and representation, is the Bolshevism to be feared as greatly as autocracy is feared, and to be fought as rigorously as autocracy has just been fought.

ITALIAN SENTIMENT

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

It is never easy to comprehend the sentiment of Italy; for her people, in the course of the centuries, have become highly individualized. Although capable of uniting on a national issue, as their manner of entering the Great War proved, they do not readily dispose of themselves in groups, and self-expression through organized channels is for them difficult and imperfect. 'If you order us all,' said one of them, 'into uniforms of the same pattern, we shall put them on so differently that in a short time you will have no two of us alike.'

And now, when Italy's aspirations are everywhere under discussion, there is so great diversity of opinion among Italians that one may find high-minded patriots and constructive statesmen aligned with jingos and champions of aggression, while thinkers and scholars

and hard-headed men of affairs may be of one mind with the disaffected, the ignorant, or the indifferent. The small critic who condemns the government because it does not demand five times as much as it hopes to get is on the side of the historian and scholar who, for reasons geological, geographical, ethnological, philological, traditional, cultural, and moral, makes his point in learned discourses or in volumes bound up with maps and illustrations. Of two persons who were heart and soul in the war, sacrificing everything, one cries, 'Italy made war for something far above and beyond a mere strip of land'; while the other, listening to the plea of the Dalmatian cities, exclaims, 'They are Italians, and shall we deny them?'

That it has been for Italy a war of redemption, no loyal Italians have ever doubted: and so far they are of one unalterable mind. The wrongs of 1866 were to be righted in the name of justice. The making of Italy was to be completed, not by gifts, which the nation spurned, but by sacrifice and death. Yet while one irredentist would make large concessions in order to prove to the world that the charge of imperialism cannot be laid at Italy's door, another cries out for a 'Roman' — an imperialistic — peace.

Cavour, who died with the names of Rome and Venice on his lips, knew well, as did Mazzini and all of the great patriots, that Italy would never be free and united until she had been liberated as far as her boundaries in the Julian Alps. This fact, the present generation, true to Cavour's prophecy, has seen with a clear vision and an undivided will. But beyond Fiume lies Dalmatia; and on the whole question of the Adriatic voices are as confused as the problem is complex.

One gets no light from D'Annunzio, who speaks loudest and is farthest heard. By every preconception, D'Annunzio should belong as a poet to the idealists, or as a warrior to those who would interpret the peace in terms of the victory. Yet he is neither with the one nor with the other. For the idealists have the international point of view, which he has not, while many men of the army, deeply concerned with enlarging Italy to her Alpine boundaries, see grave difficulties in the holding of Dalmatia; and the necessity of a military force to keep the peace with a subject people is not in their reading of Italy's triumph. 'By every reason, human and divine,' says D'Annunzio, 'Dalmatia belongs to Italy.' According to him, every soldier who fought and bled has borne on his shoulders the cross of Dalmatia, and sacrificed at the altars of her cities, over whose portals the Lion of Saint Mark stands guard among the ruins of ancient Rome. Every drop of blood shed on the Piave flows in the current that washes the shores of the Adriatic even to Otranto. 'Who denies you,' he says to the Dalmatians, 'gives you over to be the slaves of slaves, crowns your long martyrdom with a hideous death, slays you and every hope within you, commits a crime inexpiable.'

A wise humanitarian, who has proved himself a warrior no less intrepid than D'Annunzio, invokes the struggle in the Alps and on the Carso in a different sense, saying repeatedly, 'We wrong the soldier when we argue that for his sake we must demand Dalmatia. You yourself have seen the battlefields. You have seen that unyielding ground where the conflict was no less against unconquerable nature than against man's most unnatural weapons, where we fought our way up and up from hill to hill, always to find another hill beyond and the enemy still hurling fire upon us from above. You have seen our defenses hacked out of the solid rock

which offered neither water to drink nor earth in which to bury our dead. Do you think it was to acquire territory that we endured these things? "Trent and Trieste" was an effective war-cry, and as far as it went it was honest. But we were fighting for something more than to save Trent and Trieste. We were fighting to save the soul of Italy. We were taking our part in the great world-contest: Italy had not failed to see her mission. And we were proud that we alone of the Allies were advancing into the enemy's country. Whatever appeals were made to the armies in the name of conquest, I regret them bitterly. For I believe that by such appeals the ground was prepared for the poisonous seed of Caporetto.'

The poet-aviator and the wise humanitarian are no further apart in sentiment than any two people whom one may meet on any day in this talkative land of Italy. And perhaps in no other way than through conversation does one gain a more vivid impression of the mental attitudes which combine in some mysterious way to make up the national character. Ferrero will interpret the problem with scholarly premeditation from the historian's point of view. Luzzatti will evolve in the same temper its economic bearings. The newspapers represent the politicians. But there is no substitute for the spoken word. And when the question shall have been once for all decided, it may not be unprofitable to recall some spontaneous expressions of the people's will.

Yet conversations, like other gems, are only half-worth outside their setting. Within a few weeks I have heard the matter discussed in the Piazza of Venice among the soldiers and the pigeons; over the tea-cups in a fifteenth-century palace that bears the scars of an unexploded bomb which fell through its roof to its foundations; at the lunch-table of a torpedo-boat destroyer where the young marines, gayly beribboned for their deeds of valor, enjoy nothing so much as to praise America, unless it be to listen to praises of Italy; at an officers' mess, where there were a physician, a professor of literature, an engineer, a baron whose estates are in the remote mountains of Calabria, and the gentle heir of an ancient family of Florence whose profession is the army; on the express train, 'Roma–Trieste,' as it crossed the Piave on the new bridge beside the stark ruins of the old and wound its way among wrecks of villages, between the trenches of the lower Carso, through the Pompeian silence of Monfalcone, under the castle that was an Austrian stronghold, over the Virgilian Timavo that gushes from the heart of the mountains and falls down in bright streams to the sea, past the dark, formidable Hermada, into the city whose patron saint is named The Just. I have heard it discussed in a café in Pola near the great Roman amphitheatre, where stories of the suppression of Italian sympathy by Croatian priests in the neighboring villages made vivid arguments; in the ballroom of an American warship, where the music was beaten out with such super-energy that not all the Italian ladies gathered there could alter the conviction that one had been suddenly dropped into one's native town; and on a certain broad embankment, where men and women of the 'people' pace up and down for recreation, ready always to give vent to their opinions and to adorn the subject with dramatic narrative in picturesque detail.

'Only listen,' says an eloquent countess over the tea-cups, 'to the plea of the Dalmatian cities. "At least," they cry, "we might have been left under the rule of Austria. That was a galling yoke. But to snatch us from Austria only to hurl us back beneath the crudest element of the Austrian hegemony,

with a national existence not yet six months old! Is it for this the war was fought?" I know those people,' the countess continues, 'and I assure you they are the most Italian of Italians. Only think how many of our greatest men have been Dalmatians — literary men, sculptors, architects. An Austrian subject once remarked that the inhabitants of Zara were fond of writing poetry in the tongue of neighboring peoples! Even now they write Italian. They speak the Venetian dialect. Their very instincts are Italian. They have kept alive the flame of patriotism through the centuries and have taught their children — perforce in secret — that they are heirs of a noble race. And shall we destroy their hopes in the hour of victory, and exclude them from the great new Italy? The mountains separate them from their ancient enemy; the sea stretches out to join them to the Italian shores. By the principle of the free choice of peoples, must they not belong to Italy?'

'Dalmatia would be a burden,' said a high commander standing on a balcony that overhangs the Grand Canal, 'a burden that Italy cannot afford to assume. Sentimental appeals aside, what should we gain? Only problems — insoluble problems. The Adriatic? Ah! the argument is antiquated. If we hold Fiume and the islands of the Quarnero, the Adriatic will serve as a defense against our Oriental friends who would be quite too near us if we held the coast of Dalmatia. We have had enough of mountain frontiers held over us.' He paused a moment, looked down at some Tommies passing in a gondola, and went on: 'Why should Italy make an inland lake of the Adriatic sea? Ah, yes! I know the Doge of Venice wedded the sea in a mystic rite because he had saved Dalmatia from the pirates — civilization from barbarism. And I know how the cities have guarded the tricolor under their high altars these hundred years. Austria's deliberate policy of denationalization has been a great crime. However, for my country's good, I should resign all claim to Dalmatia.'

'The structure of the two shores of the Adriatic,' said the young professor of literature at the officers' mess, 'makes it essential for Italy's strength that she hold them both. It is as clear as the lines on the map. There was a moment, to be sure, when we thought the whole question of defenses might soon be out of date. We hailed with joy America's young idealism — the League of Nations, disarmament, universal peace. We hope still, but in the meantime we cannot take chances. We are the youngest of the Allies in national existence, but we are old — too old — in experience.'

'You will observe,' said the physician, whose military service had been at the front line throughout the war, 'you will observe that it is not those who made the noblest contribution toward winning the victory who are prating loudest of revindication and a larger Italy. The moving spirits who have carried the country with them want a greater Italy, but greater in principle and power. They want a spirit among the peoples that will make future wars impossible, and they want to stand for progress before the world. As for Istria — I have made a study of Istria to its farthest corners, and, while it is foolish to claim that it is all Italian, yet so much of it is Italian, or friendly to Italy, that the most peaceful development of the country will result, I believe, if it is in Italian hands. That the same thing is true of Dalmatia, I am not convinced.'

The youthful marines, just returned from the waters of the Quarnero, all agreed that the matter is perfectly simple. 'Give the coast to us,' they

said, 'and in a generation the problem will be solved: and for the natural reason that the people like us. We Italians have many faults, but nobody will deny that we have big hearts. We shall not organize spy systems and terrorize the inhabitants. We shall open our hearts to them, and they know it. Why, the Croats around Fiume love us already. It is very simple.'

In the shadow of the Campanile of San Marco, while the great bell Marangona was pealing out its daily reminder of the victory, a simple, hard-working citizen, distinguished withal as a man of talents, made his declaration. 'He is a coward who would argue against Dalmatia because of difficulties. No doubt there will be problems. But Italy never yet profited by choosing the easy path. Cost what it may, we must maintain our national rights. Our troops have faced the Jugo-Slavs in battle when they called themselves Austrian, — they were the most bitter foes we had to fight, — and we shall not be afraid of them when they hide in the mountains of Dalmatia. There will be hard days ahead for Venice. Trieste, Fiume, Pola will absorb her activities. But Venice has always been the first to hold out a hand to her sister cities. Their calls for help have come first to her across the waters, and she has transmitted them faithfully to Rome. She will never desert their cause. Let justice be done — what follows will follow.'

A young Triestin who had been wounded in seven battles for Italy, while his parents had suffered four years of martyrdom interned in Austria, pronounced against the acquisition of Dalmatia. 'My heart aches,' he said, 'for the Italians of the cities. I know the intensity of their longing and their hatred for everything Austrian. It is an ideal hatred, deeper than any personal resentment could ever be. But I know Dalmatia, too, and I cannot wish that it should belong to Italy.'

We were three in the compartment of the Rome–Trieste express. My companions were a tall, strong-limbed officer of artillery, who, I had observed, was what the Italians call an 'apostle,' — one who is consumed with altruistic zeal, — and a gruff customer in civilian clothing, something more prosperous — and far less attractive — than a peasant.

'I've been down along that coast,' said the latter, addressing his compatriot, 'and Italy would do well to get it. There is great wealth there. We must leave no stone unturned.'

The officer's distress was visible, and I expected an outburst. But he held himself together and was silent. He was a North Italian and I knew by his silence the passion of his feeling.

When I talked with the Calabrian baron later, in Trieste, I suspected that his views were similar to those of the gruff customer, though he was less outspoken. He talked fluently of culture and intellectual advancement. The nations of Europe, he said, were ready to do anything for the salvation of France because they believed that the light of France must be preserved for civilization. Well, then, in settling a question like that of Dalmatia, the quality of a people, as well as their numbers, ought to count for something. He would be sorry to see the Bolshevists or the Jugo-Slavs rule the world. His opinion was strangely similar to that of a practical woman, the wife of a merchant, who thought that, if peace were our aim, 'the choice of a people who could preserve harmony and conciliation among hybrid races might well fall on Italy. The rough stone monument to Dante erected by Austrian prisoners on the island of Asinara is one more tribute to Italy's humaneness.'

An artist who was a private in the

trenches refuses to discuss the subject. 'The only aspiration I know,' he declares, 'is for the young men of Italy, who must shake themselves free from this military habit of obedience and learn to use their own creative minds. Many of my friends have been seven years in the army. One of the best musicians of Northern Italy has been nine years under arms. The best part of our lives. But we shall do something now. You will see. Already the movement has begun.'

If Mr. Wilson were to walk up and down a certain *fondamenta* and talk in their native tongue to this *popolo Veneziano*, he would not be so sure that what the laboring man wants is work and three meals a day. These people tell you a great deal about their poverty and suffering. They attribute everything that goes wrong to the government and everything that turns out well to chance or the Virgin Mary. And they show very little concern about work and three meals a day. What they want now is peace — that there shall be no more wars. That is the secret of their enthusiasm for Wilson. That is why they hailed him as a savior and burned candles before his portrait in the family shrine. He came to bring peace into the world. They never doubted that he held the secret of universal peace and the power to settle all questions wisely to that end.

My thoughts go back most often to the young officer of Trieste with the seven wound-stripes on his arm, because in him the noblest traits of a soldier seemed met with the gentlest qualities of his race. 'The war has been won,' he said, 'because God is on the side of right. The people believe that now, and our highest task is to sustain them in that belief. I think we ought not to touch Dalmatia, not even for the sake of the patriots and the martyrs.'

No voices make so strong an appeal as those of the soldiers who have fought and won, except the voices of those who have fought and died. A red-coated Garibaldian of eighty years stood at the foot of Manin's statue and declared, with a tremor in his voice, 'Venezia Julia is written on our hearts.' And one has only to read certain letters of the young volunteers who at the first call to arms went into battle to be thrown against that wall of rock and fire to their death, to understand how to them the driving of their hereditary enemy out of what they deemed to be Italy, whatever its extent, was as holy a motive as the guarding of the soil of France to the Frenchman.

'My grandfathers,' one of them wrote, 'and my uncles risked their lives fighting for Italy. And I am ready to fight for the greater Italy, to sacrifice for her my hopes, my future, my love, my life.'

'If I die, remember that my last thought and my last dream were for Italy, my Italy, my greater mother.'

'It is sacrifice that consecrates love: without it, love is vanity. I climb the vast steps of the glorious altar of my country; clouds of smoke from the grenades rise up like incense; and I feel that my hour is come. I hasten to meet it, serene, with two names on my lips, with two convictions deep in my heart, God and my country. Italy! imperishable and great! May she fulfil her destiny.'

'For the greatness, for the unity, for the honor of my country, for the liberty and independence of my oppressed brothers, in the sacred name of Italy, and for the love of everything Italian, I die happy.'

'Teach my children that I was first of all an Italian, then a father, then a citizen.'

But this is not all.

'I have loved my country in the intimate depths of her divine beauty. But above all things I have loved the human race and the triumph of ideals that can be won only by conflict.'

'I offer my body, my soul's prison, for the defeat of those who would put out the light.'

That which counts in the character of nations, as of men, is their motives. We who are not of the Four or of the Ten are not obliged to weigh the claims of Italy in the nicely balanced scales of justice. If we were, no doubt our eyes would be blinded, as in the legend. What we want to understand, for the love of everything human, is the spirit that prompts her aspirations. And this we shall find deep in the hearts of her people.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PESSIMISM AND THE ZOO

PALLIATIVES for the fatigue of the business man and the tired war-worker are increasing in number, and the qualities attributed to them by their sponsors suggest the tales which enticed the Spaniards of De Soto's day to search for the Spring of Life. All these rejuvenators are foods, — concentrated foods, — and are inevitably harmless to the most delicate business stomach. They are nuxated or peptonated nervines and vitalines. They have a disagreeable metallic taste, like old tin cans; but one becomes reconciled to the flavor, or takes his Energine with lemon-juice or milk or white of egg, according to the directions on the carton — or with whiskey, if one does n't mind spoiling whiskey, and can get it.

Fatigue and depression are concomitant and introactive. Equally they demoralize one's work. In my own case, it is easier to cure both by eliminating depression than by drugging fatigue. To this end I visit the Zoo at the end of the day's work, and am refreshed. There is more uplift in a ring-tailed monkey than may be acquired from twenty dollars' worth of Nuxated Ferro Bovine.

First I visit the chimpanzee, for he retires early and is not to be called forth from his couch. He is middle-aged, and bears a disquieting resemblance to a man I know and rather like; disquieting because I cannot reconcile his conduct with that of my friend, who is a conventional chap without athletic ability. Any loud wailing sound brings the chimpanzee to the bars of his cage, where he stares fixedly into one's eyes. I return his gaze, and he determines to outstare me. I do not move. Suddenly he lifts his arm as in threat, hoping that my eye will be drawn momentarily from his; but I maintain my maddening calm. Further attempts failing, he turns his back on me and tramps completely round his cage, bringing down his right foot with a crash at each second step, in rising crescendo, until the evening air throbs with the sound of his marching. If he returns to find my eye still unwavering, he exhausts himself in exhibitions of fearful strength and make-believe savagery; but if I move, he is satisfied that my courage has been shaken, and

retires muttering to his straw boudoir.

The baboon is to the chimpanzee what the German is to the civilized man; and I hate him. There is a certain fascination in sheer hellishness, but he shakes from me the tranquillity which I court in the Zoo, and I am apt to avoid him. There is no good in him, no spark of humanity, and much capacity for harm.

Not far from him is a monkey whom I like and respect. He is a very small, elderly gentleman, deliberate in his movements, and inclined to be philosophical. He wears a full beard, with picturesque, long side-whiskers. He is gravely friendly; and a juvenile weakness for peanuts brings him to the front of his cage, where he accepts the proffered gift without unseemly haste, and eats it as becomes his years, removing shell and pink tissue, and chewing slowly to the rhythm of moving whiskers. So consistently elderly does he seem, that one is shocked to see him ascend to the top of the cage nimbly, like a fly going up a wall, and prepare himself for slumber on a rounded stick.

I am not even mildly interested in the deer family. I have seen them in the woods of Canada, and there they are shy and beautiful; but take a deer and tame him, feed him hay and prepared cereal until he lies with feet extended, jaw moving rhythmically sidewise, stupid eye roving aimlessly — and you have destroyed the elusive charm of shy alertness, of shadowy and transitory presence, which is his heritage only in his own woods.

For different reasons I am left quite cold by guinea-pigs, white rats, and the peculiar vermin of Central and South America. They are quite uninteresting even in their own habitat, and captivity merely adds stupidity to their negative peculiarities. I know animals fairly well, and there is nothing to a guinea-pig.

Few people know what a satisfactory animal is the gnu. Quite a number of hooved animals, like the ibex and the sacred ox, are mere tiresome combinations or Burbankisms; but the gnu has qualities all his own. His head is homely as an unpainted barn — flat nose and very broad mouth and ears misshapen and uncouth. His body is that of an exceedingly powerful pony, with strong neck and rakish tail. His galvanic energy puts to shame the glorious abandon of a cat on a tin roof. When I arrive before his inclosure, he has usually retired to the shed in which he sleeps, and stands in the doorway with far-away eyes. Efforts to entice him forth are futile. I turn at last as if to go; and as I move, he bursts forth with the most heathenish cry that ever clattered from an animal throat. If it resembles anything, it is the trench-klaxon that warns of an impending gas-attack — a series of staccato shrieks which would shake the teeth from a band-saw. I don't see how he can stand the noise he makes. Arm a rabbit with the voice of a gnu, and lions will slink from his path.

Reaching the bars of his inclosure in three or four astounding leaps, the gnu halts, with head averted and feet wide apart, ignoring me utterly. When I move to right or left, he remains motionless until fifteen feet are between us; then he closes the distance with a bound, shrieks terribly twice or thrice, and once more affects to be utterly oblivious of my presence. When finally I leave him, the clatter of his fearful voice pursues me for hundreds of feet, drowning all other sounds.

I have always derived pleasure from bears. I know a little black Himalayan bear who is friendly and ingenuous, and very fond of grass. The floor of his cage is elevated from the ground, so that the tender shoots of luscious grass are just beyond reach of the searching black

paw. But he thinks of it often; and being just out of reach, it has come to mean more to him than do ordinary foods upon which his mind has not been driven to dwell. The juicy sound of grass being plucked before his cage awakens him from profound sleep, though the enticing cry of the park-goer stirs not even his subconscious depths.

When I offer him the grass I have picked, a blade at a time, he very gently forces open my hand with his two paws, and annexes the entire visible supply, which he draws beneath him and consumes very slowly, rolling each particular blade beneath his tongue. When he has finished and no more is forthcoming, he submits to being petted through the bars of the cage, though one is conscious that he would eat more grass if it were forced upon him.

The big Alaskan bear leans similarly to grass, and is likewise playful. But he weighs over twelve hundred pounds, I am told, and I find his frolicking a bit rough. In the course of innocent play he once pinned my arm to the rail of the cage by leaning heavily upon it, and reaching out his immense paw, he dropped it playfully on my head. Only the knowledge that my country needed me prevented my military ghost from departing from that spot instanter. As I staggered away, that terrible paw was thrust through the heavy bars in a plaintive appeal for more grass. The experience brought a glimmer of discretion, and in our occasional sparring matches I distinguish myself by the alacrity with which I withdraw when his small expressive eye prophesies a lunge. It is curious that he keeps his long claws religiously sheathed during our bouts; and on the occasion when my hand slipped into his panting mouth, — and it must have startled him, — he did not close upon it, though it was temporarily wedged. Were I not an army man, the moment would have been an anxious one.

There is a uniformed guard at the Zoo, who is quite well along in years, and who tells me he is partly blind. I have talked with him many times, for he is a rare soul, who knows the personal tastes and weaknesses of each animal from years of sympathetic study. Often I wonder whether it is through his infirmity or through the kindness of his old heart that he fails to perceive me as I feed and molest the beasts in his care, and find rest and relaxation in breaking the wise laws of the Zoo.

A BY-PRODUCT OF CONSERVATION

The torrent of conservation surged over our community last spring with a mighty roar, carrying with it all thought of flowers and lawns, and making chaos of our cherished plans for a summer garden. With a velocity which only social enterprise could initiate, New England became a market-garden, from Eastport to Greenwich. Conservation developed backyards and vacant lots into gardens, and bank-clerks into farmers, enthusiastic at the prospect, and innocent of the coming torments which weeds and pests would soon bring with them. And so, for this same reason, our flower-garden on the Cape simmered down to a few nasturtiums and whatever blooms of a perennial nature cared to show themselves, while our home garden, usually a riot of color, was given over to vegetables.

What then should we have in our vases to reflect the profusion of the outdoor season? For a room without flowers in summer is as devoid of character and charm as a man without a necktie. The solution, naturally, has been found by many in the wild flowers; and if conservation has accomplished nothing else, its gift of an appreciation of

the beauty and variety of these exquisite plants will more than repay our efforts to grow potatoes, beans, and corn at exorbitant prices with doubtful success.

The last days of school for the children and some business at the office, together with certain fixed habits which tyrannize over the household, kept us from leaving for the Cape until late in June, so that we missed the mayflowers which have made Cape Cod famous for generations. The iris and violets too had disappeared, as well as the dogwood with its delicate and generous pink and white blossoms. A few short hours after our arrival, my little daughter discovered nearby some exquisite specimens of the wild lupine, growing just as I had last seen it on the slopes of Mount Tamalpias near San Francisco, although perhaps not in the same profusion.

From that first day until well into September, our home was made joyous by a succession of blooms as delicate and graceful as ever came from the highly cultivated gardens of the idle rich — a term which will soon vanish, and justly so.

The wild roses were late and never more plentiful or more perfect. The daisies arranged amid clusters of shiny bayberry and huckleberry leaves were transformed into stately decorations. Broom, which abounds in certain sections of the Cape, planted there in past years, without doubt, gave one a sense of having been ferried across the sea overnight; while our own columbine and wild geranium made a pleasing variety, especially when arranged with the soft green of the wild sarsaparilla.

With the coming of July, the Hudsonia or beach heather clothed our foreground with brilliant yellow spots, touches of the sun here and there, while the low wild shrubs and grasses seemed to grow over-night in their desire to hide our view of the water. After a week of rain in which we were confined to the flowers about the house, — succulent clover, genista, Queen Anne's lace, and a wide variety of tall grasses, which, mingled with pine branches, form admirable wall-decoration, — our desire for botanical information led us to scour the nearby country, not with guide-book, motor-maps, or even a copy of *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, but simply journeying forth, either on foot or tucked tightly into our Ford car.

To come unexpectedly upon one of the many ponds dotted with lilies and fringed by a variety of blooming things provoked the same delightful sensation that the same sight would have done a few years ago. But then the thought of a possible bass, drifting lazily below the surface, to be tempted perhaps by a fly, would have been uppermost. Now our sport lay in securing wild flowers, a harmless and charming pastime in which for the first time all the members of the family found equal enjoyment; and even our near neighbors, confirmed golfers, admitted the fascination of our newly acquired sport. To return laden with lilies, wild clematis, marsh mallows delicately pink upon their tall stately stems, cat-o'-nine-tails, red lilies, the fragrant clethra, and a variety of other flowers whose names are to be discovered in the winter over a complete botanical guide, savored of a veritable triumph.

Our increasing attention to this wild garden was amply rewarded, for now in August the flowers were at their best, and it became doubly interesting. Whether the discovery of new varieties or the satisfaction of gathering and arranging the commonest weeds brought the greater pleasure, it is hard to judge. The recollection of a tall graceful copper vase filled with the despised chicory and bouncing bet, the blue of the one

and the delicate pinkish purple of the other blending charmingly and supported in contrast by a few sprays of sumac leaves, lingers as one of the floral discoveries of the summer. A mass of fireweed interspersed with slender sprays of salt grass in full bloom is another.

And yet to the sportsman or the embryonic scientist, individuals of very similar characteristics, an excursion in the back country through the woods, a good long honest tramp, in pursuit of new floral game, and the finding now a clump of cardinal flowers and again the deadly nightshade (for sportsman and scientist alike are fearless), is keen pleasure.

At times we would return with little booty to show for our trouble, — a gathering of St. John's Wort, perhaps, or a few stalks of mallow, or one-eyed daisies, — but never empty-handed, and always with the exhilaration of the thought that here was a garden without limit, without weeds, and without the cares and expenses to which we were accustomed.

In arrangement, it must be confessed that discussion often arose. Certain members of the family who shall be nameless preferred a few blooms alone in each vase, while others clamored loudly for garnishings of salt grasses and other green decorations. Upon such flowers as butterfly weed and tansy, these discussions nearly ended in riots; and only a tactful distribution of these blooms to those who had gathered them, with full authority as to arrangement, secured peace.

The goldenrod made its appearance earlier than usual, the handsome sturdy variety which grows close to tide-water being especially fine. With it came the purple and white wild asters which are in reality so much more beautiful than the cultivated kind, and the sea lavender vying with baby's breath in its delicacy.

In this September a pleasant surprise came in the discovery of a flower which we named the wild primrose, so closely did it resemble the evening primrose. We found it close to the coast among the pines and scrub-oaks; and blooming at this same time was the beach-pea, a long climbing vine of a pinkish violet color, luxuriating amid the desolation of the sand-dunes.

Close upon the heels of these blossoms, both of which seemed to belong to the springtime, the turning of the leaves, the crispness of the air, the short evenings, and the aforesaid three governing reasons, school, office, and domestic domination, decided us, with more reluctance than ever, to close the cottage. It was not until our luggage was packed and ready that our final gathering of the season's wild flowers was removed and the vases put away against the coming of next spring.

It still remains to be seen whether conservation will lead to a saving in the cost of food, but it has served us well in our appreciation of certain of the good things in life.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

Somewhere in the back of every man's mind there dwells a strange, wistful desire to be thought a Perfect Gentleman. And this is much to his credit, for the Perfect Gentleman, as thus wistfully contemplated, is a high ideal of human behavior, although, in the narrower but honest admiration of many, he is also a Perfect Ass. Thus, indeed, he comes down the centuries — a sort of Siamese Twins, each miraculously visible only to its own admirers; a worthy personage proceeding at one end of the connecting cartilege, and a popinjay prancing at the other. Emerson was and described one twin when he wrote, 'The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lord-

ship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent or servile, either on persons, or opinions, or possessions.' Walter Pater, had Leonardo painted a Perfect Gentleman's portrait instead of a Perfect Lady's, might have described the other: 'The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the tea-table is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years women had come to desire. His is the head upon which "all the ends of the world have come," and the eyelids are a little weary. He is older than the tea things among which he sits.' Many have admired, but few have tried to imitate, the Perfect Gentleman of Emerson's definition; yet few there are who have not felt the wistful desire for resemblance. But the other is more objective: his clothes, his manners, and his habits are easy to imitate.

Of this Perfect Gentleman in the eighteenth century I recently discovered fossil remains in the *Gentleman's Pocket Library* (Boston and Philadelphia, 1794), from which any literary savant may restore the original. All in one volume, the Library is a compilation for Perfect Gentlemen in the shell, especially helpful with its chapter on the 'Principles of Politeness'; and many an honest but foolish youth went about, I dare say, with this treasure distending his pocket, bravely hoping to become a Perfect Gentleman by sheer diligence of spare-time study. If by chance this earnest student met an acquaintance who had recently become engaged, he would remember the 'distinguishing diction that marks the man of fashion,' and would 'advance with warmth and cheerfulness, and perhaps squeezing him by the hand,' — oh, horror! — 'would say, "Believe me, my dear sir, I have scarce words to express the joy I feel, upon your happy alliance with such and such a family, etc."' Of which distinguishing diction, 'believe *me*' is now all that is left.

If, however, he knew that the approaching victim had been lately bereaved, he would 'advance slower, and with a peculiar composure of voice and countenance, begin his compliments of condolence with, "I hope, sir, you will do me the justice to be persuaded, that I am not insensible to your unhappiness, that I take part in your distress, and shall ever be affected when *you* are so."'

In lighter mood this still imperfect Perfect Gentleman would never allow himself to laugh, knowing, on the word of his constant pocket-companion, that laughter is the 'sure sign of a weak mind, and the manner in which low-bred men express their silly joy, at silly things, and they call it being merry.' Better *always*, if necessary, the peculiar composure of polite sensibility to the suffering of properly introduced acquaintances. When he went out, he would be careful to 'walk well, wear his hat well, move his head properly, and his arms gracefully'; and I for one sympathize with the low-breds if they found him a merry spectacle; when he went in, he would remember pertinently that 'a well-bred man is known by his manner of sitting.' 'Easy in every position,' say the Principles of Politeness, 'instead of lolling or lounging as he sits, he leans with elegance, and by varying his attitudes, shows that he has been used to good company.' Good company, one judges, must have inclined to be rather acrobatic.

Now, in the seventeen-nineties there were doubtless purchasers for the *Gentleman's Pocket Library:* the desire to become a Perfect Gentleman (like this one) by home study evidently existed. But, although I am probably the only person who has read that instructive book for a very long time, it remains to-day the latest complete work that any young man wishing to become a Perfect Gentleman can find to study.

Is it possible, I ask myself, that none but burglars any longer entertain this ambition? I can hardly believe it. Yet the fact stands out that, in an age truly remarkable for its opportunities for self-improvement, there is nothing later than 1794 to which I can commend a crude but determined inquirer. To my profound astonishment I find that the Correspondence-School system offers no course; to my despair I search the magazines for graphic illustration of an Obvious Society Leader confiding to an Obvious Scrubwoman, 'Six months ago *my* husband was no more a Perfect Gentleman than *yours*, but one day I persuaded him to *mark that coupon*, and all our social prominence and *éclat* we owe to that school.' One may say, indeed, that here is something which cannot conceivably be described as a job; but all the more does it seem, logically, that the correspondence schools must be daily creating candidates for what naturally would be a post-graduate course. One would imagine that a mere announcement would be sufficient, and that from all the financial and industrial centres of the country students would come flocking back to college in the next mail.

BE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

In the Bank — at the Board of Directors — putting through that New Railroad in Alaska — wherever you are and whatever you are doing to drag down the Big Money — would n't you feel more at ease if you *knew* you were behaving like a Perfect Gentleman? We will teach YOU how.

Some fifty odd years ago Mr. George H. Calvert (whom I am pained to find recorded in the *Dictionary of American Authors* as one who 'published a great number of volumes of verse that was never mistaken for poetry by any reader') wrote a small book about gentlemen, fortunately in prose and not meant for beginners, in which he cited Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Lamb, Brutus, St. Paul, and Socrates as notable examples. Perfect Gentlemen all, as Emerson would agree, I question if any of them ever gave a moment's thought to his manner of sitting; yet any two of them, sitting together, would have recognized each other as Perfect Gentlemen at once and thought no more about it. These are the standard, true to Emerson's definition; yet such shining examples need not discourage the rest of us. The qualities that made them gentlemen are not necessarily the qualities that made them famous. One need not be as polished as Sidney, but one must not scratch. One need not have a mind like Socrates: a gentleman may be reasonably perfect, — and surely this is not asking too much, — with mind enough to follow this essay. Brutus gained nothing as a gentleman by assisting at the assassination of Cæsar (no more a gentleman, by the way, in Mr. Calvert's opinion than was Mr. Calvert a poet in that of the *Dictionary of Authors*).

As for Fame, it is quite sufficient — and this only out of gentlemanly consideration for the convenience of others — for a Perfect Gentleman to have his name printed in the Telephone Directory. And in this higher definition I go so far as to think that the man is rare who is not sometimes a Perfect Gentleman, and equally uncommon who never is anything else. Adam I hail a Perfect Gentleman when, seeing what his wife had done, he bit back the bitter words he might have said, and then — he too — took a bite of the apple: but oh! how far he fell immediately afterward, when he stammered his pitiable explanation that the woman tempted him and he did eat! Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Lamb, St. Paul, or Socrates would have insisted, and stuck to it, that *he bit it first.*

I have so far left out of consideration — as for that matter did the author and editor of the *Pocket Library* (not wishing to discourage students) — a qualification essential to the Perfect Gentleman in the eighteenth century. He must have had — what no book could give him — an ancestor who knew how to sit. Men there were whose social status was visibly signified by the abbreviation 'Gent.' appended to their surnames. But already this was becoming a vermiform appendix, and the nineteenth century did away with it. This handsome abbreviation created an invidious distinction between citizens which Democracy refused longer to countenance; and, much as a Lenin would destroy the value of money in Russia by printing countless rouble notes without financial backing, so Democracy destroyed the distinctive value of the word 'gentleman' by applying it indiscriminately to the entire male population of the United States.

The gentleman continues in various degrees of perfection. There is no other name for him, but one hears it rarely; yet the shining virtue of democratization is that it has produced a kind of tacit agreement with Chaucer's Parson that 'to have pride in the gentrie of the bodie is right gret folie; for oftime the gentrie of the bodie benimeth the gentrie of the soul; and also we be all of one fader and one moder.' And although there are few men nowadays who would insist that they *are* gentlemen, there is probably no man living in the United States who would admit that he is n't.

And so I now see that my bright dream of a correspondence-school postgraduate course cannot be realized. No bank president, no corporation director, electrical engineer, advertising expert, architect, or other distinguished alumnus would confess himself no gentleman by *marking that coupon.* The suggestion would be an insult, were it affectionately made by the good old president of his Alma Mater in a personal letter. A few decorative cards, to be hung up in the office, might perhaps be printed and mailed at graduation.

A bath *every* day
Is the Gentleman's way.

Don't break the Ten Commandments —
Moses meant YOU!

Dress Well — Behave Better.

A Perfect Gentleman has a Good Heart,
a Good Head, a Good Wardrobe,
and a Good Conscience.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1919

AUTUMN CROCUSES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

'WHAT you need is a complete change, and quiet,' said his cousin Dorothy.

Guy, indeed, in spite of his efforts to keep up appearances, was a dismal figure. He had been passing the tea-cups and the bread and butter, enduring all the jests about sugar-rations and margarine, and enduring, which was so much worse, the complacencies over the approaching end of the war. His haggard face, narrow-jawed and high-foreheaded, expressed this endurance rather than any social amenity, and he was aware that Aunt Emily could hardly feel that the presence of her poet and soldier nephew added much to her tea-party. Indeed, the chattering, cheerful women affected his nerves almost as painfully as did the sound of the motor-buses when — every day it happened — he stopped on the curb, after leaving his office in Whitehall, and wondered how long it would take him to summon courage to cross the street. He felt, then, like breaking down and crying; and he felt like it now when they said, 'Is n't it all *too* splendid!'

Cousin Dorothy was as chattering and as cheerful as the rest of them, and she had every reason to be, he remembered, with Tom, her *fiancé*, ensconced in Paris, safe after all his perils. Dorothy, though like everybody else she had worked hard during the war, had seen nothing and lost nothing. And she had never had any imagination. All the same, he was thankful when she rescued him from the woman who would talk to him idiotically about his poetry (she evidently had n't understood a word of it), and took him into the quiet nook near the piano.

It might, then, have been mere consanguinity, for he had never before found intimacy possible where Dorothy was concerned; or it might have been a symptom of his state (his being at Aunt Emily's tea-party at all was that!); but, at all events, after admitting that Mrs. Dickson had been boring him, he found himself presently confessing his terrors about the motor-buses, his terror of the dark, his sleeplessness and general disintegration. His nervous laugh was a concession to Dorothy's possible misunderstanding; but as he went on, he felt himself almost loving her for the matter-of-factness she infused into her sympathy. After all, even good old Dorothy was n't stupid enough to suspect him of cowardice; and although, from a military point of view, he had made such a mess of it (invalided home again and again on account of digestive complaints, and finally, last spring, transferred to his small official post in London), to anyone, really, who had at

all followed his career, it would be apparent that no one could have stuck harder to the loathly job. He had felt that, and only that, even while, prompted by pride, he had made his effort to enlist, in the first months of the war. It had been with a deep relief that he had found himself at once rejected and free to stay behind, free to serve humanity with his gift rather than with his inefficiency; for he took his poetic vocation with a youthful seriousness. And when, later on, through one of the blunders of medical examination, he was drawn into the net of conscription, no one could have denied that he had marched off to the shambles with unflinching readiness.

Dorothy, he saw, took courage all along for granted. 'It's simply a case of shell-shock,' she said, as if it were her daily fare; 'you're queer and jumpy, and you can't stand noise. It's quite like Tommy.'

He could n't associate Tommy, short-nosed, round-headed, red-eared Tommy, with anything of the sort, and said so in some resentment. But Dorothy assured him that for some months — just a year ago — Tommy had been at home on sick leave, and really bad enough for anything. 'He suffered in every way just as you do.'

Guy was quite sure he had n't, but he did not want to argue about it. For nothing in the world would he have defined to Dorothy what he really suffered.

'It's country air you need; country food and country quiet,' Dorothy went on. 'You *can* get away?'

'Oh, yes; I can get away all right. Old Forsyth is most decent about it. He was telling me this morning that I ought to take a month.'

'I wonder if Mrs. Baldwin could have you at Thatches,' Dorothy mused. 'Tommy got well there directly.'

'Mrs. Baldwin?' His voice, he knew, expressed an unflattering skepticism, but he could n't help it. 'Is she a home — an institution?' He saw Mrs. Baldwin, hatefully tactful, in a Red Cross uniform. 'No, thank you, my dear.'

'Of course not. What do you take me for?' Dorothy kept her competent eyes upon him. 'It's not even a P.G. place — at all events, not a regular one, though of course you do pay for your keep. She has very narrow means and takes friends sometimes, and, since the war, it's just happened — by people telling each other, as I'm telling you — to be shell-shock cases rather particularly. It's a lovely country and a dear, quaint little cottage, and she does you most awfully well, Tommy said.'

'I don't like the idea of settling down like that on a stranger.'

'But she would n't be a stranger. You'd go through me, and I feel as if I knew her already through Tommy. He said he was at home at once. "Cosy," was how he expressed it. And you get honey on your bread at tea and cream in your coffee at breakfast, and all sorts of delightful things *en casserole*, that she cooks with her own hands, quite equal, Tommy said, to the French. And Tommy knows, *now*, you see.'

'It's Mrs. Baldwin herself who frightens me. She frightens me more than the motor-buses in Whitehall.'

'That's just what she won't do. She's perfectly sweet. Cosy. Middle-aged. A widow. Her nice old father lives with her, and Tommy liked him so much, too. You help her to garden, and with the bees, you know. And the old father plays chess with you in the evenings. There's a stream near by where you can fish if you want to. It 's late for that, of course; but Tommy got some quite good sport; he was there at just this time of year. And he said that it was most awfully jolly country, and that the meadows all about were full of autumn crocuses.'

'Autumn crocuses? In the fields? I've never seen them wild.'

'They do grow wild, though, in some parts of England. They are wild there. Tommy particularly wrote about them. He said one walked down to the stream among the autumn crocuses.'

Dorothy was baiting her hook very prettily, and he gloomily smiled his recognition of it. 'They do sound attractive,' he owned. He had n't imagined Tom a man to notice crocuses, and he was the more inclined to trust his good impressions further. After all, apart from Mrs. Baldwin and her father, the country, with honey, cream, and autumn crocuses, was a happy combination, if he had been in a condition for feeling anything happy.

What would Dorothy have thought of him, could she have known that, while they talked, her rosy, bonnie face kept constantly, before his haunted eyes, dissolving into a skull? Faces had a way of doing this with him since his last encounter with the war in the spring. And all the talking people in the room squeaked and gibbered. How could they go on talking? How could they go on living — after what had happened? How could he? The familiar nausea rose in him even as he forced himself to smile and to say, 'Well, could she have me — Mrs. Baldwin?'

He could not have made an effort to find a place for himself. Such efforts, he felt sure, would have landed him at some God-forsaken farmhouse miles from the station, where the beds were damp and the meat tough; or, even worse, at a Bournemouth hotel, amid orchestras and people who made a point of dressing for dinner. But, if someone found it for him, he would let himself be pushed off.

'I'm sure she could,' said Dorothy with conviction. 'I have her address and I'll write to-night and tell her all about you: that you're a rising poet, and that your friends and relations will be *so* grateful if she 'll do for you what she did for Tommy.'

He had an ironic glance for her 'rising.' His relations — and Aunt Emily and her brood were the nearest left to him — had never in the least taken in his standing or realized that he was, among people who knew, looked upon as completely risen. At the same time, sunken was what he felt himself; drowned deep; too deep, he sometimes thought, for recovery. His last little volume had been like a final fight for breath. He had written most of it over there, after Ronnie's death and before his own decisive breakdown, and he knew it a result as much of his malady as of his war-experience.

He wondered now, anew, whether these people had really read the poems. If they had, it only showed how impervious to reality they must remain. And there had actually been one, written after one of his leaves, called 'Eating Bread-and-Butter,' that should indeed have embarrassed them, had they remembered it, inviting them to eat it with him in a trench with unburied comrades lying in No-Man's Land before them. His head, as he thought of that, — from unburied comrades passing to unburied friends, — gave a nervous backward jerk, for he had told himself before that he *must* stop thinking in certain directions; and indeed the poems had helped to exorcise the obsession at the time when they had been written.

All the same, it was very strange — such a poet at such a tea-party. He had plunged into Aunt Emily's tea-party as he plunged nowadays into anything that presented itself as offering distraction. And now, as he said, 'Well, if you'll put it through, I'll go, and be very grateful to you,' he felt that he was making another plunge into Mrs. Baldwin's cottage.

II

It was a pretty cottage he found, as, on the September evening, his station fly drew up at the wicket-gate. They had come a long way from the station, and, after leaving a small village, the winding lane, too, had seemed long. He saw, nevertheless, as he alighted, that the rustic building, old stones below and modern thatch above, could not be far from the central group of which it formed an adjunct; for it had been contrived, by devices dear to the heart of the week-ender, from two or three laborers' cottages, thrown into one and covered all over with the capacious and brooding thatch. 'Quaint,' Dorothy's really inevitable word, altogether expressed it, from the box hedges that ran on either side of the flagged path, to the pale yellow hollyhocks beside the door.

A round-cheeked country girl, neatly capped and aproned, opened the door on a square, rush-matted hall; and beyond that he saw a room full of the sunset, where a table was being laid and from which Mrs. Baldwin came out to greet him.

She was not tall, and had thick, closely bound braids. He had dreaded finding himself at once dealt with as a case; but Mrs. Baldwin's manner was not even that of one accustomed to paying guests. Her murmur of welcome, her questions about his journey, her mild directions as she led him up to his room, — 'Be careful at this landing, the level of the floor goes up and the beam comes down so low;' — were rather those of a shy and entirely unprofessional hostess.

He thought, as soon as he took in his room, with its *voile-de-Gènes* hangings and dear old furniture, that he pleased her by saying, 'What a delicious room!' and even more when, on going to the wide, low-mullioned window, its panes open to the west, he added, 'And what a delicious view!' There were meadows and tall hedge-row elms, and, running in a tranquil band of brightness, the stream that reflected the sky.

She did not say that she was glad he liked it, but her very gentle smile at the welcome it all made for him was part of the welcome. What she did say was, with the little air of shy preoccupation, while she wrung her finger-tips together, those of one hand in those of the other, 'I think the water's very hot. I have a rather young little maid. You'll tell me if you want anything. Are three blankets and the down quilt enough? The nights are rather cold already.'

He said that three would be perfect, secure from his glance at the deep, comely bed, that they would be beautifully thick and fleecy.

'Then you'll come down to us when you are ready.' She stood in the door to look round again. 'Matches here, you see; biscuits in the little earthenware box; and the spirit-lamp is in case you should wake in the night — you could make yourself a cup of cocoa. Everything is there — cocoa, milk, and sugar. It usually sends one off again directly.'

It was all the slightly shy hostess rather than the businesslike soother and sustainer; and, no, it was n't a bit cosy. He repudiated that word indignantly, while he washed — the water *was* very hot, admirably hot; there was a complacency about cosy, and Mrs. Baldwin had no complacency, though she was, for all her shyness and the unconscious gestures of physical nervousness, composed. Her hands, he remembered, recalling their little trick, — he had noticed it in the hall, — were like a child's; not the hands of a practical housewife. Yet from the look of that bed (yes, thank heaven, a box-spring mattress!), from the heat of the water, and, above all, the deft and accessible grouping of the spirit-lamp and its

adjuncts, she proved that she knew how to make one comfortable.

There were the meadows and — Going again to the window, he wondered, leaning out, could he see the autumn crocuses. Yes, surely; even at this evening hour his eyes distinguished the pale yet delicately purpling tint that streaked the pastoral verdure. What a delicious place, indeed! He stood, absorbed in looking out, until the maid came to say that supper would be ready in five minutes.

The long room, the living-room, — for it combined, he saw, all social functions, — also faced the meadows at the back of the house, and the primrose colored sunset still filled it as he entered. Mrs. Baldwin was busying herself with the table, and an old gentleman with a very long white beard rose, with much dignity, from the grandfather's chair near a window-seat. Mr. Haseltine, so his daughter named him, had more the air of seeing the visitor as a P.G., perhaps even as a shell-shock patient; but he was a nice old man, Guy felt, although his beard was too long. He wore a brown velveteen jacket, and Guy surmised that he might have been a writer or scholar of some not very significant sort.

'Yes, we think ours a very favored nook indeed,' he said, as Guy again praised the prospect. 'Yes; three cottages. Very happily contrived, is it not? There is a clever builder in the next town. He kept the old fireplace, you see; that end was a kitchen and the beams are all the old ones. Three gardens, too, thrown into one; but that is entirely my daughter's creation. Pig-styes used to be in that corner.'

Guy looked out at the squares of color, the low beds of mignonette, the phloxes, larkspurs, and late sweet-peas, a screen of stained-glass tints against the sky. Where the pig-styes had been was a little thatched summer-house, with rustic seat and table. The bee-hives were just outside the hedge, at an angle of the meadow. Mr. Haseltine continued to talk while Mrs. Baldwin and the maid came in and out carrying tea and eggs and covered dishes.

'I hope you don't mind high tea,' she said. 'It seems to go with our life here.'

He felt that high tea was his favorite meal. There was a big white earthenware bowl on the table, filled with sweet-peas. 'Where do you get the old-fashioned colors?' he asked her. 'I thought the growers had extirpated them; one sees only the long-stemmed ones nowadays, with the tiresome artistic shades.'

He pleased her again, he felt sure, and she told him that she always saved the seed, liking the old, bright colors better, too.

He was glad that he had come, although Mr. Haseltine's beard was too long and he feared that he would prove talkative in the worst way, the deliberate and retaining way. He liked the smell of everything, — a mingling of sweet-peas, rush-matting, and China tea, — and the look of everything; good, unpretentious old oak furniture, fresh, if faded, chintzes, and book-lined walls; and he presently liked the taste of everything, too.

'I feel already as if I should sleep to-night,' he said to Mrs. Baldwin.

She sat behind the tea-urn, a little distracted, if anything so mild could be called distraction, by the plunging movements of the little maid as she moved about the table. 'That will do nicely, Cathy,' she said. 'We can manage now. You can bring in some more hot water if I ring. — Oh, I do hope you'll sleep. People usually sleep here.'

She was hardly middle-aged, though, after Dorothy's bright browns and pinks, Tommy might well have thought her so. Many years older than Dorothy, of course, yet how many he could

not in the least compute. There was an agelessness, with something tough and solid about her; she was as little slender as she was stout; she might, with her neutral tints, — hair, skin, dress, — have looked almost the same at sixty as she did now. She was n't pale, or sallow, or sun-burned; yet her complexion seemed so to go with her hair that the whole head might have been carved in some pleasantly tinted stone. Only her eyes gave any depth of difference: gentle eyes, like a blue-gray breadth of evening. She had a broad, short face and broad, beautifully drawn lips, and looked almost mysteriously innocent.

Guy took her in to this extent, swift as he was at taking people in, and sensitive as he was to what he found. He felt sure — and the depth of comfort it gave him made him aware of all the reluctances Dorothy's decision had overborne — that she had n't the ghost of a method or of a theory. Shell-shock people had merely happened to come and had happened to get well quickly. He even gathered, as the peaceful evening wore on, — Cathy clearing, placid lamps lighted, the windows still left open to the twilight, — that she did n't really think very much about her cases, in so far as they were cases and not guests. Having done her best in the way of blankets, hot-water, and spirit-kettles, and seen them settled down into the life she had made for herself, — and not at all for them, — she went her own way, irresponsible and unreflecting.

To-night she did n't attempt to entertain him. It was Mr. Haseltine, at supper, who kept up the conversation, and with the air of always keeping it up, with even the air, Guy imagined once or twice, of feeling it specially his part to make amends, in that sort of resource, for his dear daughter's deficiency. She was, Guy saw, very much his dear daughter; but he felt sure that it had never entered the old gentleman's head that anyone would find her interesting when he himself was there.

After supper she was occupied for a little while at her desk, adding up figures, it appeared, in house-books; for she came to her father and asked him if he would do a column for her. 'It has come out differently three times with me,' she confessed, but without ruefulness. 'I'm so dull at my accounts!'

Guy, as Mr. Haseltine fumbled for his large tortoise-shell eyeglasses, offered to help her, and then came over and sat beside the desk and did the rest of the sums for her. She was tidying up for the month, she told him, and always found it rather confusing. 'It's having to put the pennies, which are twelves, into pounds, which are twenties, is n't it?' she said, and thanked him so much.

But it could hardly be called entertaining, nor, when he accompanied her across the lane in the now deepened dusk, to shut up her fowls. After that, there was the game of chess, during which Mrs. Baldwin absented herself a good deal, helping Cathy, Guy imagined, with the beds and hot-water-bottles; and at nine-thirty they all lighted their candles and went upstairs.

Bedtime had been, for many months, his most dreaded moment. The door shut him in and shut away the last chance of alleviation. There was nothing for it but to stretch himself haggardly on his couch and cling to every detail in the day's events, or in the morrow's prospects, that might preserve him from the past. To fight *not* to remember was a losing game, and filled one's brain with the white flame of insomnia. He had found that it was when, exhausted by the fruitless effort, he suffered the waiting vultures to settle upon him, abandoned himself to the beaks and talons, that, through the sheer passivity of anguish, oblivion most often came.

To-night, from the habit of it, his mind braced itself as he came into the room, and he was aware, as he had been for nearly a year now, that Ronnie's face was waiting, as it were, on the outskirts of consciousness, to seize upon him. But, after he had lighted the candles on his dressing-table and the candles on the mantelpiece, taken off his coat, and started undressing, he found that his thoughts, quite effortlessly, were engaged with his new surroundings, old Mr. Haseltine's beard and eyeglasses occupying them, and the clucking noise he made in drinking the glass of hot ginger and water that had been brought to them on a tray while they played; Mrs. Baldwin's accounts, her fowls, and the color of her eyes. He decided that the color was Wedgwood, or perhaps periwinkle blue — some very dense, quiet color.

As he moved about the room, this protective interest came to him from the little objects he made acquaintance with: the round Venetian box, dim gilt and blue and red, on the chest of drawers, in which he found a handful of tiny shells — shells, no doubt, that Mrs. Baldwin had picked up during a seaside outing; the faded old blue leather blotter on the writing-table, marked E. H., which had probably been hers since maiden days (and did E stand for Ethel or Edith or Ellen?); the pretty lettering in fine black script of the writing-paper so pleasantly stacked; the dear old Dutch coffee-pot and jug on the mantel, and the bowl of mignonette that she, of course, had arranged. He sank his face into its fragrance, and peace seemed breathed upon him from the flowers.

He was wondering, as he got into bed, with a glance, before he blew out the candle, at the birds and branches, the whites and blacks and roses of the *voile-de-Gènes*, whether he would find the autumn crocuses open in the meadows next morning; it had looked like the evening of another fine day. Then, the candle out, his thoughts, for a little while, were tangled in the magical dreamland of the *voile-de-Gènes*, and the breath of the mignonette seemed to lie upon his eyelids with a soft compulsion to peace, until, all thought sliding suddenly away, he dropped into delicious slumber.

III

He found the crocuses open, before breakfast. Only Cathy was in the living-room, sweeping, when he crossed it, though he thought he heard Mrs. Baldwin in the kitchen. A robin was singing on a spray over the summer-house. The sky arched pale and high; and though there was no mist in the air, its softness made him think of milk.

From the garden he passed into the meadows, and, almost at once, saw, everywhere, the fragile, purple flowers about him, if purple were not too strong a word for their clear, cold tint. Lower down, near the stream, they made him think of the silver bobbins set playing by great rain-drops when they fall heavily upon wide, shallow pools of water; and they seemed to grow even more thickly in the farther meadow beyond the wooden bridge. A sense of bliss was upon him as he walked among the flowers. He had never seen anything more lovely, and all but the darker buds were open, showing pale golden hearts to the sun. Yet, by the time that he had crossed the bridge, leaning on the high rail to look down into the limpid, sliding water, he knew that it could never stay at that or mean that for him. He had seen fields of flowers in France, and, while the horrors there had been enacted, these fields of crocuses, year after year, had bloomed. What they meant for his mind was the unbridged chasm between nature and the sufferings of man. Only when one

ceased to be a man, ceased to remember and to think, could such a day, such sights, bring the unreasoning joy.

Walking back, he saw, as he approached the house, that Mrs. Baldwin was standing at the garden-gate, and, bare-headed, in the linen dress of pale lavender, she made him at once think of the crocuses, or they of her. Their gentleness was like her, their simplicity, and something, too, — for he felt this in her, — of unearthliness. More, perhaps, than any other flower they seemed to belong to the air rather than to the ground, and, with their faint, pale stalks, their fragile petals unconfined by leaf or calyx, to be rising like emanations from the sod and ready to dissolve in mist into the sunlight.

'You've had a little walk?' Mrs. Baldwin asked him as they met.

He said he had been looking at the crocuses. 'Are they really crocuses?' he questioned. 'I've never seen them wild before.'

'They're not real crocuses,' she said, 'though those grow wild, too, in a few places in England. These flowers are always called autumn crocuses hereabouts; but they are really, botanically, meadow saffron; and they grow wild in a great many places. You see they are not so dark a purple as the wild crocus, and they are much taller, and the petals are more pointed. Much more beautiful flowers, I think.'

'Meadow saffron. That's a pretty name, too. But I think I'll go on calling them autumn crocuses. They were one of the reasons that made me want to come here,' he told her.

They were leaning on the little garden gate looking over the meadows.

'Really? Did you hear about them?'

He told her what Dorothy had said, passed on from the appreciative Tommy, and she said again, 'Really!' and with surprise, so that, laughing a little, he said that he believed she would never have thought of Mr. Barnet as an appreciator of crocuses. She laughed a little, too, confessing to a community of perception where Tommy was concerned, and remarking that it was very nice of him to have cared. 'What he talked about,' she said, 'was the food. He was never done praising my coffee. It's time for coffee now,' she added.

Guy, as they went in, said that, after all, if that was what Tommy had talked about, he wondered that his caring for the crocuses should have surprised her, for he was sure that the one was almost as poetical as the others. It was poetical, indeed, as she made it, in a delightful and complicated apparatus, glass and brass and premonitory scented steam; and the milk was as hot as the water had been, and there was cream. 'How do you manage it, in these days?' he asked. But she said that it was n't wickedness and bribery, really: she and Cathy skimmed it from the milk that was brought from the nearest farm.

He realized that he was himself talking about the food just as Tommy had done; just as the chattering women at Aunt Emily's tea-party had done; just as everybody, of course, had been doing in England ever since food became such an important matter. But it was Mrs. Baldwin who made him do it; for though unearthly, she was deliciously prosaic. He felt that anew when he heard her going about the house in her low-heeled little shoes, with Cathy. They did, evidently, all the work, and how fresh, composed, and shining everything was. The living-room, with its happy southern windows, its tempting writing-tables, its flowers and books, was an embodiment of the poetry that only such prose can secure.

Guy, while Mr. Haseltine sat behind his rustling *Times*, strolled before the shelves, surprised, presently, at their range of subject. Surely not Mrs. Baldwin's, such reading; hardly, he

thought, Mr. Haseltine's. He took down a volume of Plotinus and found, on the fly-leaf, 'Oliver Baldwin,' written in a small, scholarly hand. That explained it, then. Her husband's. The Charles d'Orléans, too, the Fustel de Coulanges, the Crocé, and the Dante, with marginal notes. He had been a man of letters, perhaps. Of the dozen books he took down to examine, only one was initialled 'E. H.,' and that, suitably, was *Dominique*. But it had been given to her by 'O. B.'

As in the garden, presently, he and the old gentleman walked up and down, smoking, Guy asked him, with the diffidence natural to the question, whether his son-in-law, Mrs. Baldwin's husband, had been killed in the war; though he could n't imagine her a war-widow. One did n't indeed think of her in connection with marrying and giving in marriage — that was part of the unearthliness; yet widowhood, permanent widowhood, seemed a suitable state. She was not girlish, nor was she wifely. She was widowed, and it had happened, he felt sure, in spite of his question, long ago.

As he had expected, his companion replied, 'Ah, no; he died eight, nine years since.' And Mr. Haseltine then went on to tell, taking the war as the obvious interest, and not without the satisfaction that Guy had so often met and so often loathed, that he had lost dear ones. 'Children of my eldest son. Fine lads. Brave boys. One in the first month — at the Marne; the other only last year, flying. Yes; I've done my bit,' said Mr. Haseltine, with the fatuity that he was so plentifully companioned in displaying.

'Bit.' Odious word. His 'bit.' Why his? Had anyone written a poem on the formula coming from the lips of those for whom others had died? A scattered, flagellating line or two floated through Guy's mind. Something about barbed wire came in. He wondered how old Mr. Haseltine would have felt about his 'bit,' hung up on that and unable to die. He wondered where the fine lads now lay. No more coffee for them, with cream in it; no more robins singing; no more strolling smokes among mignonette in the sunlight. How they were forgotten, already, except as self-glorifying trophies! How pleased, how smug this rescued, comfortable world!

Something of his distaste attached itself even to Mrs. Baldwin when she next appeared. Something irritated him in her peacefulness. She, too, had seen nothing and lost nothing. But, at all events, she would n't, he knew that, take any stand on the two nephews to claim her 'bit.' There was nothing fatuous about Mrs. Baldwin. The slight distaste still lingered, however, and he found himself wondering once or twice, during the day that passed, in spite of it, so pleasantly, whether she was n't, for all his idealizing similes, a stupid as well as a sweet woman. It was not because of filial self-effacement that she let her father do all the talking at meals: it was simply because she had nothing to say, and the good old boy was quite right in taking his responsibility for granted. The person who could talk was the responsible person. Her mind, though so occupied, was quite singularly inactive and, he was sure, completely uncritical. She did n't find her father in the least a bore, or suspect that anybody else might find him so. She did find, Guy felt sure, satisfaction in all her occupations. He heard her laughing — a very quiet little laugh — with Cathy in the kitchen; and in the afternoon, when he helped her to pick out seedlings, her attentive profile — as, after he had dug each hole, she dropped in the little plant, pressed the earth about its roots, and fixed it in its place — made him think of the profile of a child putting its dolls to bed. They

planted three beautiful long rows, and Guy was quite tired by tea-time, for though they had high tea at half-past six, they were not deprived of the precious afternoon pause, taking place as it did at the unaccustomed but pleasing hour of four.

After tea she went to see some people in the village, Mr. Haseltine dozed in his chair, and Guy took a long walk.

So the days went on, and at the end of a week he was able to write to Dorothy and tell her that he was sleeping wonderfully and that Mrs. Baldwin's cottage was all that she had pictured it. By the end of the week he had even grown rather attached to Mr. Haseltine, and he enjoyed playing chess with him every evening; and sometimes they had a game in the afternoon when tea was over. The undercurrent of irritation still flowed, but he had learned to put up with the old gentleman and to circumvent his communicativeness, and in the case of Mrs. Baldwin he more and more felt that she was the sort of person to whom one would, probably, forgive anything. It had become evident to him that what might be dullness might also be unawareness. That was a certain kind of dullness, it was true, but it did n't preclude capacity for response if the proper stimulus were applied. It amused him to note that if none of the nearly inevitable jars of shared life seemed ever to occur between her and her father, it was simply because, when a difference arose, she remained unconscious of it unless it were put before her. Nothing could have been less in the line of selfishness; it was she who thought of him, of his comfort and happiness, and who ordered her life to further them; he, in this respect, was passive; but Guy felt that the poor old boy often brooded in some disconsolateness over small trials and perplexities that a companion more alert to symptoms would have discerned and dispelled at once. Mr. Haseltine even, sometimes, confided such grievances to the P.G.

'I don't want to bother Effie about it,' he said; — E. had stood for Effie — 'she's a dreamy creature and very forgetful. But it's quite evident to me that the rector and his wife have been expecting to be asked to tea to meet you. I've just been talking to them in the lane, and I saw it plainly. They had asked us to bring you before you arrived, hearing we were to have another guest, — they've always been most kind and neighborly in helping us to entertain our new friends, — and I really don't know why Effie should have got out of it. I usually have to remind her, it's true. But I sometimes get tired of always having to. She does n't care for them herself; but that's no reason why you might not. We have few enough interests to offer visitors.'

Guy was glad to have escaped the rectory tea, though he did not say this in assuring Mr. Haseltine that the entertainment offered at Thatches was absolutely to his taste. He was completely out of place at any rectory; he could imagine no rector who would not find his poems pernicious; but he felt that there was justice in Mr. Haseltine's contention. He *might* have cared for them. As it was, Mr. Haseltine was brought once again to reminding her. It was evident then that she was ready to please anybody or everybody.

'Ask them? Ought I to ask them?'

'My dear, it's ten days since they sent their invitation. They spoke again — and it's the second time — of having been so sorry not to see us, when I met them yesterday, in the lane. I don't know why you did not go.'

'I thought it would bore Mr. Norris, father. He came here for quiet, you know. But would it bore you?' she asked Guy. 'They are very nice. I don't mean that.'

'It's certainly very pleasant being

quiet,' said Guy; 'but if Mr. Haseltine likes having them, I assure you that people don't frighten me in the least.'

'Oh, not on my account,' Mr. Haseltine protested. 'I see our good friends continually. It is of them I am thinking, as well as of Mr. Norris. He might find them more interesting than you do, Effie, and they will, I fear, be hurt.'

Now that it was put before her, Mrs. Baldwin did it every justice, rising from the breakfast-table, where she had just finished, to go to her desk, and murmuring as she went, 'I had n't thought of that. They might be hurt. So, if it *won't* bore you, Mr. Norris.'

And the Laycocks were asked, and did indeed bore Guy sadly.

It was on the night after their visit — Mr. Laycock had questioned him earnestly about his personal impressions of the war and to evade him had been wearying — that Guy, for the first time, really, since he had come, found sleep difficult and even menaced. It was because of that, he felt sure, looking back on it, that the curious occurrence of the next day took place — curious, and, had it taken place in the presence of anyone else, embarrassing. But what made it most curious was just that; he had not felt it embarrassing to break down and sob before Mrs. Baldwin.

The morning had begun badly. The breakfast-table papers had been full of the approaching victory. Mr. Haseltine read out passages from the *Times* as he broke his toast and drank his coffee. He had reiterated the triumph of his long conviction, and Mrs. Baldwin had murmured assent. 'All's well with the world,' was the suffocating assurance that seemed to breathe from them both. 'All's blue.' Was hell forgotten like that? What if the war were won? Of course, it had to be won — that was an unquestioned premise that had underlain his rebellions as well as Mr. Haseltine's complacencies since the beginning. But what of it? No victory could redeem what had been done.

He went out into the garden, to be away from Mr. Haseltine, as soon as he could, and took a book into the summer-house; and it was here, a little later, that Mrs. Baldwin, seeing him as she passed, her garden-basket on her arm, paused to ask him, with her smile of the shy hostess, if he were all right. She did n't often ask him that, and he saw at once that his recent recalcitrancy to rejoicing had pierced even her vagueness. He knew that he still looked recalcitrant, and he was determined not to soften the overt opposition rising in him; so he raised his eyes to her over his book and said that he was not, perhaps, feeling very fit this morning.

Mrs. Baldwin hesitated at the entrance to the summer-house. She looked behind her at the garden and up at the roses clustering over the lintel under the thatch; she even took out her scissors, in the uncertainty that, evidently, beset her, and snipped off a dead rose, and she said presently, 'It was all that talk about the war, was n't it? — when what you must ask is to forget it.'

'Oh, I don't ask that at all,' said Guy. 'I should scorn myself for forgetting it.' She glanced in again at him, mildly. 'I want to forget what's irrelevant, like victory,' he said; 'but not what is relevant, like irremediable wrong.'

Her awareness had not, of course, gone nearly as far as this. She kept her eyes on him, and he was glad to feel that he could probably shock her. 'You see,' he found himself saying, 'I saw the wrong. I saw the war — at the closest quarters.'

'Yes — oh, yes,' Mrs. Baldwin murmured.

'For me, tragedy does n't cease to exist when it's shoveled underground. If one does go down into hell, one does n't want to forget the fact — though

one may hope to forget the torments and horrors; one wants, rather, to remember that hell exists — and to try and square life with that actuality.'

There was silence after this for a moment, and he imagined that she was very much at a loss. Her next words seemed indeed to express nothing so much as her failure to follow — that and a silliness really rather adorable, had he been in a mood to find it anything but exasperating. 'But, still — hell does n't exist, does it?' she offered him for his appeasement.

Guy laughed. 'Does n't it? When things like this war can happen? How could it ever have existed but in men's hearts? It's there that it smoulders and, when its moment comes, leaps out to blast the world.'

He could talk to her like this because she was too simple to suspect in him a poetical attitudinizing; anyone else would of course suspect it. Guy was even aware that to anyone else it would be that. She looked kind and troubled and as much as ever at a loss. She did n't know at all how to deal with the patient, and she was evidently uncertain what to do, since it might seem heartless to go away and leave him to his black thoughts, yet intrudingly intimate to come and sit down beside him. Nothing could be less intimate than Mrs. Baldwin. It was he, of course, who was tasteless in talking to her in a vein appropriate only to intimacy.

'Don't bother over me,' he said, offering her the patent artifice of a smile. 'I'm simply a bad case. You must n't let me trouble you. You must just turn your back on me when I'm like this.'

It was not poetic attitudinizing now; there was in his voice a quaver of grief and she responded to it at once.

'Oh, but I don't like to do that. I do wish I could be of some help. I see you have n't slept, for you look so tired, as you did when you first came. And Mr. Laycock did bore you. It 's wrong of people to talk to you about the war.'

For the first time he saw in the eyes fixed upon him pity, evident pity and solicitude. And before it he felt himself crumble suddenly. He saw all the reasons she had for pitying him, did she but know. He saw Ronnie's face again; he saw his own haunted nights and his own grief. He wanted her to see it. 'Oh — one can't be guarded like that,' he murmured; 'I must try to get used to it. But — I did n't sleep; that's true. I'm so horribly afraid of not sleeping. You can't imagine what it is. I've the most awful visions.' And leaning his elbows on the table, he put his hands before his face and began to cry.

She stood there; he did not hear her move at first; and then she entered and sat down on the seat beside him. But she said nothing and did not touch him. He had had in all the tumult of his disintegration, a swift passage of surmise: would she not draw his head upon her shoulder, like a mother, and comfort him? But that would have broken him down heaven knew how much further.

He cried frankly, articulating presently, 'It's my nerves, you know; they have all gone to pieces. I lost my friend; my dearest friend. For months I did n't sleep.'

Mrs. Baldwin's silence was not oppressive, or repressive, either. He heard her hands move slightly on the basket she held on her knees and the soft chafing in the folds of her linen bodice that her breathing made. It was an accepting stillness and it presently quieted him; more than that, it enabled him at last to lift his head and look at her without feeling ashamed of himself. Oddly enough, he knew that he, perhaps, ought to be. He *could* have helped himself. There had been an element of willfulness in his breakdown; he had wanted her to see; but, even had she known this about him, he would not have felt

ashamed. She was so curiously a person with whom one could not associate blames and judgments. She was an accepting person.

She was n't looking at him, but out at the sweet, bright, autumnal little garden; and as her eyes came to him, he felt them full of thought; felt, for the first time, sure that, whatever she might be, she was not dull.

He could not remember, looking back at the little scene, that she had said a single further word. He did not think that he had said anything further. He was helping her, a little while after, to prune the Aimée Vibert rose that had grown with great unruliness over the little tool-house near the kitchen door. 'It will really pull it down unless we cut out some of these great branches,' she had said, as, equipped with stout gloves, they had worked away together, unfastening the tangled trails and stretching them out on the ground. So displayed, the Aimée Vibert was drastically dealt with, and it was midday before they finished fastening the thinned and shortened shoots into place.

She had said nothing further; but he believed that, for the first time, her thought really included him. He had been put before her. She was different afterwards. He had become an individual to her, and had ceased to be merely the paying guest.

IV

The third week came. There was rain, rather sad September rain, for a day or two. They sat in the evenings before the wide fireplace where logs blazed. Mrs. Baldwin, at his suggestion, read aloud to them Fabre's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. She read French prettily, better than he did himself, and he was a little chagrined once or twice to find that she knew it better, priding himself on his French as he did. He had lived for a year in Paris, with Ronnie, before the war.

The horrors of the grim, complicated under-world revealed by the French seer distressed him. Mrs. Baldwin did not feel them as he did, feeling the marvels rather than the horrors, perhaps. She laughed a little, rather callously, at the ladies who devoured their husbands, and seemed pleased by the odious forethought of the egg-laying mothers. She shared Fabre's humorous dispassionateness, if not the fond partiality which, while it made him the more charming, did n't, Guy insisted, make his horrid wasps and beetles a bit more so. As usual, she vexed him a little, even while, more and more, he felt her intelligent; perhaps she vexed him all the more for that.

'She's so devilishly contented with the world,' he said to himself sometimes, even while he smiled, remembering her laughter.

Old Mr. Haseltine fell asleep one night while she read, and to be together there before the fire, the old man sleeping beside them, made them nearer than they had ever been before. Guy was aware of this nearness while he listened and while he watched her hand, short, like a child's (and her face was so short) support the book, and her eyelashes dropping down the page or raised to a fresh one.

When he went to his room that night, he stood still for a long time, his candle in his hand, listening to the soft beat of the rain against the window. He was hardly ever now afraid of being alone, or of the dark, and he stood there musing and listening, while he still seemed to see Mrs. Baldwin's hand as it held the book, and her reading profile. Her life seemed to breathe upon him and he rested in it. He slept deliciously.

'Did you know that I write?' he asked her next day. He had wondered about this once or twice before.

'Oh, yes; your cousin, in her letter, you know, told me that you wrote,' said Mrs. Baldwin.

They were in the living-room after midday dinner, and alone. She looked up at him very kindly from the papers and letters she was sorting at her desk.

'You've never heard of my effusions otherwise, though?' He put on a rueful air. 'Such is fame!'

'Are you famous?' Her smile was a little troubled. 'I don't follow things, you know, living here as I do.'

'You read the papers. I *have* had reviews: good ones.'

'I don't read them very regularly,' she admitted. 'And I so often don't remember the names of people in reviews, even when I've liked what is said of them. Have you any of your poems here? Perhaps you'll let me read them.'

He felt, with the familiar chagrin, that she would never, of herself, have thought of asking him.

'Yes, my last volume. It's just out.'

He was going for a walk in the rain with Mr. Haseltine that afternoon. There was an old church in the neighboring village that his friend wanted him to see. Mrs. Baldwin had letters to write. 'Will you have time to look at it while we are out?' he asked.

Although she had shown so little interest in him, he was eager, pathetically so, he felt, that she should read and care about his poems. She said that it was just the time: her letters would not take long. And so he ran up to his room and got the little book for her: *Burnt Offerings*.

All the time that he was walking with Mr. Haseltine and seeing the church, and the old manor-house that took them a half mile farther, he wondered what she was thinking about his poems.

By the time they had returned the rain had ceased. A warm September sunlight diffused itself. Veils lifted from the stream and trailed upon the lower meadows. The sky grew clear and the leaves all sparkled. They found that Mrs. Baldwin had had her cup of tea, for it was past four; but all had been left in readiness for them, the kettle boiling; and after Guy had swallowed his, he went out and saw her walking down among the crocuses.

'Oh, are you back?' she said when he joined her. 'I wanted to be there to give you your tea. Was it all right?'

'Perfectly,' he said. 'We put in just your number of spoonfuls.'

Mrs. Baldwin wore her little knitted jacket and had put on her white, rubber-soled canvas shoes against the wet; but her head, with its thick, close braids, was bare to the sunlight.

'I had to come out as soon as it stopped raining,' she said; 'and I'm afraid I simply forgot to look out for you and father.'

Her gentleness had always seemed contentment; this afternoon it seemed happiness, and he had never seen her look so young. He wondered if she were going to take him so dreadfully aback as not even to mention his poems; if she had simply forgotten them, too. Already her demeanor, unclouded, almost radiant, inflicted a wound; she had either forgotten, or she had cared little indeed, since she could look like that. But, after he had commented, consentingly, on the lovely hour, she went on with a change of tone, a voice a little shy, 'I've read the poems. Thank you so much for letting me see them.'

'You read all of them?'

'Yes. I did n't write my letters.'

'I hope you read them, then, because you cared for them.'

She did n't answer for a moment, walking along and placing the small white feet carefully among the crocuses. 'They are very sad,' she then said.

He was aware, after an instant of adjustment to the blow, that she made him very angry. Terrible, his poems,

searing, scorching; wicked, if one would; but not sad.

'Oh!' he murmured; and he wondered if the divided feeling she had from the first roused in him had been this hatred, not perhaps of her, but of her unvarying acquiescence, her untroubled inadequacy.

'They interested me very much,' she said, feeling, no doubt, that, whatever he was, he was not pleased. 'They made me see, I mean, all the things you have been through.'

'Sad things, you call them. You know, I rather feel as if I'd heard you call hell sad.'

She looked up at him quickly, and it was now she who was taken aback and, as she had been the other day, at a loss. And, as on the other day, she found the same answer, though she offered it deprecatingly, feeling his displeasure. 'But hell does n't exist.'

'Don't you think anything horrible exists?'

They turned at the end of the meadow. It seemed to him, although he felt as if he hated her, that they were suddenly intimate in their antagonism. He would force that antagonism, and its intimacy, upon her — to its last implication.

'Horrible? Oh, yes, yes!' she said, startled, and that was, he reflected grimly, to the good. 'But it would have to be irretrievable, would n't it, to be hell?' she urged.

'Do you suggest that it's not irretrievable? You own it's horrible. Irretrievably horrible, I call it. And that's what I call hell. Yet all that you could find to say of my poems is that they were sad.'

She hesitated, feeling her way, hearing in the recurrent word how it had rankled. 'I only meant sad, I think, because of you; because you had suffered so much.'

'You seem always to imply that one might *not* have suffered!' And thrusting aside her quickly murmured, 'Oh, no, no!' he went on: 'I can't understand your attitude of mind. Do you realize at all, I sometimes wonder, what it has all meant, this nightmare we are living in — we, that is, to whom it came? Can you imagine what it was to me to see boys, dead boys, buried stealthily, at night, under fire? Boys so mangled, so disfigured — you read that poem, "Half a Corpse"? — that their mothers would n't have known them; featureless, dismembered boys, heaped one upon the other in the mud. Has your mind ever dwelt upon the community of corruption in which they lie, as their mothers' minds must dwell? I do not understand you. I do not understand how you can dare to call such things sad.'

His own wrath shook and yet sustained him, though he knew a fear lest he had gone too far; but in her silence — they had reached the other end of the meadow and turned again in their walk — he felt that there was no resentment. It was as if she realized that those who have returned from hell cannot be asked to stop and pick their words with courtesy, and accepted his vehemence, if not his blame; and again, when she spoke at last, he felt that her bewilderment had settled into thought.

'Yes. I can imagine,' she said. 'But no, I don't think that my mind has dwelt on those things. If I were their mothers, I don't think that my mind would dwell, as you say. Something would burn through. There are other kinds of suffering — better kinds; they help, I believe. And, for that kind, it is worse, but is it so much worse than in ordinary life? That is what happens all the time when there is no war: dreadful changes in the dead; and burials. They are not quite so near in a churchyard, and their graves are named; but do you think that makes it easier to bear?'

He felt now as if it were insult she was offering him.

'You deny all tragedy to war, then? It's all to you on a level with an Elegy in a Country Churchyard with curfew and rector and primrose-wreaths? You read "His Eyes," — Guy's voice had a hoarser note, but, mingled with the sincerity of what, at last, he knew he was to tell her, the very centre of his sick heart, went a surface appreciation of what he had just said and of how curfew and rector and primrose-wreaths would go into a bitter poem one day,— 'you read that poem of mine at the end of the book. "His Eyes" is about myself and my friend Ronnie Barlow, the artist; you never heard of him, I know. He hung, with shattered legs, dying, just in front of us, on the barbed wire, for three days and nights. When he could speak, it was to beg to be shot. We tried to get to him, four, five times; it was no good. There was barbed wire between, and the Germans spotted us every time. He died during the third night, and next morning I found him looking at me — as he had looked during those three days — his torment and his reproach. And so he went on looking until the rats came and he had no more eyes to look with. Will you tell me that that is no worse than the deaths died in the parishes of England? Will you tell me that it's the sort of death died by the cheery, mature gentlemen who ate their dinners and slept warm and dropped a tear — while they did their "bit" in their government offices — over the brave lads saving England?'

He had taken refuge from Ronnie in hatred of those whom, in the poem, he called his murderers, and his voice was weighted with its fierce indictment. In the pause that followed he had time to wonder if she found him, at last, intolerable. She walked beside him, still looking down, and it might well have been in a chill withdrawal. He almost expected to hear her, in another moment, find the conventional phrase with which to leave him. But no,— and in his own long sigh he recognized the depth of his relief, — she was not going to punish him with convention; she was not going to leave him. And what she said at last was, 'I'm so sorry! Please believe that I'm so very, very sorry! Only — why do you speak, and write, as though it were someone's fault?'

Ah, here then, at last, they had come to it, the barrier, on one side of which he stood with his hell and she on the other in her artificial paradise.

'I write it and speak it because it is the truth,' he said. 'Millions of innocent creatures, of gifted, beautiful creatures, like my friend, have been slaughtered, tortured, driven mad, because of greasy, greedy wire-pullers in their leather chairs at home.'

'In this war, too?'

'This war preëminently.'

'You don't feel that the crime was Germany's?'

'Oh, of course!' his laugh sneered the facile acquiescence. 'Let us put it on Germany, by all means. We'll sleep the sounder! Certainly, I grant it to you freely — Germany struck the match and lighted the fuse.'

'And were n't we all responsible for the fuse — you and I, I mean, as much as the people in the leather chairs?' There was no irony in her repetition. 'The people who fought, as much as the people who did n't fight? Was n't the fuse simply our conception of our national safety? of our national honor? That is what I feel so sad about your poems, — though I should never have wanted to explain it, — that you are so wrong, so ungenerous, so vindictive.'

In all his life it had rarely been his lot to know such astonishment. Astonishment came first; and then the deep, deep hurt that rose, wave after

wave, within him. Was this, then, what she felt for him — only this? Had n't he told her about Ronnie — her alone of all the world? Should not that have made her reverent of him, and pitiful? Should a man who had endured such griefs receive such blows? Waves of color, too, flooded his face and tears rushed to his eyes. He thought, when he was able at last to gather thoughts together, that it should now be for him to find the conventional phrase and leave her. But, glancing again at her profile, finding it, though singularly pale, so much more gentle than severe, the impulse dropped. He was not strong enough for convention. He was shaken, shattered; too weak even for self-preservation.

He walked, miserable, and his mind full of a whirling darkness, beside her, determining only that she should be the first to speak again. She was. She had quite come out of her shyness, — if it had ever been that, — and though it was with something faltering, something that was, he made out, sorry for them both in the predicament to which, after all, he, and not she, had brought them, it was more than all with resolution that she said, —

'I am so sorry if I seem presumptuous. But you asked me. And your poems are n't the first I've read. So many young men, who have been so brave, like you, and who have been through it all so that they have the right to speak, seem to feel more than anything that hatred, not against war, — we all hate war, — but against people, some groups of people, they make responsible. There are bad and selfish people everywhere, — among poets, I feel sure, just as much as among statesmen; but has n't this war proved — since everybody has gone — that no one group is bad and selfish; that there are men in every group who have been glad to die for their country? I know I have no weight with young men like you; I am not a person of any importance for opinion; but how I wish that I could make you believe that you ought not to write like that — with hatred in your heart. Can great poetry be written out of hatred? And it's not only yourself it hurts: it hurts other people; harms them, I mean. It spreads a mood of darkness and fever just when they are so in need of light and calm. And for the mothers, for people who have lost, cruelly, those whom they loved as much, perhaps even more, than you loved your friend — do you not see how your poems must sicken them? Do you not see that it all becomes just that — a community of corruption? You imprison them, force them back into their helpless suffering; when what they pray for is strength to rise above it and to feel all the goodness and love that has been given for them; to feel what is beautiful, not what is horrible; so as to be worthy of their dead.'

As he listened to her, — and with a slow revulsion of all his nature, as if, against his very will and mind, she moved his heart to breaking with something passionate that spoke in her words, — an overwhelming experience befell him.

The crocuses beneath their feet, her sunlit shape beside him, her voice, as she spoke to him thus, with her very soul, blended together in a rising wave of light, or music, piercing, sweeping him, lifting him up to some new capacity, leaving the old inert and dangling, lifting and still lifting him, until at last, as if with a great, emerging breath, he came into a region bright and fair, whence, looking down on the dark and tattered past, he saw all life differently, even Ronnie's death, even Ronnie's eyes. Ronnie was with him, with Mrs. Baldwin, in the bright stillness.

Upborne, sustained, like a swimmer

in some strange, new element, he seemed to gaze down through its golden spaces at the inert, alien darkness that had been himself. 'Rubbish! Rubbish!' he seemed to hear himself say. Yet all was not left behind, all was not rubbish; else how could he be here, with her, with Ronnie? It was bliss to see himself as he had been, since something else was so immeasurably secure. Oh — could one stay always like this! This was to taste of everlasting life. His longing, as if with a cry, a grasp from the swimmer, marked the soft turning of the tide. He sank, but it was sweetly, if with a strange, an infinite sadness, a sadness recorded, accepted, while he sank, as making forever the portion of the temporal consciousness. And the bliss still stayed in the acceptance, and purple ripples seemed to glide back rhythmically as the crocuses swam before his eyes. It had all been only an instant then, for her last words came to him as if she had but spoken them and he heard his own voice murmuring, as if from very far away, 'Perhaps you are right.'

The ripples stayed themselves. He looked down at the crocuses and saw Mrs. Baldwin's white shoes standing still among them. Lifting his eyes, which felt heavy, he found her looking at him with attention, with anxiety.

'It's nothing,' he tried to smile. 'Nothing at all. I mean — you've done me good.' He saw that she had n't an idea of how she had done it.

'Do take my arm,' she said. 'I ought to have remembered that you are not strong yet.'

He took her arm. Perhaps he needed it. His normal consciousness was gathering about him once again, but no longer with the old close texture. It was all more permeable to light — that was how he tried to put it. And he heard his voice go on, 'You see — what it all amounts to — oh, I'm not thinking about the poems, I know that you must be right — it's not what you say, is it? It's something far more right than what you say. But I love you. That's why you can do it to me. I wonder I did n't see it before. You made me angry with your peacefulness. I did n't understand. I needed your peace. You, you were what I needed. You will forgive my speaking? Surely you 'll understand. Perhaps you feel you hardly know me, while you are like my life. Is it possible that some day you might love me back and marry me?'

He had used the words that came. They were the words of the normal consciousness. How else could he ask her to keep him always near her so that he might never lose that sense of paradise?

But she had stopped still and had drawn her arm from his. Was it possible that after what she had done to him, for him, she could see him only thus? 'Oh, no,' she said. 'No. No.' Never had he seen a human face express with such ineffable gentleness such repudiation. And she repeated it, as if he had given her too much to bear; as if for her own reassurance; as if to efface even the memory of his words: 'No; no; no!' She began again to walk toward the house.

Had it not been for the initiation that had passed, he knew so clearly now, in all unawareness from her spirit to his, he would have felt to the full the shame of his rejection, the deserved shame. For he was a stranger and she had given him no right to believe that she even liked him. But he could feel no shame. Had he really thought that she could love him? Had it not been only that he wanted to tell her that he loved her, and had wanted her, as it were, to keep him safe? He found himself trying to explain this to her, — not pleading, — only so that she should not be angry. 'I had to tell you. You'd done me so

much good. Everything came different. Really, I'm not so presumptuous. I never meant to ask anything.'

But she was not angry. 'Forgive me,' she said. 'I hardly know what I am saying. You so astonished me. Forgive me. But I don't feel as if I knew you at all. Please don't think me reproaching you. I begin to understand. You are not at all strong. It was like the other day when you cried. I mean — I feel sure you think you care for me; but you could n't have said it, when we know each other so little, if you had been well.'

She was putting it aside, for his sake, as an aberration, and he really smiled a little as he shook his head. 'No; really, really, it's not that; not because I've been on edge and ill. It was something that came to me from what you are; something that 's been coming ever since I saw you. I know that I am nothing to you; but for a moment, just now, it seemed, when I had received so much, that you must know what you had given; it seemed that a person to whom so much could be given, could not be so far away. But even then I saw quite clearly what you saw in me: a vain, pretentious, emotional creature; insincere, too, and proud of my suffering. I *am* that. But I had never seen it before. And when it came to me from you and, instead of crushing me, lifted me up, I knew that I loved you. — No; I won't try to explain. Only you do forgive me? You will let me go on as if it had n't happened? I promise you that I'll never trouble you again.'

Oh, the gentleness, the heavenly gentleness! It breathed through him like the color of the crocuses, although she was as impersonal, as untouched, and as mysterious as they. He was nothing to her — nothing; but she stood before him, looking at him, and though she gave nothing but the gentleness, he knew that he received all that he needed. It was enough that she was there.

'But it's *I* to be forgiven — *I*,' she repeated. 'Of course we will go on. Oh, you look very tired. Please take my arm again. I spoke so strangely to you. But — but —' She had flushed: for the first time he saw the color darken her face as if with a veil of pain, and in her voice was the passion, deeper, stiller, that he had heard a little while ago and that had enfranchised him. 'I am married — I mean, my husband is dead, but I am married. Perhaps you don't understand. Perhaps you will some day if you should lose someone you love and feel them still your very life. We were like that. He is always with me.'

They had said nothing more as they walked up the meadow to the house, his arm in hers. He had no sense of loss; rather, from her last words to him, came a sense of further gain. She would be like that. He saw now that her peace, against which he had pressed and protested, was something won, was depth, not emptiness. She, too, had lost and suffered. She was made dearer to him, more sacred. As for his love, it did not belong — he had seen this even before she told him why — to this everyday world to which he had returned. But it was everything to have found it, with that other world, and to know that there it had its being, its reality, forever. What was it that had enlarged, transformed his life, but that very certitude of an eternity where all good was secure? He could not explain it to himself in any words. Words were the keys of temporality. But he had seen, if only for the few shining moments, that Ronnie was not lost; that nothing had been in vain.

If he found no difficulty, it was evident to him that Mrs. Baldwin felt none, and he was glad to believe that this might be because he showed her

so completely, in his candid contentment, that he would never trouble her again. She was not more kind to him; but she took, perhaps, even more care, as if feeling that she had miscalculated something in his recovery. She inaugurated a glass of hot milk, instead of spiced hot water, at bedtime, and a rest on the sofa, with a rug, before the midday dinner. 'You will look so much better when you go back than when you came,' she said.

For the time of going back drew near, and he did not dread it, though loving Thatches and all it meant more and more with every day. But of course, even in the temporal world, he was not to lose Thatches. That was quite understood between them. The P.G. would be welcome whenever he cared to come.

V

He was playing chess on the afternoon before his departure. Tea was over and Mrs. Baldwin had gone out. Guy had noticed that she had been perhaps a little stiller than usual that day, when he had seen her, and that he had seen her little. The game did not go very well; they were neither of them keen on it; and when the old gentleman had won an easy victory, he leaned back in his chair, the board still on its little table between them, and said, 'Poor Effie! She's still in the church, or in the churchyard, I expect.'

Guy felt the shock of a great surprise. Strangely enough, though Mrs. Baldwin had spoken of her husband and of his death, and though his books were there, he did not associate him with Thatches, nor with the churchyard. And with the word, 'churchyard,' a painful anxiety rose in him.

'Is it an anniversary?' he asked.

'Yes,' Mr. Haseltine nodded, sighing and rubbing his hand over his head. 'September twenty-ninth. I'd forgotten myself till just a little while ago. Oliver died on this day. Her husband. Poor Effie!'

'They lived here?' Guy asked. He had imagined that it had been after her bereavement that she and her father had found and made a home of Thatches.

'Oh, yes. They lived here. All their married life,' said Mr. Haseltine. 'Ten years or so. It was a great love-match. They were very happy. I never saw a happier couple — until the end.'

'Did anything part them?'

Mr. Haseltine had put his hands into his pockets and was gazing at the board as if with a painful concentration, and though he shook his head he answered, 'It was the malady. Cancer, you know. Cancer of the face. Such a handsome fellow, too: beautiful, bright, smiling eyes; beautiful mouth. All gone. All disfigured, cruelly disfigured, and with horrible suffering.'

Guy felt his breath coming thickly. 'Was it long?' he asked.

'Yes. Long. Eighteen months, I think. Morphia did little good at last. He could n't swallow; could hardly speak; begged to be killed and put out of his torment. She was with him in it all. She never left him, day or night; nor could he have borne it if she had. Nothing quieted him except her hand in his. But at the end,' said Mr. Haseltine, pushing away the table and rising, 'at the end, it attacked his brain and then he raved at her. She could n't go into the room at the last.'

The old man, with step lagging, as if weighted, walked away to the window and stood looking out, while Guy, at the table, felt his heart turn to stone.

'Poor Effie!' Mr. Haseltine repeated after a little while. He came back into the room and moved up and down, pausing to look at the books and pictures. 'She has never been the same

since. For a long while we were afraid she could n't live. She hardly slept for months; and when she did sleep, she used to wake crying, crying, always for him. When she became stronger, she used to walk up and down those meadows, sometimes for hours at a time. Very gentle; no complaint; always ready to talk to people, to go on with things as best she could; but changed; completely changed. We speak very little of him; but when we do, it's quite naturally. She goes to the church sometimes, and there are always flowers on his grave; but I don't think she has any orthodox beliefs; I don't know that she has any beliefs at all. Still, she seems helped. She is a very dear, unselfish woman; a dreamer, she was always a dreamer; but always meaning well; and she does good in her quiet way. And I think she likes this plan of having people come and stay and seeing after them; especially now that they are so often people who have had a bad time. Dear me, dear me!' Mr. Haseltine again shook his head, stationed again at the window and looking out. 'You would hardly have recognized her had you seen her ten years ago. She had bright hair and a charming color; and full of gayety and mischief. You'd hardly believe it now.'

'I'm so sorry,' Guy heard himself saying. He remembered that those were the words Mrs. Baldwin had used to him about Ronnie.

'Yes, it's very sad,' said Mr. Haseltine. 'Life is certainly very difficult for some of us, and Effie has had her share. Somehow one does n't remember it when one is with her. I only recalled the day by chance.'

Guy was walking in the meadows when Mrs. Baldwin returned. He saw her in the garden, reading the letters that the evening post had brought, and his first impulse was to remove himself as speedily as might be from her sight, to cross the bridge and the farther meadow, and turn into the lane that led away from it. But then he saw, as he stood irresolute, that she was coming down to him, and he stood there, helpless, watching her approach in the soft radiance of the late afternoon. She wore one of the lavender-colored dresses and the little knitted jacket. In her hand were the opened letters. Her face was tranquil. She was, of course, unaware of what had happened to him.

She joined him. 'You are having your last look at the crocuses?'

It was their last look together. That, of course, was why she had come, full of care and of kindness.

'Yes. Yes. My last look for the year.' He heard that his voice was strange. And his heart seemed to lie like a cold hard block in his side.

'Are n't you feeling well?' she asked.

He walked beside her in silence. What could he say? But how was it possible not to tell her?

They had turned toward the sunset and came now to the bridge. She was looking at him, with solicitude. He stopped before they crossed.

'I must say something to you,' broke from him. 'I must. I can't go away without your knowing — my shame — my unutterable remorse.'

She looked at him with the look he knew so well. Kindly, firmly, if with anxiety, she prepared to hear him thrust some new torment upon her.

'Shame? Remorse?' she murmured.

'About my poems. About my griefs. What I've said to you. What I've given you to bear. I thought I'd borne so much. I thought you unfeeling, without experience. I thought I'd been set apart — that all of us had been set apart, who suffered in the war. Stop me at once if you won't hear it from me. But your father told me, just now, about your husband's death.'

She became very pale. She looked

away from him, but she said nothing.

'That's all,' said Guy after a long silence. He saw that there was nothing more to tell her. She had understood.

'Let us walk up and down,' said Mrs. Baldwin.

They crossed the bridge. He saw the stream sliding brightly below them between the old, black planks. In the farther meadows the crocuses grew more thickly and opened widely their pale purple chalices.

'We have all suffered,' said Mrs. Baldwin. 'You must n't have remorse or shame. Nothing is harmed between us.'

The horrible stricture around his heart relaxed, and as they went very slowly up and down he felt his throat tighten and tears rising, rising to his eyes. He could not keep them back. He was n't really quite strong enough for this. They fell and fell, and from time to time he put up his hand to brush them away.

'We have all suffered,' Mrs. Baldwin repeated gently.

'Some, more! some, more!' he said brokenly. 'Some, most of all!'

They came back to the bridge, but though they crossed over, they did not pass out through the high gate that barred the other end. The gate was closed, and Guy stopped at it and leaned on it and put his face on his hands. Mrs. Baldwin stood at the gate-post beside him, her hand laid on it and her head leaned against her hand.

'He would have liked you,' she said. 'He was so interested in young men, young poets. He was not old himself; and he wrote, too, did you know? All those books in the living-room are his. He used to work there. I will give you his two books, if you care to have them. They were thought very good; I think you will like them. — It was because of the crocuses we came here,' she went on. 'We found them one September, just like this, and the three little ruined cottages, and we knew at once that we must live here. He so loved them. When he was very ill — but before the very end when nothing could come to him any longer, when he was quite shut away — he used to lie at the window and look out at them — that big window above the living-room.'

Divinely she was helping him. It was as if, taking him by the hand, she led him again away from his darkness and into her own light.

Yes, brokenly it came to him, it was there, secure; how won, he knew not. Through her he had found it; but that was because her feet had passed before him up the calvary. She had gone through everything; and she knew everything.

And, to his new hearing, something of the infinite weariness of that ascent was in her voice when she next spoke, although it was a voice as peaceful as the evening air around them. 'Are they not beautiful?' she said.

He raised his head and looked at the flowers through his tears. They had never been so beautiful. 'They make me think of you,' he told her.

'Do they?' Mrs. Baldwin still leaned her head against her hand, still looked out over the meadows. 'But there are so many of them,' she said. 'So many! That is what I feel first of all about them. I could not think of them as like one person. Multitudes. Multitudes. — And so silent! They make me think always of the souls of the happy dead.'

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY L. P. JACKS

I

I DO not pretend to be an expert in Psychical Research. About two years ago, indeed, the S.P.R. did me the honor of appointing me their annual president; but this, I believe, was because I was known to take an interest in the subject; certainly not because I had, or was ever likely to have, an experience comparable to that of Sir Oliver Lodge, or Professor Hyslop, or any other of the well-known men and women who have devoted years to the study of the phenomena. My experience is limited and incomplete. But so far as it has gone, it seems to me significant, and the lessons I have drawn from it may conceivably be of some use to others.

Until a year ago my own studies in the subject had been confined to its literature, to the published reports of investigators, and to the various theories and speculations to which the phenomena had given rise. Though profoundly interested, and entirely respectful to the claims of Psychical Research as a branch of scientific investigation, I was unwilling to become, as people say, 'mixed up in séances and that sort of thing.' For one reason, I foresaw the likelihood that it would involve a tax on my time and energies, which were otherwise fully engaged. For another, I dreaded the effect it might have upon my mind, or rather upon the atmosphere of my mind. I am one of that large class of persons who are easily intoxicated by novel and startling experiences, and for whom wisdom consists in keeping to the trodden highways of life. It seemed to me that the sudden feeling, experienced for the first time, of being actually in communication with a departed friend, was precisely the sort of thing to overexcite a mind such as my own, and that I should be well advised not to challenge danger in that form. My own trouble in life has not come from my inability to have visions, but from my tendency to have more of them than was good for me. Many of them have turned out to be chimeras, and some, I must confess, have grossly deceived me and led me, unconsciously, I hope, to state as fact what afterwards turned out to be something else. Such a person has need to think twice before placing himself in direct contact with psychic phenomena.

However, I began to feel that it was not fair to occupy the position I did, and to write occasionally on the subject, without getting a nearer view of the facts. I often found myself at a great disadvantage in discussing these matters with those who had the experience I lacked. Moreover, two or three of my friends, in whose condition I had some right to be concerned, were clearly losing their heads. They were constantly assuring me that survival had been 'scientifically proved'; but when I pointed out that the reasons they gave were not scientific, the answer was that, if only I had had their 'experiences,' I should think differently. Their attitude resembled that of the mystic

who, when his statements are challenged, silences opposition by declaring, 'I have felt; I have seen.' It was perhaps a vain thing to hope that I might save them from losing their heads; but the hope was there, and it led me to run the risk of losing my own.

Three sittings, with long intervals between, were arranged with one of the best-attested mediums in England. Stringent precautions were taken to ensure my anonymity, and for reasons which are exceptionally cogent, I am convinced that at the first two sittings the medium had no knowledge, and no means of getting knowledge, of who I was. Between the second and third sittings, however, my identity was revealed to her through the sudden indiscretion of a friend. Incidentally, this served a good purpose, by giving new grounds to believe in the medium's honesty. On learning who I was, she communicated her discovery without a moment's delay to those who were arranging the third sitting on my behalf. Moreover, when the sitting took place, there was nothing to suggest that she had made any use of the knowledge she had gained. There had been ample time to compile my personal *dossier:* to get up my family history, to bribe my servants for domestic information, and to prime herself in the many ways that are open to fraudulent mediums when practising on the credulity of a sitter. There were no signs whatever that this had been done. The sitting followed the same tracks as its predecessors, and while it showed no knowledge of facts concerning me which could easily have been found out, it hit the truth at several points which were virtually inaccessible to inquiry.

For these and a good many other reasons I dismiss the hypothesis of fraud as inapplicable to the sittings in question. Fraud is unquestionably practised by some professional mediums, but this must not be held to the prejudice of what has the marks of being genuine, any more than the frauds practised in the Christian or any other religion, the amount of which has been enormous, can be adduced to prove that all clergymen are rogues. Nevertheless, even in the case of a medium as genuine as the one with whom I have had to do, I cannot resist the conviction that a professional element is present, which takes the form of 'shoppy' patter about 'astral bodies,' 'planes of existence,' and other such-like vernacular, and which seems to be used largely for the purpose of filling up gaps when nothing is doing. This patter, I confess, made me suspicious at several points, and the more so because it often took a form into which an excited sitter could read meanings to suit his fancy, his desires, and his expectations. On the other hand, the presence of this meaningless and unsatisfactory element serves only to make the phenomena the more remarkable when, as happened in the present instance, they suddenly change their character and become intelligible and to the point.

The mixture of sense and nonsense, of reality and play-acting (if such it be), seems to me to be one of the most interesting features of the case. It may be regarded in two ways. One may treat the sense as discredited by the nonsense which precedes or follows it; or, on the other hand, one may find the sense all the more significant by reason of the contrast with the nonsense out of which it emerges so unexpectedly and so inconsequently. My own preference is for the latter point of view. The very fact that the stream of nonsense, or professional play-acting, or whatever it may be, is suddenly broken and arrested seems to me to suggest the presence of some intelligence, or intelligences, sufficiently powerful to break and arrest it. Certainly the contrast

between the two things is most remarkable and not a little puzzling. It suggests an analogy with the phenomena of dreams, in which a similar thing frequently occurs — first a confused jumble of absurd images and impossible situations, then a sudden episode of order and rationality, followed in turn by an equally sudden relapse into the realm of nonsense — the mere babble of the mind, in which the dream began.

With regard to the hypothesis of fraud there are two forms of credulity against which one has to be on one's guard. The first is represented by the sitter who, when a 'spirit' with a long beard and a benevolent expression is announced, at once jumps to the conclusion that this is a departed uncle, and unconsciously gives the medium a lead which, if he is fraudulent, he will cleverly follow up until the sitter is intoxicated with the certainty that the departed uncle is 'present.'

The second form of credulity is represented by the equally common type which pushes the hypothesis of fraud beyond all reasonable limit, the skeptical sharpness which inevitably overreaches itself. For example, I was recently explaining to one of these skeptics the extreme precautions that were taken to secure my anonymity at the sittings to which I have alluded, and I mentioned the names of some well-known persons who had assisted me in making these precautions complete. His answer was a veiled hint that 'we were all in the game,' and that possibly the Society of Psychical Research was a kind of conspiracy. Again, I have heard it solemnly maintained that there exists a secret syndicate of mediums, a great organization with a central office, an elaborate system of underground and overhead communications, 'wires' everywhere, and with innumerable spies, informers, and detectives all over the country; so that a medium belonging to the syndicate can be supplied at short notice with a complete *dossier* of the private life of any sitter he may chance to be expecting. Probably there is some slender basis of fact for this delightful myth. But anyone who believes it in its developed form, which has now attained considerable currency, may be justly classed with the 'innocents.' The fact is that the hypothesis of fraud, if pressed hard enough, can be made to cover anything. The very precautions taken against fraud can be readily interpreted in terms of fraud, as they were in the case I have just mentioned; and the honorable men who have taken part in this work are easily disposed of as only a more astute type of rascal than the rest. Why not? So far as I can see there is nothing left for these gentlemen but to challenge their traducers to a duel; and one almost regrets for their sakes that dueling has gone out of fashion.

It is impossible to lay down any general rules as to the point beyond which the hypothesis of fraud can no longer be reasonably entertained. Certainly the dangers of pressing it too hard are as great as the dangers of not pressing it hard enough. There is credulity at both ends of the line, and each man must be left to his own common sense to find the just mean between the two. The point varies with almost every case that comes under observation.

II

Coming now to the actual phenomena of the sittings, which on the whole were remarkably good, the first point to which I would call attention is that the communications took a decisive start on the track of my literary interests, and not on the more usual track of personal affections. None of my blood-relations, the deceased persons whom I

should have supposed most anxious to communicate with me, appeared upon the scene. The 'spirits' who did appear (through the voice of the medium), or who appeared most persistently, were those who, if I had been consulted beforehand, I should have said were little likely to want to communicate with me in this manner. In one instance the appearance of the individual in question caused me great surprise: he was almost the last person among my acquaintances whom I should have expected in such a connection.

The chief manifesting spirits were four in number, all of them well known to me in life. Two were men of letters with whom I had been connected in literary work; the third was a public character with whom my connection was slighter, but about whom, as it happened, I had privately consented, the day before, to write an obituary notice; the fourth was the person whose appearance caused me so much surprise — a man who had been recently killed in the war. All four gave quite unmistakable proofs of their identity. Their names were given with some difficulty, but correctly; their ages and personal appearance were truly described, and with some amount of characteristic detail; common friends were mentioned; and out-of-the-way places, with peculiar names, with which one or other of them had been connected, were well and easily indicated. In two instances the *voice* of the deceased person was reproduced, breaking with quite startling effect into the babbling tones which the medium commonly uses. This happened both before and after the medium had discovered who I was; but even if we suppose that after the discovery she had been foraging in my personal record, it is unthinkable that in the few days she had for the purpose she should have learned to imitate the voice of an obscure person whom I had not seen half a dozen times in the course of his life.

As I have said, the start was made in the track of my literary interests; the spirits introduced were, with the exception of the fourth, persons who might be supposed to have had some share in those interests; and these characteristics were maintained throughout, with one or two breaks-away into matters of more individual concern. At the first sitting the intelligence at work — alleged by the control to be the 'spirit' of a departed friend — showed clear acquaintance with an article I had published some months previously in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *motif* and keyword of the article were correctly given; and what the 'spirit' said in general terms corresponded with my own thoughts about the article and with my own intentions in writing it. This, no doubt, the skeptic will explain on the ground that the medium had primed herself in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which by that time had reached England; an argument which I can only meet by repeating the assurance that, when this happened, the medium had not the faintest notion who I was.

However that may be, the skeptic must find another explanation for what happened at the next sitting, which also preceded the disclosure of my identity by the indiscreet friend mentioned above. At this sitting the 'spirit' who had shown his acquaintance with the published *Atlantic* article, got on the track of another article of mine which *was then lying unpublished in one of my study drawers*, and the contents of which were known to no living person save myself. Here the characterization was even more precise than on the previous occasion. The 'spirit' showed a quite intelligent grasp of the scope of my argument in the article, and especially of its ethical motives, and actually repeated more than once a

highly peculiar key-phrase of the article, though, I must confess, with a little 'boggling' at that point, in which I had to help him out. However, having got the phrase, which I venture to say would have been quite unintelligible to the medium in her normal condition, the 'spirit' made an entirely right use of it, developed its meaning, and even showed a measure of prescience quite in keeping with the educated and penetrating person he claimed to represent.

Another remarkable phenomenon was the introduction of the gentleman, recently dead, whose obituary notice I had agreed to write only the day before the sitting took place. I have every reason to believe that this fact was known to two living persons only — myself and a relative of the deceased who had asked me to write the notice. Yet the 'spirit' himself seemed to know all about it; he knew the plan on which I had proposed to myself to write about him, and which I had communicated to nobody; he knew that, owing to certain circumstances, the notice would have to be written in two separate installments or parts — a very unusual occurrence in this kind of writing. He also indicated certain wishes of his own with regard to the mode of publication — eminently reasonable wishes which appeared to be based on knowledge of what was going on in the world. Very remarkable, too, was the way his personality came and went. At moments he stood out clearly defined, and I had no manner of doubt as to who he was; and then again he seemed to fade away or get entangled with some one of the other spirits who were said to be present, so that I had some difficulty in making out which of them was trying to communicate with me.

This leads me to call attention to a curious circumstance which, while it seems to me to rule out, decisively, the hypothesis of fraud, renders it, at the same time, very difficult to explain the facts either by 'survival' or by 'telepathy.' To grasp the point, I must beg the reader to keep a few facts clearly in his mind; for there is a knot to be disentangled.

There were, as I have said, four chief communicating spirits whom I will call A, B, C, D. At the first sitting B held the field. At the second A appeared simultaneously with B, and the two manifested alternately. At the third, A, B, C, D were all present, either together or in succession.

The point to which I now call attention is the tendency shown in the second and third sittings, especially in the third, for these 'spirits' to get mixed up or entangled with one another, and not only with one another, but possibly with other 'spirits' not belonging to the four — certainly with one other whom I will presently indicate.

The simplest of these 'mix-ups' is that of A and D. A was one of the literary authors to whom I have referred; D was the man killed in the war whose appearance took me so much by surprise. Now it so happened that these two men, of whom A was much older than D, *had the same surname*, a not uncommon one. For reasons which will presently become apparent, I will call it Scott, and distinguish them as 'Old Scott' and 'Young Scott.' Old Scott and Young Scott were known to one another in life, and both, of course, were known to me, Old Scott quite intimately.

At the third sitting Old Scott appeared the instant the medium was in trance, and began by mentioning certain objects to which I knew he had attached great value when in life. His communications proceeded quite intelligibly for some time, and I was able to recognize the characteristic relevance of all that he said. Suddenly his talk turned to another subject, which, so

far as I know, had no connection with him, and which seemed altogether out of keeping with his personality. The situation became confused and unintelligible, and in my bewilderment I said to the control, 'This cannot be Scott who is talking to me now — who is it?' The answer came (in effect), 'Yes, it is *Young* Scott.' For a moment I could not think who Young Scott (who had not appeared before) might be. Then it suddenly flashed upon me that I had known a Young Scott who had been killed in the war, and remembering the communications which had just passed, I recognized that, while out of keeping with the elder man, they were all in keeping with the younger. What had happened was therefore that Old Scott — who had played his part admirably — had suddenly changed into Young Scott, a totally different person, without the controlling intelligence being aware of the change until I called its attention to the fact: the two personalities had coalesced through the identity of their surnames. From that point all was clear for some time. Young Scott placed his identity beyond question by a quantity of striking evidence, of which the sudden reproduction of his voice was perhaps the most impressive. But later on the two Scotts again became mixed up, the communications being partly in the character of the one and partly in that of the other.

At the second sitting, at which Old Scott was much in evidence, a still more inexplicable mix-up had taken place. Old Scott had made his identity clear, reminded me of his home, mentioned his children by name, alluded to his writings, his friends, his favorite pursuits. For some time he and I understood one another; and when I questioned him, the answers were to the point. Then, quite suddenly, his conversation left the track, and he began to talk of things I could not connect with him. He mentioned certain countries where I knew he had never been, and declared that he 'passed over' from a place a thousand miles from the actual place of his death, and many other things altogether out of Old Scott's environment. I now began to realize that it was no longer the Scott I knew with whom I was talking, and asked the spirit, 'Who are you?' And then, to my infinite surprise, the answer came, 'I am Sir Walter Scott, the novelist.'

In all this I have somewhat exaggerated the facts and made them more distinct than they really were. What happened was that two eminent men bearing the same surname, one of whom I knew well and the other not at all, became mixed up in the controlling intelligence, misled no doubt by the identity of name. There was no earthly reason why the spirit I have called Sir Walter Scott should want to communicate with me. But the evidence seems pretty clear that the controlling intelligence, having started rightly with my friend Old Scott, did after a certain time lose its way, and became entangled with another personality (the assumed Sir Walter), and that without being aware of what had taken place. This I submit is incompatible with fraud — no fraudulent medium would play the game quite so stupidly as that. But what, in heaven's name, is it compatible with? With survival — hardly. With telepathy — hardly.

III

If the reader asks me what I make of all this, the answer is, frankly, that I don't know what to make of it. Confining myself to the evidence in the three sittings, a fragment only of which has been given above, it seems to me that the statement now so often made that 'survival is scientifically proved'

goes far beyond what my own experience warrants. I can imagine half a dozen hypotheses, including survival among them, any one of which covers a part of the facts, but none of which covers them completely. I am inclined to think that we are only at the beginning of these investigations, and that the haste which many are showing to force 'survival' as the only possible explanation, damages the inquiry by arousing a degree of skepticism which is, indeed, unwarranted, but is quite natural in the circumstances. Under the most favorable conditions the difficulties of the investigation are immense, and it is to be regretted that we often make them greater by forcing the pace in a manner which cautious science will never tolerate.

In my own case, and I have no doubt in that of many others, one of the chief difficulties arises from the emotional stress at the moment when these things are happening. Say what we will, the desire to believe that our departed friends are still alive is immensely powerful with most of us; and when we first come into contact with signs which seem to indicate that they are actually near us, the emotional reaction is apt to be such as almost to overpower the exercise of reason. Were I to abandon myself to the *feelings* I had at certain passages of these sittings, I should assert without hesitation the survival of my friends. It did seem as if I was actually communicating with them. But reviewing the matter in calmer moments, I cannot but remember that there were other passages when this feeling was rudely broken into by feelings to the contrary. If the hits were impressive, the misses were equally disconcerting. If the spirits played their parts well at some points, they played them remarkably ill at others. Often the hits would be so startling as almost to carry one off his feet; but again, some frightful miss or hopeless muddle would go far to undo the previous effect. The impression left upon me is, on the whole, deeply confused. I mean, it is confusion one has to do with; but confusion, be it noted, with clear intervals. Yet the clearness is not always that of truth. It is sometimes the clearness of manifest error. One is in a realm analogous to that of dreams.

A difficulty of another kind arises from the constant danger of reasoning in a circle. The problem of evidence, complicated enough even in ordinary practice, is here immensely more complicated by the fact that *the existence of the witnesses*, which in most other cases is taken for granted, is now the very point in question. The witnesses are the 'spirits'; but the 'spirits' are the beings whose existence has to be proved. If I say that Old Scott proved his existence by giving the name of his country cottage, I am clearly begging the question, which consists precisely in proving *that it was Old Scott* and not the subconscious activities of the medium, or some other agency among minds on earth, which there and then delivered this particular piece of information.

A third and peculiar difficulty, which has not been sufficiently noticed, arises from the reluctance of persons who have jumped to conclusions about these things to admit, on subsequent proof, that they were wrong. To declare your belief in 'spirits,' and then to be confronted with a proof that you were the victim of a mistake, is a particularly odious way of being made to look a fool. People exposed to this danger will fight to the last ditch — fight till every vestige of regard for truth has long been thrown to the winds. Recently I had an experience of this in investigating a haunted house, a remarkably well-attested case. After two or three of the most trying nights of my life, I succeeded in satisfying myself that the ghost

was due to natural causes, though I was more than once on the point of seeing him myself, so great was the nervous tension caused by watching and waiting for his appearance. But when I presented my explanation to those who were already committed to belief in the ghost, and whose reputations for common sense were in a manner dependent on their stories being verified, I encountered the darkest of looks. My explanations were not accepted. I do not wonder at this, and I cannot deny the possibility that, if I had stayed in the house another night, I might either have seen the ghost or come to believe that others had seen him. I should undoubtedly have saved myself a great deal of trouble and some unpleasantness if I had come down from the haunted chamber with a circumstantial story that I had seen the apparition — a story which I could easily have invented and maintained without anybody being able to prove that I was lying. Indeed, I must confess that the temptation to do this did once or twice furtively suggest itself to my mind; and although I managed to resist the voice of the tempter, — who promised me much amusement and *réclame*, — I could not help thinking that many ghost stories have had their origin in precisely this temptation — to which, by the grace of God, I had turned a deaf ear. At all events, I learned that belief in spirits, or in ghosts, when once it has been expressed, is apt to become a vested interest of a kind which people will not give up without a struggle. The moral is that one should refrain from expressing such a belief until he is absolutely sure of his ground.

Here, too, the emotional stress was very great, and it was none the less trying because the predominant emotion happened to be that of fear. Like Fontenelle, one need not believe in ghosts to be terribly afraid of them. I certainly did not believe in this particular ghost; I suspected from the outset that an *idée fixe* had got possession of the witnesses; but when, after watching for hours in a dark and silent corridor, I saw a column of light slowly form itself at the farther end, it was nothing short of the courage of madness that caused me to rush toward the 'apparition' — only to discover that it was caused by the suddenly unclouded moon shining through a skylight and reflected from the surface of a highly polished floor. I wonder even now why I did not rush in the opposite direction, away from the terrifying object instead of toward it, calling out to all and sundry that I had seen the ghost.

Under these peculiar conditions one's normal psychology is apt to be dislocated, and the mind can play the strangest tricks upon itself. The boundaries between truth and falsehood become blurred, our very conscience gets out of hand, and we may tell the most egregious lies almost without consciousness that we are lying.

Such certainly has been my own condition, more than once, when in actual contact with these phenomena. It is only by an effort that I can avoid yielding to the excitement of my first impressions and bring myself to tell the sober truth about them. If the reader, after hearing my confession, turns the tables on me by refusing credit to my testimony, I should hardly be disposed to quarrel with him. I would only beg him to try his own hand and see if he can do better. He will not find it easy to tell the truth.

FAME AND THE POET

BY LORD DUNSANY

Dramatis Personæ

Harry de Reves. — A Poet.

(*This name, though of course of French origin, has become anglicized and is pronounced* de Reevs.)

Dick Prattle. — A Lieutenant-Major of the Royal Horse Marines.

Fame.

Scene: *The Poet's rooms in London. Windows in back. A high screen in a corner.*

Time: *February 30th.*

The Poet *is sitting at a table writing. Enter* Dick Prattle.

Prattle

Hullo, Harry.

de Reves

Hullo, Dick. Good Lord, where are you from?

Prattle (*casually*)

The ends of the Earth.

de Reves

Well, I'm damned!

Prattle

Thought I'd drop in and see how you were getting on.

de Reves

Well, that's splendid. What are you doing in London?

Prattle

Well, I wanted to see if I could get one or two decent ties to wear, — you can get nothing out there, — then I thought I'd have a look and see how London was getting on.

de Reves

Splendid! How's everybody?

Prattle

All going strong.

de Reves

That's good.

Prattle (*seeing paper and ink*)

But what are you doing?

DE REVES

Writing.

PRATTLE

Writing? I did n't know you wrote.

DE REVES

Yes, I've taken to it rather.

PRATTLE

I say — writing 's no good. What do you write?

DE REVES

Oh, poetry.

PRATTLE

Poetry? Good Lord!

DE REVES

Yes, that sort of thing, you know.

PRATTLE

Good Lord! Do you make any money by it?

DE REVES

No. Hardly any.

PRATTLE

I say — why don't you chuck it?

DE REVES

Oh, I don't know. Some people seem to like my stuff, rather. That's why I go on.

PRATTLE

I 'd chuck it if there 's no money in it.

DE REVES

Ah, but then it's hardly in your line, is it? You'd hardly approve of poetry if there *was* money in it.

PRATTLE

Oh, I don't say that. If I could make as much by poetry as I can by betting I don't say I would n't try the poetry touch, only —

DE REVES

Only what?

PRATTLE

Oh, I don't know. Only there seems more sense in betting, somehow.

DE REVES

Well, yes. I suppose it's easier to tell what an earthly horse is going to do, than to tell what Pegasus —

PRATTLE

What 's Pegasus?

DE REVES

Oh, the winged horse of poets.

PRATTLE

I say! You don't believe in a winged horse, do you?

DE REVES

In our trade we believe in all fabulous things. They all represent some large truth to us. An emblem like Pegasus is as real a thing to a poet as a Derby winner would be to you.

PRATTLE

I say. (Give me a cigarette. Thanks.) What? Then you'd believe in nymphs and fauns, and Pan, and all those kind of birds?

DE REVES

Yes. Yes. In all of them.

PRATTLE

Good Lord!

DE REVES

You believe in the Lord Mayor of London, don't you?

PRATTLE

Yes, of course; but what has —

DE REVES

Four million people or so made him Lord Mayor, did n't they? And he represents to them the wealth and dignity and tradition of —

PRATTLE

Yes; but, I say, what has all this —

DE REVES

Well, he stands for an idea to them, and they made him Lord Mayor, and so he is one. . . .

PRATTLE

Well, of course he is.

DE REVES

In the same way Pan has been made what he is by millions; by millions to whom he represents world-old traditions.

PRATTLE (*rising from his chair and stepping backwards, laughing and looking at the* POET *in a kind of assumed wonder*)

I say . . . I say . . . You old heathen . . . but Good Lord . . .

He bumps into the high screen behind, pushing it back a little.

DE REVES

Look out! Look out!

PRATTLE

What? What's the matter?

DE REVES

The screen!

PRATTLE

Oh, sorry, yes. I'll put it right.

He is about to go round behind it.

DE REVES

No, don't go round there.

PRATTLE

What? Why not?

DE REVES

Oh, you would n't understand.

PRATTLE

Would n't understand? Why, what have you got?

DE REVES

Oh, one of those things. . . . You would n't understand.

PRATTLE

Of course I'd understand. Let 's have a look.

The POET *walks towards* PRATTLE *and the screen. He protests no further.* PRATTLE *looks round the corner of the screen.*

An altar.

DE REVES (*removing the screen altogether*)

That is all. What do you make of it?

An altar of Greek design, shaped like a pedestal, is revealed. Papers litter the floor all about it.

PRATTLE

I say — you always were an untidy devil.

DE REVES

Well, what do you make of it?

PRATTLE

It reminds me of your room at Eton.

DE REVES

My room at Eton?

PRATTLE

Yes, you always had papers all over your floor.

DE REVES

Oh, yes —

PRATTLE

And what are these?

DE REVES

All these are poems; and this is my altar to Fame.

PRATTLE

To Fame?

DE REVES

The same that Homer knew.

PRATTLE

Good Lord!

DE REVES

Keats never saw her. Shelley died too young. She came late at the best of times, now scarcely ever.

PRATTLE

But, my dear fellow, you don't mean that you think there really is such a person?

DE REVES

I offer all my songs to her.

PRATTLE

But you don't mean you think you could actually *see* Fame?

DE REVES

We poets personify abstract things, and not poets only but sculptors and painters too. All the great things of the world are those abstract things.

PRATTLE

But what I mean is they're not really there, like you or me.

DE REVES

To us these things are more real than men, they outlive generations, they watch the passing of Kingdoms: we go by them like dust; they are still there, unmoved, unsmiling.

PRATTLE

But, but, you can't think that you could *see* Fame, you don't expect to *see* it?

DE REVES

Not to me. Never to me. She of the golden trumpet and Greek dress will never appear to me. . . . We all have our dreams.

PRATTLE

I say — what have you been doing all day?

DE REVES

I? Oh, only writing a sonnet.

PRATTLE

Is it a long one?

DE REVES

Not very.

PRATTLE

About how long is it?

DE REVES

About fourteen lines.

PRATTLE (*impressively*)

I tell you what it is.

DE REVES

Yes?

PRATTLE

I tell you what. You've been overworking yourself. I once got like that on board the Sandhurst, working for the passing-out exam. I got so bad that I could have seen anything.

DE REVES

Seen anything?

PRATTLE

Lord, yes: horned pigs, snakes with wings, anything, one of your winged horses even. They gave me some stuff called bromide for it. You take a rest.

DE REVES

But my dear fellow, you don't understand at all. I merely said that abstract things are to a poet as near and real and visible as one of your bookmakers or barmaids.

PRATTLE

I know. You take a rest.

DE REVES

Well, perhaps I will. I'd come with you to that musical comedy you're going to see, only I'm a bit tired after writing this; it's a tedious job. I'll come another night.

PRATTLE

How do you know I'm going to see a musical comedy?

DE REVES

Well, where would you go? *Hamlet* 's on at the Lord Chamberlain's. You're not going there.

PRATTLE

Do I look like it?

DE REVES

No.

PRATTLE

Well, you're quite right. I'm going to see 'The Girl from Bedlam.' So long. I must push off now. It's getting late. You take a rest. Don't add another line to that sonnet; fourteen's quite enough. You take a rest. Don't have any dinner to-night, just rest. I was like that once myself. So long.

DE REVES

So long.

Exit PRATTLE. DE REVES *returns to his table and sits down.*

Good old Dick. He's the same as ever. Lord, how time passes.

He takes his pen and his sonnet and makes a few alterations.

Well, that 's finished. I can't do any more to it.

He rises and goes to the screen; he draws back part of it and goes up to the altar. He is about to place his sonnet reverently at the foot of the altar amongst his other verses.

No, I will not put it there. This one is worthy of the altar.

He places the sonnet upon the altar itself.

If that sonnet does not give me Fame, nothing that I have done before will give it to me, nothing that I ever will do.

He replaces the screen and returns to his chair at the table. Twilight is coming on. He sits with his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, or however the actor pleases.

Well, well. Fancy seeing Dick again. Well, Dick enjoys his life, so he's no fool. What was that he said? 'There's no money in poetry. You'd better chuck it.' Ten years work and what have I to show for it? The admiration of men who care for poetry, and how many of *them* are there? There's a bigger demand for smoked glasses to look at eclipses of the sun. Why should Fame come to me? Have n't I given up my days for her? That is enough to keep her away. I am a poet; that is enough reason for her to slight me. Proud and aloof and cold as marble, what does Fame care for us? Yes, Dick is right. It's a poor game chasing illusions, hunting the intangible, pursuing dreams. Dreams? Why, we are ourselves dreams.

He leans back in his chair.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

He is silent for a while. Suddenly he lifts his head.

My room at Eton, Dick said. An untidy mess.

As he lifts his head and says these words, twilight gives place to broad daylight, merely as a hint that the author of the play may have been mistaken, and the whole thing may have been no more than a poet's dream.

So it was, and it's an untidy mess there (*looking at screen*) too. Dick's right. I'll tidy it up. I'll burn the whole damned heap.

He advances impetuously towards the screen.

Every damned poem that I was ever fool enough to waste my time on.

He pushes back the screen. FAME *in a Greek dress with a long golden trumpet in her hand is seen standing motionless on the altar like a marble goddess.*

So . . . you have come!

For a while he stands thunderstruck. Then he approaches the altar.

Divine fair lady, you have come.

He holds up his hands to her and leads her down from the altar and into the centre of the stage. At whatever moment the actor finds it most convenient, he repossesses himself of the sonnet that he had placed on the altar. He now offers it to FAME.

This is my sonnet. Is it well done?

FAME *takes it, reads it in silence, while the* POET *watches her rapturously.*

FAME

You're a bit of all right.

DE REVES

What?

FAME

Some poet.

DE REVES

I — I — scarcely . . . understand.

FAME

You're IT.

DE REVES

But . . . it is not possible . . . are you she that knew Homer?

FAME

Homer? Lord, yes. Blind old bat, 'e could n't see a yard.

DE REVES

O Heavens!

FAME *walks beautifully to the window. She opens it and puts her head out.*

FAME

In a voice with which a woman in an upper story would cry for help if the house was well alight.

Hi! Hi! Boys! Hi! Say, folks! Hi!

The murmur of a gathering crowd is heard. FAME *blows her trumpet.*

FAME

Hi, he's a poet. (*Quickly, over her shoulder*) What's your name?

DE REVES

De Reves.

FAME

His name's de Reves.

DE REVES

Harry de Reves.

FAME

His pals call him Harry.

THE CROWD

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME

Say, what's your favourite colour?

DE REVES

I . . . I . . . I don't quite understand.

FAME

Well, which do you like best, green or blue?

DE REVES

Oh — er — blue.

She blows her trumpet out of the window.

No, — er — I think green.

FAME

Green is his favourite colour.

THE CROWD

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME

'Ere, tell us something. They want to know all about yer.

DE REVES

Would n't you perhaps . . . would they care to hear my sonnet, if you would — er . . .

FAME (*picking up quill*)

Here, what's this?

DE REVES

Oh, that's my pen.

FAME (*after another blast on her trumpet*)

He writes with a quill.

Cheers from THE CROWD.

FAME (*going to a cupboard*)

Here, what have you got in here?

DE REVES

Oh, . . . er . . . those are my breakfast things.

FAME (*finding a dirty plate*)

What have yer had on this one?

DE REVES (*mournfully*)

Oh, eggs and bacon.

FAME (*at the window*)

He has eggs and bacon for breakfast.

THE CROWD

Hip hip hip *hooray!*
Hip hip hip *hooray!*
Hip hip hip *hooray!*

FAME

Hi, and what's this?

DE REVES (*miserably*)

Oh, a golf stick.

FAME

He's a man's man! He's a virile man! He's a manly man!

Wild cheers from THE CROWD, *this time only from women's voices.*

DE REVES

Oh, this is terrible. This is terrible. This is terrible.

FAME *gives another peal on her horn.* SHE *is about to speak.*

DE REVES (*solemnly and mournfully*)

One moment, one moment . . .

FAME

Well, out with it.

DE REVES

For ten years, divine lady, I have worshipped you, offering all my songs . . . I find . . . I find I am not worthy . . .

FAME

Oh, you're all right.

DE REVES

No, no, I am not worthy. It cannot be. It cannot possibly be. Others deserve you more. I must say it! *I cannot possibly love you.* Others are worthy. You will find others. But I, no, no, no. It cannot be. It cannot be. Oh, pardon me, but it *must* not.

Meanwhile FAME *has been lighting one of his cigarettes.* SHE *sits in a comfortable chair, leans right back, and puts her feet right up on the table amongst the poet's papers.*

Oh, I fear I offend you. But — it cannot be.

FAME

Oh, that's all right, old bird; no offence. I ain't going to leave you.

DE REVES

But — but — but — I do not understand.

FAME

I've come to stay, I have.

(SHE *blows a puff of smoke through her trumpet*)

CURTAIN

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH COLORED SOLDIERS

BY JOHN RICHARDS

I

IN July, 1918, I was with a regular army regiment, in command of an infantry platoon. We took part in some very heavy fighting in the drive which closed up the Soissons–Rheims–Château-Thierry triangle. At the end of the month, when we were recuperating, there came a call from General Headquarters for officers with trench experience. I was put on the list, being one of the few officers accustomed to trench routine, as I had served in the Argonne with the French during the spring.

It was hard to go; one learns to love the regiment with which one has shared bitter but tremendous experiences; and my dismay was great when I found myself transferred to a famous colored regiment, then in sector in the Champagne region. I had known little or nothing of negroes. Smiling, dark-skinned porters had brushed my clothes on Pullman cars and pocketed my quarters; on great evenings I had dined at the Parker House in Boston; and once, when I was a boy, I heard Booker Washington speak. But such experiences do not make for large knowledge of the colored man. I had the typical Northern feeling that only a Southerner could work with him. Thinking over my friends from the North whom I have seen leading and understanding their brother of another race, I am convinced that this idea of the mysterious bond between the Southerner and the negro is too much dwelt on. For my part, looking back at my own small corner of the war, I am very glad to have had the experience of going over the top, first with white, then with colored American troops.

The battalion to which I was assigned was in what is called the interme-

diate position, in trenches and dugouts, two kilometres behind another battalion which held the front-line trenches. The captain gave me an orderly, who showed himself almost immediately devoted and willing, whereas my former (white) orderly had spent some time sizing me up, and had served grudgingly at first. Colored soldiers are generally proud to be orderlies, and in this capacity are most faithful.

As this was a machine-gun company, the first thing to do was to visit the two sections of my platoon, stationed at strong points half a mile apart, to talk with the sergeants and inspect the guns. I found these fine Hotchkiss guns all in first-rate condition, and the ammunition oiled. Though it was hard to keep our men looking respectable even behind the lines, and though our kitchens required rigid and wordy inspections, these men had been well taught to keep their guns clean, as their first duty. They treated them with reverent care, always managing to find oil somehow, although the supplies were scanty and far apart. Most of them knew the nomenclature of the guns well enough. They were quick and handy at stripping and assembling, besides knowing a good deal about possible jams. In fact, they were decidedly good machine-gunners.

It was a strange country that I found myself in — very different from the wheatfields and groves of our July fighting. In the Champagne, the white clay is everywhere turned up by the lines of trenches and by the craters where shells have exploded. The effect is of the bones of a country, exposed. The skeleton of the land protrudes on dreary hills and in desolate valleys. On moonlight nights, the high parapets of clay are ghostly white, as if men had tunneled in enduring snow.

Aside from the shelling, which we avoided by staying in our dugouts and by wasting no time when moving in the trenches, my first real experience in this sector came a few days later, when we moved up to relieve the battalion in the front-line position. Making a relief in the trenches is always nervous work. In the regular trench parallels that stretch across the line of fire, there is good protection against hostile artillery; but in the long *boyaus* that lead toward the front, there is very little shelter. Moreover, the guns of the enemy are carefully registered on these communication trenches. All movement must be at night, and accomplished quietly; for if the Germans suspect that a relief is in progress, there will be slaughter among the long lines moving out or in, in single file.

The night of this relief was clear and still; the German guns were silent for once. Rumor was afloat of a tunnel which the enemy were building toward our lines. There is something unpleasant about the idea of tunnels, suggesting sudden explosions of hidden mines. We were half a mile behind the front line, moving slowly up the *boyau*, or communication trench. I was in charge of a column of seventy-five men, walking behind them, according to my orders, in case there should be stragglers. At the head of the column were a *poilu* guide whom the boys did not know and one of our own sergeants. We crawled along, each man bent on not losing sight of the man in front of him. Sometimes, as soldiers hesitated at a mud-puddle, a gap would open in the column, to be closed by a sprint that passed like a wave to those behind.

We were half-way to the front lines when suddenly there was a shout, a rush; and I was knocked flat by my detachment moving to the rear at triple time. I have never seen living men move faster. They threw off their packs, they threw away their guns. I got up blaspheming, with my face full

of mud, tried to stem the rush, and was borne back by it, wondering frantically if I ought to use my pistol. I pursued my small command and found it scattered over the country half a mile back. Knowing almost no names, and bewildered by the dark, I spent a nightmare half-hour, cursing and cajoling them to get into line again. This time I took care to go ahead, and we moved forward, picking up the guns and packs, relieving the troops in the front line two hours later than we should have.

What had happened was this: the column had come to a gully with a bridge across it; the bridge had a roof. It looked like a dark hole. Some one at the head of the line had probably whispered, 'Ma Lawd, dat am de Boche tunnel!' then — stampede. The Germans had not fired a shell; the hole which they had seen was innocent of sound or movement — and these were seasoned troops! As for the blunder of having no officer at the head of the files, there was another lieutenant who should have been there, but who lost himself in the labyrinth of the trenches, showing up very wild-eyed next morning. This I did not know, and had obeyed my orders.

Such an introduction to a new outfit was naturally disquieting. I talked much with the other officers of the battalion, who had been longer with the regiment, and here are snatches of what they told me: that the men were good boys, but always boys; that they must always be shown the way, and shown how; that everything they did should be most carefully checked up, nothing taken for granted; that, provided a man kept his dignity, he could mingle more freely with these boys than with men of his own color, because there was always the color-line; that a laugh, a friendly word, eating in the same dugout with them, went a long way; that they were the greatest mimics in the world.

'Bawl them out when they need it,' said my captain, 'but always keep your sense of humor!'

I did my best to work along these lines, and found good results. The men responded gratefully to kindness, and they were willing workers. How a cheerful man lights up the drudgery of trench work, where the long hours of tense watching are relieved by sleep in a foul, crowded dugout; where the meals are irregular and generally cold, and where, just as the night-watchers turn in, the German barrage descends and all must jump to their stations!

Colored men are wonderfully good company. Their ridiculous chaff, their comical bewilderment and excuses when they have counted the ammunition wrong or left a rifle to be rained on, are very endearing.

'Doan yo' heah what de man say, yo' lazy dood?' In speaking of an officer among themselves, our men seldom said lieutenant or major; it was generally 'de man.' And generally the men were 'de doods.' Sometimes, from a corporal in a fit of irritation, one would hear, 'Yo' big black nigga'; but let an officer use that word, said the captain, and good-bye to his influence! The thing he needed most was a transfer to another regiment. I have never tried it, nor have I heard it tried. Good workers, cheerful humorists, heart-warming children are these soldiers. But beware the time in the cold gray of morning when the big shells come and every eye must be clear and nerves steeled for the expected raid. Make sure that you move and talk like a paladin who minds eighty-eights no more than flies, whatever your feelings may be. And if you are visiting an outpost at night, know the countersign, and curse, and ring the bell whose handle hangs by the chicken-wire gate — *hard*. Even then, be ready to drop flat at any moment, for their nerves are on

hair-triggers, and they love to throw grenades.

Thinking of what had been said about the colored man being a good imitator, I looked round for a chance to give him something to imitate. It came very soon. The platoon held two machine-gun positions in the front line, where the wire was rather thin. Two nights running, a dozen or so 'hedgehogs' (egg-shaped, criss-cross tangles of wire that one man can handle) were sent out to us to fill in with. I waited till there was light enough to see by, and then went over the top. No man was allowed to come up; they merely handed out the wire while I walked back and forth with it and jammed it into the holes in our wire proper, sometimes connecting two or three of the prickly eggs with small pieces of wire that we had on hand, so that the 'hedgehogs' could not be kicked out of place. This happened for two mornings; but lest I appear to be blowing my trumpet, let me say that it was perfectly safe. The German lines were at least half a mile away; their patrols which came near us at night always retired well before dawn; and there were no observation balloons up. This I knew perfectly, but the men did not. They rolled their big eyes as I came in. My little piece of stage-play worked admirably, raising my reputation with my men. It was the right move with these troops, but in a white regiment it would have been better to take a detail over with me.

All this time we were in what might be called an average sector. There was plenty of healthy artillery activity and frequent raids, but no fighting of the intensity that characterized the sectors farther to the west. The raids were often unsuccessful. When we took a prisoner or two, we were very happy. As for losing prisoners, we never did. Several times our men were taken. Such, however, was their dread of what would happen to them behind the German lines, that their captors could never hold them. Agile as panthers, and with the same hair-trigger quality that caused my downfall the night that someone saw a Boche tunnel in a harmless bridge, they always broke away and got back to our lines. I believe it is true that this regiment, though serving in the trenches as long as any National Guard regiment, has never had a single soldier taken and kept prisoner. Moreover, in these same trenches during the month of July they withstood successfully a terrific bombardment and a strong attack.

II

On the twenty-sixth of September, 1918, we took part in the great drive that swept the Germans back all along the line. I did not last long, as my skull was slightly fractured by a machine-gun bullet on the first day; yet I have a few vivid impressions. I recall, just before the attack, a solemn, determined group emerging from the dugout, only to plunge back again and yet again for some forgotten piece of equipment. They always forget something. Again, I see myself (while watching for the signal to attack and trying to place some lost infantry stragglers who had wandered into our position) handing over to my sergeant, with most fervid injunctions, the important job of making sure that we took all our sixteen boxes of ammunition. He was almost scornful in his confidence of accuracy; yet we turned up at the jumping-off place one box shy. Again, when we were well into No-Man's Land, and our familiar trenches seemed far away, I remember two boys rolling on the ground, crying, 'I'se got de gas *bad!*' when no gas was there, and other boys laughing at them. When we took prisoners, boys again! Nobody wished to take their sullen

captives away somewhere and cut their hearts out — they were much too happy. The proud soldiers escorting the detachment to the rear were as good as a brass band. Their march among the shell-holes was nearly a cake-walk.

How willingly they followed their officers among the shattered wire and the ruin of the German trenches, shouldering the heavy guns or carrying the still more cumbersome ammunition! When I was wounded, how tenderly and deftly a big corporal bandaged my head! My most important impression, however, is one which was not over-clear at the time, but which now seems to mean more. When, after being hit, I had done my best for an hour with a head that turned round and round, I was ordered to the rear. I remember saying, 'Sergeant ——, you are now in charge of this platoon.'

He was my best sergeant, one of the finest we had. He looked at me first in bewilderment, then in dumb resignation. He seemed to say, 'I'll do it, though I don't believe it can be done,' like a boy whose family is suddenly blotted out and who finds himself with no means of support, facing a great world.

This episode gathers significance by contrast. In the July fighting, half a battalion of raw white troops, resting for half an hour on the battlefield, after their first attack, were suddenly struck by artillery fire. It was from a battery of seventy-sevens, I think, getting their target by means of an observation balloon. We saw the balloon, but it was so far away that none of us thought of the danger. Such things are learned only by experience. It was a shattering surprise to exhausted men. Three officers who were sitting under a tree were struck by a shell, which killed two of them and wounded the third desperately. I was the only one left, having the luck to be at a neighboring spring, quenching my thirst. There we were, overwhelmed by shelling, and it looked like a counter-attack. I had to call up my non-commissioned officers and make them acting officers for the emergency. How magnificently they responded! Each man looked me in the eye and answered with the confidence of a budding general. They did the work of preparation and made many useful suggestions. With their help the position was securely arranged and held, till a superior officer arrived. The difference between the two attitudes is striking, bringing out again the boylike quality of the colored soldier.

There are other random observations that may throw light on these men. The best of them are very efficient at *liaison* work, than which there is nothing more important. The messenger must often not only run through hell with his message, but *get* through. Besides courage and endurance, they had a marvelous knack of finding their way in the infernal tangle of an old trench-system which had changed hands several times. Our best man was one who in 'civil life' had been a distinguished 'gun-man.'

Sickness has a very depressing effect on the negro: a boy who suffers with rheumatism is sure that it is going to his heart; a cold brings thoughts of an early grave, though they are really very rugged. We had expected much sickness with the cold weather, yet found, for the most part, nothing worse than imaginings and low spirits. They dropped away fast in the hospital when we were waiting at Brest to go home; but so did their white officers.

Of the gratitude and loyalty of the colored boys, let me give an instance. When we were behind the lines, a private, whom all considered spineless and good-for-nothing, was severely reprimanded at two inspections for the condition of his rifle. After the second inspection was over, an officer came up to

him and pointed out in a friendly way how he could get the rust out of that shocking barrel. A week later they were in the trenches, a heavy barrage was bursting all along the parapet, and it became necessary for this officer to run through and find how an outlying position was making out. He stood outside the dugout and called for a volunteer to go with him, since, if he were hit, someone must carry the news to battalion headquarters. The men were clustered on the stairs and in the doorway. As the officer spoke, a shell nearly got him. For a moment no one moved. He called again, and the despised soldier whom he had befriended wriggled through the crowd in the doorway and rushed forward.

Many of them are deeply religious. The censors know this well from their letters. They have been spared, they say, and they thank God for it. It is a long, hard trail, but Jesus Christ will see them through. I remember well our old mess-sergeant, a very dark negro, his close-curled hair shot with white, often coming up to me in quiet times, placing his hand on my shoulder and talking to me of the goodness of God in sparing us through the horrors we had seen. Indeed, God has been good to us. Through the years before us, may all who have been in that fiery furnace remember that they always represent the dead who lie in Flanders fields, and work with strength and vision.

Colored soldiers are splendid 'hikers.' They have fine endurance, with a sunny disposition that keeps them from complaining. When a man falls out from fatigue or illness, their sense of humor asserts itself. Among white troops passing the sufferer, there would generally be muttered comments of sympathy on having been sent to France to be marched to death. The colored soldier who falls out, however, receives no mercy. Every man in line feels that he has proved himself a better walker than the unfortunate, and struts along the road, jollying his footsore comrade as he passes. Watch the change as the column, marching at route step, swings into some small French town where children and an old woman or two observe the passing army. The command of 'Attention!' is not necessary. Every man swings into step, shoulders are thrown back, and extra distances between ranks close automatically. *Some one is watching them.* There was one comedian who stowed somewhere about him for these occasions a battered silk hat. We let him wear it — in small towns! The inhabitants stared at him and laughed. He was happy and made the whole company happy.

In their drilling they are like sensitive plates, responding to the tone of the officer in charge. No troops will do well under a slipshod drillmaster, but the colored man will deteriorate and become slack more quickly than the white. He responds immediately, however, to snappy commands and a soldierly appearance. He will snap through the manual of arms and march perfectly in close-order drill, with a slight, irresistible swagger. Let a superior officer come out to see such an exhibition as machine-guns going into action in competition, and they will tear down the field as if the guns they carried weighed nothing. They will almost burst their hearts with exertion, happy all the time because they are observed.

The colored soldier is generally a splendid physical specimen, with great powers of endurance. He is tireless, cheerful, and loyal, and will follow like a dog through artillery barrage and the wind of machine-gun bullets. On the other hand, he has an extraordinary nervousness, does not like the dark, and lacks will and initiative. This last appears most clearly in the case of non-commissioned officers. Many will

handle their men very creditably behind the lines, while to an officer some of them are full of intelligent suggestions (too full, if encouraged!). In hard conditions, however, the best of them, though showing no apparent fear, seem to be struck dumb. They do what they are told, but move as if bewildered. I think they lack the free, independent spirit that stirs in the breast of the white; that rises within him when the shells are falling thick and says, 'I am a better man than any —— Boche, and I am coming through.' Of course, you find the same spirit in some negroes, but it is rare. They are boys. They do not grow up, even under shell-fire.

If I were to join the army again, I should like to serve with colored troops. They are so cheerful and willing, and they march so well. They enjoy the theatrical effect of their drill. They are extremely good with animals. Have you ever seen eight black boys hustling a wary old mule up into a freight car? All eight are clustered round his stern, lifting, pushing, shouting, laughing, while the mule braces all four feet on the sloping gang-plank. They do not fear his kicking, and in a moment the most obstinate of brutes is safe aboard.

Among themselves they are full of humor, tolerant, and kindly. The officer who, while with them, would not grow young again is indeed a slave to dull care. What a simple lovable people are these dark-skinned brothers of ours!

If I were to go fighting again, I should like to serve with them, too; but it must be realized that this is a very different proposition. I should like to have the power to raise a body of negro troops. They should be picked men, and then picked again. To get non-commissioned officers for a company, those of a battalion would be combed over, and these sergeants and corporals, when chosen, would be under close observation. In fighting qualities the average of the colored race is not as high as that of the white; but given the picked men and their thrice-picked leaders, with officers who understand their weakness and their strength, the result would be a body of troops that would shed great glory on their race. They should have a gradual training in war: that is, they would hardly be the men to throw into a terrific encounter as their baptism under fire. Such was to some extent the experience of the colored regiment with which I served. They had the advantage of a long training in the trenches before they took part in a big attack. They came through with a fine record. And let me say, with pride in the officers with whom it was my privilege to be associated, that they were well led.

I have said nothing about colored officers, because I have not known them; but this much I think is true: black still turns naturally to white for leadership, just as on the Southern plantation the slave turned questioning eyes to the planter. All the more credit to the colored officers, many of whom have led their men well.

Men of the South who face the race-question bitterly, and men of the North who wash your hands of it, remember that races develop slowly! A few years ago, these men were slaves in the cotton-fields. A few years before that, they were children in the jungles of Africa. They are children still. The race-question is a topic far beyond the scope of this paper; yet, in considering it, let the white citizen remember the lovely traits of his colored brother. We have so much in power, prestige, and development which they have not. We inherit an independent spark, fostered through ages of war and upward groping. Let us hold out our hands and open our hearts to these wonderful boys who move among us, remembering that white and black lie side by side in the fields 'over there.'

ON GROWING OLD

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squadron rallies:
Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

THE WELFARE OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

I

WHAT I have to say is really an appeal to book-lovers. As this article proceeds I may, at times, seem to regard the subject too much from the bookseller's point of view. This may be due to the fact that my forty-seven years of business life have been spent either in the retailing (in both bookstore and book department), wholesaling, or publishing of books. Nevertheless, it seems high time that the public should realize that the bookselling business is sick, and that there is a rational way to bring it back to health.

In proportion to population there are only half as many booksellers in this country to-day as there were fifty years ago — in many cities and towns there are even fewer stores than there used to be. There are actually several cities of fifty thousand or more inhabitants without a bookstore or a book department worthy of the name — I reluctantly abstain from giving these cities the invidious distinction they deserve.

Albany, Troy, and Schenectady, three cities in comparative proximity, with a combined population of over 250,000, have no well-stocked bookstore, and none of the department stores in these cities devotes much space to the sale of books. Fifty years ago Poughkeepsie, with a population of 20,000, maintained three stores, each with a well-assorted stock of books, and they were all on the main business street. Recently I met a man who told me he was a bookseller in Poughkeepsie. I asked 'Who does the largest book business here?' He replied, 'I do.' 'Where is your store?' 'On Liberty Street' (a side street). 'What is your selling force?' 'My wife and I.'

Poughkeepsie, which now has a population of about 30,000, is perhaps an extreme instance of the decline of bookselling; but the decline is general. A few years ago Des Moines had a distinguished bookstore, which was an object of civic pride, and the admiration of all Iowa. To-day the proprietors have given up the sale of books, and deal in stationery only, while two department stores with inadequate stocks of books supply the reading public. Fifty years ago New Bedford, with a population of less than 25,000, had more bookstores than it has now with a population of over 100,000; and those old shops carried a better assortment of books — books of general literature — than you will find in the leading bookstore of that beautiful city to-day.

Instances of the decline of bookselling could be cited *ad infinitum*.

So precarious has become the financial condition of booksellers that, in recent years, certain publishers have formed an association to provide extended credits to such large retail distributors of books as may be in financial distress. For example, a big bookstore in New York, another in Boston, another in Baltimore, another in San Francisco, have been saved from bankruptcy only by the timely help of this association.

This state of affairs is naturally a cause of solicitude to the leading publishers of books. To help the bookseller, a coöperative bureau, maintained at the expense of publishers, spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in efforts to increase the sale of books in various cities, by giving exhibitions, receptions, and lectures devoted to books; but not a single new bookstore, or any material improvement in trade-conditions, has been traced to these efforts.

Publishers are lavish in expenditure for advertising their publications in the daily press and magazines; catalogues and circulars in large quantities are freely provided to booksellers for distribution, and extra copies of books are lent them for window-displays. Some publishers go so far as to pay half or more of the cost of special advertising under the name of the bookseller.

To protect their own interests, in view of the lessened number of booksellers, publishers have more and more resorted to other means of distribution. One of these means is the sale of books by the personal solicitation of book-agents, who often persistently intrude upon possible purchasers, to their great annoyance. The term book-agent has become one of opprobrium. This method of bookselling has led to scandalous practices which are freely condemned by the trade, not only because of their fraudulent character, but also because they create in the minds of the book-buying public a distrust of all selling methods. Another means of direct distribution by the publisher is extensive advertising, in magazines and newspapers, of books singly and in sets, which are sent for examination on the payment in advance of a small sum of money. The great expense of these forms of distribution usually makes the prices of books thus sold much higher than those of books of equal value sold in stores. These, and other special forms of distribution adopted by publishers, often result in large sales of a few publications.

All this, however, does not take the place of the vanished and vanishing bookstore as a distributor of books of general literature.

There is no question that the great public of this country has a keen appreciation of good books, and cherishes a latent desire for the entertainment and instruction that books provide. There is plenty of evidence of this, not only in big Boston, but in little Romeo — Michigan. But how to satisfy that appetite and how best to develop the taste for reading is the publisher's big problem — as yet unsolved so far as this country is concerned.

In Great Britain and Ireland, also, the business of bookselling has been in a state of decline for many years. Although it has not sunk quite so low as in the United States, this decline has been a matter of deep concern to both publishers and booksellers in those countries, and just before the Great War, an agitation was begun to bring about reform in the distribution of books. This was interrupted by the conflict.

Contrast with this state of affairs the condition of the book-trade in the Latin and Teutonic countries of Europe. We find that, for fifty years or more, the business of both branches of the trade has been generally satisfactory in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; Holland and Belgium; France, Switzerland, and Italy; Germany, Austria, and Hungary; Spain and Portugal. In normal times, the number of books published in each of these countries is much larger in proportion to the population than in the United States, and a wide distribution of these books is obtained. In the larger cities, the bookstores are as favorably situated as the shops of other branches of trade; and, in the smaller cities and towns, there is almost always at least

one well-appointed store for the sale of books. In Norway, the city of Bergen, for instance, with a population of about 80,000, has three such stores; in all Scandinavia and Denmark there is no town of 10,000 inhabitants without a bookstore. Bookselling in Western Europe (excluding Great Britain and Ireland) is a thriving business. I shall have more to say about it later in this article; I allude to it here merely to contrast it with the unhealthy condition of the trade in this country, Great Britain, and Ireland.

II

To what shall we attribute the decline of the bookseller as a medium of distribution of the vast number of books provided by the publishers? Why, in this great country of opportunity and enterprise, constantly growing in population and wealth — why does not the number of booksellers increase?

Some people will tell you that the free public libraries, especially since their number has been greatly augmented by the bounty of Mr. Carnegie, make book-borrowers instead of book-buyers. But this explanation fails to account for the fact that the best bookstores are most frequently found in communities that have good public libraries. In the trade it is now generally accepted that the well-conducted public library makes new readers; that the appetite for books, once acquired, is satisfied only by ownership.

Others will tell you that motoring occupies many of the hours formerly devoted to reading, and that the 'movies' engage the attention of countless thousands, to the exclusion of the reading of books: and still others will claim that the magazines, which have come into existence in amazing numbers in recent years, are supplanting books. But the decline of bookselling began long before the motor-car appeared on our highways, or the entertainment of the moving picture entranced both young and old, or the magazines crowded the news-stands.

Again, the sale of books in department stores has been suggested as the cause; but this comparatively recent development can be scarcely more than a contributory factor, for the decline set in before any department store entered the bookselling field. Undoubtedly, the sale of books by department stores, which, in the last thirty years, has assumed considerable proportions, has, in some cities and towns, drawn more or less business from bookstores. On the other hand, it is well recognized that the department stores have developed new book-buyers among the great public that looks to these big purveyors to supply the greater part of all its daily needs. The huge democratic department store is familiar to many who would hesitate before entering the store devoted only to the sale of books, stationery, and allied articles. I remember that, as a schoolboy, I looked upon the bookstores of my native city as almost sacred ground, on which I entered with trepidation, fearing to disclose my ignorance of the great world of books to the man behind the counter. How much easier to stroll from the hat department into the book department, and then, with casual glances here and there, to acquire at least a passing acquaintance with the books spread in profusion on tables or arranged on open shelves accessible to all! The fact remains that all the book-business of all the bookstores, and of all the departments devoted to the sale of books, is to-day materially less in proportion to the country's population than that of the bookstores alone prior to the advent of book departments.

Another reason offered in explanation of the decline of the bookseller is the active and hurried life of our

people, which leaves little time for the sustained reading of books. That we are a nation of fast and busy workers is well known, but this can scarcely be the explanation of the distressing state of our book-business; for in England, with a people leading lives of deliberation and composure as compared with ours, we have seen a similar decline of the trade, which has become more and more pronounced over a long period of years.

The bookseller will tell you that a large portion of his business has been drawn away by the publisher who does not hesitate to sell his publications direct to the reader. The greater part of the business in school-books, medical books, and law-books has been lost to the bookseller, and some publishers have proposed to take over the sale of books to public libraries, thus further contracting his business. At a recent national convention of booksellers, a publisher present told of a series of books of which his firm had sold two million volumes; one and a quarter million had been sold direct to readers, while all the booksellers and book departments together had sold the remaining three quarters of a million. Booksellers do not object to the sale of books at retail in the publishers' shops, but they do object to the growing practice among publishers of advertising direct to readers, thus ignoring the bookseller, and more and more weakening the position of the bookstores.

And yet, with conditions *as they are*, what other course is the publisher to pursue? He finds the bookstores and book departments of to-day altogether inadequate as media of distribution. Few of the booksellers buy the more expensive publications, so the publisher advertises to individual customers in the magazines and newspapers, and even sends descriptive circulars to carefully selected lists of people who are recognized as habitual buyers of books.

The sale of books by the publisher direct to the reader is undoubtedly due to the decline of the bookseller as a medium of distribution. In other words, it is an effect rather than the cause of the decline.

III

And now we come to the reason given by the publisher for the decline of the bookseller. He will tell you that almost all the latter's troubles are due to his own lack of enterprise and initiative; that no other class of dealers is so lacking in the qualities that bring success in business. One of the most alert-minded of our publishers told a convention of booksellers that, after visits to bookstores in certain smaller cities, he was so affected by the wails about poor business and small profits, that he was in the plight of the woman who said she felt so bad she'd just like to take down her back hair and have a good cry.

The publisher is right. While there are some men of high character and ability in the business, it is nevertheless true that it is very largely in the hands of men who lack enterprise and initiative; for in its present state bookselling is not sufficiently attractive to draw to it men with the adequate ability and character to carry it on in a spirit worthy of such a business.

When we find, in all the United States and in Great Britain and Ireland, the business of the bookseller to be generally falling off — a condition which has existed (with more or less prolonged periods of slight recovery) for more than forty years; and when, in the Western Continental countries of Europe, we find the bookseller generally prosperous during the same period, is there not ground for the belief that these widely different results must be due to fundamental differences in the way the business is conducted?

In this country, books are placed be-

fore the bookseller prior to publication, complete or incomplete, and often in the shape of a mere dummy — that is, a cover and blank leaves. The publisher's salesman, who has been instructed by the sales-manager, has his little story of superlative commendation for each of the volumes thus offered, and now seen by the bookseller for the first time. In this predicament, for it is no less, how can the bookseller decide intelligently how many of each volume he should buy? For willy-nilly, buy he must, because the publisher, by his advertising, will at once create more or less demand which the bookseller must be prepared to meet.

I have asked men engaged in various branches of commerce what other articles of merchandise are bought with so little acquaintance with their qualities as new books. The invariable answer is, 'None.' Is it any wonder, therefore, that booksellers suffer serious losses because of their inability to find a market at normal prices for many of the books bought under such handicaps?

The money losses incurred from unsalable books are enough in themselves to render the bookselling business unprofitable in this country to many of those who engage in it; but there is a still greater loss involved: the accumulation of unsalable books often becomes, in the course of a few years, the major part of the bookseller's stock and ties up a large part of his capital. This lessens his ability to pay his bills promptly, also lessens his capacity to buy books that his customers want. 'Dry-rot' sets in, and the business becomes precarious. This often leads to bad practices — improper means of getting rid of undesirable stock. Books which cannot be sold at normal prices in the ordinary course of business are called 'plugs.' When there is a large number of any one or more 'plugs,' they are placed in piles, called 'monuments' in the jargon of the trade. The 'monuments' will sometimes be put in the most prominent position in the shop, and the morally blind proprietor will say, 'Now, boys, it's up to you to sell these.' Under this instigation the salesmen will try to dispose of these 'plugs' at their original selling price. If the 'monument' of any one 'plug' is unusually big, a premium of five to twenty-five cents is often given to the salesman for each copy sold. In such a shop, 'plugs' of which there are only one or two copies are constantly recommended instead of acceptable books. Of course, this sort of forced distribution must injure the morale of the business and, in the long run, discredit the bookseller with many of his customers. For what he has done is not in its essence different from the intentional passing of a counterfeit coin; indeed, it is even more heinous, because the bookseller is violating the trust imposed by his calling. Instead of being a stimulus to reading, the book is a deterrent. After such an experience, the reader more readily turns from books to other means of recreation, and the futile volume remains a reminder of misplaced confidence.

In an endeavor to find out the cause of the bookseller's distress, someone will ask: Were not the retail prices of books in this country during the latter part of the last century cut and slashed to such an extent as almost to eliminate the profits of the bookseller? and is not this, in itself, enough to have caused his decline? The cutting of prices during this period was undoubtedly a contributory cause of his misfortunes; but the decline had been noticeable for several years before price-cutting became general. The natural and, I believe, the sound inference is that this price-cutting was an effect of the decline rather than its cause. Booksellers who found that their business was falling off sought to restore it by

lowering prices, only to find their profits grow less and less.

Other questions will be asked. How is it that well-stocked bookstores were plentiful in this country fifty years ago? Will you explain how it happens that nearly every city of 15,000 inhabitants or more had good bookstores then and had had them for decades? While not so many books were then published, was not the bookseller in the same predicament then as now, when new books were put before him by the publisher's salesman?

Happily, he was not; for, fifty years ago, he was protected from risk of loss with new books. It was the custom of publishers generally, and had been their custom for a long period, to send to booksellers at the time of issue from one to ten copies of each new book, with the understanding that unsold copies of books thus sent could be returned to the publishers. To-day he is always more or less apprehensive, when he buys new books, that many of his purchases will remain on his hands unsold. Unfortunately, this sensible custom of sending new books subject to return gradually fell into disuse; and it is probably not by chance that the decline of the bookseller followed close upon the abandonment of the custom. I would even venture the postulate that there is no other satisfactory explanation of the gradual decline of bookselling in this country.

In writing upon the problem of the distribution of books in this country a publisher of high repute has said: —

> The publisher who discovers or invents a new method, which shall be both practical and effective, for the distribution of books of general literature, will confer a boon upon the author, whose books will then be sold to all possible purchasers; upon the public, many individuals of which would gladly buy some books, now on the publishers' shelves, of which, under the present methods, they will never learn; and especially upon the publishers themselves, whose profits increase greatly as increasing numbers of copies of a work are sold, and whose lack of profits on publications of these classes is due almost entirely to their failure to find practical methods for the distribution of such books.

It is significant that, in this utopian state of affairs for publisher, author, and public, nothing is promised the bookseller.

This was said several years ago; but there is no sign, as yet, of any new method that would solve the problem.

Instead of trying to find a new method of distribution, why not try to restore the bookseller as a distributor to the position he occupied fifty years ago? Why not make such arrangements as will attract fresh enterprise and capital to the business of bookselling, thus leading to the establishment of more and more bookstores, until the day shall come when every city and town will have at least one store with an ample assortment of books?

IV

Let us turn to Europe and see how books are sold there. Everyone in the book business knows that the distribution of books in Western Continental Europe is conducted on radically different lines from those followed in the United States and in Great Britain and Ireland. We find, too, that *the book business in the countries of Western Continental Europe is conducted differently from all other branches of business in all these countries.* It can scarcely be possible that books should be distributed in an altogether unusual way unless there is an altogether unusual reason for adopting methods at variance with those customary in other branches of business generally. *Is it not fair to assume that the business of bookselling is conducted in a peculiar way in Western*

Continental Europe for reasons peculiar to books as merchandise?

Dealers in all sorts of merchandise (books excepted), when buying supplies, are able from their knowledge of the goods offered them to exercise judgment in making their selections. For instance, the buyer of linens or any other textile can readily determine their quality by an examination of the goods; the buyer of teas can judge of their quality by taste; the buyer of metals by specifications and analytical tests. In fact, the expert buyer is always able to determine easily the value of the sort of merchandise with which training and study have made him familiar; but the bookseller, though he be familiar with the reputation of countless books already published, can have next to no knowledge of the several hundreds or thousands of new books put before him for consideration in the course of every year. Even though mere reading of books would provide the necessary knowledge, he would not be much better off, for no one could possibly read more than a small fraction of the books published. In the absence of knowledge how can anyone exercise judgment?

It is then the undetermined qualities of new books that put them in a class by themselves; and it is the recognition of the peculiar nature of books as articles of merchandise that has led publishers in the countries of Western Continental Europe to place their publications with booksellers on peculiar terms — terms that relieve the dealer of the dangerous risk of buying blindly. The details of these terms vary more or less with each country, and differentiation would be out of place here; but, generally speaking, the bookseller is granted the option of taking books by outright purchase or on memorandum. In all these countries the fundamental basis is the same: *the protection of the bookseller from the hazards which are not of his making, which are entirely beyond his control and which, therefore, should not be put upon him.* School-books, what are known as 'novelty' books (that is, books that depend upon their material appearance for their attractiveness), and a few minor classes are properly excepted, and must always be bought not subject to return.

This basis of the practice of bookselling has obtained in the countries of Western Continental Europe for more than fifty years — in some of them for centuries. Its decided advantages are convincingly demonstrated by the general commercial success of both the publishers and the booksellers of these countries; also by the production in large numbers of books of high character.

With this basis the attitude of the publisher to the bookseller and that of the bookseller to the publisher are wholly changed. The relation becomes one of coöperation, and with coöperation comes growth. The publisher will be careful not to ask the bookseller to take more of his books under the return privilege than in the publisher's opinion can be readily disposed of, and the bookseller will try his best to meet the views of the publisher as to the possibilities of sale of his numerous productions; certain publications — for the most part the higher-priced books of general literature and those of more or less technical nature, which the bookseller would like to have in his stock for possible customers, but which for one reason or another, under present conditions, he would not dare to buy — will appear on his counters. The adventurer in the publishing field who often tries, and often with success, to foist books of doubtful merit on a too trustful market, will find increasing difficulties in exercising his propensities; the conscientious publisher, with fuller responsibilities, will become more and more discriminating as to the quality of the material he selects for publica-

tion; the author will be less tempted to submit indifferent productions; the public will gain new confidence in both publisher and bookseller; enterprising young men and women who find a congenial atmosphere in the bookstore will be encouraged to enter the bookselling field; new bookstores will soon be opened where none exist; and, as such stores are the best possible advertisements, many people who are now unmindful of the delights of reading will frequently have their attention drawn to books; before long, places for the sale of books will be as numerous as in those countries where the publishers long ago adopted the methods that appear to be essential for successful bookselling.

It goes without saying that the publishers, finding the channels of distribution provided by booksellers becoming bigger and better as well as more numerous, will come to depend upon them more and more, and thus place their books within easier reach of the reading public.

To adopt for this country and for Great Britain and Ireland the bookselling system of Western Continental Europe would in the opinion of many be revolutionary; but with a sick business would it not be worth while to apply a remedy of proved efficacy? The bookseller is the child of the publisher; if the latter desires his child to live and grow and prosper, he must provide the best means in his power to restore him to health and give him all possible opportunity to remain sound. This does not involve experiments with hypothetical or theoretical business plans, but simply calls upon our publishers to deal with our booksellers on a basis that has brought success to the trade in many other countries for generations.

The potentiality of bookselling in the United States is beyond measure.

A BOLSHEVIK COMMISSAR

BY JOHN RICKMAN

In October, 1917, I was asked to go to visit an old man who was sick unto death. The interior of the hut would be familiar to any who have read the Russian novelists. On the bed (the only bed) lay the old peasant whom I had come to see; he was about seventy and was grimy, weary, and ill. On the stove lay three of his grandchildren and one of his sisters; on a low shelf by the stove lay his wife, nearly doubled up with rheumatism and suffering from tuberculosis. The room was well furnished for a hut: besides the bed and the table there was a writing-desk — carefully pointed out as a suitable place for me to sit at to write prescriptions; there were five books in the house, and a Singer sewing-machine. The kitchen utensils — which by experience proved good marks of the degree of civilization of the occupants — were crude and consisted of two iron pots, a frying-pan, three earthenware eating-bowls, a few cups, and about half-a-dozen wooden spoons. This family had in addition two knives,

three metal forks, and two or three metal teaspoons.

Awaiting my judgment on the old man's condition were his five sons. One was a forester, two were agriculturists (plain moujiks), two were officers. One of the latter wore a gorgeous Caucasian uniform — a captain of cavalry; the other, an 'under-major' of artillery, who had received the officers' cross of St. George from Nicholas II. On the latter this article is written.

The father began telling me of his sons, and of how popular they were in the village; but of none was he so proud as of the two who were farmers, because they were the best-natured; this was spoken, of course, aloud and in the hearing of all five. My discomfort at hearing these gentle family discriminations in Russia was slowly vanishing, because they appeared to be signs of solidarity and unity in the family, rather than signs of bitterness.

I asked why he was not proud of his officer sons. He said the country could be proud of them because their worth was shown in the country's wars; but his home-staying sons had shown their worth in the village and the home; therefore he was proudest of them because he was a plain villager himself.

I soon got to know the artillery officer and had many talks with him, chiefly on politics. He said he had left the army because the war had died out, and he thought of doing something for his village, as a secretary to the Mir or assistant at the school. I pointed out that his university career was wasted in a village; that he should go to a big town and work there. He said that his heart was in his village, and he would live where his interests lay. I told him that, if he had children, he could not earn enough here to send them to his University (Kiev), but with town work he might afford it. He said that he had no children, but if he had, he would not have them different from the village children; if his sons were clever, the village would send them to a secondary school, and if they got scholarships the village would help them through the University. He thought that, as a matter of fact, the more he did for his village, the more the village would do for him; but he would not put his children in a position which was out of the reach of, say, his nephews.

His opinion of the Bolsheviki was that they were turning too much attention to distribution, to equalizing the people, and too little to production, or to improving the people; but he said that Russians at the moment do not see this, so we must humor them and lead them gradually to see the importance of production.

Nominally, he was a Bolshevist official, but his point of view was Social-Revolutionist. He said that he thought the country was going too rapidly to the 'Left,' and he feared a reaction to the 'Right'; for his part he would prefer a middle course, but felt it to be the best thing to follow the popular movement to the Left, and to steady it, in order to prevent or diminish the risk of reaction. He feared the Right more than the Left.

In December, 1917, he was made secretary of his Mir, and in January, 1918, President of the Council of the Village, as the Mir was called under the Soviet (Council) form of government.

From this time onward he was to be seen at all times of the day, and often far into the night, at work gently guiding the counsels and the minds of his fellow villagers. From village chief he was made *volost* chief (called, under the old régime, *starshina*). Under his presidency the villagers requisitioned the library of a landlord who had not visited his estates for over two years. The people wanted to divide the spoils; after great efforts of persuasion, he in-

duced them to come to the point of looking at the requisition, of which he approved, as good only if the village as a whole, and not as individuals, were to benefit by the change. It took weeks to convince them. He used no high-handed methods; it would neither have paid him to do so, nor have agreed with his principle of relying on the force of persuasion and an appeal to the communal instincts of his associates. His uniform and decorations were laid aside; he dressed as a peasant and lived on their miserable fare; he identified himself with the peasants as far as possible, and seemed to raise them to a higher level of culture by so doing.

He used to call on us and bring extracts from the Russian newspapers which quoted the English press, and ask if all English people in England thought along the lines that were set out in our newspapers. Did English people really think that ruin and chaos was all that was left in Russia? How was it that the English, who were such a liberal people and friends of progress and democracy, could allow their papers to sneer at the Revolution? Was it because Russia could not fight?

He said that such criticisms in the foreign press made it so hard for Russians of his way of thought to work among the people; that the work they had in hand contained intrinsic discouragements enough, but the querulousness of foreigners and their complete lack of faith in the efforts of men such as himself seemed to take the heart out of life and almost make them doubt if they could accomplish anything at all. The peoples to whom they had looked for encouragement sneered; those from whom they had hoped for guidance showed them a sword.

We told him that in America and England there were imaginative people to whom the Revolution was one of the greatest and most ennobling events in history, and that the hearts of these people turned with love and gratitude to Russia.

He wept. 'Brother,' he said, 'we see a vision together; we have to get our peoples to see it, too.'

In May the hospital of which I was the only medical officer closed down, among other reasons, for lack of funds. A letter was sent to all headmen of villages, stating that the medical work was being brought to a close, but giving no reasons. Some of the villagers of Vaceelooka came to hear of our lack of funds, and sent a deputation of four men — three village elders and my friend. I was checking a list of stores at the time, and asked what I could do for them. The three moujiks and the artillery officer replied that they had come to help me who had so often helped them. So they lifted boxes about, and read off the lists, and rearranged the storeroom.

I was puzzled at all this, and said that it was work best done at odd times, and it was not proper for men in the busy time of ploughing and sowing to do such work in the middle of the afternoon. They then said they had come to tell me how sorry they were that I was going and that we needed money; they had been considering it in the Mir, and had found that the village could afford a hundred roubles a month and a horse and food, fuel, and a house, if we would stay. This offer we had to decline, with great regret. They said that, if we must part, we must part as brothers; they brought the blessing of God on our journey, and asked that we would remember them to our friends in England and America. 'And if at any time you return, the lamp will be lit and the samovar set, and there will be a place at the table, for we love you and would like you to be one of us.'

Thus we parted from a commissar and his friends.

SUPERFLUOUS KINGS

BY ALICE MEYNELL

> Which had superfluous kings for messengers
> Not many moons gone by.
> *Antony and Cleopatra.*

As the kings lag, and then pass away from the stage of the world, many men will ask what there is to regret. Assuredly nothing, if not royalty, in the mind of Shakespeare. Mankind will in time probably forget or deny that there was ever anything in the life of the world answering to Shakespeare's royalty in Perdita, or to his princeliness in Arviragus and Guiderius, or to his kingliness in Lear, or to his glory in Cleopatra. It may be so, as to the world; there may have been nothing thus answerable. But there was Shakespeare.

And our regrets in regard to him cover all his regalities — the hidden and hereditary and unconscious, and the conscious and braggart and manifest: Perdita's dignity among the romps, and her sportive disputes as to Art and Nature among the clowns, her unflushed composure amid the junketings, and also Lear's loud and indignant death. The splendor of Shakespeare's veneration for kings is perhaps deeper where the kingliness — the blood of it — is unrevealed, as in the shepherdess of *The Winter's Tale*, for here it is matter of Shakespeare's faith. So with the brothers of Imogen who, by the way, — and not merely by the way, — like her, discuss flowers — 'Then to arms!' They too have an inexplicable distinction, unknown to the world of their exile, but known to Shakespeare, who is aware of their blood and lineage. Here, and in *The Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare makes his resolute and implicit act of belief in the blood of kings.

In *Lear* that faith suffers outrage and defies it. Many years ago that great actor Rossi, who did not gain in England such honor as was rendered to Salvini, — I fear because his physical personal dignity was not so obvious as Salvini's, — played King Lear in Italian. But there was one cry, one royal proclamation, that could not be removed from the English. It needed Shakespeare's own word to vindicate Shakespeare's royalism. (One might make sport of any kind of translation: say '*ogni centimetro*' — 'every centimetre a king' — is good farce.) No Italian will serve; the Latin mind has not this degree of imaginative reverence, nor has the Italian language the faculty of giving sudden greatness to a customary word.

But Shakespeare, conceiving for royalty not only 'the beauteous Majesty of Denmark,' and the 'courteous action' of the dead, — 'being so majestical,' — and the dignity of Hermione's daughter, and the tempest of Lear's elemental tragedy, will not consent to touch us with nothing more than pity and terror. He confronts us with the uttermost of pride of life in the royalty he sings; confronts us — no, rather brings us to our knees before the arrogant splendor he conceives: —

> Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
> And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.

It is the pride of life and the pride of

death. Only hand in hand with a queen does Antony venture on the prophecy of that immortal vanity. If to him are given the most surprising lines in any of the tragedies, it is only as the lover of a queen that he has the right to them. To him is assigned that startling word, the incomparable word of amorous and tender ceremony — 'Egypt.'

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

That territorial name, murmured to his love in the hour of death, and in her arms — I know not in the records of all genius any other such august farewell. Lear's word is outdone here. Lear a king in every inch of his aged body, but Cleopatra a queen in every league of her ancient realm. Has not majesty spoken its one unexpected word in the mouth of such a lover?

Superfluous kings — Shakespeare's irony could find no other adjective so overcharged with insolence as this. Kings must be as he conceived them in order to that antithesis: —

Superfluous kings for messengers.

But an antithesis more complete than that of downfall and of servitude is that of mortality. The humiliation of the beaten monarch leaves the Shakespearean conception of kingliness face to face with the mere fortunes of war; the derision of the word 'superfluous' implies, in reversal, an inalienable dignity; so in the act of dying, the visible act, done in life; so with 'sad stories of the death of kings.' The final contradiction is not here; but in the grave itself, in the hidden burial, out of the sight of the populace: it needs the utmost of Shakespeare's passion of royalty to answer to that depth. And here is poetry, not by him, but wonderfully worthy of him, that tells us of

High-born dust
In vaults, thin courts of poor unflattered kings.

Shakespeare only, besides Young, could have written this.

Literature, then, will lose this glory, and with this glory this humiliation. Who will say which is greater, the thesis or the antithesis? But they cannot be parted to be compared. There they are, in our national literature, and cannot be effaced. But who shall hinder their becoming, for the student, first a matter of mere literary interest, then a matter of mere literary curiosity, next a matter of some new derision? (We need no new derisions: our wits are apt to mockery.) Is it well that any one of Shakespeare's many passions should come under our frigid inspection, to be examined so?

When kings are in fact superfluous, Shakespeare's great word 'superfluous' will be canceled out; when kings are no longer flattered, Young's great word 'unflattered' will be a futile word; when there are no full assiduous courts, Young's 'thin courts' will suggest no spectres. Regret is for Shakespeare, as has been said; not for Saul, or Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Twelfth. But, short of Shakespeare's devotion, there will be some sentiment damaged. When the mortality of kings is no sharper sarcasm than is the mortality we all inherit, then the lamps and the gold that enshrine the bony heads of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar at Cologne may take their place, outside of cathedrals, with the unnamed relics of the shepherds who preceded the kings to the manger.

Shakespeare's greatest splendor, then, that so shines down the splendor of history and the world, is under sentence, and under sentence his greatest compassion, and under sentence his greatest terror, and under sentence his greatest irony. And I have placed at the head of these pages a word of neither terror nor compassion, because the word of irony implies the rest.

THE WEEK-ENDER

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

In the times of Henry VII, the story runs, there lived in Swaffham Market, in Norfolk, a pedler named John Chapman. Having dreamed one night that, if he went up to London, on London Bridge he would meet a man who would bring him good news, and being unable to get this dream out of his mind, he presently betook himself to London, and all day long walked to and fro on London Bridge. At length a shopkeeper, noting his strange behavior, asked him the meaning of it, and the honest pedler told him his dream.

'Ah!' said the shopkeeper, 'had I taken account of dreams, I might have seemed as much a fool as you; for only the other night I dreamed that in a place called Swaffham Market, in Norfolk, there lives a pedler named John Chapman, who has a tree in his backside, under which is buried a pot of gold.'

The pedler humbly acknowledged the folly of such behavior and forthwith returned home. There he lost no time in digging under the tree in his backside, and in very truth found just such a pot of gold as the shopkeeper had dreamed of, whereby he lived in plenty the rest of his days.

It must be evident that, under some subtle influence, — a dream, an invitation, or a prospectus, — John Chapman went off for a week-end, and came back from it with his eyes opened to new possibilities at home. Every week-ender knows that many a problem insoluble on a Friday will yield to treatment on a Tuesday.

Just as the provincial pedler turned for his holiday to the metropolis, the metropolite naturally seeks his in remote rural solitude. It is my hard lot to spend a part of my summer bread-winning in the stifling city, and to have only the week-ends with my family in the country. Between the scene of my labors and the bosky isle which they inhabit lie four hundred miles of rail, with which my weekly journeys have now made me reasonably familiar. And what with four days and three nights in town, and four nights and three days out of it, I sometimes hardly know which is the week and which the week-end.

I write this memoir on the way back from one of these tranquil retreats from the bustling world. This morning I did nothing at all that I remember, except rise at six, help anchor and beflag the stake-boat and the finish-boat for a regatta, act as announcer for the opening events, drive a launch in the procession, compete in a boat-race, and paddle violently in three hot canoe-dashes, besides communing with nature in the intervals. We had just time for lunch before I left for the train; and now, rested and refreshed, I am returning to the busy city, eager to participate again in its fervid life.

It is no great inconvenience for the island household to have me ply between it and the marts of trade, and I sometimes prove very useful indeed as a sort of pony express. Week-enders I believe always carry candy, melons, or green corn; but my supreme exploit in

transportation was the night I staggered backwards off the steps of a moving station bus, with a large suitcase, a box of candy, and a seven-foot beach umbrella in my otherwise empty hands. Of course, I added a basket of fruit before venturing on the train. John Chapman himself can hardly have returned from London heavier laden.

I went week-ending once in Egypt, years ago, with a plum-cake, and a basket of vegetables — the leeks and onions of Egypt — so huge that it and I occupied an entire compartment of the Fayum train. Something like this happened last summer, when I was escorting north a wooden ash-stand perhaps two feet high, in the form of a negro waiter. The person who sold him to me asked me where he was to stand; and when I said on the porch of a summer cottage, she answered brightly, 'Then this will be just the thing. You know you want a touch of color.' But when packed and boxed, my touch of color proved too bulky to go under the berth, nor could his congener, the porter, find room for him in his closet or in the vestibule; and in the end he did in simple fact occupy an upper all by himself, even as I.

Why is it that the week-ender, no matter how high-minded, thus unfailingly degenerates into a beast of burden? Are there not express companies and parcel-posts? Yet who cares for what they bring? A commonplace-looking bundle is pushed at you over the post-office counter: it must be those bathing-shoes come at last, when the interest felt in ordering them has evaporated. But to arrive at the island before breakfast, bringing out of one's pack things ordered, or, better, unexpected — this has about it something of Santa Claus and the Swaffham pedler combined. The things you bring are the spoils of your hunting; you have somehow wrung them out of the vast impersonal city, and you come bringing them in an elemental sort of triumph. Your arrival becomes an event.

There is also another reason for this pack-horse phase of week-ending: you forgot to get the things till the last minute, and you had to carry them, or arrive ingloriously, bringing nothing more welcome or substantial than explanations. Besides, shopping for the paraphernalia of sport through the week helps to keep one in a holiday frame of mind. And was not John Chapman, that patron of week-enders, himself a pedler by profession?

The beach umbrella was for the Fourth of July; but lesser occasions, like regattas, have their uses for the week-end express. All I brought up last Friday night, that I now recall, besides my personal luggage, was two paddles, three boxes of candy, a boat-hook, a navy anchor, and six rope-fenders for the launch. The boat-hook, I remember (someone else won it and now rejoices in it), was of a peculiar elegance, being tipped with brass. As I was buying it in a sporting-goods store, a boy and a man looked on. 'We ought to have one of those,' said the boy, and added with fine inconsequence, 'What's it for?' 'It's to open and close windows with,' said the man; thus betraying his narrow urban horizon.

The picturesqueness of our island remoteness is accentuated by the railway which connects us with the great world. For more than twenty years it has stood like a rock against the encroachments of fashion and our too mechanical age. On it one finds none of the freakish contrivances of modern travel. Its fine old sleepers go back to the Victorian period. I have made some study of archæology, but I must confess that in the dim pillared aisles of some of these ancient coaches I stand in awe, not to say dread. What wassail of thirsty fishing-clubs have these

venerable vehicles not witnessed! They are as redolent of antiquity as Dickens's ghostly stage-coaches, only these hoary conveyances are still awheel. The porters are of an appropriate maturity. They are like old family servants. The same old darky year after year greets you at the steps of your Pullman, and the dining-car conductors are old family friends, to whom fathers introduce their children.

The locomotives, too, have their distinctive traits. Most engines start slowly and reluctantly, but in this ozone-laden air, the very engines jump forward eagerly to their task, and the whole train starts with a thrilling jerk. Strangers misunderstand this, but the sympathetic and reflective week-ender sees deeper into it, and comes to find the lazy ways of city locomotives tedious and annoying by contrast. It is an experience to see one of these quaint engines, with its spark-arrester, so suggestive of afternoon tea, jauntily perched upon its smokestack, ricocheting along the rails, or, in more pensive mood, stealthily pushing its way through the thick shrubbery that overhangs the track. Our railroad has a system of powerful locomotives, each eighty cubits long and capable of six thousand horse-power. But it has never profaned our forest solitudes by the admission of these monsters. They would wreck the mossy old bridges, frighten the timid creatures of the wood, and put the wayside golfer off his game.

But what a thing it is, in the dewy freshness of early morning, having again survived the perils of travel, to descend from the train upon the very shores of a certain friendly lake! The launches from the scattered cottages that dot the points and islands are picturesquely clustered at the landing just beyond the trees. In a moment they are filled and scatter, and proud is he who gets away first with his load. In a minute or two they are strung out in a gallant line, making each for his particular breakfast-table, about which will soon gather the gayest breakfast-party of the week. News of the city and the lake will be exchanged, and plans discussed for the three days that make up a proper week-end. It is now that the week-ender opens his capacious pack and draws out a new rug for the living-room and a six-foot flag to fly in the regatta. He has also a new fire-screen, a can of paint for the boat-house, and a pair of wading boots for the general good. Of a truth, there is no morning like Saturday morning, and the week-ender is its prophet.

If it be true that habitual week-ending imparts to existence a hectic hue (and hectic, if I remember, began by meaning habitual), it has its sanative properties as well. There is nothing like a change of air, and to change it twice a week all summer should restore any appetite. How much the stable native population which ministers to our summer migrations would be profited by a little judicious week-ending! How it would disorganize their factions and rearrange their prejudices! It would recharge their spiritual batteries and air out the cupboards of their souls. It would set local rivalries in a more tolerant perspective, and ease the cruel friction of rural life, which is so real to them and to us migrants so like a stage play. An occasional holiday on London Bridge, or its American equivalent, might send them home again with eyes to find the pot of gold under the tree in their backside.

Yet much week-ending might blur the piquant outlines of personality, dull imagination, and conventionalize speech. The other day, as we were gathering minnows from a creek, the forester's boys came down the road. With bucolic courtesy we asked where they were going. They answered with-

out emotion that they were after their colt: 'The blame shrimp swum the lake.' Mark the passionless restraint of the reproach, and the fine propriety of the figure. From the hotel-keeper who is our local eponym we later learned the climax of the colt's exploits. The spirited creature had effected a landing at the hotel, and seizing the bell-rope in his teeth, had roused the slumbering establishment with wild alarum. Even a colt will have his holiday on London Bridge, and if there is no bridge where one should be, will swim for it perforce. So deep is the week-ending instinct.

On a peaceful evening, summer before last, the semi-weekly freight brought a certain long-expected launch; and as the next day was the Fourth of July, it seemed very necessary to get the boat into the water that night. Half the men of our village had been retained to help in this, and a boat-wagon, especially designed for such ceremonies, was in attendance. The locomotive obligingly left the car with its end to the road, so that the boat might be shoved from its fastenings upon the wagon, and the waiting cohort immediately swarmed over car and launch, tearing off crating, wrenching away supports, and heaving the hull laboriously out of its cradle.

The other half of the villagers looked on and helped with interested advice. Among them appeared one of our neighbors, a veritable Captain of Industry, who had come down to the train to meet a cow. Instinctively he took command, and instinctively we all obeyed. It almost restored one's faith in the industrial order. 'Here, Bill! get your back into this,' he cried to the mightiest of the onlookers. Bill only wanted to be called on. He sprang upon the car, his brothers close behind him. The scene became Homeric. The car was thick with straining men. There was a clamor of voices. The horses became frightened and had to be taken from the wagon. A judge of the state Supreme Court sprang in to take their place, and held the tongue. What an allegory! Justice Holding the Tongue of Transportation! The Captain of Industry moved about, adjusting the packing and giving crisp directions. The twilight faded and night was falling. At length, a final heave, and the hull slid down upon the wagon. The supreme justice was relieved, the horses were put in, the preferred half of the villagers scrambled upon the hull, and as the wagon creaked away toward the lake and the moon mounted above the pines, we dispersed with a friendlier understanding for a half hour's common toil.

Sometimes, of a Saturday night, the transient and the permanent elements of our sparse population meet for a dance at the so-called rink. The big bare room is dimly lighted with a few oil-lamps, and in the corner the burly forest-ranger, with his fiddle, leads the orchestral trio. The station agent, the inexorable custodian of our telegrams and express parcels, attends thinly disguised as a German peasant, and all make a diligent show of enjoyment. For this is a truly decorous affair, and you may find more real gayety at many a prayer-meeting. The music belongs to the epoch of the waltz, and the Virginia Reel and the old reliable Lancers are seen again. Then, before the hour of midnight checks the patriot's use of pleasure gas, we scatter to our Fords and launches, and speed homeward under a glorious autumn aurora, just like the picture in the dictionary.

My week-ending will run into some six thousand miles this summer, and as Stevenson says of voyaging in the South Seas, it seems strange to travel so far and see so little. But what people one meets and what narratives one hears! Once in a while you may encounter that rare old species of raconteur, the

Lion of the Smoking-Room. As soon as he begins to talk, that luxurious retreat quickly fills up with an attentive group.

It was from a superb specimen of this vanishing race that I heard the legend of the Camels of Arizona. It would seem that long ago, before the Civil War, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, it was observed that the Government Mule was not adapted to use on the American Desert. The resourceful strategists of that epoch bethought them of the oriental camel, the Ship of the Desert, and the War Department accordingly imported a number of these animals to carry supplies and ammunition to the waterless parts of the West. This picturesque experiment was not, however, successful. The loads were too heavy; the camels were less amenable to military discipline than their pictures had led Mr. Davis to suppose; and a *rapprochement* between them and the mule-drivers proved difficult to effect. At all events, the stately creatures soon died or deserted, and the military phase of the experiment was over. But on clear nights, more especially after pay-day, the belated rancher has often seen the weird forms of them or their posterity, swinging off across the moonlit sands among the mesas.

I have not been able to substantiate this legend in any particular, and I shudder to think what a wreck historical criticism might make of it. It is not as fact that it interests me, but as imagination; as the finest example I know of the Smoking-Room Legend; or, shall we say, the Pipe Dream?

In my adventurous youth, I stood one evening on the Wielandshöhe, overlooking the River Neckar and the little city of Tübingen. It was a peaceful scene. Far below me a cavalcade of students, booted and spurred, rode two and two across the bridge to some distant rendezvous among the hills. Suddenly, around a bend in the river there swept into view a long raft of logs, steered down the swift stream by a little crew of lumbermen, on its way from the Black Forest to the Rhine. Instantly in all the Verein-houses that crowned the heights, windows were thrown up, heads were thrust out, and a chorus of hoots and cries filled the evening air. One corps vied with another in shouting derision at the little band of raftsmen, and the storm of sound pursued them until the raft disappeared from sight behind a hill below the town, when the uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

So does the cloistered student, like the London shopman, cry out in mingled envy and derision upon the free adventurer in his quest for the pot of gold which is the week-ender's exceeding great reward.

LEAVES FROM A COBLENZ DIARY. II

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF HEINRICH SCHEINSTUTZEN, APOTHECARY

BY LOUIS GRAVES

January 3, 1919. — Much to our surprise the Americans at the Peace meeting do not seem to be standing up for Germany. This, in spite of our kindness to their soldiers. The news from foreign lands indicates that we are to be made the victims of the greediness of other nations who are full of envy of our achievements. They speak of 'reparation' as if they considered us responsible for bringing on the war. Surely the clear statements of our statesmen at Berlin should have convinced any reasonable man that it was not of our seeking. Has not our Kaiser himself declared, 'I did not will this war'? But there is no end to the malice of our enemies.

January 7. — The vast projects for the amusement of the American soldiers have become the topic of much talk among our citizens. Our monster Festhalle, adjoining the Kaiser's palace, has been leased, and there they have fancy-dress balls, and theatricals, and boxing-bouts; while the lower floor and some of the smaller chambers are fitted up as rest-rooms and reading-rooms. Many other buildings in the city have been taken over for clubs and canteens and moving pictures.

We have never seen anything like this; and fortunately, too, for the discipline of soldiers cannot be maintained if they be petted and pampered after such a fashion. Yet even now the Americans are not satisfied.

'So you think this is doing a lot for the soldiers?' one of their officers said to an acquaintance of mine when leasing a house. 'Why, the generals and colonels all over the area are complaining because we are not doing enough. We have n't started yet; the railroads have been too tied up with hauling food and clothing to bring us the material we need. Later you will see some real action.'

January 13. — With all their prating about Germany's misdeeds, the hypocrisy of the Americans is proved by this thing alone: *they bring their women along with them.* And they are shameless enough to put them in uniform, and flaunt them in the face of all the world. Of course, no respectable women would come across the seas, away from their families. It is not necessary to apply the word to them; it is too plain.

January 14. — All the past unbecoming behavior of Maria's has been eclipsed by her display of temper today. Truly, I had not imagined her capable of such language, such rebellion. It came about through my making a casual remark about these American women — practically the same as I

set down in my diary last night. She fairly leaped out of her chair.

'You shall not say such a thing — I will not have you say such a thing!' she cried in a rage. 'Two of those girls let me go up in the Festhalle while you were at the store yesterday, and look at the soldiers; I could see what those girls were like, and they told me about all the others. You shall not say such a thing! It is — it is a slander, a lie!'

Such words from my wife! Then I, in my turn, grew angry.

' "Shall not, shall not," you say?' I replied. 'You tell your own husband he shall not? And what if he says what he pleases? What then, woman?'

Whereupon she narrowed her eyes, — I never thought that Maria could wear such a look — and came closer to me.

'"What then?"' she repeated. 'I'll tell you what then. One more such shameful word, and, husband or no husband, I'll go right upstairs and tell those two boys just what you said about them. If I can't tell them so that they'll understand, I'll take their little dictionary and show them each word at a time until they *do* understand. And just what do you suppose they will do with you, then? How long before I would be your widow instead of your wife, do you think?'

I said no more. There is no use trying to talk to Maria when she is like that. I shall not bring the subject up again.

January 17. — We are not troubled to keep ourselves from social intercourse with the Americans, because they have themselves made a rule against any sort of association — 'fraternizing,' they call it. In the streets and public places the foreigners always keep to themselves, and their military police have even been seen to rebuke soldiers who have broken the rule by holding a moment's conversation with a German. Inside homes where they are quartered, they exchange pleasant greetings with the women and children, as they pass in and out, but go by the men in silence.

Having in mind the fact that Germany may be helped by our gaining their friendship, I have once or twice smiled pleasantly at the sergeant and corporal, encouraging them to speak, but they have walked on by as if their faces were made of stone.

After I had thought over their conversation on the steps, I decided it would be much better to pass off as a joke my pretending not to understand English; and so, when one of them was talking to Maria in the hall, I said laughingly, —

'You young rascals were too clever for me. I thought I would play a good joke on you, but you found me out. Ha! ha!'

His lip curved into a sort of smile, and he finished what he was saying to Maria, — something about getting him a bath, — and walked upstairs.

He was no doubt flattered by my compliment to their cunning. I cannot help congratulating myself at my skill in thus disarming whatever suspicion they might have. Unquestionably they are very simple.

January 19. — Wilhelm Stieffel, the merchant, was telling me to-day of the American lieutenant who lives on the second floor of his house. For three years Wilhelm has had hanging at the head of the stairs, just outside the lieutenant's room, a fine painting of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. Desiring to do everything possible to win the American's good-will, my friend asked him if he would like to have the portrait removed. Of course, a German officer, in a like situation, would never permit an enemy general's image to be kept to

stare him in the face several times a day. But the lieutenant laughed gleefully as he declined the offer.

'Lord, no,' he said, 'let the old boy stay there if you want to. Rather like it myself. Every time I look at him it makes me think of the day we had such a fine romp across the Hindenburg Line.'

Such impertinence is typical of them, and shows their lack of respect for greatness.

January 25. — Last week Friedrich Schnitzel and I were in thorough agreement as to the unwarlike qualities of the Americans, but I found this evening that he shook his head doubtfully when I touched upon this topic. It seems that Friedrich and his younger brother Otto were walking through Goeben Platz. Otto is less level-headed than Friedrich, and, like some others of our citizens, has become somewhat nettled at the continuing lack of any sign of assistance from the Americans at the Peace meeting. They were talking of this, when they met an American soldier on the narrow sidewalk. Instead of drawing to the right and giving room, Otto held to the curbstone on the left and bumped full into the soldier. One who recalls his broad shoulders, and his disposition, may be sure it was no gentle bump.

The foreigner did not protest, as my friends thought he might do. There were no words — the soldier's arm just shot out, so fast that Friedrich says it looked less like an arm than a streak, and caught poor Otto under the chin and brought him flat upon the pavement. Without noticing him further, the American turned to Friedrich and said, —

'Do you want to meet the twin to that punch?'

'No,' said Friedrich quickly.

'All right — then you and your chum better try to get along with half the sidewalk.'

With which the soldier passed on. Friedrich thinks they may not be so soft as we had thought. But this particular American is an exception. From what I have observed of them, with their laughter and childlike ways of acting, I do not see how they can be fighters like our German troops.

January 26. — A cousin of mine, Jacob Stietz, whom I had not seen since he was called into the service two and a half years ago, came home to-day. His regiment has been demobilized, and he has been allowed to come through the American lines to take up his life again in his native city. I had a talk with him this afternoon about many things, especially the Americans. I told him of their doings since coming here, and of my opinions about them. He listened to me for a while, but at last rudely interrupted me.

'You are talking like a fool, Heinrich,' he said. 'If you want to find somebody to agree with you, pick out a man who did not fight in the Argonne Forest. You talk of their laughing. I know of it, too. I could hear them laughing, sometimes, from our trenches. And, soon after, they would be piling over on us and fighting like devils. I like their being here no better than you do. But do not talk to me of their being "soft." It makes me sick.'

Jacob was always a bumptious young fellow, without due respect for his elders.

February 1. — Just before the evening meal, when I came home, I found the American sergeant and corporal out in the street, playing with the child Marguerita and several of her friends. There were eight or ten of the children. Instructed by the Americans, they were running from place to place, and

knocking a ball back and forth, and screaming and laughing. The two soldiers behaved just like Marguerita and the other infants, the only difference being that their laughter was deep instead of shrill. And yet these are the men who, during the war, are said to have adopted the coarse motto, 'Treat 'em rough'!

February 7. — The brother of the man who serves as butler in the house of the Countess of Altbieber, at the neighboring town of Neuwied, was in Coblenz to-day; and I was able to hear from him an authentic account of what occurred at a dinner given by the countess a few days ago. It appears that both high and low circles in Neuwied and the surrounding country are agog with the story. The countess decided to have a dinner attended only by women. There were nine of them present, and they talked all the time about the Americans, men and officers, a large number of whom are quartered in and around that town.

According to the butler, who repeated the conversation to the brother with whom I talked, the women at the dinner related to one another their experiences with the Americans dwelling in their houses, — all the fine residences in that section, including the princess's palace, are partly occupied by officers, — and the discussion resolved itself into the most shocking judgments upon the conduct of German men toward their wives and women in general.

'I confess I have had my eyes opened to a few things in the last two months,' the countess herself declared. 'The men have been having their way in this country a long time, and don't seem to have learned much. It looks as if we could now set about teaching them a little about behavior, anyhow.' And then she added — in a very serious tone, the butler said — the following words: 'But let us not forget that our great chance is with the children.'

Thus it is that women who call themselves German are becoming tainted by shallow and dangerous ideas. But for the high position of those present at this dinner I should not consider such prattle worthy to be set down here. As it is, one may be excused for a feeling of alarm at the sinister suggestion conveyed by the incident. Especially disquieting, when one looks to the future of our Fatherland, are the countess's final words — about the children.

February 12. — Several times I have noticed that, after three or four days of depression at reports of how our less well-balanced citizens welcome new and perilous ideas, I find occasion to congratulate myself that the mass of our citizens are proof against these new-fangled forms of nonsense. Especially am I thus reassured after spending an evening with my companions at the Schloss Café. We discuss all these things at length, in our own circle, and at the hour of parting we always decide that the Fatherland is safe.

As to the women, I learn with a mixed feeling of satisfaction and humiliation that Maria's new turn of mind is not general among those of her sex. Friedrich Schnitzel tells me that his wife has spells of weeping two or three times weekly over the unhappy fate of our exiled Kaiser. Johann Schmidt and the others also testify that their helpmeets retain that feminine tenderness and loyalty, which, alas! are no longer found in my own household. Displeased as I must be at the situation there, I rejoice at the thought that most of the women of Germany stand staunch for the old and true faith.

February 18. — Never did I think that my eyes would look upon such a

desecration as met them when I turned into Clemens Platz to-day. There, *on the very grounds of the Kaiser's palace*, the foreigners had erected a monstrous wooden building which they say is for some form of entertainment for the soldiers. To think that this ground, which was always held so sacred, — upon which even our own citizens were forbidden to tread, so that it might be smooth and beautiful whenever the Kaiser came to visit us, — to think that this place should be so profaned!

I recall what the American officer said to my friend about the increase of amusement facilities; and what he foretold has indeed come true. Coblenz has been made what they call a leave centre; and barracks have been built on vacant lots all over the city, to accommodate several thousand soldiers who come in from outlying towns on three-day leaves of absence. Clubrooms, restaurants, libraries, moving-picture theatres, have sprung up in bewildering numbers. One cannot make a turn without seeing a sign bearing the letters 'Y.M.C.A.' or 'K.C.,' or an army poster, announcing the readiness to satisfy some particular kind of want of these holiday-makers. They seem to go out of their way to think of new wants to satisfy.

February 26. — There is evident throughout our city a tendency to relax from the bearing of friendship toward the Americans. Attentively the citizens have been reading of the doings at the Peace meeting in Paris, and they have observed no sign that the Americans' President and his assistants are seeking to lighten the burden to be placed upon the Fatherland. If our kindnesses have only this result, ask the impatient ones among us, of what use is it to keep them up? But this view is to be deplored. Patience and persistence have always been two of our most valuable national virtues, and we must not lose them now. Several persons who have come through from Berlin, and who are in close touch with the sentiment of the authorities there, insist that the policy of amity and helpfulness must be maintained. They say that it is bringing benefits, under the surface, which those who do not think deeply fail to realize. This is to my mind the correct view, and it is our duty to swallow our pride and continue in the way that the men high in our councils advise.

March 2. — From snatches of conversation between the American sergeant and corporal, I gather that the foreigners throughout the whole occupation area are homesick. Truly, I join them in the wish that they may have a speedy return to their firesides. They sing slangy ditties about their country, and recall longingly to each other agreeable incidents in their past; but with it all they seem to keep their cheerfulness. Yesterday I heard the sergeant singing, —

'Hello, Broadway, good-bye, France!'

Whereupon the corporal, in a louder voice, interrupted him, bellowing, —

'But we won't go back till it's over, over here!'

Then they both joined in the meaningless laughter that I am becoming used to.

March 3. — Even at the midday hour, I cannot enjoy the peace that a busy man is entitled to. To-day, on approaching my home, whom should I meet but the child Marguerita, with little Hans Pfeffer and about a dozen of their playmates in tow, marching up and down the sidewalk singing. Coming nearer to them, I found that their song was one they had picked up from the foreigners, of which the boisterous refrain was, —

'Hail, hail, the gang's all here.'

March 10. — It is only the very small children for whom we have to fear, in connection with the new doctrines that foreigners — and, I regret to say, a few firebrands among the Germans themselves — are sowing abroad. The youths of fifteen and over have been well grounded in sound principles, and will not be led astray. Proof of this is supplied, not only by the testimony of parents: one has only to observe the manner of our young men, as they walk the streets and rub shoulders with the Americans, to know their true feelings.

March 15. — Authentic reports from Berlin bring the welcome news that men who were high up in both civil and military affairs during the war still wield a powerful influence. New names have been adopted for the form of government and the various branches of the government, but I notice that those in nominal power have had to call in experienced army officers, and statesmen well trained under the Kaiser, to do the real work. Along with the names of president and chancellor, new men who have a temporary popularity, we find other names that give us full confidence in the future of the Fatherland.

March 16. — Though *our war* is over, lesser struggles continue in Eastern and Southern Europe. What these portend is not clear, with the meagre news at hand; but, as I see it, they are all to the advantage of Germany. This is the judgment of all the citizens with whom I talk. Enemies who might combine against us are wearing their strength out fighting among themselves; and it may be that the rich regions to the east and south, wasted of their man-power, will be of great use to us in the forthcoming contest with our arch-enemies to the west. These greater powers are still in apparent accord, but any day may bring dissension among them.

They keep numerous forces here; but they are sending home auxiliary units — such as hospitals, labor-battalions, engineers, and so on — which are indispensable in war. True, Germany also is not prepared to renew the fight now. But only let us stay united! Then nothing is impossible to our people. Shall we not always bear in mind the inscription on the statue of our great Kaiser Wilhelm the First here in Coblenz: 'Never will the Empire fall while Germany stands united and faithful.'

I recall constantly, with tears in my eyes, the shouts of the last of our homecoming soldiers who crossed the Rhine ahead of the Americans. Waving their caps, they looked back at our cheering citizens and said, 'We will come back to you — some day!'

March 18. — Yesterday, apparently, was a feast-day among a large proportion of the Americans. They call it St. Patrick's Day. It is an Irish festival. So curious was I to understand why the Americans made it the occasion of celebration, that I overcame my reluctance to hold conversation with the foreigners, and asked the corporal the meaning of it.

'Sure it's Irish,' he said; 'but we've got a few million of the Irish in the U.S., and we never let an excuse go by to celebrate a holiday, — with an extra feed if we can work it, — so a lot of the rest of us join in and shout for old St. Patrick too.'

Indeed, these people's minds operate in strange fashion.

'But I always heard that the Irish were friendly to Germany and hated England,' I ventured, smiling to keep the talk on the level of banter.

'Friends to the Dutchmen! Ha! ha!' he shouted. 'You ask some of your birds in the Prussian Guard who got up against the Rainbow on the Ourcq.' Then he stopped laughing and asked,

with a sort of surprised expression, 'Say, who's been stringin' you, anyway? Just because a few Irishmen can't keep their shirts on when they talk about England, do you think the Irish in the U.S. ain't Americans first of all?'

I saw that there was no use trying to explain to him. Being only a corporal, of course he cannot be expected to be well informed. Our own leading men, officials of the government and editors and preachers, have told us that the Irish throughout the world were ready to take up arms against England at any moment; and if Irishmen were enrolled in the American army, plainly it was because they were forced to be and could not follow their natural desires.

March 23. — The most unruly element among our people, the so-called Spartacists, have attempted an uprising here in Coblenz, but it has been nipped in the bud. One of their emissaries came from Berlin, and they had made plans to capture the post-office and the banks; but the American military police learned of the plot and arrested the leaders.

In the rest of Germany, the excesses of this element do not serve an altogether bad purpose. They create a reaction in favor of law and order; by contrast, they give our sound leaders a chance to regain their hold, and at the same time, by the alarm they stir up, reconcile our enemies to the reëstablishment of a strong government with which they can deal. But I should prefer that they do not disturb the quiet that now reigns in the occupation area. We are secure here, and, though we lack many things we sadly need, we have plenty of food to keep us from danger of starvation. This is because the foreigners bring in their own provisions, and furthermore do not permit foodstuffs to be shipped out of the Rhineland. It is better that the outbreaks be confined to Berlin and Bremen and Hamburg and other distant places.

March 26. — A remark of Maria's has renewed in me a vague feeling of uneasiness, of which I find it difficult to rid myself. When I returned from the Schloss Café last night, feeling, as usual after these talks with my companions, more cheerful about the aspect of affairs in general, I remarked to her that things were beginning to look more bright for the Fatherland.

'If the Germans stand fast, and stand together,' I said, 'we shall soon be able to face the world again and show it that we are invincible.'

She replied with that combative spirit that she now so constantly displays.

'Yes,' she said bitterly, 'if you men have your way we'll have the war all over again — the killing and the hunger. And half the women or more are with you, like sheep.' Then she brightened and went on, 'But if it can be put off long enough, those who are now children will fix it better. Little Marguerita and Hans and millions like 'em will be grown up, and oh, God! I hope they will not be so blind. Our hope lies in the children!'

Always that same idea keeps forcing itself upon me. When she said this, at once I recalled the sight of the infants playing in the streets with the Americans, and what was said at the Countess of Altbieber's dinner, and a dozen other little incidents and remarks, all carrying the same suggestion. Doubtless, after another conversation with my good friends Friedrich and Johann and the others, I shall feel cheerful again. But at the moment I cannot shake off my depression. There is truth in what Maria says. Always it is — the children! There lies the danger to our dear Fatherland.

(*The End*)

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

VI. EMILY DICKINSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Chronology

EMILY DICKINSON
Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, December 10, 1830;
Lived in Amherst;
Died in Amherst, May 15, 1886.

I

ONE who, as a child, knew Emily Dickinson well and loved her much recollects her most vividly as a white, ethereal vision, stepping from her cloistral solitude on to the verandah, daintily unrolling a great length of carpet before her with her foot, strolling down to where the carpet ended among her flowers, then turning back and shutting herself out of the world.

It is just so that we must imagine her as coming into the larger world of thought. In the grimmest, austerest background of restrained New England habit and tradition in the mid-nineteenth century, there suddenly opens a sunlit door and out steps, floats rather, this white spirit of wonder and grace and fancy and mockery, shakes folly's bells, swings worship's incense, and is gone before we have time to understand her coming.

She, if anyone, was in the world, but not of it, not even of the little world which was the only one she lived in. The atmosphere of a New England college town like Amherst is in itself secluded and peculiar with a cloistered charm. Emily's family were secluded in their own souls, even from those who knew them well. Their home was secluded in quiet gravity and dignity. Out of this home, in her years of womanhood, Emily rarely stepped. Out of Amherst more rarely still. So perfect was her shy isolation that it seems almost profane to disturb her in it. Yet I have a feeling that she would have wished us to. The shyest, the most isolated, are only waiting, even in their lives, for one to come whose loved approach shall shatter the isolation forever. If the isolation is never shattered, but grows closer and thicker, still I believe that it nurses the hope of a sympathetic, understanding eye, that shall see into the most hidden corner of the soul. At any rate, Emily, from her solitude, speaks out to us in puzzling, teasing, witching accents, beckons us, dares us, as it were, to follow her, seek her, unravel her mystery, lay a searching finger on her heart. Who can resist such a magical solicitation? She speaks to us in strange, chaotic verses, not so much verses as clots of fire, shreds of heaven, snatches of eternity. She speaks to us in letters, chaotic also, but perhaps more fit and helpful for our purpose of approaching her than the poems. We will use the letters to advance with more humdrum steps, and now and then get a flash of sudden illumination from the verses.

To begin with, let me reëmphasize the shyness and isolation. She sought it,

she loved it. Even in childhood she left home with reluctance and returned with ecstasy. It was not because her inner life was dull and bounded, but because it was vast and wandering; and loved, common things were all that anchored her to herself. 'Home,' she says, 'is the riddle of the wise — the booty of the dove.'

She was well aware, of course, of the solitude she lived in. 'Nothing has happened but loneliness,' she writes to a friend, 'perhaps too daily to relate.' But you err much, if you think the solitude was barren or empty. Light, bright thoughts swarmed in it, quick and eager fancies, wide desires, wider hopes, and endless laughter.

She had books as companions.

> Unto my books so good to turn
> Far ends of tired days.

To be sure, she was no student, no persistent, systematic reader, as Mrs. Ripley was. She would pick up and put down: a chapter, or a page, was enough for her, enough to kindle hope or quench ennui, if she ever felt any. But her immense capacity for being stimulated could not resist a book. She loved words, says her niece, Mrs. Bianchi; 'the joy of mere words was to Aunt Emily like red and yellow balls to the juggler.' How then could she fail to love the royal masters of words? Her father liked 'lonely and rigorous books,' she told Colonel Higginson, but she preferred them more graceful or touched with fire. After her first real one, she said to herself, 'This, then, is a book, and there are more of them?' When she found Shakespeare, she thought the world needed nothing else.

She had the piano as a companion, played upon it gayly, turned common airs into wild, fantastic reveries. One improvisation, which she called *The Devil* was, by tradition, unparalleled. We may assume that she loved the other arts, also, as well as music; at least, that they fed her fancy, though she could not much come near them.

And nature was the friend of her secluded spirit. 'You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself, that my father bought me.' Flowers and trees and birds and insects talked to her and she to them, in that strange speech which they perhaps understood better than her human fellows. What the charm of this converse was she intimates to us in light, delicate touches. 'We are having such lovely weather — the air is as sweet and still — now and then a gay leaf falling — the crickets sing all day long — high in a crimson tree a belated bird is singing.' Or she can go behind this bare portrayal of the surface and bring out wayward glimpses of hidden feeling, vague and subtle hints of dim emotion, such as flutter in all our spirits and are gone before we can define them. She can do this in verse, —

> There's a certain slant of light,
> On winter afternoons,
> That oppresses like the weight
> Of cathedral tunes.

She can do it even better, to my feeling, in prose. 'Nothing is gone, dear, or no one that you knew. The forests are at home, the mountains intimate at night and arrogant at noon. A lonesome fluency abroad, like suspended music.'

From suggestions such as these it is evident that, even if outside adjuncts failed her wholly, she had sufficient society in her own thoughts. She lived in a hurrying swarm of them, a cloud and tumult of manifold reflections, which made the gross, material contact of daily human speech and gesture seem poor and common. She shut herself off in this silent hurly-burly as in an aristocratic garment of her own. 'How do most people live without any thoughts?' she cried. 'There are many people in the world — you must have noticed them

in the street — how do they live? How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning?' She herself put on in the morning a garment of scintillating radiance and only exchanged it at night for a lighter robe of gleaming stars. 'In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home,' she says. She filled the universe with her guesses, and then made comments on them that were more intriguing than the guesses were. Not that she was in any way a systematic thinker, any more than reader. Heavens, no! She never could have labored with the slow and ordered speculations of Mrs. Ripley or of Margaret Fuller. Sometimes she sets up a stable reign of goodness in the world, believes that things will be well with us, and asserts it hopefully. 'I'm afraid we are all unworthy, yet we shall "enter in."' Sometimes she doubts, rebels even, wonders whether suffering has at all its due complement of loving, murmurs in wayward petulance, 'It will never look kind to me that God, who causes all, denies such little wishes.' And always, to her probing guess, the world and life are veiled in mystery, and on the whole she is not ungrateful. 'It is true that the unknown is the largest need of the intellect, though for it no one thinks to thank God.'

It was perhaps, then, dreams rather than thoughts, that were her playfellows, at least, thoughts condensed, broken, abbreviated, intensified. No doubt she spoke and wrote, in gleams and figures, and her oddities of speech, though they may have been slightly emphasized by too much Carlyle and Browning, were, like her oddities of action, not affectations of manner, but real oddities, quaintnesses, inspired flashes of soul. She lived in a world of dreams, dreams above her, dreams about her, dreams beneath her. Now and then, as we all do, in our rarer moments of half-conscious somnolence, she rubs her eyes and asks herself of her condition, 'Sometimes I wonder if I ever dreamed — then if I'm dreaming now, then if I always dreamed.' But the eyes close again, and the dreams press more thickly, sweet phantoms that crowd and shudder into one another in the strange, disordered way dreams have. 'The lawn is full of south and the odors tangle, and I hear to-day for the first time the river in the tree.' She tries to clutch them, to stay their dim and fluttering passage: 'I would eat evanescence slowly'; but they quiver and fade and vanish, only to give place to others as fantastic and enchanting as themselves.

Yet back of the dream playfellows there is one substance that endures and never fails her — God, set solid in the white, unchanging background of eternity. And I do not say that she had any dry, mental certainty about these things. When mortal pangs come, they rend and tear her hope as they do others: —

> My life closed twice before its close;
> It yet remains to see
> If immortality unveil
> A third event to me,
>
> So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
> As these that twice befell.
> Parting is all we know of heaven,
> And all we need of hell.

And I do not say that God was anything tangible to her, like her father in the next room. If he had been, she would not have found Him God, or loved Him when she had her father. In her quaint, wild way she even indicates that she loved God because He shunned society as she did. 'They say that God is everywhere, and yet we always think of Him as somewhat of a recluse.' But God filled her solitude, God gave life and body to her dreams, God bade evanescence stay with her, or turned evanescence into an all-sustaining, all-enfolding, all-satisfying duration,

which made the vague, unquiet futility of common life not only bearable but lovely, even to her restless and inquiring spirit.

Still, for all God and dreams, I would not wholly cut off her image from human ties. 'I often wonder how the love Christ is done when that below holds so,' she writes. That below held her. Let us see how.

II

In early life she would seem not to have avoided even general society. There are records of social gatherings, dances, varied merrymakings, in which she took a ready, gay, and active part, without any marked indication of undue withdrawal within herself. In her schooldays she was liked and, if not exactly popular, could always use her wit and fun to draw listeners and lovers. As a young woman in Amherst, she did not wholly refuse herself to the conventional demands of social intercourse, though it is evident that she yielded with protest and escaped with a sigh of relief. 'We go out very little; once in a month or two we both set sail in silks, touch at the principal points, and then put into port again. Vinnie cruises about some to transact commerce, but coming to anchor is most I can do.' The general kindness of the world, its chilly and indifferent courtesy, its ready and empty acceptance and circulation of cordial nothings, grated on her direct and poignant spirit. She would not endure the haggard necessities of parlor conversation. She was suspicious even of real sympathy from an unauthorized source. 'Thank you for tenderness. I find that is the only food the Will takes now — and that, not from general fingers.'

But, on the other hand, she had her need of human affection, like every one of us — hungered for it, starved for it at times. She wanted those she loved when she wanted them; wanted them as she wanted them; expected their devotion to her bidding, though she was so coy about doing theirs. When she said, 'come,' they were to come, and 'go,' to go. If they did not come, it vexed her. 'I think I hemmed faster for knowing you were n't coming, my fingers had nothing else to do. . . . Odd, that I, who say "no," so much, cannot bear it from others.' She well knew the bounds and limits of friendship; but perhaps she prized it all the more on that account. Her love was as abiding as it was elusive. Grasp at it and it flitted away from you; then flitted back, like a delicate butterfly, teasing and tantalizing your heart with quaint touches of tenderness, till you knew not whether to laugh or weep. 'I hold you few I love, till my heart is red as February and purple as March,' she murmurs in her strange idiom; and, again, she flings love wide beyond even the permanence of her own soul: 'To live lasts always, but to love is finer than to live.'

These things rather for outside friendship. As for her family, she clung to them with the close persistence of a warm burr, which pricks and sticks. She knew all their foibles, of which that stern New England household had enough. She sets them out with the calmest realization, as a keen-sighted heart will, must. 'Mother and Margaret are so kind, father as gentle as he knows how, and Vinnie good to me, but "cannot see why I don't get well."' Or, in a more general, inimitable picture, 'I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."'

Yet she loved them all, with a deep, devoted tenderness. Her mother comes to us mainly as a shadow figure, to be petted and spared and cared for. Her sister was a swift, practical personage, not too ready to enjoy Emily's vagaries, but trained to accept them. She swept and dusted and cooked and tried sometimes to get a useful hand from her dreaming sister; a useful hand, perhaps, when she got it; but I fancy she often wished she had not. Of the two brothers, Austen was Emily's favorite, or at least she looked up to him, as she did to her father: a stern, august, impressive face and spirit. Intimate communion with such a one must have been difficult for anybody. Emily would have been the last to look for it, or to expect it. But to touch that granite soul and to feel that it belonged to you made life seem more solid and death less terrible.

And the same was far truer of her father. Certainly he never put his cheek or his heart against hers, never fondled her or caressed her. She never would have wished such things, would have resented them. 'Father's real life and mine sometimes come into collision,' she says; 'but as yet escape unhurt.' But she looked up to him, how she looked up to him! Or, rather, she was always looking up, and, in doing so, she found her father's face a marked sign-post on the way to God.

Yet she could not touch those she loved best — friends or near, dear kinsfolk. None of us can, you say. To be sure; but she knew it, and most of us do not. She moved among her family and through their house, like the ghostly shadow of a rare desire. The little needs and calls of domestic duty she detested, though she sometimes took her part in them. Hear her wayward fancy describe that soul's pest, a household removal. 'I cannot tell you how we moved. I had rather not remember. I believe my "effects" were brought in a bandbox, and the "deathless me," on foot, not many moments after. I took at the time a memorandum of my several senses, and also of my hat and coat, and my best shoes — but it was lost in the *mêlée*, and I am out with lanterns, looking for myself.' The patient solicitude of nursing tenderness she gave, no doubt, most deftly and devotedly. Yet one feels its burden: 'Mother's dear little wants so engross the time . . . I have hardly said "Good-morning, mother," when I hear myself saying, "Mother, good-night."'

But her isolation from these crying, crowding human realities about her went deeper than the mere irksomeness of daily duty. The trouble was that they were not realities but shadows, as she herself was, even more. What was sure and reliable and eternal and beyond the touch of trouble, was solitude and loneliness, where she could forever regale herself with the infinite companionship of thought. These dear human perplexities flitted in unaccountably. Before you could adjust yourself to them, they were gone, and you were never quite certain whether they left love behind them or torment. 'Perhaps death gave me awe for friends, striking sharp and early, for I held them since in a brittle love, of more alarm than peace.'

Then one wonders how it was with the greatest love of all, the love of sex for sex. Did it help her or hurt her or ever come near her? That she was fitted to draw the love of men is clear enough. She was strangely, puzzlingly beautiful. It was not an everyday, peaches-and-cream, ballroom beauty. She teased and startled with her face as with her soul. Her piercing, disconcerting eyes, her rich, gleaming, gold-auburn hair, her white, fragile, ever-stirring, questioning hands, her movements, light and wafted as the

movements of a dream — all these must have tormented mens' hearts as the wild suggestion of her words did. We know that she had lovers in the early days, when the world touched her; and the memory of her fairy charm must have haunted many who never thought of declaring love. But how was she herself affected? Did she return the love that came to her, or long to return it, or have a girl's visions of what it might be, if it came in all its glory and were returned? The record of these things is dim and vague. In her early youth she looks forward, mockingly, to lovers, and expects to be the belle of Amherst when she reaches her seventeenth year. 'Then how I shall delight to make them await my bidding, and with what delight shall I witness their suspense while I make my final decision.' Later, love calls her to a rapturous hour, though duty forbids, and she overcomes the temptation, 'not a glorious victory, where triumph would come of itself, faintest music, weary soldiers, not a waving flag, nor a long, loud shout.' And through the letters and through the poems there breathes often the faint, poignant perfume of love, flickers the wayward, purple flame of love, love questioning, love exultant, love despairing, at once immortal and impossible.

But who could realize Emily at the head of a household, a calm, buxom matron, providing her husband's dinner and ordering the household duties? As well yoke a wood-nymph to the plough. And children — doubtless she loved children, the children of others, played with them, laughed with them, wept with them. Perhaps children of her own would have been hardly enviable. She was made to dream of all these things, to step for a moment into the tumult of others' tears and laughter, always with the protecting carpet daintily unrolled before her feet, then to vanish quietly, visionlike, back into the blue void, her own inner region, where there was still that colossal, constant companion, God, and the echoing silence of eternity.

And if love did not often tempt her out of this solitude, did conscience sometimes urge her out? Did she feel that the world needed her, that there were deeds to be done and fights to be won? Did she suffer from that restless, haunting desire of action which so many of us misread and call by fine names, but which more or less overrides almost all of us with its impetuous tyranny? She, perhaps, as little as any. But I seem to catch at least some understanding of it in the exquisite, tender solicitation to a doubting heart. 'All we are strangers, dear, the world is not acquainted with us, because we are not acquainted with her; and pilgrims. Do you hesitate? And soldiers, oft — some of us victors, but those I do not see to-night, owing to the smoke. We are hungry, and thirsty, sometimes, we are barefoot and cold — will you still come?' But the smoke and the soldiers and the fighting were mostly drowned in quiet — for her.

III

Do not, however, for a moment suppose that, because her feet were quiet, her mind was; that, because she refused to live in the casual world herself, she was not interested in the casual life of others. On the contrary, do we not know that these solitary, passionate recluses live all life over in their windowed cells; that it is the wild abundance of other lives in their rioting imaginations that makes all possible adventures of their own seem tame and frigid? Do we not know old Burton, who sucked strange melancholy from the confused chaos that rumbled about him, whose dear delight was to turn from his thumbed folios to the loud, profane

quarreling of bargemen by the riverside? Do we not know Flaubert, who shut himself up in his ivory tower, only to lean from his window in the moonlight and hear the dim revelry and causeless laughter of the children of men? So Emily. The action she dreamed of was too vast for the poor, trammeled limits of this world. But she found an absorbed pleasure in watching this world's stumbling, struggling labors all the same. It was not so much concrete facts, not the contemporary history, which seems all-important to those who are making it and mainly dies when they do. Politics? Emily cannot fix her thoughts on politics. 'Won't you please tell me when you answer my letter, who the candidate for President is. . . . I don't know anything more about affairs in the world than if I were in a trance.' But human passion, human love, human hope, and human despair, these absorb her, these distract her with an inexhaustible interest. She feels them in the touch of human hands and reads them in human faces.

> I like a look of agony,
> Because I know it 's true;
> Men do not sham convulsion,
> Nor simulate a throe.

The thrill of life, its glow, its color — her eyes and her thoughts were awake for them always. 'Friday I tasted life. It was a vast morsel. A circus passed the house — still I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out.'

This vivid sense of the intensity, the ardor, the emotional possibility of things, filled her with passion so overwhelming that it could not be expressed directly. Words were inadequate, and she was obliged to take refuge in jest, mockery, fantastic whim, which merely deepen the message of underlying feeling for those who understand. She was own sister to Charles Lamb in this, Lamb in whom tears were so close to laughter and the most apparently wanton jesting the cover for a tortured heart. It seems at moments as if Emily mocked everything. She sits idly on the stile in the sunshine and lets the great circus of the world pass by her, riddling its vain parade with shafts of dainty laughter. She is simple, she says, childish, she says, plays all day with trifles, regardless of the mad doings of real men and women. 'As simple as you please, the simplest sort of simple — I'll be a little ninny, a little pussy-catty, a little Red Riding Hood; I'll wear a bee in my bonnet, and a rose-bud in my hair, and what remains to do you shall be told hereafter.'

She carried the screen of whim, not only into verbal mockery, but into strange fancies of capricious action, tricks of Puck and Ariel, which amazed and delighted children and simple hearts, but annoyed and disconcerted the grave, staid, older children who had never grown up to real childishness. She would drop kittens to drown in the pickle-jar, and shudder with scared glee when they were served up on the hospitable table to a visiting judge. She would say to another grave judge, as Falstaff might have, when the plum pudding was lighted, 'Oh, sir, may one eat of hell fire with impunity here?' And in all these fantastic tricks there was no affectation, — though some thought so who did not understand, — no affectation in the sense of a vulgar, conscious effort to impress or astonish. There was no vagary of the witless. It was simply the direct impression of a great, strange world in a heart which could not grasp it and strove to, and gave right back the bewitching oddities it found.

And if in this surface of confusing eccentricity it might be thought that there was callous, or even cruel, indifference to what others took with enormous and bewildered seriousness, it must be re-

peated and insisted that, as with Lamb, the eccentricity was a mere mask for the most complete and sensitive sympathy, extending often to pity and tears. If she was a sister of Lamb, she was also a sister of those most delicate creatures of the whole world's imagination, the clowns of Shakespeare; and as Touchstone and Feste could not surpass her in exquisite fooling, so she was equally akin to the tragic tenderness of the fool in *Lear*. It needed all the gayety and all the trifling and all the mad songs to keep down the waves of sorrow that would surge upward in her spirit, and at times not all would do. 'If we can get our hearts "under," I don't have much to fear — I've got all but three feelings down, if I can only keep them!'

So, in the effort to explain or forget, she mocked at all the grave and busy problems of the world. Love? A divine, unrealizable dream, so tantalizing in its witchery that one could not but make a tender jest of it. Money? Possessions? Oh, the solid, evanescent things! The foundations of our souls rest on them, and they slip away and leave us weltering. We *must* make a jest of them, too. 'You know I should expire of mortification to have our rye-field mortgaged, to say nothing of its falling into the merciless hands of a loco!' And the busy people of the world, the grave, substantial, active, useful people. She is not useful, and she knows it and deplores it. Yet, deploring her own inactivity, she cannot go without her jest at the others. 'L—— goes to Sunderland, Wednesday, for a minute or two; leaves here at half-past six — what a fitting hour — and will breakfast the night before; such a smart atmosphere. The trees stand right up straight when they hear her boots, and will bear crockery wares instead of fruit, I fear.'

And again she sums up this mighty buzz and hum of the achieving world — or the world that dreams it is achieving — with the image of a circus, probably the most vivid form of vain activity that came under her touch. 'There is circus here, and farmers' Commencement, and boys and girls from Tripoli, and governors and swords parade the summer streets. They lean upon the fence that guards the quiet church ground, and jar the grass row warm and soft as a tropic nest.' Or a briefer word gives the same vast — to staid souls how horrifying — lesson to a child: 'I am glad it is your birthday. It is this little bouquet's birthday, too. Its Father is a very old man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw. Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had.'

And if she could mock the most serious things of this world, do not suppose that she had the slightest hesitation about mocking another. Eternity was so near her always that she treated it as familiarly as her brothers and sisters; and to pass through the wide-open door of death seemed far less of an adventure than to pass through the grim, closed front door into the streets of Amherst. Ill health, whether as the prelude to death or as the torment of life, she could touch lightly. In strangers she could trifle with it. 'Mrs. S—— is very feeble; "can't bear allopathic treatment, can't have homœopathic, don't want hydropathic"; oh, what a pickle she is in!' In her own family she takes it as easily: 'We are sick hardly ever at home, and don't know what to do when it comes — wrinkle our little brows, and stamp with our little feet, and our tiny souls get angry, and command it to go away.' When the blow struck herself, she may have writhed, but we have nothing to show it. There is the same mockery to wave it aside: 'My head aches a little, and my heart a little more, so, taking me *collectively*, I seem quite miserable, but I'll give you

the sunny corners, and you must n't look at the shade.'

Religion, formal religion, Sunday religion, the religion of staid worship and rockbound creeds, she takes as airily, with as astonishing whiffs of indifference, not to say irreverence. If a phrase of scripture, even the most sacred, fits a jest, she uses it. If a solemn piece of starched emptiness in the pulpit ruffles her nice and tender spirit, she does not hesitate to turn him into delicate and cutting ridicule. Faith, she says, oh, yes, faith, how august, how venerable! 'We dignify our faith when we can cross the ocean with it, though most prefer ships.' A revival comes to town. I have no doubt its deeper side stirred her whole soul. But this she cannot put into adequate speech, and instead, 'There is that which is called an "awakening" in the church, and I know of no choicer ecstasy than to see Mrs. —— roll out in crape every morning, I suppose to intimidate antichrist; at least it would have that effect on me.'

Even her most intimate friend, her comforter and consoler, her everlasting solace, God, is treated with such light ease as an intimate friend would be. We have seen that every morning her family prayed to an eclipse whom they called their Father. Elsewhere the tone is just the same. 'If prayers had any answers to them, you were all here tonight, but I seek and I don't find, and knock and it is not opened. Wonder if God is just — presume He is, however, and 't was only a blunder of Matthew's. And again, in apparently more solemn form, but really with daring like Omar Khayyam's, —

> 'Heavenly Father,' take to thee
> The supreme iniquity,
> Fashioned by thy candid hand
> In a moment contraband.
> Though to trust us seem to us
> More respectful — 'we are dust.'
> We apologize to thee
> For thine own duplicity.

I quote verse here to show that every phase of Emily's thought and character could be illustrated from her poems as well as from her letters. Criticism of the poems as such is not within the limits of my purpose. Yet even the most abstract literary criticism of a writer's works usually serves to give some clue to the writer's mind. And doubtless the puzzling incoherency and complexity of Emily's versicles, the wild vagary of her rhythm and rhyme, express the inner workings of her spirit, as Milton's majestic diction and movement imply the ample grandeur of his soul. Common words come from common lips and rare from rare, and if the rareness verges on oddity in utterance, there is oddity in the spirit, too. At any rate, it is indisputable that every trait I have been working out in Emily's letters could be found in the poems also, only more obscure, more veiled, more dubious, more mystical. The love of friends is there and the search for them and the hopeless impossibility of touching them. The longing for love is there, all its mystery, its ravishing revelations, and its burden. The intense joy of life is there, its vivid color, its movement, its sparkle, its merriment, its absurdity. There, too, is the turning away from it with vast relief to quiet, solitude, peace, eternity, and God.

It will be asked whether, in writing her swarms of little verses, Emily had any definite idea of literary ambition, of success and glory. Certainly she made no direct effort for anything of the kind. Only three or four poems were printed during her lifetime, and those with extreme reluctance on her part. Her verses were scattered through brief letters, tossed off with apparent indifference and evident disregard of finish. In the main, they must have been rather a form of intense, instinctive expression than a conscious attempt

to catch the thoughts and admiration of men. She herself says, 'When a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve.'

It is true that there are occasional intimations of literary interest. This is sometimes suggested in her intercourse with Colonel Higginson, though I cannot but feel that her correspondence with the good Colonel contains more attitude than her other letters, and she certainly played with him a little. Further, the verses which introduce the first published volume of her poems are definitely in the nature of an author's apology: —

> This is my letter to the world,
> That never wrote to me.

Nevertheless, we are safe in saying that few authors have left behind them permanent work with so little conscious preoccupation of authorship.

IV

And so we are brought back to her one great preoccupation with the inner life and God and eternity. For eternity rings through every thought of her, like a deep and solemn bell, monotonous, if its surface echoes were not broken into such a wild and varied music. Change? She appreciates change, no one more keenly, its glory and its horror. 'No part of mind is permanent. This startles the happy, but it assists the sad.' Rest? She appreciates rest, if in this world there were such a thing. Love 'makes but one mistake, it tells us it is "rest" — perhaps its toil is rest, but what we have not known we shall know again, that divine "again" for which we are all breathless.' Yet change and toil and love and agony, all she forgets in that divine permanence, from which her soul cannot escape and does not desire to.

> As all the heavens were a bell,
> And being but an ear,
> And I and silence some strange race,
> Wrecked, solitary, here.

Or again in prose, even more simple and overwhelming, 'I cannot tell how Eternity seems. It sweeps around me like a sea.'

Let no one say that this inner absorption, this dwelling with God and with that which abideth, is selfish. Many will say so. And what lives do they lead themselves? Lives of empty bustle, of greedy haste, of futile activity and eagerness. Lives no doubt also of wide benevolence and deep human sacrifice; but these are not the most ready to accuse others. And too often broad social contact and a constant movement out of doors are but symptoms of emptiness, of hatred of solitude, of an underlying fear of one's self, and of being left alone with God. Who shall say that such a quiet, self-contained, self-filling life as Emily Dickinson's, with its contagion of eternity spreading ineffably from soul to soul, is not in the end as useful for both example and accomplishment as the buzz existence of Frances Willard?

It is true that some who watched her thought her selfish in minor matters. She was exacting with her family, made hard demands, and expected to have them satisfied. But this was a detail. In her larger life she forgot self altogether, or rather, she made self as wide as heaven, till all loves and all hates and all men and all God were included in it. And note that she did not fly the world for her own purposes. She had no aim of long ambition to work out in solitude. She did not trouble with self-culture, did not buttress thought upon the vast security of books and learning, as did Mrs. Ripley. She just sat quiet, with the doors of her spirit open, and let God come to her. And even that celestial coming did not make her restless.

She had not Mary Lyon's longing to bring God to others. She did not share Frances Willard's passionate cry, 'Tell everyone to be good.' If God had desired men to be good, He would have made them so. If God's world needed mending, let Him mend it. She knew well enough that He could, if He wished. Why should she vex her soul with trifles? For to her was not the real unreal and the unreal real?

So I see her last as I saw her first, standing, all white, at her balcony window, ready to float downward on her unrolled carpet into the wide garden of the world, holding eternity clutched tight in one hand, and from the other dropping with idle grace those flowers — joys of life which the grosser herd of us run after so madly. And I hear her brothers, the clowns of Shakespeare, singing, —

> When that I was and a little, tiny boy,
> With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,
> A little thing was but a toy,
> For the rain it raineth every day.
>
> 'He that has and a little, tiny wit,
> With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,
> Must make content with his fortunes fit.
> For the rain it raineth every day.'

AN UNDERFED NURSLING

BY CHARLOTTE FITZHUGH MORRIS

I

It appears that Miss Wooding, my new room-mate in the New York Home for Self-Supporting Gentlewomen, has been doing something mysterious to gentlemen's neckties at a factory here, for forty years or so. I suppose that she has not always been in this particular place, but that she emigrated here from the South in some prehistoric period when any sort of migration would be less like the dead awakening.

I can speak of her but inadequately, feeling that the only form of expression which would be appropriate to her would be sentences trailing weakly off into the three dots which I have always claimed that only a slacker uses. Everything about her is inadequate. There is not enough of her in any respect. Her black skirt is scant, and her white waist, pulled down tight, reveals no normal curve of the bosom. She looks as if as an infant she had not had enough milk, and as if, ever since, she had not had enough leisure or money or food or clothing or recreation.

At present, the rest of the self-supporting gentlewomen are trying to convey to me by that prudent adroitness of non-committal speech in which these girls are proficient, that my room-mate is mentally affected. 'She has n't quite all that's coming to her,' said one; which kindly euphemism expresses Miss Wooding with a painful literalness, so it seems to me. Her scantiness has a somewhat childlike appeal; and yet all the child that one can see in her is like a flower 'pressed flat between the pages of a book.' She reminded me the first instant I saw her of the smallest thing I have ever seen in my life, the thing that first made vivid to me, in its beautiful concreteness, Plato's idea of

smallness — a boy covered from head to foot with the light, lamb-like fuzz of the cotton mills, whose small form, in sharp relief against the many-windowed, sunlit wall of a huge factory, offered the inadequate argument of its twelve-year-old speck of personality against that age-old bulk of matter looming up behind him.

Her daily existence is meagre, too, and unvaried, as if there were not enough life going on in her to make growth possible. She is an expression of immortality in which one feels he has to believe, not because the overflowing fullness of life seems so impossibly remote from exhaustion, but because the cup could never in the world be emptied by such a scanty sipping.

I have always had the haziest idea of factory women, as young and rather hard females with plastered hair and a rouge-pot — just as immigrants have always appeared in my muddled consciousness as swarthy fellows with red kerchiefs. But now, as the sharp silhouettes of the city and the hard ring of its pavements are administering a swift cure to my erstwhile bucolic, meandering way of thinking in general, so Miss Wooding, in our illuminating intimacy as room-mates, is demonstrating for me the superficiality of certain specific conceptions.

'Miss Wooding,' I said one evening, 'do you know how I feel since I have been living here? I feel just as if my brain had a lot of little facts all running around loose in it that I had never really *cared* for — just as if my mind were an orphan asylum. It drives me crazy.'

'It must give you the headache,' replied my room-mate. 'I never get a headache. It is nice and light at the factory and the air is good. You did n't mean *I* gave you a headache, did you, Miss Morris?'

'Indeed I did n't. You give me something that I know is good. It's not your fault; but my brain is not only like an uncared-for orphanage, but like an orphanage that the Germans have dropped a bomb into.'

'That must be *terrible*,' said Miss Wooding sympathetically. 'But I guess you're like me. You can't afford to call in a doctor for anything. I had one once, and it cost me two dollars. I guess it was worth it, though, because I've never had to have one since.'

'Well,' I continued, while she watched me undress with the same mild interest with which she read war-news, 'at last I am seized with a maternal desire to mother these young orphans, to feel their pressure against me, to turn my mental asylum into a home. What would you suggest doing?'

Miss Wooding answered immediately with the gentle astuteness of simplicity: —

'I wish you'd work in a factory as I do, Miss Morris. It is *very* easy. I work all day and I sleep so well. You are very restless.'

'That's a great idea of yours, Miss Wooding. I don't sleep well. Perhaps I need the same insidious anæsthetic of monotony that is your lullaby.'

'Miss Morris,' she said, after a long pause, 'if you need anything I can give you, I'll be so glad. You are so kind, always giving me pins. Is n't it strange I never could keep pins? And it was kind of you to give me those chocolate creams, since we have n't had any sugar on account of the war.'

Miss Wooding had a characteristic liking for these childish sweets, which was in keeping with Lamb's conviction that all innocent-minded people liked apple-dumplings.

She kept rocking a little harder as I took up a book. I could feel her eyes fixed upon my back in quiet, patient anxiety, and I knew she was wrestling with the eternal question, between

room-mates, of bedtime. Presently she discovered that if she talked to me I could not get lost in the book, and there would not be that nerve-racking anxiety about the light.

'Miss Morris,' she said apologetically.

'Yes, Miss Wooding?'

'Here's an advertisement in the paper that says, "Young man, what do *you* do with your spare time?" I was just thinking. Of course, I'm no young man' (she smiled disparagingly at her flippancy), 'but I never had any spare time, especially when I was young. I always sit around a little after supper and then go to bed because I have to get up so early. Would you like to go to bed early to-night?' she added as on a sudden inspiration; 'but of course if you want to keep the light on, I don't mind at all.'

'I'd as soon hang myself on it as keep it on when you are ready for bed,' I assured her.

To which she replied, 'Don't try; you might succeed.'

II

A few days later, I found Miss Wooding rocking in her small chair, in what was, for her, considerable agitation.

'Why are you home so early?' I inquired, finding that she was non-communicative.

'I am not to go to the factory any more. That rich lady I told you about is going to take care of me.'

'That is very nice, is n't it?' I said. 'You won't have to work any more.'

'Yes,' she answered doubtfully. 'But, do you know,' she added, with her little confiding smile, 'I *always* just before supper wash out my white silk gloves, and I don't know just what to do now because I won't need them to-morrow morning. So I'm reading the paper now, which I always read *after* supper, and after supper I won't know what to do, and all day to-morrow when everyone else goes to work. It will be very dreary. I like to go to the factory. I've got so used to it. But she would think me ungrateful if I kept on, would n't she?' she asked appealingly.

'Yes, I'm afraid she would n't understand. She thinks it will be so nice for you to rest after all these years of work.'

'A long time ago I would have liked it. I remember I wanted to play long ago, but I was so tired when I went to bed. But it sounds silly now wanting to play, and I hope you will excuse me for saying it.'

'It sounds frightfully sentimental,' I said with a smile; 'I'm surprised at you.'

'Yes, does n't it?' she said vaguely. 'Anyway, it's different now.'

After a little silence I suggested that she write a note of thanks to the lady.

'That's right, so I must!' she exclaimed with deep relief. '*Now* I know what to do after supper.' And she turned to the paper.

If one knows just before supper what one must do after supper, that is all that is necessary when one has lived, since a childhood deprived of play, in a little unilluminated corner of habit. My mind dwelt on that uneasy period of her youth, to which she had alluded, which had been, at last, so effectually quieted. She had said to me once, 'You think a great deal, don't you, Miss Morris?' and had added apologetically, 'I used to plan every night to do a little thinking before I went to bed; but do you know,' — and with that she had smiled in her little confiding way, — 'I have *always* gone right to sleep, so I've never done it yet. But I always plan to do it.'

She had indeed had time to sleep. There was nothing cruel, startling. Only, I felt my mind and heart leap up

and accuse me because that other mind and heart had been betrayed by an imperceptibly gradual starvation more insidiously evil than any spectacular injustice, which at least carries with itself the saving grace of an incentive to retaliation. It was not Miss Wooding's fault that she had begun to work so early, but where was her champion when, defenseless, gentle, impressionable, easily moulded, she had gone on and on, slipping little by little into the tragedy of purely mechanical usefulness, her whole life oiled for her into this ghastly soporific smoothness?

The next morning, in obedience to Miss Wooding's suggestion, I went to the date-factory which I had picked out at random from the advertisements in the papers. I gave my name as Wooding, projecting myself back into her youth. I felt alert, energetic, ambitious. My one idea was to become a good date-packer. In fifteen minutes I was a good date-packer; in half an hour I was a perfect date-packer. 'Just to think,' I said to myself. 'My one ideal has been attained in thirty minutes.' I looked around at the other girls fastidiously picking out the good dates and eating them, an eye on the foreman's door, while they deftly packed the bad ones.

Presently, even on this first day, ardor fell from me. I could already do as well as possible the one thing which, presumably, I was to do for weeks and months. The mechanical perfection of the hand left the mind empty, and, like a hungry hawk, it seized on Bessie or Jennie and devoured her poor pitiful little morsel of personality at a gulp. They were not going to school, were twelve and thirteen (they said), chattering revealingly, and although innocent of the feel of dirt, perhaps, yet preferring it, like sparrows chirping in a gutter.

A more sturdy and resistant person than most of these children and the child Miss Wooding had been, would pull out of the rut in time; but there is a certain docility in many uneducated minds, a lack of virility and an uneasy need for leadership which has to pay the debt of lifelong dependence on its leader. One persists in thinking of other possible moulds in which the clay might have been cast.

Factory-work made me sleep so well that one morning I overslept and stayed at home, rejoicing.

'Every day is just like Sunday now,' remarked Miss Wooding; and added after a helpless pause, 'I never *did* care for Sunday. The Lord's day, some call it, but if you will excuse me for saying so, Miss Morris, the Lord is welcome to it.'

'You might go to the moving pictures to-day,' I suggested amiably, eating a chocolate cream for breakfast.

'I'd so much rather go to the factory. It's nearer and does n't cost anything.'

'Does n't cost anything?' I repeated. 'Well, I'll tell you the story of a white bear I was reading about up in the library. The bear lies down and lets the snow cover her and sleeps all winter buried, her warm breath making a little tunnel up through the snow for just enough air to keep life in her. She lies like the dead, but at the end of the winter snows, she digs herself out and comes forth to greet a new spring with a new cub at her side.'

'Suppose the snow got so deep the bear could n't get out with the cub. Would n't it be dreadful?' said my room-mate.

'Yes, it certainly would. Not only would she die, but the little scarcely born cub would perish before anyone had ever seen him. But I guess a bear always digs herself out. There are some people, though, who have had a longer hibernation than the bear's and their

atmosphere has had scarcely that little tunnel into the upper air for invigoration, and the snow keeps wrapping them up silently, flake by flake, and whatever they might have brought forth as a contribution to the race is smothered with them. That is sadder still.'

'I never did see why people would go wandering off hunting for the Pole, though. But it's too bad they get killed,' she said, with the easy sympathy one feels for whatever is remote from one's own interests.

'Yes, it is — for who can say that a thousand boxes of dates packed by the deft human hands compensate for the one flash of thought that might have been produced in the reasonable leisure of an educated mind? You don't mind my becoming rhetorical, do you, Miss Wooding?'

'You know that I love to hear you talk, Miss Morris. I've often said so. Perhaps if I had been to school more and read as you do, I might know more what the words you use mean — but you spoke beautifully about the bear,' she hastened to add apologetically. 'What else did you read about?'

'I did n't read any more. I looked at a parade on the Avenue. I thought of the stars on some of those brave service-flags which, I know, meant not only that a man had gone to war but that a child is taking his place. The bright twinkling of such stars hurts my eyes — unspeakably.'

'It's good you came home. And you had n't locked your closet-door and your clothes might have been stolen. You ought to get into the habit of locking it. There was a girl here once that never locked hers because she said locking it would make her feel as if there was something valuable inside, and then when she went to open it, she'd be disappointed. And her rubbers were stolen. Was n't she foolish?'

The time was approaching when there would be the vacancy in the Old Ladies' Home which Miss Wooding was to fill. She was very restless and unhappy in a tentative sort of way, as if no one had told her to be unhappy and so she could n't be. But now, all of a sudden, the depressed, but obedient, expression she had worn so habitually during the painful tedium of her holiday had disappeared. Moreover, she was washing her gloves with the most astounding enthusiasm. As she walked across the floor to hang them at the window, she left wet footprints.

'Good gracious, Miss Wooding, take those wet shoes off,' I commanded sternly.

'Oh, I *never* take them off till I go to bed,' she said, as if my request were both unreasonable and immodest; 'my feet are so nice and warm. I won't catch cold.'

'I hope you are a Christian Scientist,' I said.

'Well,' she remarked reasonably, 'you've *got* to be a Christian anyway or you can't live here. It's a home for Christian gentlewomen.'

'I never heard such sensible theology in all my life — simple, practical —'

'Miss Morris, excuse me for interrupting you, but what do you think? One of the women from the factory came to see me to-day. We had such a nice talk. She was telling me about everything at the factory. There 's a girl named Minnie, that used to sit next to me, put all her last week's pay in a hat and it blew off as she came over in the ferry. Was n't that too bad? She 's going to do overtime until she 's caught up.' She hesitated a little. 'My friend said that they'd take me on again even though I've been away so long. They are very kind that way. So I went up to see about it. That 's how I got my feet wet.'

'What would the lady say who took you out?'

'I don't know, I'm sure.' She turned wearily, and sitting down in the small chair, began to rock nervously. 'The days are so long,' she said, with a pitiful little puzzled frown between her eyes. 'I wish everything was like it used to be.'

I stood at the window and watched the rain beating down. I could see a sycamore tree, its wet bark beautifully green and olive and black, its little balls dancing in the fresh fragrant downpour.

'If you'd like to go back, Miss Wooding, I'll see the lady about it for you. I'm sure she will understand. Don't worry any more about it. And for heaven's sake, change your shoes.'

'I haven't any others, so I can't change them, can I?' she said.

'You've worked like a slave for forty years. You ought to have a dozen pairs of shoes,' I retorted.

The lady thought it was extraordinary that Miss Wooding should want to go back to the factory.

'And Miss Wooding has never seemed extraordinary to me before. You know, in her little tight clothes, she always made me think of those little cheap dolls one sees on a bargain table at Christmas-time. I've known her many years and she has always seemed just the same.'

'Then how can you hope to change her now? How should she know how to enjoy leisure, to spend her old age sitting peacefully in a garden with the sun on her back? Her need for you was forty years ago; it was fifty years ago, when she was a baby.'

'I cannot think of her as a baby.'

'No, it is difficult. But once I saw a woman, as she was running across the street from the factory to nurse her baby, start to unfasten her dress as she ran. She was taking time off and her pay was being docked. Perhaps that was Miss Wooding's babyhood.'

'It sounds — meagre.'

I stood looking at Miss Wooding as she lay so profoundly asleep after her day's work. Her old-fashioned, high-necked nightgown made her look child-like in spite of the gray hair and barren lines of her small form. My hand dropped upon her scant black skirt carefully folded on the chair at her bedside, and my helpless fingers seemed to grasp the forlorn, inglorious trouble that lay in its weaving. Anyway, I was glad that my room-mate was sleeping so soundly, as if lulled by some little monotonous tune. What was it? Yes —

> . . . the tune all our sheep know, as one after one,
> So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.

THE WISH

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I WISH I had a dream that would go out to service;
All my dreams sit forever at ease in my heart;
They speak without ceasing of you,
But never a one stirs herself
To make you a fire, my darling,
For all you are cold;
To spread you a bed, my darling,
For all you would sleep;
To dip you a crust in a little sour wine,
For all that you hang, my darling,
On the cross of our darkened day.

FAMILY FINANCES OF THE YOUNG PROFESSOR

BY THE PROFESSOR

IN the language of the full professors of our university, I am still 'one of the younger men.' This means that to a mathematical nicety they can calculate my remaining years of apprenticeship. I am classed accordingly by some as deserving a mathematical nicety of indifference. About all that, however, I am cheerful, for the caste distinctions of faculty groups are not troublesome if one has any sense of humor. The present story deals only with the income of these university teachers, and particularly of those still under thirty-five years of age. Obviously, I am among that number.

Like our older professors, I myself have tried some mathematical niceties. These have to do, not with the social rating of others, but with my income and expenditure during four years of university living. Possibly I am more methodical than most of my kind; at any rate, all the amounts are to be found entered in a red-covered notebook. These I shall now display as con-

crete proof of certain peculiar circumstances in the economic situation of the younger men in our college and university faculties.

Particularly those rated as instructors are concerned with the situation about to be described. In their case, university living has always meant continual public appearance in the classroom and attendance at receptions and teas as their social-political meeting-ground, while they and their wives live on salaries now paid good clerks or war-time stenographers. They have lived in the Land of Make-Believe so long that they are adepts in all the devices attributed to frontier preachers. War conditions, however, have destroyed the popular delusion by making such pretenses to well-being impossible for even the cleverest. Now, therefore, our American writers and publicists are discussing what is to be done, laboriously, it seems to us, surely with too much acidity in their defenses of both employers and employed. An accurate set of accounts covering the four hard years of faculty service will give better ground for sane judgment than the vague vaporings now current regarding professorial poverty.

But these are general statements, not facts. To begin, then, with the first incident in my accounting story, I must go back to the days of my study for a doctor's degree. In plain English, this means three years of incessant grind, a finished book, and three hours of oral examination under the eyes of twelve professors in various states of friendliness. That labor ended, you have passed the first barrier to university advancement. It is perfectly understood in American educational centres that no man becomes a professor of any grade until he has won a doctorate of philosophy. That is nowadays a first principle. Quite proper, to be sure, that it should be so, for nothing else protects higher education from clever charlatans full of good words and slight knowledge — unless it be uncommonly acute departmental heads. I willingly paid the price of future safety in my profession by completing this necessary task. Having finished it at the age of thirty, I found that I had spent $3500 in cash on my graduate training, and six years of my life — three of the six in saving funds to meet part of the cost.

Thus far, you may say, my experience was very much that of any young lawyer or doctor who must earn his way through professional school. True, except in one respect. Slight mischances at the finish may upset all calculations of the scholar, rarely so of a doctor or lawyer. For example, some other scholar, working like yourself in secret in order to protect his investigation, may publish his results first and render your work valueless. On account of such disabilities only a venturesome scholar marries until he has the degree. His future during those years of research study is far too uncertain for him to bear the added responsibility of a wife and family.

Having my doctor's degree, at the age of thirty I became an instructor. With the courage born of eight years' waiting, we two were married that same month, four years ago, when I began receiving the annual salary of fourteen hundred dollars. Consideration for my teaching experience saved me a year at the lowest grade, two hundred dollars further down the scale. That fourteen hundred dollars was to be my first income after freeing myself from debt for my education, and I vowed to keep clear.

From this point let us deal in plain figures. Nothing else can make the situation so clear to others, for we all estimate another's lot by comparing it with our own. Since we lived of necessity in a good community, our rent was forty

dollars a month, a total of four hundred and eighty dollars a year. This was over a third of our income. Bad business, we both knew; so we put down this necessity as our only 'extravagance' and set out to economize everywhere else. For the time being we ignored all budget systems as utterly inadequate to meet such a situation; nine hundred and twenty dollars could never be parceled out to cover new books, home furnishings, and necessary utensils, and that list known to bookkeeping as 'incidentals.' I know now that we both vowed silently to dig up our money-making powers of every conceivable sort.

I began immediately to tutor a stale-minded youth who needed three more credits for admission to his college. After getting my usual four dollars for two hours the first week, I revolted absolutely and resolved to find a less enervating way of earning my extra money. Forcing facts into a boy who knows that you will compel him to pass his examination, provided he pays enough, simply to preserve your own record as a successful tutor! There is no heavier burden laid upon the pedagogue's spirit. Thank Jove and the twelve Graces, I threw it off for good and all!

That first year it was not my ingenuity that saved us; it was my wife's. Within twelve months she earned two hundred and forty-five dollars by reading manuscript. During her first years out of college she had learned how to do such work, and, luckily, was able to pick it up again with the same publishers. At the close of the year all of that money was invested in a single venture — a son. Whatever may have been my regret because that particular money was the only sum at hand just then, it was lost in our great happiness. Meanwhile, I had written enough thrilling love-stories to bring in eighty-four dollars above the cost of stamps. These were published anonymously, as being quite beneath the dignity of my profession.

We had finished our first year free of debt, with thirty dollars left. Our total income, counting that last four dollars for tutoring, had amounted to seventeen hundred and thirty-three dollars. Eighty per cent came as salary from the university, twenty per cent from outside sources. We had been able to buy such household necessities as our friends had failed to include among their wedding-gifts. The less said about our ingenious devices in the matter of clothes the better. At least, we were well and completely happy; no matter then if we were only even up financially and worse off sartorially by a year's wear.

The second year, we foresaw, was to have novel expenses and likewise many that could not be anticipated. Had we forgotten, our young son would have reminded us at once. That year we followed the same programme of professional and unacademic work, but with greater variations. For instance, I found an opening to teach all summer and so earned an extra four hundred. The love-stories were worth ninety-six dollars that year. Some extension lectures — so called because you do them outside of lecture halls and usually at the end of a fifty-mile journey — these brought in four hundred and twenty-one more. Most marvelous of all, some copies of my doctor's thesis were sold and brought in twenty dollars. Manuscript reading netted a total of a hundred and three dollars, even though my wife had the care of our son added to her household duties of the preceding year. The usual salary increase gave me sixteen hundred dollars from the university, so that our entire income amounted to twenty-six hundred and forty dollars.

That was quite a respectable sum, we thought; and it was, by comparison with what many of our friends were getting. Our house rent had increased a bit; we had cared for our boy, and we had rejuvenated our wardrobes by several additions. With all this we managed to corral a sum of two hundred and twenty-eight dollars for our savings account. To get this favorable balance we had worked constantly. By that I mean, in my own case, every evening of every week-day and every Sunday morning, with the exception of an occasional evening off for a lecture or reception. Our leisure evenings of the first year had disappeared, and so had much of our social life. My university salary, I felt, was less deservedly mine that year, for the constant attention to outside engagements had drawn my strength and interest from the work of my classes. Incidentally, I had given up completely all research work in my special field of investigation. Again, though, we had made the round of months successfully. We were as happy and cheerful as ever, even though night-work without a stop had made me feel considerably older. If either of us was discouraged at the heavy burden of routine, there was no confessing it to the other.

The third year came on with a rush. My old engagements for extension teaching were open, there were more manuscripts than ever before for my wife, and I was starting work on a text-book that was to be an enduring source of income. Only the love-stories of past years went by the board — like tutoring, I hope, never to rise again. By using every other method named above, and using them more skilfully, we increased our outside income for that third year to the sum of two thousand and fifty-nine dollars. This exceeded our best hopes by a great deal; even though we had kept accounts as usual, the totals were most impressive We were struck with the fact that we had earned more than my university salary through outside service of various sorts. That year my university salary was eighteen hundred dollars, whereas our other income amounted to two thousand and fifty-nine! The question arose in my mind as to my university obligations. For at least nine months of the year my classes and research work deserved all my energy, according to the terms of my contract; yet here I was making my true profession merely an aid to larger returns from other sources. That year was both a success and a source of spiritual disturbance.

Here appears one of the temptations of university life entirely unknown in ordinary commercial affairs. What young business man tops his weekly salary check with a larger one from outside? Probably very few. During three years our income from other channels than my true profession had risen in proportion from twenty per cent of the total to forty per cent, and at last to sixty-four! My teaching and study seemed to me less fruitful than in the other years; yet we had seven hundred dollars more for the savings account — money that seemed mine, in some sense, at the cost of the university. At least, I was in the incongruous situation of prospering because I had neglected my obligations for the sake of selfish ends, meanwhile being promoted as if in reward for good service.

As for the fourth year, there the war and all its changes got in their work. I was unable to resist longer the direct asking of friends that I use my scientific knowledge for the good of our country. The coming of our second child a few months before fall deterred me only a little; then I was off to what seemed my place in a government office and laboratory. My wife, with the heavier

burden, stayed on in our new apartment, at last having a maid to help with the two children. We could afford to spend the money from my captain's pay, for at last we knew exactly what income we should find ready on the first day of every month. The fourth year was so exceptional in many ways that its finances have no place in this story. Uniforms, trips home, illness, and two places of residence instead of one have used up all my pay month by month.

Now, as I look ahead to next fall and a return to the university way of living, I can take stock of my past years with a good deal of understanding. My experience was typical of much that my young colleagues endured during those same years, though few had such financial success. Some added four hundred dollars yearly to their incomes through such extension of summer work as has been described, and a goodly number are still single men waiting to summon courage and cash in suitable amount. Putting it concretely, I was forced out of my true profession into all sorts of odd jobs because I chose to be married and have a family without waiting for a place of security in the academic scale. That my wife's ability made the family fortunes somewhat better was a matter of good fortune that does not alter the general principles affecting the situation. The fact is that to-day both the young professor and his university suffer immensely by the haphazard system controlling those fateful years immediately after the doctor of philosophy becomes an instructor.

And now, ignoring much of the weariness undergone to reach the close of every twelvemonth free from debt, I feel most regretful over the failure to grow in my true profession through the pressure of that necessary hack-work. My teaching was commonplace instead of vigorous and inspiring; I produced no articles from my masses of material stored up during graduate years; I planned no new courses, outlined no new fields of mental interest. All that was to have been my true business in the university was shelved. Meanwhile, the university had advanced me automatically year by year in salary, and, at length, to my rank of assistant professor; from this point, however, I know well enough that the method of promotion is to be more exacting, more analytical of what I produce. I have had my three years of preliminary tryout with very little regard being given to me. Would that they had been free from financial experimentation, so that I might have shown my ability at once.

Yet I am not among those who feel that our universities should favor their new men with considerably larger salaries as the only remedy needed. Shorter hours and more pay have been the unintelligent outcry of too many uninstructed human beings, with the idea that private welfare means making the other party to the contract give more freely. After all is said in the matter, the university is as great a loser as the man. She gets poor return for her investment, and, worse still, demoralizes the very men who in years to come must be her leaders. Without some supervision they will either dissipate their energies in outside employment or will limit their scheme of life to the narrow possibilities of present conditions. The failure of the university has come through such methodical, undiscriminating advancement as has been described, through the regular giving of two hundred or a hundred dollars more yearly to the beginner until he has reached his professorial majority. There must be more rapid advancement for the deserving and discharge for the lazy incompetents — in short, we must have intelligent supervision.

Other help for the young professor

could well be found in tests of our current sociological theories. Universities might properly go in for experimental housing and for supervision of community living, with its younger men as the beneficiaries. Such paternalism would not be resented; rather it would create a loyalty to an institution such as the profit-sharing workman feels toward his own industry. These are only suggestions as to method. The great principle is that the universities must assume a social responsibility if they are to protect their younger men from self-destruction and themselves from both dry-rot and desertion.

That last word, so ominous when used during war-time, is equally so in present talk regarding the young professor. College and university teachers are deserting our institutions of learning for more profitable commercial employments. Take, for example, the chemist who has proved in war-work his theories regarding the manufacture of artificial rubber, dye-stuffs, or commercial chemicals. He will leave his place as professor of chemistry at three thousand dollars a year when offered a business connection at ten thousand. Many men have already made such changes, and the temptation is still before the others. Not long ago, a war-time acquaintance met me at luncheon. As casually as though ordering a lamb chop this man offered me a five-thousand-dollar place with his manufacturing firm. When I declined, with unchanged manner he said, 'Well, let me know whenever you get the notion to come along.'

His remark showed that he expected the change to come, sooner or later. Evidently his calculations were based on experience with my kind during these past months of academic disturbance, when literally thousands of scientific students have assisted the best men from our universities in making practical application of their abstract knowledge. The manufacturers have discovered the scholar, and the scholar has been shown new visions of comfortable living.

But in my case my friend was wrong. I am going back. I began teaching from love of the work; I likewise see better things ahead for the university and college teachers of our country. Industry will keep in touch with laboratory theorists for its own advantage, and also will give us profitable summer employment. In this the universities will find cause to bind their men to greater loyalty through better salaries and some supervision of their welfare. Men in the liberal-arts division should share fully in such readjustment, for they are far more dependent upon their university salaries than the men in science. It is fair to assert as a prophecy, not as a warning, that the universities of America must give proper aid to their younger men without delay if they would avoid demoralization of instruction and research. To neglect this need will bring upon them a programme of slow reconstruction by way of training new men and reëmploying at attractive salaries such as have deserted to industry. At last outside interests are bidding openly for all, not part, of the time of university teachers. It behooves the university to share with the professor and the business man their keen interest in the outcome.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DINES IN PUBLIC

[*These letters, describing so vividly certain phases of the ceremonial of the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, come to the Atlantic, curiously enough, from the antipodes. A correspondent,* Miss Edith Hodgkinson, *in Dunedin, New Zealand, writes that she found them in a copying-book, with a journal of a tour made in 1836 by the copyist, — Mrs. Steward, — our correspondent's great-aunt, who copied them from the originals, described as 'Letters from the Continent written by my valued friend Mrs. Jackson to her sister Miss Teviot, in the year 1787.' —* The Editors.]

It is with pleasure my dear Sister I inform you of our safe arrival in London. I have so often given you an account of the principal places between this and Berwick, that I do not mean to say a word about them, especially as I expect so soon to have it in my power to give you a description of another Kingdom, for our journey to France is absolutely fixed, and we purpose setting off the 1st of August.

Our party in the coach is to be Mr. Wilkinson, his two daughters, Mr. Clarke and myself; we are to have a servant to attend us on Horseback. I went yesterday to see the Coach, which is very handsome, and so large and commodious for travelling, that with the Imperial and the two trunks we might carry clothes for a twelvemonth; however we do not intend to take more than each a Great Coat to travel in, a dress one for walking in, and a Gown and Petticoat to wear at Public places, which with a proper quantity of linen we think will be sufficient.

Spa, *August.*

We drove to Le Cours de Londres, and got there at 2 o'clock; it is reckoned the best hotel in Spa, but by no means answered my expectations, for the rooms are very small and the furniture shabby. There is no ordinaire, so we desired them to get us Dinner as fast as they could, for we determined to go to the Ball as soon as we had done, and it begins very early. We sent for a milliner who soon made her appearance very well loaded, and we got some pretty looking Caps with crimped ribbon. The Friseur made us pay six Lions a piece for Dressing our heads but very indifferently, however he told us a great deal of News, which I suppose he thought it right we should pay for. At six we set off for the Ball, the Rooms are very elegant and the best lighted of any I ever saw, there are a great many Chandeliers, and the dome is so contrived that there are lamps all around it. The Card room serves for Theatre by means of a Floor that moves out and in of the Pit. The Company is really brilliant, you are quite dazzled with Stars, there were five Princes, the two Princes of Montmorency, Prince and Princess of Sens, Prince and Princess of Hesse, and another whose name I have forgot, who is with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The variety of dresses looked pretty, they were mostly Jackets of one Sort, and Petticoats of another, the Hats with wonderful high Crowns, and an immense quantity of crimped ribbon. The Duchess of Orleans is, I suppose, five or six and thirty, rather a fine woman, a good height, and large commanding features, but painted too much to be of the least advantage to her appearance. Her dress was a worked Lawn Pierrot, a small Hat

with a very high Crown, and a prodigious quantity of Red ribbon and black Cock Feathers stuck in it — the Gentlemen I thought in general very genteel, but the Ladies (to an English eye at least) sadly disfigured with rouge. I never saw dancing in such perfection and whenever the graces are mentioned, it will recall the elegancies of the Spa Cotillions to my remembrance.

I had a great deal of conversation with a very pleasant French woman, she began by admiring my Gown, and I found her very agreeably communicative. She told me great part of the Company and many of the Customs of the place, one thing she mentioned (was) that the Princess of Sens and the Duchess of Orleans had differed about precedence and they gave suppers at each other every night in the Ball room. We waited to see the Tables set out, and I think the Princess's Company was the most select, for the Duke had really introduced some English people to the Duchess, who were not very creditable acquaintance.

PARIS, *August* 26th.

We are just returned from Versailles and I think this has been as entertaining a day as any we have had. But I assure you my Pen cannot do it Justice, nor do I think any description upon Paper can convey an idea of this Fairy Land, which comes nearer to the accounts we read in the Arabian Nights entertainments than to any thing I ever saw before, the Labyrinth of Apartments, Gilding, Statues, Paintings &c., which are in the Palace I will not pretend to describe, and shall only mention the things that most struck me and the odd circumstances we met with in this curious excursion. We set off before nine o'clock, and were so fortunate as to have very favourable weather. We went in our London coach with four Horses. The distance is 12 miles, road excellent and we passed a number of Gentlemen's Houses. There are three noble avenues which lead to the Palace, the middle one is fifty yards wide and those on each side twenty. They made the approach look very grand indeed and the number of carriages that are going backward and forward enliven the scene.

Versailles stands on an artificial eminence in the midst of a Valley. We stopped at an Iron Gate adorned with Trophies; here we left the Carriage and walked across a large Parade, at the end of which we ascended some steps and got into a Court paved with Black and White Marble. One of the guards came to us and offered to be our guide. He told us we had better not go upstairs till after the King went to Mass, but he would shew us the Opera House, which was well worth seeing and close to where we were.

We then sent Clairmont to order Dinner for us at the Hotel Monsieur Touillée had recommended and followed our Conductor to the Theatre. It is not large but beautifully decorated and the gilding and Chandeliers make it showy; it is only made use of when any Foreign Princes visit the Court and the King orders an opera to be performed in compliment to them. The Guard told us there had not been one for three years, but everything is kept in such order that you would imagine it was made use of every week.

As we had still near an hour before Mass we went into the Gardens; they are most strikingly beautiful indeed, laid out in a very different manner from any I ever saw before. The Palace fronts this way and is seen to great advantage, and the Statues, Fountains, stately Trees and spacious walks give this place quite the appearance of enchantment. All the Steps that lead to the different parts of these Gardens are of beautiful Marble, and many of them

5 yards wide. It is impossible to convey the least idea of this Fairy Land, and while the eye is charmed with a view so delightful the Ear is pleased with the warbling of the Birds, the murmur of the Cascades, and the sound which proceeds from the Marble and Copper Statues that spout up Water in different forms, which falls into Marble Basins of exquisite workmanship.

I was so enchanted with the Scene that I felt a degree of concern when the Guard told us the King was going to Mass. He led us into a large Gallery in which were several people waiting to see him pass. It is incredible the State and Pageantry of the French Court, the guards who walk before make a most splendid appearance, they are tall handsome men above six feet high, and are dressed in Gold and Blue Embroidery, their Caps are so loaded with ornaments that I wonder they can bear the weight. As soon as his Majesty passed we went to the Chapel which is extremely handsome. The Guard got us a place in the gallery where we had a full view of the whole Church as well as of his Majesty. The Altar is of the finest Marble and the King's Gallery faces it. All his Cushions are Crimson Velvet trimmed with deep Gold Fringe. He knelt in the middle and Monsieur[1] was on one side and the Count d'Artois[2] on the other. The gallery where we were runs all around the Chapel, and is ten feet wide. It is paved with Black and White Marble, and supported by sixteen Pillars of the Corinthian Order.

I can give but little account of the Prayers; as soon as his Majesty entered the Music (of which there was a considerable band consisting of Fiddles, Hautboys, Bass Viols, etc.) began to play; this continued for about ten minutes, and then the Guard came and ordered us all to kneel. As soon as the whole congregation were on their knees the Priest said a short Prayer in Latin, and when he had done the Music began again and we thought we might rise, for the Marble was rather uneasy and except in the Royal Pew there were no cushions for any body. However we had only made a little move to get up, when the Guards came and ordered us down again, and one of them stood with his Bayonet over us during the rest of the service. I took a little peep now and then at the King to see if he was very devout, but he looked quite unconcerned and kept playing time on the Cushion to the Music.

The whole was over in about half an hour and our Guide came and conducted us back to the gallery, where we saw the King return in the same state, and soon after the Queen passed to Mass attended by two Duchesses. Her Guards are as handsome and are dressed as splendid as his Majesty's, but her Livery is Blue and Silver with Scarlet Silk Stockings, Waistcoats and Breeches. She is a fine-looking woman, but so painted, as well as the Ladies of her Court, that I absolutely started when they entered the gallery; the White is laid on quite thick, and the Red is splashed on it, without the least imitation of nature, and except at a Puppet Show, I never saw any thing like it in England; nevertheless she is so stately and elegant that she looks like a Queen. The Guards walked before her, the Duchesses on each side, and she had two beautiful little Pages who held up her train.

We were obliged to leave the Gardens sooner than we wished, for our Guide told us the Queen's Mass was nearly finished, and as we intended seeing the Royal pair at Dinner we had better be in the Palace in time. We had not been more than a few minutes

[1] The King's brother, afterward Louis XVIII.
[2] The King's second brother, afterward Charles X.

in the Gallery, when her Majesty and the Duchesses returned. Our Guard told us he was sorry to say our Gentlemen could not be admitted to see their Majesties at Dinner as they had neither Bags nor Swords on; they also had Capes to their Coats, which was considered quite an undress.

While we were canvassing this matter at the end of the Gallery, we were struck all at once with the Sound of an English Tongue, and turning immediately to see where it came from, we saw an Old Gentleman sitting on one of the Benches and two Ladies standing by him, who seemed to be disputing whether they should come to us or not. We heard one of them say, 'I tell you Sister I will go, I know they come from dear England and will be kind enough to let us join them.' She immediately broke away from them and came running up to us. 'Gentlemen and Ladies I beg your pardon, but we really are in sad distress; I am sure I wish I had never seen Paris, for we have been in a Peck of troubles ever since we got our Feet on this nasty French Ground; for my part I have done nothing but cry, for I can neither get a thing I can eat, nor a creature to speak to. I come from Newcastle, my Father was twice Mayor of that Town, and we had very pretty Fortunes; that is Mr. White my Husband, and that Lady is my Sister.'

The poor Woman's Eyes were quite swelled with weeping, and the Sister, whose appearance was much more in her favour, was moving slowly towards us. I went forward to meet her and said I was sorry their Jaunt had been so unpleasant. She replied they had only themselves to blame, for that Mr. White was in an indifferent state of health and ordered to Margate to Bathe, that they were walking by the Seaside when the Vessel was getting ready to Sail for Calais, and Mrs. White said the day was so inviting she should like to go in it, and she believed the Voyage would do Mr. White as much good as Sea Bathing. He laughed and told her if they could pack up their Clothes in time he was willing to try, and in this unthinking manner they had set off without recollecting that not one of them could speak French, that it was impossible to imagine the difficulties they had laboured under from that circumstance and even since they got to Versailles they could not make a creature understand them.

Just as Miss S—— had done speaking our Guide came to tell us we must now try to get into the room where the King and Queen were at Dinner, and he brought one of the Queen's Guards who he said would endeavour to get us admittance. Mrs. White took hold of my Gown and vowed she would stick by me whether I was offended or not, for the Guards she said understood more of my French in one minute than they did of her Husband's ever since they had been at Versailles.

When we got to the Door of the Room where their Majesties were at Dinner we were stopped by a Gentleman very elegantly dressed, and I thought by the conversation that passed between him and the Guard that he did not seem willing to let us in, but he told us very politely we were late, and he was extremely sorry he could not open us the door till some of the attendants came out, as their Majesties were seated, but he hoped we should not have long to wait. At this time the Newcastle Ladies were close by us, and Mrs. White made her observations on all she saw so loud, and with the broad Northumbrian accent, that I was obliged to beg of her to speak lower.

In a very few minutes one of the attendants came out, and we were instantly in the Royal Presence. The room is about 20 feet square and perfectly plain, I was surprised to see it so

small; the door by which we entered was at the side, directly facing us were their Majesties, for they do not sit at the Head of the Table but at the side. As we stood the bay Window was on our left hand and on our right that is to say at the bottom of the Room were two Chairs on which the two Duchesses who attended her Majesty were sitting. There was a most profound silence for some time, and the Queen and their Graces seemed to look as much at us as we did at them. To be sure the scene is truly absurd, and they must feel that the Exhibition is ridiculous. I got fortunately placed behind a Gentleman and saw charmingly over his Shoulder; but he was so polite he moved off, and I was then so very near the Table I could not stare half so comfortably.

The Dinner was served without the least regularity, but the Desert was set out in Form. When we went into the room the King was eating a standing Pie, and on the Table were Fowls, Partridges, poached Eggs and Fricandeaux and Pastry, all served on beautiful Gold Dishes. His Majesty seemed to do them great justice, mixed the different sauces, turned them about with a piece of bread, and ate in what I thought a very greedy manner. The Queen did not touch a bit but played with a Napkin which was very prettily folded, and sometimes with the Gold Plate that was before her. Mrs. White who could never be quiet begged I would look at the shabby Diaper Table Cloth, and said she was sure if they had dined with her at Newcastle she would have given them a better. I acknowledged it was coarse and looked as if it had been very often washed. The King concluded his very hearty meal by devouring three Poached Eggs, which he covered with gravy, and then the Desert was brought in. It was prettily set out partly on Silver and partly on very beautiful China; as soon as it was put down the King called for a Glass of Wine, bowed to us all, arose, washed his hands in a Golden Bason and walked immediately off, the Queen followed him, and what became of the nice desert I don't know.

I had a full view of the Royal pair. The Queen is above thirty, a good height, rather embonpoint, but has a great deal of Majesty in her appearance. Her eyes are light Blue her Nose large, and her Teeth beginning to lose their colour. Her Dress was a short Green suit of Clothes, trimmed with the same pinked; her Hair was quite à l'Anglaise with only one Curl; a Gauze Handkerchief pinned on her Head, not better than what we buy for eighteen pence a piece, and another of the same round her Neck. She had a very elegant Bouquet made of Jewels in her breast and a beautiful diamond Necklace round her Neck. Her Hands and Arms are very handsome and were finely ornamented with Bracelets and Rings. His Majesty is very dark, rather shortnecked, has a large Face with very little expression of countenance, his dress Blue and Silver and he had a blazing Diamond Star at his Breast. During Dinner he observed to one of the Duchesses that dining in that way was very disagreeable; she answered it is certainly, but your Majesty must allow it is very soon over. The Queen lolled upon her Chair and conversed about the weather and other subjects with the Comte d'Artois who came into the room just before they went off. The Duchesses were a poor-looking Couple, very thin, dreadfully rouged and not young. They had black Lace Lappets pinned on their heads, and shabby dark-coloured suits of Clothes on.

As the Newcastle Party had seen the Palace before they went to Chapel we recommended them to take a look at the Gardens and they went off for that

purpose with their guide. It was now past 2 o'clock, and as we had really seen a great deal we began to think of going to the Hotel where Clairmont had ordered Dinner to be ready before three. Mr. Wilkinson went with us in the Coach, but Mr. Clarke said he preferred walking and he would loiter another Quarter of an hour. When we got to the Hotel the Cloth was laid and they told us Dinner would be ready shortly. We had hardly got in before there was a very heavy Shower. I sate down at the Slab, and was scribbling in my Pocket Book some account of what I had seen, when Mr. Clarke came running in, and said he hoped we would forgive him for intruding the Newcastle Party upon us, but when he was coming from the Palace he saw these poor people walking about the Marble Court in the greatest distress; it was raining and they had lost their Valet de Place and could not make the guard understand at which of the doors they had left their Coach. Mr. Clarke asked them if they had ordered Dinner, Mrs White answered, 'Not us indeed, Lord help us we did not know there was a bit of Dinner to be had in Versailles; do God bless you tell us what is become of the Ladies.' He said we had set off before it began to rain, that our Dinner would be near ready and they were welcome to join us.

I had sent Clairmont with an Umbrella for Mr. Clarke, and he luckily found out their Carriage. They arrived at the Hotel a few minutes after, and as my Husband had brought them, I thought it incumbent on me to receive them civilly, tho' we could all have excused their joining us. I went to the top of the Stairs to meet them and Mrs. White began Bawling the moment she saw me, 'O dear Ma'am your Husband's an Angel, I am sure we are much obliged to him for if it had not been for him, we might have staid in that nasty Palace till we had been starved. When we came from the Gardens not a soul was to be seen but the guards, and they did not understand a word we said.'

The Sister Curtseyed and passed me in silence but looked uneasy and her countenance seemed to say, we have no business here. Mr. White hobbled up the Stairs and when he got to the top assured me he was ashamed to intrude in such a manner, but he hoped we would excuse them and make allowances for English People who were glad to meet with a party from their own Country. I begged he would make no apologies, that the Room would contain us very well and I was sure there would be sufficient Dinner for us all. They soon brought it up; it consisted of a number of Stews and some very good boiled Fowls. Mrs. White declared [it] was the first Dish she had eaten in France with the least degree of appetite.

Our conversation ran chiefly on our accommodations in Paris, the Shops which she declared were full of nothing but Trash and that she thought all the people in Paris could speak English or she never would have come near it, that she had been there nearly a fortnight, and had cried every day to get home, and if she were ever so happy as to see dear England again, the next time they caught her in France, she would give them leave to hang her. It was easy to see the Lady was extremely vulgar tho' her Father had been twice Mayor of Newcastle, but not being able to speak the Language of the Country made her so cross that she was out of all patience and silly enough to abuse the whole Kingdom because they did not load her with kindness, when she had been so rash as to enter it without being recommended to anybody, or knowing where to go, but as the Postillion from Stage to Stage directed.

FRENCH LEAVE

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

I

MEN and women were shouting and laughing and crying in the city outside the barracks. All the bells of Tours were ringing and the siren of the munitions factory near us was sounding at regular intervals a long-drawn note of sombre triumph. Officers and men gathered together in groups, the joy and relief on their faces blended curiously with a certain blankness of expression, as of numbed and incredible surprise. We had expected it, and yet, when it came, something we had been living on for months vanished in an instant. The fierce draught that had blown all our energies and dreams and ambitions into incandescence ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The war was over.

The messenger boy from the Mail Control came in, his wallet filled with papers, and deposited a great sheaf in my incoming basket. An orderly from the colonel gave me a memorandum asking that the Information Section furnish the chief ordnance officer with certain facts by noon the next day. Mechanically I routed the memorandum to one of the officers, and then looked at the incoming basket. A day's work was there, a day of war, and the war was over. Yesterday the papers in the incoming basket had been symbols of life and death, our slender line of communication in the front. Now they seemed dry and empty of significance, mere dead bones from whence the spirit of action had departed.

I glanced at Bart. He was staring at the battle-line map he had so carefully tended for five months.

'Nothing more to move, is there?' he said.

'No,' I said, 'nothing more to move. Better get a map of Germany.'

The men in the room walked about restlessly, their laughter and quick-flung sentences flashing through the composure of long discipline like rays of sun through a fog. Their desks, piled high with the dusty detritus of war, remained untouched.

'Bart,' I said, 'this is no time to work. Let's go down town to lunch.'

We walked slowly down the wide street that we had known so intimately for eight vicissitudinous months. It was filled with an eager restless crowd of French and Americans, a crowd that rippled and broke into laughter and quick shouts and sundry scurryings and pushings off the pavement. There were tears in the eyes of some of the women, but they were laughing merrily, and in front of us a group of girls stretched out their arms and refused to let us pass. One could almost feel a touch of spring in the November air.

We turned into the Officers' Club and surveyed the big square dining-room, with its sea of little tables about which the brown khaki undulated like rather stiff seaweed. The fine, gray, invisible dust of the army hung thick about the room, as it had hung thick about my papers that morning. As we sat down, I thought again of those papers accumulating steadily by virtue of

the dumb, diligent, impersonal hands of the messenger. I knew they would never stop — the wheels of war would swing in the empty void for weeks.

'Gilk,' said Bart, 'let's celebrate to-night, and then go on leave to-morrow. We've not had leave since we've been here.'

'Old man,' I said, 'I'm on.'

'Where shall we go?' said Bart. 'South of France?' I thought for a moment, and then Bart broke in, 'We'd better go wherever it takes the longest to get to, because you know we have seven days after we reach our leave area. Let's go to Carcassonne. It takes days and days to reach Carcassonne. I never heard of anybody's actually getting there.'

'All right,' I said, 'let's go to Carcassonne.'

'Besides,' said Bart, 'if we go down there, we escape all M.P.'s, and checking in and out of stations, and high ranking officers, and all that stuff.' He looked reflectively at the grave-faced officers who flanked our table. 'My right arm's paralyzed with saluting, anyway,' he added.

When we reached the office after lunch, Bart buried himself immediately in the *Guide Joanne*, emerging shortly with the information that a journey to Carcassonne could by a stretch of civilian conscience consume three days. This seemed as much as one could expect of any town in France, so we prepared a memorandum for leave to Carcassonne, and handed it to our colonel. Bart had discovered that, if we intended to derive the contemplated benefits of our trip, we should go to Carcassonne by way of Bordeaux; so we took the noon train to Bordeaux, intending to reach Dax in the South of France late that night. As we settled ourselves opposite the best-looking girl we could find, in order to improve our French, the old thirst for travel and new faces came upon us more strongly than ever. And as our train sped on through the soft gray light of the November afternoon, we chatted comfortably with the girl and read the *Guide Joanne*.

Dax proved to be an empty little place, filled with mud-baths and steam. There is no lure in mud-baths to those who have become well acquainted with dirt, and steam issuing from the ground is not impressive. Also there were American soldiers about. It did not take us long to discover that the lure of Dax was a fiction of the *Guide Joanne*, and at noon we left for Pau.

When we reached Pau we found American soldiers on the station platform, and sleek, solid, empty hotels standing monumentally on the terrace above our heads. We persisted to the terrace and forgot the soldiers and the hotels. There, spread before us, were the Pyrenees, coldly enticing, like sirens arising out of very chilly water. We gazed upon them as men will gaze upon the face of sirens, and across the great silence between us they beckoned, and we were seized with a desire to know them better.

At this juncture the colonel approached and spoke to us. He was a straight, full-faced, honest-eyed colonel of artillery, firm of voice and a little gray, but with a certain touch of boyishness about him. His first words were a lament on the lost water-power that was escaping down the mountainsides in delighted rapture. He then told us he should be in Nice, but that he did not intend going because he was bored with acting upon orders. This was such a bond between us, that in fifteen minutes we had arranged to travel together; and as he was tired of surveying in panorama such quantities of wasted water, and we longed to get into the mountains, we decided to leave for Lourdes that night.

The little train nosing out into the darkness was taking us to a land where the echoes of war had sounded but

faintly in the great silence of the mountains. About us was the noise of falling water, and fresh, snow-touched air, and snug home-keeping lights that gleamed high up on the dark mountainside, and in the carriage were friendly people who looked at us with frank curiosity and asked if we were British.

II

The symbol of Lourdes flashed upon us a moment before we reached the town itself. It was a huge cross, apparently suspended in mid-air and blazing with an electric refulgence that was strangely disappointing in its very novelty. We had thought of Lourdes as an ancient shrine, a holy place worn by the feet of centuries of pilgrims, so skillfully had the church, the ancient mother of miracles, wrapped it in the twilight of catholic tradition. And yet, here, shining before our eyes, was a manifestation worthy of Atlantic City. But the colonel, gazing tranquilly from the window, was in a mood of philosophical satisfaction; his logical brain had reached the conclusion that the cross was placed on a mountain and derived its glory from a proper use of water-power. Quite cheerfully he descended and walked with us to the hotel, commenting largely on ancient and modern miracles.

Once in the hotel, we placed him in a room where the sound of falling water would not disturb his sleep, and then led him out to explore the town. The streets were deserted and the houses closed. About us there was only the loom of the mountains crouching in the distance and the white flash of water dashing away into the darkness, and the great cross up on the hill, with its myriad unwinking lights, poised above the city like some strangely mechanical symbol of eternal watchfulness. But the hills and the water drew us to them as Mother Nature draws her children to her even unto the last; and the cross and the miracles and the holy shrine passed into forgetfulness under the potent magic of the mountains. We had only one desire — to leave Lourdes and go out to them.

We returned and examined the profile map at the hotel. It indicated Gavernie, some twenty miles away, as a desirable objective, so we decided to leave for Gavernie in the morning.

By eight o'clock we were on board a little electric train bound for Pierre Lafitte. The colonel, discovering an old friend in the motor, established himself beside him, turning to us now and then and gesticulating unintelligibly as we passed the water-power that was going to waste in laughing beauty down the mountainside. At Pierre Lafitte the railway ended, and we were left to a trolley which ran to Luz. We had now passed beyond the ken of M.P.'s, and not even a Y.M.C.A. man on the still hunt for a leave area was stirring.

The town of Luz met us as we left the car. We were, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into municipal curiosities, which was beyond our wildest dreams of escape. A slant-eyed little man besought us to go to his hotel, — a gay thing, with gray marble slabs painted on the outside walls, — but we were not drawn to it. We sat on our baggage and looked at the hills and the little village, and the populace stood about and looked at us. An old *cocher* approached and asked us to ride, for forty francs. We awoke and inquired where. He pointed to the mountains and murmured something about Gavernie and the Spanish frontier. We looked at each other, and then the colonel said, 'By God, I am going to put one foot in Spain if I'm interned for it!' So we piled our baggage in the *voiture* and told the old man to take us to Gavernie.

As we went farther and farther into the valley we became aware, almost

imperceptibly, that everything about us was touched by the harsh sombreness of northern Spain. The houses were gray like the mountains on which they were built; the inflections of the natives' speech rose and fell on a stronger tide than the mellow French of Touraine; and their faces were dark with generations of mountain shadow. They were quiet too, with the far-off ancient stillness of the peaks that surround them.

There is a strange elusive charm that envelops the Pyrenees, and we felt it that afternoon. It is not the ancient mystery of high hills, but a charm, a strangeness that is essentially human. One thinks less of the mountains than of the people who have wandered over them; they are one of the great boundary-lines of the world, separating, with a silent gesture, race from race, and civilization from civilization. Upon this side lies France, gay, laughing, clear-sighted France, and just beyond lie the sombre plains of Spain, the land of fierce, melancholy dreamers. And here the two have met, have blended, in satirical mouth-lines, in the droop of an eye, in the harsh beat that sounds abruptly under the swiftly running words, and in the long sibilant sounds that hiss through their speech.

I don't think we worried much about that, however, as we jogged along the road to Gavernie. Beside us leaped a swift mountain-stream, its brown waters shot with the soft blue lights of the distant snows whence it had come. The houses, brown against the mountainside, became more squat and sturdy; their gables were broken into irregular lines and the low sloping roofs came close to the ground. They were like the people we met, silent and strong and gnarled-looking, but quite pleasant.

As we drove on, our *cocher* murmured inarticulate words from the box and pointed with his whip at such objects of nature as especially pleased his eye. Then we turned a corner and caught sight of soldiers — not Americans this time, but French soldiers, bearing in their arms enormous rifles, articles of destruction evidently discarded by Napoleon in his advance through the mountains. They challenged us with the utmost politeness, and asked for our papers. Our papers directed us to proceed from Tours to Carcassonne, then some three hundred miles away. We surrendered them and added by way of good measure a travel-order from Tours to Paris, beautifully stamped. They examined these with great seriousness, and then bowed and begged our pardon for having detained us. After an excessive amount of saluting on both sides, we proceeded on our way.

Something about the soldiers, or their rifles, or our facile passage through the barrier they symbolized, touched the colonel's imagination, and he began to talk with more and more insistence about putting his foot into Spain. He was driven, he said, by the necessity of writing to his wife that he had been in Spain, and he seemed to feel also that he would derive a certain personal satisfaction from the act of entrance.

In the midst of a discussion on internment and its results, we came quite unexpectedly upon a little inn, and a church and a handful of gray houses. It was the village of Gedres, and we decided to make it our advanced P.C.

I will not describe our lunch, for there is a futility in describing lunches when one seeks the pen of John Galsworthy and finds only the appetite of Dr. Johnson. We finished it quite completely, and began a firm, but tactful handling of the *cocher*, who had a touch of siesta.

Finally we started, and the colonel fell to talking water-power, while the sun came closer and closer to the snow-clad peaks and the long shadows of afternoon slipped stealthily into the wooded valleys. Far up, tiny puffs of

smoke from the squat houses floated like some pale fabric caught between the blue of the sky and the dark outline of the mountains, and below from the brown meadows came the sound of sheep-bells. Caught in the golden afternoon we dreamed silently, while the shadows lengthened and the cold blue lights of the stream turned slowly to the gleam of polished steel, and the brown rocks moved closer and the sheep across the valley marched in endless procession toward the blue smoke. And then, at a turn in the road, we saw before us the white wall of the Cirque de Gavernie. 'There,' said our *cocher*, 'is the Spanish frontier.'

At Gavernie we were met by the village, which consisted principally of strong, decided-looking women of a certain age. They desired us to ride horses which they said they would prepare for us, and weakly we consented. They were vigorous, aggressive females, and then, we thought we would like to ride anyway. In a few minutes they produced five horses; and as Bart solemnly announced that he had never ridden a horse in his life and did not propose to begin at that time, we needed only two. Then the silence of the mountains was broken and we were deluged with swift words that fell like rain, and the astonished horses were pulled about and pushed forward until they began to show signs of life. Finally the colonel, with an attitude of command, leaped upon a horse and charged the women, and I followed, and together we clattered over the cobbled streets, two of the women jumping after us and the others hurling disparaging cries at our backs. The colonel said, 'Frontier, frontier!' with an expansive wave of his hand, and the women nodded and urged the horses on, with numerous ejaculations oddly compounded of French and Spanish horse-language.

As we advanced over the trail that led from the town, we forgot the frontier. About us rose the Cirque de Gavernie — a great circle of gray snow-clad rock, steep and impregnable, standing like a giant gateway across the valley. The road, the stream, the gray houses, all that we had been following, ended with absolute finality at this point, and beyond were only rocks and snow and cold sunlight.

As we approached, far to the right, across the valley that had broadened like a river at the foot of the Cirque, a mountain detached itself from the encircling mass, and at its top was a great cleft cut as by a giant's sword into the living rock. 'There,' said our guide, 'is the Pass of Roland; on the other side lies Spain.'

'Damn it all, captain,' said the colonel, kicking himself off his horse, 'you tell the women I'm going over there. I've seen enough of the Cirque and I'm tired of being followed by women. Let them take the horses back if they want to.'

Then he looked around to see how I took it. I told the women I thought we would go to Spain that afternoon. They began persuasively to tell us that it took hours to reach the pass; and as we insisted, they clutched the horses fiercely and refused to go farther, demanding to be paid. They were convinced, I believe, that we were spies.

The colonel stood with his back to it all, looking yearningly out into the distance. Then, without a word, he started down the valley, walking faster at each step, and I was left with the horses and the women. I can't say that the women interested me much at that moment, but the horses did. I had envisaged an ascent to the pass on horseback, and gently I led the subject of conversation and the horses down the valley and up to the trail, which disappeared over the shoulder of the mountain with the carven crest. But there I

halted, or rather the women halted me. They refused to allow me to ride any farther. So in disgust I paid them, and started up the trail on foot.

Never have I followed a trail that was more alluring. It rose gently, almost imperceptibly, over the side of the mountain, its stones and bare earth almost hidden in the brown grass on either side. Then, without warning, it shot straight at the rocky summit and lost itself in the flood of evening sunlight that streamed through the pass. I plodded along, my eyes fixed on the pass. The light was changing at every moment, and above, the dark rocks seemed touched with the flame of some invisible fire that lay beyond them; and as they burned, the shadows of the valley deepened from gray to blue and from blue to violet. Behind me the summit of the Cirque de Gavernie shone incandescent in the pale crimson flames that shot across the valley from the pass, and below, on the rocks gray and ghost-like in the deepening shadow, the snow gleamed dully like some strange phosphorescent lichen. As I climbed up the trail the pass above seemed ever desirable, as if through it one passed from a land of silence and strange shapes and dying color into a flood of light, and the wide reaches of the setting sun. In the sound of the wind through the stunted pines that stuck their gnarled roots into the trail, I could hear the rustle of garments and the swift beat of Arab hoofs, and in the cold laughter of the stream there echoed the sibilant menacing words of an ancient and forgotten tongue. And above, through the jagged cleft of the rock, the sun shot a last ray of light like a crimson sword.

Was it a thousand years ago that Roland had died there, carving the casque of the mountain into that mighty cleft, in his death-struggle with the Saracens? Was it a thousand years ago that the blast of his mighty horn had echoed over the mountains and valleys, carrying its summons to the Emperor Charlemagne? Ah, but Charlemagne was dead long, long ago; his tower, that tower at Tours that turns pale rose on summer nights, was old a thousand years ago! And Roland was a name and nothing more, with only a great cleft in living rock to bear him memory. And yet, as I stood dreaming, came the vision of all that we had seen in France, and all that the world had seen through four long, bitter years, and I thought, 'The spirit of Roland still walks his ancient land.'

When I got back, it was quite dark, and the colonel and Bart were waiting for me. The colonel had not reached Spain, and he was a little gloomy. Bart had borne the burden of the return of the women, and he was a little gloomy. The *cocher* was in a furious temper because it was dark, and we had an hour's ride to Gevre. So rather silently we started back in the starlight over the road we had followed in the afternoon.

III

In the morning we went back to Luz, and there the colonel left us. He had reacted from his wild flight toward Spain, and decided that he ought to go to Nice. He did not really want to go, but, as he had chosen it as a place in which to re-create his exhausted forces, he felt obliged to report there. Bart and I felt no such obligation in regard to Carcassonne. Bart, being an architect, knew all about Carcassonne, and he stated that it existed only in legend and in restoration. It was in fact a restored legend. Walls there were, of every century, but where Viollet-le-Duc began, and the Saracens ended, was quite obvious. It was a detached artistic piece of work, standing off by itself with an air of 'Observe me; I am

correctly restored and represent to the discerning eye all the periods of art from the year 400.' Thus spoke Bart, and I listened.

We decided finally to go to Arles instead of Carcassonne. Bart said the women there were the most beautiful in the world, and the *Guide Joanne* said coldly and practically that there was a Roman arena at Arles. So we took the noon train and journeyed beside the Pyrenees, through the province of Languedoc and beyond, into Provence and the Valley of the Rhone.

We reached Arles on the afternoon of the second day, and late that night I sat in my room at the little hotel and tried to write what I had seen. It seemed absurd, impossible. The beauty of the city floated like an illusive mist above the hard white paper. It seems so foolish to put things down in black and white when they never are black and white. And beauty is such a wistful thing, a swift brush of the wing, 'naught but the scent of ambrosial hair that one might know a goddess had passed,' as old Virgil said.

But the Arena of Arles that night, filled with deep gray shadows that lay like pools of water beneath its ancient arches, had the beauty of something deathless, eternal, something that had become old with many civilizations. Greek, Roman, and Saracen have swept over it, and it has emerged from each a little softer in outline, a little more mellow, and yet with its strength untouched, calm, serene, as if silently absorbing into its shadows the life about it, and storing it away for the dreams of future generations. The great stones lie so silently one upon the other, like folded hands, and the dim arches overhead roofed with still, starlit spaces, seem faintly articulate, as if they were whispering to the enveloping night the mysteries of two thousand years. And above, a homing airplane flies black against the blue of early night. With a far-off whir of wings it cuts its path across the Arena, and for a moment looks down like a curious bird on the stones worn smooth by the sandaled feet of Grecian slaves and Roman senators. It passes, a black spot, beyond the Saracenic tower that looms impenetrable over the walls of the Arena.

About the walls of the Arena are the yellow roofs of Arles, and beyond lies the Rhone and the merry land of Provence, a land where the blitheness of the Greek is stained with the rich color of romance. Everywhere is the spirit of Aucassin and Nicolette growing like some brilliant flower from the ancient stones of Greece.

But it is from the Arena at twilight that Arles rises before one, clothed in the many garments that the centuries have laid upon her. The Arena seems a part of the city, its parent, and the gray light from the vast stones so skillfully laid by the hands of Greek slaves, blends with the rays of the sun upon the yellow roofs, and touches with pale blue shadows the darkness of the narrow, winding streets. In the distance lies the sunlight, and the warmth of southern France, the France of Mistral, and of wine and song and quick blood. And below, like a dark current, flows the turbid spirit of the Middle Ages, shot with strange, rich colors and frozen into distorted, enchanting imagery. Yet each is touched in some abiding way by a clear, in-dwelling light that comes as from some great sun that has set forever behind the horizon.

In the morning we awoke a little dazed by what we had seen the day before. The beauty of Arles had taken us out into a world beyond the war, and we had only the desire to stay in that land of forgetfulness. No one knew where we were, so no one could send for us, and that gave us a feeling of repose and security.

After breakfast we stood in the plaza in front of the hotel, and smoked and watched the people. The idle watching of people, that effortless preoccupation with faces, where the mind is caught for an instant by some extraordinary feature, some unconscious revelation, and as suddenly cast into the midst of speculation, only to be caught again, is possibly the greatest gift that wandering brings to one. And we accepted it gratefully. The bare branches of the trees that lined the square stood in gray silhouette against the little houses which had emerged quite bravely from their panic of the night before. And at the curb, drawn up in single file, were three carriages lined with spotless linen, and presided over by three *cochers* of varying sizes, but of equally ruddy complexions. They had apparently no interest in prospective fares, as they were engaged in a violent discussion, which in no way concerned us.

At each corner of the square we had glimpses of narrow cobbled streets, and jutting houses, their flattened roofs and upper porches giving them an exotic appearance, as if some old memory of the East had stirred in the minds of their builders.

We walked out of the square and down one of the streets. It was still comparatively early, but the street was filled with men and women, slow-walking, expectant, talkative, and yet apparently busy in a leisurely preoccupied fashion. They lounged in doorways, gathered in little groups, and then dispersed suddenly, always with that air of leisurely preoccupation, as if there lay something unfulfilled before them. Evidently for them life was not a mere purple patch upon completed work. And yet how gladly had they sacrificed it! — the streets, as all the streets of France, were vacant of young men.

But there were women, the Arlésiennes, the women of Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, the Troubadours, and Mistral. They are so much a part of their ancient city, that it is as if the shadows of the Arena came to life and spoke. I can see them passing now, serene, white-filleted figures, the pure contour of their faces touched with dusky color, the brow and nose swept into one exquisite line, as if by some subtle hand in a moment of divine carelessness. They were shy. We talked to only one girl, and she had charge of the Museum — the Museum where the Venus of Arles stands, a silent witness to the lost beauty of antiquity.

IV

We walked away from the river retracing our steps to the square in front of the hotel. It was our intention to get a drink, a large, solid, satisfying drink. Our country was already resting under the shadow of impending prohibition, and we knew our days of grace were numbered.

As we dropped into two of the iron chairs the waiters had been scrubbing a few hours ago, we noticed a French officer seated near us, a colonel by his insignia. He was tall and thin, with a long straight nose, high at the bridge and close at the nostrils, and a nervous, compressed mouth and solid jaw which from time to time set in motion slight muscular tremors just below his high cheek-bones. His eyes were deep-set and grey under rather scanty eyebrows, and the hair under his *képi* was touched with gray. His complexion was tanned and leathery, and cut by two deep lines that ran from the base of his nose to the short moustache that partially covered his mouth. His right arm was resting on the table, the forearm raised and the fingers slightly closed. He was gazing off into the distance, and except for an occasional twitching of one patent-leather boot which reposed on a chair

in front of him, he was perfectly still. In his attitude of nervous repose he gave one the impression of an elegant and domesticated hawk. Also there was something unusual, something incongruous about that boot on the chair, something indicative of an unexpected idiosyncrasy of character.

As the waiter came toward us, he followed him absently with his eye, until we came within the line of his vision. He looked at us for a moment, withdrew his boot leisurely from the chair, and came over to our table.

'You are on *permission?*' he said, with a bow.

We assented and then he asked us where we were stationed. We told him quickly, to get it over with, that we were at Tours, adding '*État major*,' by way of palliation. Our supply services masquerade in French as 'general staff,' and I have even heard them called *chic* by unknowing French females. The gentleman before us was by no means unknowing, but he was polite; and the subject dropped with the hollow thud to which we had long since become accustomed.

Then we all sat down, and he asked us to have a 'fine champagne.' I think it was the first time either of us had ever heard a Frenchman offer to buy a drink, — in their houses the cellar is yours, — and, rather startled, we said yes. The waiter shook his head in solemn deprecation, 'I cannot serve "fine champagne" to officers, *mon colonel*.'

'What!' said the colonel, a cold blue ray of light from his eye transfixing the waiter. '*Allez vite!*'

The waiter stood his ground a moment, — he had been a soldier himself, — but the ray of light grew colder and more steely, and with a dignified gesture of assent he turned into the café.

The colonel sat gazing into space, motionless, except for a slight tremor under his cheek-bones. Then he turned quickly and said, 'We have too many regulations in France.' Not knowing exactly what to say, we said nothing, and my thoughts wandered to the suspended boot.

Then the colonel asked us how we liked Arles. We told him, and he listened intently, evidently a trifle curious of the impression that the city would make upon Americans. As we grew enthusiastic, his face softened, and the touch of strain that we had noticed about his eyes relaxed. 'Yes, it is a beautiful city,' he said; and did we know its history?

We answered that we did, having just read it in the *Guide Joanne*.

And did we know of Mistral? He had known Mistral well — a great poet and a great lover of Provence. 'A great lover of Provence,' he said again, slowly, his eyes resting upon the statue of Mistral that stood in the square before us. '"Cante uno chato de Provence,"' he repeated; and turning quickly, he said, 'Do you by any chance know Provençal? That is the first line from *Mireille* — it is engraved on the pedestal of that statue.' Then he began to talk, at first slowly and without the gestures of the South, then more rapidly and with greater and greater freedom of movement. And as he talked, his gray eyes became more distant, the lines of his mouth relaxed, and he leaned a little forward, his hands on the table before him. Like the slow resolving of a picture on the screen, the poet of the South stood revealed in place of the soldier.

Then he turned from his vision and saw us before him, and the distant gray eyes contracted, and the points of steel deep in the eyeballs became sharp again at the accustomed touch of faces, and the muscles of his mouth hardened automatically. He sat back, and crossing one leg deliberately over the other, touched his high collar lightly with his left hand, pushed up his chin, settled

his shoulders, and asked us some questions in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

But we led him away from questions, and started him again over his own country. We saw the Crau at evening from the hills of Baux stretching an endless waste of arid land filled with the beauty of the setting sun. And at its rim, where the mists of the sea rise like a summer haze above the scarce-seen water, we saw Saintes-Maries, the refuge of the voyaging saints after the death of Christ.

From there he told us they had approached the wicked city of Arles, good old Saint Trophime at their head, and had surprised the folk in their disturbing and quiet modern worship of the Arlésienne Venus. Thoughts of the Winter Garden and Anatole France blended strangely in my head as the colonel described the first onslaught of Christianity upon Pagan France. They had stopped the dancing and broken the idols, he said. But the Winter Garden still danced; and Anatole France — had he broken any idols after all? 'When the half-gods go, the gods appear'; and I thought of his face, like that of a world-worn seer, when he told Bart, long ago, at Tours, to remember that after the Age of Bronze came the Age of Gold, and not to decry the instincts of his own country.

A drop of rain struck the colonel on the end of his most excellent nose, and he ceased talking for a moment. The square was nearly deserted. The soft morning sunshine had disappeared, and the bare branches of the trees were flung in pale outline against a thickly clouded sky. The yellow roofs of the houses had turned to dull orange, and the houses themselves stood out detached. Then the rain fell heavily, soaking into the yellow gravel of the square, splashing in great drops upon the pavement at our feet. We moved under cover and sat watching.

The colonel broke the silence. His boot was on the chair in front of him, and he had resumed his attitude of reserved and somewhat ferocious elegance. 'Did you ever see General Foch?' he said, half turning his head toward us.

We said no, and Bart ventured that he had seen General Mangin once.

The colonel made no answer to the remark other than a slight 'Ah!' and an inclination of the head — his gaze was still fixed on the square. The lines had come back into his face, his mouth was tight, but the twitching muscles under his cheek-bones lay relaxed and scarcely visible. The look of strain between his eyes had returned, and there was a touch as of the faint hue of steel beneath his cheeks.

After a moment he withdrew his boot from the chair, touched his collar, and gave an almost imperceptible jerk of his shoulders. 'I am on the general's staff,' he said, quite impersonally.

We murmured polite words about the honor such a position entailed; but he continued his impersonal gaze without apparently hearing. 'We were at Doullens near Amiens on just such a day as this,' he said, looking out into the rain again. 'It was the month of March — you remember?' His eyes went through and far beyond us, yet caught us an instant in the fellowship of deep truths mutually understood.

We told him we remembered the month of March — we had expected to go to the front then.

'General Pétain came first,' he continued, 'and then General Haig. They came into the general's office together. It was a bare room, with a bare table and a map and some chairs. The general never liked papers. It was raining hard, and I can remember the soles of General Haig's boots stuck to the floor like soft red mortar. The general rose and shook hands, and the three men sat

down, the general in the chair behind the table. He looked across at them, his big head and slender body very erect. There was a look of inquiry, of receptivity in his coldly luminous eyes, and his protruding jaw was sunk slightly into his collar as if held in leash.

'General Haig moved forward a little and I could hear the squash of his wet boots. His elbow, placed on the table for an instant, left a dark semi-circle on the unpolished surface. He urged the general to give up Amiens, saying that General Pétain and himself believed it impossible to hold it any longer. The general listened, his eyes fixed on Haig's face as if absorbing and digesting his thoughts as fast as they were uttered. Without a word, he turned to General Pétain and heard his reasons. Then he rose and looked out through the glass doors into the garden. The rain had stopped, but the sky was still gray and the poplar trees that lined the walk were dripping desolately. The general walked to the hook where his hat and coat were hanging. I helped him on with his coat, and he put his *képi*, with its golden oak-leaves, firmly on his head. "I will let you know my decision in twenty minutes," he said. I stepped forward to open the doors, but he pushed me away as if I were an inanimate object, and walked out into the garden.

'For some reason we did not watch him. Some obscure instinct deep in the nature of a soldier, I suppose; and then the personality of the man seemed to forbid it. The two generals talked together in low tones, and I walked up and down the room, catching now and then an involuntary sight of the erect blue figure pacing to and fro in the garden. Then he came in. His face was as calm as it had been when he listened to General Haig's arguments. He walked to the table and announced his decision. Then he gave his reasons, speaking with an air of powerful finality, as if he had experienced certain definite physical facts, the existence of which was unknown to his listeners. He spoke without gesture, but with the cold animation of a great reasoner, expounding his theories. His voice was deep and a little monotonous, and his words swung out in long sentences, gathering in his thoughts completely. In ten minutes he had finished, and the interview was over.'

The colonel ceased talking. He was silent for a moment, then brought his boot down sharply on the pavement and rose. 'I have talked a great deal,' he said, extending his hand, 'but I thought you would be interested. It gives me pleasure always to meet Americans.' And he bowed slightly.

We collected our thoughts and our French sufficiently to tell him how interested we had been in what he had told us. He bowed again, handed us his card, and said he should be glad to see us again. We thanked him, and with a salute and a quick smile he was gone.

Bart looked at me with gravely spectacled eyes. 'Damned interesting story, was n't it? Do you suppose it was true?' I nodded. 'Yes, I suppose it was,' he said, 'as true as most things. Come on to lunch.'

We never saw the colonel again, and probably never will. In the pale aftermath of war, as in the fullness of its terrible glory, men pass each other like shadows and are lost from sight; but we thought about him often, and he will always remain the one memorable personality of our journey.

The next day we started for Paris. Our leave was up, and the work of the Information Section lay before us.

SOCIAL UNREST IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY C. F. G. MASTERMAN

I

It would be a mistake to attribute entirely to the war the great waves of Social Unrest which to-day are sweeping over Great Britain. It is true that this gigantic catastrophe has caused a larger upheaval in society, from base to summit, than any European event since the passing of the Middle Ages. But any close observer of events below the glittering surface of pre-war life could discern a movement and fermentation destined, sooner or later, to produce action. The appearances of this movement in the upper world were sporadic and uncertain, and always excited, in the minds of the observers, unaffected surprise. It was little augmented by abstract ideas. It possessed no great leaders. It worked toward no definitely desired end. It was as far asunder as the poles from the changes, for example, of the French Revolution — the effect of the teaching of Rousseau upon a bankrupt nation, and the vision, revealed to a wretched peasantry, of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

The British labor disturbances before the war had no Rousseau. The idea and ideals of Socialism attracted but few adherents. The Independent Labor Party, which formed the intellectual basis of this doctrine, numbered but a few thousand members in a population of over forty millions. The political 'Labor Party,' in successive elections, returned an almost negligible minority of members to the House of Commons. Great communities of artisans like those of East London and Manchester, and the whole of industrial Scotland, voted almost solidly Liberal. Other great communities of artisans, like those of Liverpool and the district round Birmingham, voted almost solidly Conservative. Where Labor triumphed, as in certain mining districts, the representative was of a totally different type from that of the European 'intellectual' Socialist Deputy. He was generally a comfortable, substantial middle-aged person, who had spent many years as a trade-union secretary, settling small disputes in his trade, collecting subscriptions, and preaching on Sunday afternoon at the local Primitive Methodist or Baptist chapel. In Parliament he settled down contentedly in his corner, wondering what it all meant, but well satisfied that he had got there, and occasionally interfering in debate when discussions arose on the mine or factory legislation of which he had knowledge. Public controversy raged about Home Rule for Ireland, the veto of the House of Lords, and Mr. Lloyd George's attack on the British land system. None of these challenged, or even affected, the fundamental basis of the social order.

There were, however, underground indications that this condition of tranquillity was destined not long to endure. Curiously enough, revolt was arising, not so much on account of the poverty as on account of the wealth of Great Britain. It arose, not from the poorest, but from the best-paid elements of the

labor world. In the first fourteen years of this century Great Britain was getting rich at a rate without any previous parallel. Her foreign trade was expanding by leaps and bounds. She was drawing 'tribute' from all the world on the goods pouring into all her harbors in payment for her investments abroad. The gold mines of South Africa, the practical monopoly of trade in India and the Far East, a considerable portion of the wealth of developing America, were sending up her standard of life to a degree which few would have prophesied in the previous century. That increasing standard of wealth was being revealed in the wildest extravagances of the few 'at the top.' And it was the extravagances of the few which were exciting discontent in the minds of the many. They contrasted this pursuit of feverish enjoyment with their own limited and uncertain lot: with long hours of toil at no satisfying wage; with unemployment always confronting them as a possibility; and an end with no visible progress in comfort and security. While a few thousand persons divided between them some hundreds of millions of the national income, more than ninety-five per cent of population died possessed of property so trivial in amount as not to be worth the cost of valuing for estate-duty taxation.

It was not oppression, or academic Socialism, or a gospel of hate which started the English Social Revolution. It was the high-power motor-car, the great country-house, feasting and pleasure-seeking, the new hotels and merchants' palaces, the obvious contrast between the 'monstrous inequalities of fortune.' Every attempt to provide, out of this squandered wealth, the money for some mitigation of the lot of the poorest, was fiercely fought by those who possessed the land, the means of production, and the foreign 'tribute.' And the few millions of pounds exacted for old-age pensions or national insurance were the cause of greater controversies in time of peace than all the thousands of millions so lavishly scattered in time of war.

It was the comfortable and educated artisan to whom this contrast first appealed. The coal-miner, the railway-worker, the engineer, formed the flower of the British working-classes. They were, for the most part, an intelligent, well-paid body of men, who led not intolerable lives in large industrial communities. They were as far as the poles from any revolutionary ideals. Below them, in the silent and patient kingdoms of unskilled labor, scarcely a complaint emerged. The great and successful strike of the London Docks in 1889, led by Mr. John Burns for the 'docker's tanner' of sixpence an hour seemed to have exhausted their energies. In the cities they festered and bred in some of the most wretched slum areas of the world. In the rural districts they were represented by a landless peasantry, receiving in wages actually less than the minimum standard for bare necessities of life, as calculated by economists and food experts.

This 'unrest' found expression in a series of strikes among the skilled workers. Each strike was for certain specific improvements in the condition of the particular trade affected. And each strike was concluded by negotiations which (as is the custom in British institutions) ended in a compromise. There was a strike on the railways in 1908 and again in 1911; a strike at the docks in 1911 and again in 1912; a strike of the coal-miners in 1912. Some of these were 'settled' by negotiations between employer and employed, carried on by the government acting as friendly broker; some by definite Parliamentary action, as by the passage of the act giving the coal-miners a definite minimum wage. When the men had obtained

something like compliance with the actual demands they had put forth, they returned cheerfully to work; and society, once more breathing freely, returned to its business and its pleasures. Cracks had been soldered up and holes repaired in the social edifice. Few realized that events were impending which might shake that whole social edifice into ruins. There were signs, however, just before the war, of renewed preparations, with better organization, of the 'have-nots' against the 'haves.' More especially, approaches toward united action by the members of the three 'key' industries of the country — miners, railway-men, dock and transport workers — were hardening into a 'triple alliance' which would be able, if firm in its decision to abandon work, to hold the whole community to ransom, and impose upon government and Parliament any demand it chose.

II

Upon this rather perplexed and divided attitude of Labor fell the sudden shock of the war. The history of Labor during the four years of conflict is the history of a passage from high hopes and keen patriotic emotion at the beginning, to one at the end of disillusionment, class-hatred, and bitter distrust of the government. It is this process of change which has been largely responsible for the seeming declaration of industrial warfare before the ink of the signatures to the Armistice was dry. In part, this change has been due to actual events, independent of man's volition and but dimly understood even by those who suffered or benefited by them. In part, it has been due to government policy rising inevitably from the pressure of the war situation. And in part, it has been due to mistakes and mishandling of Labor by the government in a situation which required from day to day extraordinary tact and delicacy of management, and a frank honesty of dealing not always present. Promises made under certain circumstances were freely broken under altered circumstances. Instead of pleading that the circumstances had altered, it was often found more convenient to affirm that the promises were never given, or that tacit understandings did not possess the binding force of written agreements. The workmen were often scolded or bullied into submission, and whenever they revolted were accused of 'playing the enemy's game,' or refusing aid to, and so compassing the death of, our soldiers fighting abroad. By such means strikes were broken, and the workers, bowing to the force of public opinion, of the newspapers and the politicians, were driven back to work. But they returned to work with a sullen discontent, and a determination that, as soon as the war was over, they would try issue with a government and governing class which had thus tricked them by the exercise of unfair advantage and argument.

A short outline of this progress is necessary, in order that the position at the end may be understood. At the beginning, the war united all classes, here as abroad. International Socialists in Germany became Germans; Pacifist Internationalists in Paris became fighting Frenchmen. In Great Britain organized Labor universally responded to the call for recruits, and immense numbers of the miners and railway-men and skilled engineers fought their way into the recruiting stations. Quite early, indeed, the government had to prohibit further depletion of the trades necessary for munitioning and supply. The appeal for overtime work in the government and private shipping yards, and, indeed, wherever needed, met with immediate response, and numbers of men threw into their work such feverish energy as

to wear out the bodily machine and cause unnatural nervous irritation. In August, 1914, the War Emergency Workers' Committee was formed; and a little later, an industrial truce was declared.

But during the autumn two forces began to develop, which were soon to dominate the whole political situation. The one was the rise in the price of food, which in six months had increased nearly twenty-five per cent, and continued to increase until the end. The other was the evidence of the necessity of an enormous increase in output, especially in munitions, just at the time when industries had been in part depleted by the removal of some of the best of the workers by voluntary enlistment in the army. Such output could be secured only by the introduction of unskilled and partially skilled men using automatic machinery, by the introduction of women into trades hitherto denied to them, by the abandonment of the long-apprenticeship system, and a free application of the labor of boys and young persons. All these changes involved the abandonment of trade-union rules and customs which had been imposed on the employers in the struggle of half a century. The patriotism of the workers, however, was still strong. The great prestige of Lord Kitchener was introduced, to influence, by personal appeal, the rank and file of Labor. And early in 1915, after prolonged negotiation, the unions concerned agreed to waive during the war all their previous limitations, on condition that, after the war was over, their rules and customs should be restored to them by statute.

Meanwhile, however, the great employers, and especially the great munition firms, were being pressed, by the bitter necessity of the army fighting for its existence in Flanders and Gallipoli, to fulfill contracts they had hastily assumed at the outbreak of hostilities. They had made the mistake common to all such times of crisis. Each had entered into gigantic contracts which could not be fulfilled by all of them for lack of raw material; and they were competing, against each other and against the government, for the same limited supply of raw material. They laid the blame largely on the workmen; and they succeeded in persuading both the government and the military chiefs that the workmen were not doing their best. In the spring of 1915 Mr. Lloyd George, impatient of delay in delivery, accused the workmen of slackness and drunkenness, and announced to the shipbuilding employees that Drink was a more dangerous enemy than Germany or Austria. These accusations were fiercely resented by men, many of whom were indeed drinking to excess, but who were also laboring far beyond any normal or possible standard. And from that time the government commenced to drift away from the mass of the artisan leaders.

In addition to this there began to be visible the sinister figure of the profiteer. In all the big centres, and especially in those concerns working on government contracts, men of fortune were found to have immensely increased their fortunes in time of national calamity; and in every town cases were notorious in which men of no property and no particular talent or distinction, taking advantage of the national need, had suddenly acquired enormous wealth. The workmen saw themselves laboring incredibly for the benefit of private exploiters, as much as for the nation. They saw the government apparently on the side of these exploiters, numbers of whom were providing 'voluntary' services in government war departments at the same time that the firms and companies in which they were interested fattened on government con-

tracts or private adventures. And in face of this they saw themselves held up to obloquy for drunkenness and deliberate limitation of output. And all the while, they saw prices, directed by some inexplicable force, rising steadily against them and eating away at their standards of life. At this time was kindled that discontent which smouldered, with occasional sparks, during the years of warfare, and at the end immediately burst into flame.

III

In July, 1916, the Munitions Act was passed, which allowed the government, under certain conditions, to 'proclaim' strikes as illegal and to fine or imprison the strikers. A few days afterward a miners' dispute came to a head in South Wales. A strike was 'proclaimed' by the government. The proclamation was defied by hundreds of thousands of miners, who immediately 'down-tooled.' The government was impotent against such a demonstration. Mr. Lloyd George went down to Cardiff and gave the strikers everything that they had previously been refused. The lesson of combined threats and weaknesses was not lost upon the more defiant of the men's leaders.

In September of the same year, Mr. Lloyd George suddenly appeared at the Trade-Union Congress, and roundly accused the workers — by the use of illustrative examples — of scamping their work and not doing their best to maintain output. Unfortunately, he had been badly briefed, and his illustrative examples, on examination, completely broke down. But the detailed reply of the Union leaders found few readers, and the friction was increased. That friction came to a head in the early winter, especially in the vast industrial region around Glasgow and on the Clyde, where a special and advanced form of revolutionary Socialism was being preached as a crusade by an ardent band of young Scottish 'intellectual' workers. With his usual courage, Mr. Lloyd George himself went down to Glasgow to address the men on Christmas Day. But his reception was exceedingly unfavorable. Temper rose on both sides. The Socialist newspaper which gave a verbatim report of his speech and its reception was immediately suppressed, and the leaders of the movement were arrested and deported. A violent strike began, which lasted many weeks but was ultimately defeated.

Meanwhile, there were continual bickerings about the extension of 'dilution' in the skilled trades, accompanied by resentment of the older skilled workers at seeing the new 'dilutees' receiving as much or more wages than themselves after a training of as many weeks as they had spent years in the trade. Continual efforts were also made in different trades by war 'bonuses,' to buy off discontent arising from the cost of living. And a heavy home censorship — which included suppression of news in the public press, the interception of private correspondence, and the introduction of police spies — was utilized to prevent concerted industrial action.

A third cause of disagreement, in addition to the questions of food-prices and dilution, arose over the operations of conscription. The Trade-Union Congress had repudiated conscription with almost fierce unanimity. Some of the Labor leaders, such as Mr. J. H. Thomas, the secretary of the railway-men, threatened the House of Commons that the enforcement of conscription in the labor world would mean revolution. Yet when actually put into operation, not a sound of resistance was heard. This was due partially no doubt to the fact that the great munitioning

industries were largely left alone, the 'combing-out' being applied to small shopkeepers, clerks, agricultural laborers, and miscellaneous trades.

In the autumn of 1916, a system of trade-card exemptions was established, whereby the officials of the Unions themselves 'badged' those who should stay and those who should go. But less than six months afterward, in face of the pressing claims of the army, this trade-card system was repudiated by the government in favor of a protected-occupations scheme. Thereupon began one of the most curious strikes in history. Hundreds of thousands of men ceased work in all the great engineering centres. The government was afraid to 'proclaim' the strike. It forbade the newspapers to mention the fact that the strike existed. It intercepted communications between city and city. It arrested and imprisoned the leaders. The workers replied by establishing their own system of communication, — fast motor-bicyclists carrying dispatches, — and by nominating a series of 'relay' leaders, each prepared to accept responsibility as soon as the previous batch had been swept away to jail. Feeling ran high for a time. A meeting at Leeds of the chief Labor leaders advocated soviets, — that is, workmen's and soldiers' councils, — and the more timid of the 'bourgeoisie' saw visions of the Russian Revolution being repeated in this country.

Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed. The great tragedy of the 1917 campaign in France, with the British, amid enormous losses, hacking in vain against the unbroken German line, produced counsels of soberness. It was evident that this heroic army *must* have its munitions; and a more or less armed truce was arranged, which provided for the release without penalty of all the imprisoned leaders, including the Clyde 'deportees' of a year earlier. From this date until the signing of the Armistice, Government and Labor carried on a partially concealed contest. One or two attempted strikes were quashed by the threat of conscripting the strikers. It was evident that the authorities could always appeal against the skilled labor world to the mass of the population outside, and especially to the army. Skilled labor was earning enormous wages. Boys fresh from school could easily commence on thirty shillings or two pounds a week. Few persons outside took the trouble to examine its 'grievances'; and all eyes were concentrated, with hope or anxiety, upon the last terrible stages of the struggle abroad.

IV

Foiled in direct action, Labor turned toward the alternative — the capture of the machinery of government. Immense efforts were made by the political Labor Party hastily to improvise a political organization in all working-class constituencies. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who had practically been turned out of the War Cabinet over the Stockholm Conference, took the lead in the agitation for a Labor majority in the House of Commons. To many acute observers such a majority seemed inevitable. All these schemes were, however, brought to nought by the adroit action of the Prime Minister. A few hours after the Armistice, Mr. Lloyd George suddenly dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the country to support the government which had won the war. He had bought up the Tories by a promise of liberal gifts of office after the election, and by a system of 'coupons' by which supporters of the Coalition, Liberal or Tory, were recommended for reëlection against all Radical and Labor onslaughts.

The immediate effect of such strat-

egy was a dazzling success. The country was numb, and the election was fought amid an unprecedented apathy. But those who did vote — and especially the women — voted for the government. A strong 'patriotic' and 'khaki' appeal was made by a united press. Such Labor leaders as remained in the government were withdrawn from it — some with great personal reluctance, for they were very happy there — by their unions and societies. Mr. Lloyd George retaliated by denouncing organized Labor as tainted with pacifism and Bolshevism, and by appealing against it for his 'couponed' Junkers and plutocrats. The result was a Labor *débâcle*. Of some 360 candidates whom they put into the field, nearly 300 went down in the fight. Practically only the miners succeeded in returning a solid *bloc* of miners' representatives. The 'intellectuals' of the movement — Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, and the rest — were especially marked down for assassination. None survived.

The Liberal Party, or that predominant section of it which had not bowed to the Coalition formula, or was for any reason distasteful to the Prime Minister or his wire-pullers, almost completely disappeared. A strange House of Commons, consisting of an overwhelming majority of Conservatives and no small proportion of plutocrats and profiteers, found itself installed in power, to confront the work of reconstruction after the war, and a Labor movement released from its shackles and pledges owing to that war's conclusion.

The situation at the beginning of the year was, therefore, as follows. Organized Labor was 'up against' the government, and the classes which the government was supposed to represent. Its programme of social betterment had been held up for over four years. During those four years it considered that it had made considerable sacrifices for the welfare of the country, and that these sacrifices had been inadequately recognized. It had completely lost faith in the professions and promises of the government of the day. It had tried extra-Parliamentary action and it had failed. It had tried Parliamentary action, and had been destroyed in what it believed to be a 'trick' election. Confronting a government and Parliament which it could neither dislodge nor effectively criticize, it fell back on extra-Parliamentary action again.

Its leaders were faced by two difficulties. On the one hand, it was evident that they had no claim to speak for the mass of the working-people, or even for their own rank and file. For their candidates had been defeated by overwhelming majorities of working-class votes. On the other hand, the movement of a minority of their own followers was driving them on from behind toward action of an almost revolutionary character. This minority of young, able, thinking skilled workers, mostly Scotch in origin, and with Glasgow as their Mecca and storm-centre, was infected by the ideals of social upheaval, largely communicated from the 'success' of the Russian Revolution, and the inauguration of the Social Democratic Republic in Germany. In and out of season they were preaching the class-war, the tyranny of the owners of capital, the infamy of the profiteer, the necessity and desirability of the complete overturning of the social order — the ineffectiveness of any social palliatives short of such a cataclysm. Through the influence of the 'shop-steward' movement they had largely captured the organization of many skilled trades. They despised all counsels of caution. They were 'spoiling for a fight.' They pressed the recognized leaders of Labor to the limits of possible demand; and

when these leaders declined to advocate impracticable policies, they threw over these leaders themselves. And they preached their gospel to a population irritated by overwork, by the long strain of the war operating on tired nerves, by high prices, and, above all, by uncertainty as to their future position when the special work of making war-material should cease.

The outside public, therefore, knowing little of the forces operating in the world of Labor, and desirous of settling down comfortably after the prolonged tragedy of loss, suddenly found that at home the conclusion of the Armistice had brought, not peace, but a sword. Labor began to strike — in some cases blindly and almost without cause; in others, for the social revolution; in others, for specific individual gains in the way of better wages and shorter hours of work.

Of the first, a typical example was the strike of the electricians on the underground railways of London. For a week, these did not run. Hundreds of thousand of workers, men and women, found themselves compelled to plod three, five, or seven miles, from their homes in the suburbs to their work in the city; and this through unusually foul weather, and in the midst of a raging epidemic of influenza. And as they plodded to and fro, they cursed with heartfelt objurgations organized Labor and all its works. The government at first assumed an attitude of aloofness, refusing negotiations with men who had acted against their leaders. But when the strike-infection began to invade the great railways, it hastily abandoned this attitude and gave the men practically all they asked.

An example of the second sort was the strike at Glasgow and all the great shipbuilding and munitions workshops along the Clyde. The motive here was frankly revolutionary. The aims were not so much a programme of hours and wages as the general upsetting of society. Attempts were made, by missionaries and delegates scattered through similar centres, to produce a universal strike. The attempt failed. The leaders of the Union repudiated the strike. The government displayed firmness and exercised an unusual display of force. Soldiers, guns, tanks were poured into Glasgow, which presented the appearance of an occupied German town. There was rioting, and arrests of ringleaders, but no actual loss of life. The mass of the workmen got tired of striking for an abstract cause. The leaders saw that their action had been premature, and, with some good sense, declared the strike at an end.

Far more formidable, because based on definite demands which appealed to all, and directed by an inflexible will, was the action of the unions forming the 'Triple Alliance.' They took up their programme as it had been left in the days before the war. They added to it special features to meet the grievances caused by the war's disturbances. They presented it as an ultimatum. Briefly, this programme consisted of two parts. The one demanded more pay and shorter hours of labor. The other demanded nationalization of the industries concerned. The first appealed most strongly to the rank and file, especially to the miners who, from the first, led the movement. In the scattered colliery villages, it mattered but little to the worker in the mine whether the manager was responsible to a great colliery company or to a government department. What appealed to him was the hope of spending six hours a day, instead of eight, underground; and of having three shillings a day more to spend on enjoyment in this extra time he had obtained in the open air above.

The second appealed most strongly to the leaders, who were out for far

more fundamental changes of society, of which the national ownership of mines and railways was only a beginning. With this double demand they approached the government. The heads of that government were mainly occupied with international questions and the difficulties confronting the Peace Conference. There was some unaccountable fumbling and delay. The menace of direct action was scarcely appreciated. Doubts were entertained of the power of the leaders to 'deliver the goods.' The weeks narrowed down to days and the days to hours. The country suddenly found itself confronting a catastrophe whose end no man could foresee. The triple strike would first have paralyzed all industry, and threatened starvation. The soldiers would have been called in to run the railways and to terrorize the miners. The result would have been rioting, bloodshed, and something nearly approaching civil war. Britain was never nearer internal collapse and destruction than in those fateful hours of the 'Ides of March' of 1919.

Just when all seemed lost, the government awoke to the magnitude of the danger, and Mr. Lloyd George intervened. A duel for position between the Prime Minister and Mr. Smillie, the miners' leader, resulted in a first victory for the latter. To all the agility, fertility of resource, and efforts to find a verbal compromise which had served Mr. George so well in past conciliations, this most remarkable of British Labor leaders opposed an unyielding will, fortified by the knowledge that behind him were the big battalions. The government was driven to appoint a public commission, under the chairmanship of a distinguished High-Court judge, and to give to the miners the right to nominate half the membership. It was forced to set an early time-limit on the work of that Commission, which was thus compelled to sit literally night and day. And it was practically forced to accept whatever conclusion the Commission might arrive at. The result was, of course, a foregone conclusion. On the specific question of work and wages, the miners won all along the line. Some small concessions were extorted from them, to save the face of the government. The advance in wages was a little less than the demand. The shortening of hours was delayed, although not denied. Simultaneously a settlement was effected with the railway and transport workers, mainly by throwing in large doles from the taxpayers' money. The question of nationalization was referred to the future consideration of the Commission.

By April, the Triple Alliance had won all along the line. A plebiscite approved, by an overwhelming majority, the superb tactical ability of the leaders. Without the miseries of a strike, but purely by judicious use of the menace of it, Labor had achieved the greatest of all its victories. It had achieved it, however, at a double price — the subsidizing of these privileged and, for the most part, highly paid trades at the expense of the whole community, and the revelation of the impotence of the government and present Parliament in face of a demand, and of a threat to destroy that community, made by a definite class of workers, who thus showed themselves stronger than the elected representatives of the people.

V

The immediate danger seems to have passed. Society is breathing freely again, and hoping to hear nothing of social unrest. But the quiet is for a moment only, like the quiet at the centre of a cyclone. And no one who looks below the surface can anticipate any

speedy or permanent return to tranquillity. As I write, the Coal Commission is examining the question of the nationalization of the coal mines. Economists whose opinions on the one side or the other have been known for decades are expressing their matured views on individualism or Socialism. The questions and arguments are entertaining. They have no more relation to the actual facts than would have the discussions of a similar commission concerning the truth or untruth of Christianity. One of the coal-miners' representatives blurted out the truth when he bluntly asked if Mr. Harold Cox's individualist philosophy 'would stand against the determination of over a million men.' The question will not be settled by the abstract determination of right and wrong, or efficiency against inefficiency. If over a million miners are resolved that the mines shall be nationalized, the mines will be nationalized, quite without regard to whether that process will develop or ruin the trade of Great Britain. The strength of Great Britain has passed into these great associations of well-paid and well-organized artisans.

Against that strength the miscellaneous mob of junkers and plutocrats of whom the House of Commons is composed is impotent. Already by-elections have revealed that this Parliament has no moral authority, and that no supporter of the government possesses a safe seat. And the process of reaction against the gamble of last December is destined to gather in momentum as the difficulties of government increase. Commissions and committees meet almost daily, and produce a litter of reports on labor unrest and its remedies. Newspapers and publicists wildly protest that the interests of employers and employed are identical, and that each should love the other. There are promises of efforts toward appeasement of Labor's demands, in the guaranty of a statutory minimum wage and a statutory eight-hour day. But these efforts seem to be destined to the same fate as those organized by Ethelred the Unready to buy off the invasion of the Danes. A social programme, ambitious and well-boomed in the press, is to provide comfort and a career for the returned soldier and the dispossessed munition-worker. The country is gravely informed at intervals that so many millions of bricks have been ordered for the building of pleasant cottages for the working people; but no single cottage of the half million promised has yet arisen. There has been much agitation over promises to 'settle' soldiers on the land which they have preserved inviolate. But no such settlement on any satisfactory scale has been attempted; and the landed interests are demanding such inflated post-war prices for the monopoly in land which they possess, that it appears that the community will start the scheme with the certainty of enormous loss, or the settlers with the prospect of bankruptcy.

The financial chaos dominates the whole situation. There are over a million soldiers still undischarged, economically unproductive, whose upkeep is a heavy burden on industry. There are a million workers, not only unemployed, but drawing substantial government doles while they continue to be unemployed. And these doles can be paid only with borrowed money. The country is working, therefore, in a vicious circle. Trade refuses to march for lack of capital. In the absence of trade there is no work for the unemployed. The unemployed are therefore kept in idleness by expenditure of that very capital which might otherwise have been diverted into reëstablishing trade. So long as these doles continue, the raw edge of social discontent is blunted, and demands for social recon-

struction lack the intensity of the clamant cries of hunger and cold. But the effect of prolonged idleness on smallish government weekly grants is itself a demoralizing one. And any attempts that may be made, say, next autumn, to cut out this cancer in some such forcible manner as that in which the state relief works were closed down in France in 1849 may produce a similar social revolution.

Europe after the war is a poor land. It is in the condition of a family whose house has been burned over its head, and which is now groping among the charred ashes to gather what remnant it can obtain from the ruins. But Great Britain, at least, has not yet realized its poverty. The cessation of hostilities has been followed by a wild outburst of extravagance. Never has the London 'season' anticipated so brilliant a series of pleasure festivals. Never have the luxury trades encountered so heavy a demand, or reaped such enormous profits. The mind of men, suddenly released from a tense anxiety which was eating and corroding its energies and expansions, seems set on the enjoyment of the moment, and is prepared freely to expend the borrowed money upon which society is living. At the same time, the tornado of war has torn up from the roots great masses of men, filled them with new ideas, and driven home lessons of social equality which all the philosophers and preachers could not have taught in five generations of peace.

I remember returning from Verdun with a French *poilu* who had come straight out of a burning city for his ten days *permission*, and how he spoke the resolve of the soldiers struggling in that hell, in their demand for social equality if they survived. 'After the war, one will say to me, "I am rich"; another, "I have land"; another, "I am of high birth and breeding"; another, "I have knowledge and am wise." And I shall say to them, "Yes, messieurs, these things may indeed be true; but I fought at Verdun!"'

A prominent French statesman, to whom I told this story, told me that he had no fear that such a spirit would upset the fabric of French society. The French army was in the main a peasant army. The French soldier would return to his little plot of land and the little house that he owns. And in his accustomed work on the soil, with his passion for thrift and his ant-like industry from dawn to sunset, social unrest would be allayed.

But the British soldier is not a peasant soldier. In so far as he comes from the rural districts, he comes from the condition of a day-laborer, owning neither cottage nor garden, and working for a mean and inadequate wage. In so far as he comes from the towns, he is a worker with nothing to sell but his skill or his muscle, both partially damaged in the war. New cities have arisen in his absence; other cities have decayed. Often his former home has vanished, and he has no new home to which to return. He is a wanderer on the earth, with no stake in the country which he is told that he has saved. While he was fighting abroad, the men at home were making high wages and profits, and lending to the government at a high rate of interest. He has no such capital investment. He will be compelled to work day and night to produce by his labor the 'tribute' necessary to pay the interest on that capital investment. Small wonder if, even in confused fashion, he surmises that something is wrong with the social order, and that — as in M. Viviani's famous phrase — he is unable to reconcile his sudden descent from a god to a brute. At one moment, marching in uniform in procession through cheering crowds, he is extravagantly praised as the boy of the bull-

dog breed who has saved Europe from the barbarian. In the next, divested of his uniform, he is denounced as the 'slacker' who refuses to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, and who is casting envious eyes on other people's property.

And to men smarting under the indignity of such a contrast comes the teaching of the advocates of Social Revolution, telling him day after day, and in and out of season, that this 'other people's property' is in reality his own.

VI

The shadows lie heavy on the hills. It will be years, it may be decades, before those shadows are dispelled. It may be that never will they be completely dispelled. These four years of mad destruction may have struck a blow at Europe's prosperity from which it will never recover. Some of the greatest of the Dominion statesmen have expressed to me their conviction that the result will be a permanent change. They foresee a great and increasing migration from Great Britain, and indeed from all the war-tortured countries, of people fleeing from national bankruptcy in a region haunted by evil dreams. From such a migration they anticipate the building up of huge white communities in still unsettled lands, which will give a new orientation to the world's future history. Canada, South Africa, Australasia, will take the place in this war which was taken by the West after the Civil War in America. However this may be, at home we are in for troublous times. Reconstruction far more vital and profound than anything contemplated by the present Parliament alone can ensure internal tranquillity. The day of the enjoyment of great fortunes, undisturbed by the State above or the proletariat below, has passed, and forever. The new idea of a new demand for social justice is knocking at the doors of all institutions supporting the present social order. There will be, first, a great advance toward equality and a great extension of state action. Whether such equality and socialization will mean in practice the death or departure of enterprise and ambition, only the future can decide. I do not anticipate the excesses of a French or even of a Russian Revolution. The wild charges of Bolshevism by which the newspapers brand any movement or teaching they dislike are born of ignorant or timid brains. But it is necessary to recognize that the old easy-going and prosperous days are over. Great Britain, in the aftermath of war, and amid a Social Discontent which its rulers can neither appease nor forget, is entering upon the 'Iron Age.'

THE PRESIDENT'S HOMECOMING

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

From Charing Cross Station to Buckingham Palace it is a matter of fifteen minutes if one rides properly in a royal coach behind six cream-colored horses. Mr. Wilson made that journey on the morning of Boxing Day last year, through a crowd which overflowed from Trafalgar Square and the entire length of Pall Mall into the side streets; and at the end of the fifteen minutes the editorial writers of the London evening papers were writing, and the cable correspondents from home were cabling home, to the effect that the President had won the hearts of the British people.

More than once since that crisp and sunny — for London — morning, when I stood in Waterloo Place, just off Pall Mall, at the foot of the Crimean Monument, — stood quietly and scanned the crowd in conformity with my duties as a foreign observer; or craned up at the droning silver dragon-flies that were welcoming airplanes; or speculated in common with all my neighbors whether the two Tommies and the sailor who were scaling the Monument for a vantage-point would attain the shoulders of Victory or break their necks; or rose for one hectic moment on tiptoe to see a royal coach flit by with the now famous international smile inside, — more than once since last Christmastide I have wondered just how the editorial writers and the special correspondents knew at the end of fifteen minutes that the President had won the hearts of the British multitude.

If one were required to describe that London crowd without the slightest preconception, without knowledge of the person or the occasion that had brought it into the streets, — in short, to give a simple statement of just what one saw or heard and not of what one read into the spectacle, — the record might be somewhat as follows. A big crowd; a comfortable, quietly dressed crowd; many military uniforms British; a good many uniforms American; for the rest, a mass of interested but by no means febrile civilians. There were children perching on parental shoulders — the child as a rule well-grown for its age, the father rather slight for the weight he had to carry, as in all festive crowds, but quite brave under his burden, as in all crowds. There was the pathetic little woman of five feet nothing, whose outlook on such occasions is entirely confined to the masculine shoulders in front of her, and whose attendance is all the more an act of faith, save when the advancing barrage of cheers announces the supreme moment and she allows herself to be lifted high by comparative strangers for one ecstatic glimpse of a royal coach which flashes and vanishes. The women in the crowd are more intent on the show of the day; the men, one would venture to say, on the drone and the shimmer of the biplanes, and certainly on the antics of the two Tommies and the sailor now nestling between the feet of Victory right over the bayonets of the Crimean grenadiers.

A rattle of cheers breaks out. Somebody from Flanders or the House of

Commons has passed. A louder roll of cheers sweeps by and the women gasp and clap their hands wildly. The President has passed. The crowd floods out of Pall Mall, up and down Waterloo Place and its tributaries.

It is not my purpose here to set up the naturalistic, jog-trot method of descriptive writing against the emotional-subjective literary style. Certainly it is not my intention to deny that when Mr. Wilson rode from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace he carried with him the hearts of the English people. That may well have been the case. It is of importance, nevertheless, to insist on the fact that this London crowd of last December was not carried away by a tidal wave of feeling, such as would have justified the editorial writers and the special correspondents in describing a new conquest of Britain by Mr. Wilson in the course of a quarter of an hour. It is my own belief that to the very appreciable extent that the hearts of the English people were with the President that day, those hearts had been won before Mr. Wilson set foot in England, before Mr. Wilson set foot on board the George Washington in an Atlantic port. And this I believe to be true — by analogy — of the Paris crowds or the Italian crowds, which I did not see. It is a naïve, a melodramatic view, to think of Europe as won by the fleeting, physical presence of a man. It overlooks Europe's emotions during the months and years before Mr. Wilson's arrival.

One phenomenon I encountered in every European capital I visited. This was the readiness and certainty with which professional observers in one country were able to measure the pulse of the masses in the adjoining country. Elsewhere I have told how many of our American students of the soul of Europe, in their eager pursuit of the 'revolution' that was just about to sweep over the Continent, were always being referred to the revolution as just around the corner, but across the frontier. Radical British statesmen told us that England could not show the way in the great social upheaval, but that things in France were very ominous. In Paris we learned from men at the head of the radical movement that the French, because of peculiar historical and social conditions, were not ripe for revolution, but that a crisis was approaching in the British trade-unions, and that in Italy affairs were on the razor's edge. One might have expected a certain measure of caution from these men, seeing that their diagnoses of their own countrymen had turned out by no means infallible. British Radicals, for instance, spoke of the 'real' sentiments of the French and Italian people at the very moment when their forecasts of the revolutionary sentiment of the British people had been knocked into a cocked hat by Mr. Lloyd George's tremendous majorities.

On this point I confess to speaking with a fair amount of irritation. I have thought it something more than absurd, I have thought it mischievous and confusing, at a time when the world needed the truth and light so badly, that outsiders should be thumping the desk magisterially about the 'masses' of Europe; those silent masses whose hearts their own countrymen find it so difficult to plumb; those hearts which their very owners often fail to understand. American observers — more or less hasty observers — have spoken of British sentiment concerning Lloyd George with a confidence utterly unjustified by previous knowledge or by subsequent events.

But the great subject for *ex-cathedra* deliverances has been Clemenceau. How often have I read of this man's vast unpopularity with the French masses; of the detestation in which he is held by the *poilu*, who is the real France; of the certainty that Clemen-

ceau would be overwhelmingly beaten if he ventured to go before the French electorate. And how regularly Clemenceau, tiger that he is, has persisted in getting votes of confidence from his Chamber of Deputies and having his speeches placarded in the market-places of France.

II

It is a point that affects Mr. Wilson. The doubts I felt when fervid editorial writers and special correspondents assured the world that the President had won the heart of Europe in the course of a short drive from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace, or from the Gare d'Orsay to the Hôtel Murat, these same doubts I experience now when a good many of these same editorial writers and special correspondents assure us that the President left Europe the other day having forfeited the hearts of the European masses, denied their hopes, darkened their faith. In neither case do I believe that the facts correspond to the vivid journalistic picture. I do not believe that the masses give their hearts or take them back with such melodramatic swiftness or completeness.

That Europe's feelings for Mr. Wilson a few weeks ago were not what they were seven months ago is probably true. But this is only the inevitable let-down from aspiration to achievement. Whatever Mr. Wilson had accomplished at Paris in these seven months, the relapse in Europe's emotions was bound to come. If the peoples of Europe expected all things from the President last December, then they are disappointed this August. But it is hardly for the contemporary historian to judge a statesman by everything everybody ever expected of him. Yet that is what a great many men are doing now. Of those who were quite sure seven months ago that Mr. Wilson, with a smile, had won the hearts of Europe, a great many are now convinced that he is the tragedy of the European peoples.

When Mr. Wilson walks down the gang-plank of the George Washington, in the course of the next two or three weeks (I am writing in the third week of June), there is, of course, just one question which Americans will ask. It is a question which Mr. Wilson will probably ask of himself many times between Brest and the home shores. Does the President come home a victor or otherwise? Have the Wilsonian principles been vindicated? Has the Wilson peace been made? Upon one's general recollections — and prejudices — of the history of the Peace Conference, or upon a more thorough and conscientious study of the President's seven months in Europe, the verdict will be based. In either case it will be judgment passed upon Mr. Wilson abroad, upon Mr. Wilson as against the statesmen of Europe. He will have scored over Lloyd George or been beaten by Lloyd George. He will have won the decision over Clemenceau or been outwitted by Clemenceau. He will have asserted himself against Orlando and Sonnino or have surrendered to the Italians. He will have imposed his will upon a reconstructed world, all the way through the chaotic alphabet, from Albania to Zara, or he will have been completely vanquished by the old Adam of European politics. At the moment of writing it requires no special vision to foresee the entire range of judgment from one edge of the partisan spectrum to the other, from Wilson the victor to Wilson the ghastly failure.

Yet it must be obvious that at the moment of Mr. Wilson's landing in America we cannot say yes or no to the question whether he comes back in victory. And the reason is simply that Mr. Wilson's fight is not over. He has brought his European campaign to an end. He faces a new campaign on the

American front. And precisely as the four years' war against Germany, raging all over the globe, found its decision in the last great battle between Arras and the Meuse, so the issue of victory or defeat for the President must be ultimately decided here at home, in the course of the next few weeks or months. If the Senate ratifies the treaty, including the League of Nations, then Mr. Wilson has won a *victoire intégrale*. If the Senate rejects the League, then Mr. Wilson's battle has been a disaster. What happened to the President in Paris is of secondary consideration. His triumphs over Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando will be nullified by the collapse of the Covenant, just as all Germany's victories in Russia and Serbia were swept away in the collapse of the German front between Château-Thierry and Albert. If the Covenant is ratified, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, and Makino may have won the battle of Paris, but they will have lost the peace of Versailles to the President.

Until the American people, through the Senate, has spoken, the outcome of the war and the peace is in abeyance. This is the belief of millions of men in this country and abroad, who can see in the treaty, without the League, a fair approximation to reason and justice. It is the belief of many men who see in the treaty only error and wickedness, but find recompense in the League. It is a belief eloquently voiced by a distinguished radical English publicist, who has been sufficiently drastic in his criticism of the procedure at Paris: —

'Both the President and Premier Clemenceau have won and both have lost. The American peace is embodied in the League of Nations Covenant, and the French peace is embodied in the treaty. The Covenant lays down the scheme for a new world-order and the treaty reëstablishes the old world-order; the Covenant aims at the abolition of militarism, and the treaty reënacts militarism. But the two cannot coexist; they are mutually destructive. If the Covenant survives, the treaty must go; if the treaty survives, the Covenant is stillborn. It is my purpose here to appeal to American liberalism, in the name of English liberalism, not to desert the President. The struggle between the President and the Premier is not over; it has only begun.'

True criticism does not condemn the artist for failing to do what he never meant to do. We cannot speak of Mr. Wilson's success or failure unless we keep in mind the aim he set for himself when he sailed for Brest. That great purpose, the President's only purpose, was the League. It is fair enough to say that by his insistence on the League the President delayed the work of peace at Versailles; but it was because he thought of the League as the peace. Friends will call that his faith. Enemies will call it his obsession. The name hardly matters. Mr. Wilson's success or failure will be measured by the degree to which his faith or his delusion is realized. It is impossible to have seen and heard the President at the Guildhall in London, or to remember him at the first business session of the plenary conference in Paris, without realizing how utterly the idea of the League had penetrated into Mr. Wilson's being, as the essence and meaning, as the foundation and the crown of the Peace. In London and in Paris it was the note he sounded in the first words that fell from his lips, it was the beginning, the climax, and conclusion of his argument. The League was the one thing for which he had come to Europe.

Between Mr. Wilson and the radical school of critics the issue is clear. He has been accused of doing things in violation of the spirit of the League of Nations, which things he did because of

his faith in the League of Nations. He has been accused of sacrificing this many or that many of his fourteen points; but the President, if it came to that pass, might almost assert that for the sake of a League of Nations he would sacrifice all his other thirteen points. He has tried to make the treaty, as apart from the League, square as far as might be with his ideals; but the League was his one ideal. For the sake of the League he compromised with the French maximum demands, rejecting the left bank of the Rhine, but conceding the Saar. For the sake of the League he compromised with France in the matter of the self-determination of Austria. For the sake of the League he confessedly compromised with Japan in the matter of Kiao-chau. His opponents have naturally asked how a man who believed in the reconciliation of the peoples — through the League — could sanction obstacles in the way of conciliation. His answer, just as naturally, has been that the League is the permanent and ultimate reconciler. With the League he expects to win back the price he paid for the League.

III

The President's enemies abide in two camps. To one set of men, the practical, hard-headed kind, he is a trafficker in the phrases of a misty idealism. To another set of men, among them many of his former disciples, he has been vacillating, weak, cowardly, and so down the line to clear high treason against the ideals of liberalism. It is my own firm belief that this empty doctrinaire, as viewed from the extreme Right, and this waverer and compromiser, as visualized from the extreme Left, has seen reality with clearer eyes and held fast to an ideal with a firmer grip than the multitude of his critics.

Mr. Wilson has remembered. He has remembered the fifty-one and a half months from August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918, which so many of his countrymen have forgotten or have chosen to forget. And this thing which so many of us have forgotten is the once familiar vow that this must be a war to end war. We have forgotten our outcries when the agony was upon us: that this thing must never happen again. To that end alone Germany must be beaten and the new world built. The one great result of the war, the one profit that might make its horrors almost worth while, must be guaranties against the repetition of the horror. It must not happen again.

It was an amazing and disconcerting thing, when I arrived in Paris in the early days of last January, to find how many Americans, more or less in close touch with our peace mission, had forgotten the fervid oath of only three months back, how reconciled they were, only two months after the armistice, to the thing happening again. I was prepared to some extent for the usual swift transitions from war-psychology to peace-psychology. That our soldiers, once Germany had been beaten, should be intensely eager to go home; that France, from a champion of civilization and a valiant comrade in the field, should quickly have become, in soldiers' gossip, a nation of profiteers and unpleasing personal habits; that the nation which had fought the German invader to a standstill should by the very fact of her victory over Germany lose her clutch on our sympathies; that invaded and massacred France should become 'imperialist' France — all these things were natural enough.

What was not so simple was to find men of affairs in close contact with our peace delegates madly anxious to close the chapter of the four-years war and get home. To get the army home *toot sweet;* to sign a treaty *toot sweet;* to cut

loose from the European mess which we never could understand; to go back where we were before the sixth of April, 1917 — that was our sole duty. But what of twenty years from now, and another war in Europe? We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, I was told. This little old world could not be made over in a day. The point now was to get back home to business. We had forgotten, *toot sweet*.

Other Americans in Paris had likewise forgotten. After all, you would expect to find the hard-headed business man among the first to shed the war emotion. If he absorbed the lessons of the war, it would be through their continuing impact on his normal life. The problems of the new world must be translated into terms of his daily problems. He had neither the leisure nor the aptitude nor the desire for consciously cherishing a 'vision.' But there were in Paris and about the Hotel Crillon a large and active group of men whose professional concern — I use professional in no invidious sense — was precisely with the vision of a world after the war. They were newspapermen, publicists, social workers, officials connected with the peace mission, of a radical cast of mind. To-day among the severest critics of Mr. Wilson, they were only six months ago his ardent disciples, with a greater faith in the President than Mr. Wilson possibly had in himself; for they, at least, seemed to have no doubt that it was in the President's power to impose his will on the rest of the Conference and shape the treaty quite as he saw fit.

Only that the things which they now saw were not what the President saw. They, too, had forgotten the one great longing which had been born out of the war — the longing for a guaranty against war. Theirs was the opposite impulse to that of the hard-headed business man. They did not say that the world, after all, was bound to be the same little old world that had emerged from other wars. On the contrary, they were so carried away by the possibilities of a totally new world that they forgot their original interest in a peaceful world. They forgot the League in their interest in Reconstruction. And Reconstruction during those months was such an ever-new thing in Europe, so full of dramatic changes and promises, so rich in ever-opening vistas, that the idea of a league rapidly became for them old-fashioned, inadequate, or even hostile to their new affections. Two thirds of Europe was seething with revolution. New nationalities, new classes, new alignments presented themselves. What was going on in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany became of infinitely more consequence than what might happen to the League.

It is true that a more or less perfunctory tribute was paid to internationalism, of which the League might be supposed a part. But their great concern was with Revolution, with Labor, with Mass Effort. And war and peace? Yes, war was still an evil. Yes, war was a device of the governments and the 'interests' to bedevil the peoples. And yet, this question of war — well, frankly, it depends, don't you know? It might be a capitalistic war, or it might be a people's war. It might be a war for enslavement, or it might be a war for freedom. In other words, Liberals have begun to talk quite like their imperialist opponents. The Liberal, too, has discovered that there are righteous wars and the other kind. The only difference is that the imperialist discusses righteousness in terms of nations and the new Liberal talks of war in terms of class. A Clemenceau war against the German people would be an unholy war. An invasion of Poland or Hungary by the Soviet armies bearing aid to fellow Socialists in Poland or Hungary would

be a righteous war. And thus liberalism has opened the gates to the ancient enemy.

It is the President's outstanding service and his title to fundamental consistency that he has not forgotten. The memory of men's arms upflung in an agony of appeal against a return of the great horror has remained vivid to him, and he has written the vision into the Covenant. Between the men who six months ago cried out against war and now have their business to attend to and those others who cried out against war and have now found out that there are Revolutions and Reconstructions which they would much rather have than peace, the President stands forth as the man who has not forgotten. And with him, I take it, there are many millions of plain people who have not forgotten. How many millions, Mr. Wilson is now trying to find out.

IV

If the analysis I have attempted of Mr. Wilson's impelling motive is anywhere near the truth, there emerges the question, should Mr. Wilson have gone to Europe? It is not altogether an academic question. Until the President's work is completed, until the treaty has been ratified in the Senate, the victory is not won. And therefore it is still of practical importance to review the campaign from the beginning, to ascertain what errors of tactics or strategy Mr. Wilson may have committed, and to see whether the mistakes might be rectified in the interest of ultimate victory, precisely as the Allies in the war drew profit from the mistakes of the first three years of conflict.

Objections to the President's trip, when his plans for the voyage were formulated last year, were largely based on propriety. There was the precedent against the Chief Executive leaving the country during his term of office. The issue was debated from both sides in the spirit of a rather trivial legalism. On the one hand, a precedent was being violated. On the other hand, a precedent was not being violated. Mr. Taft had driven or walked half-way across the international bridge between El Paso and Juarez, to shake hands with a Mexican President. Mr. Roosevelt had gone on a battleship to the Canal Zone. Mr. Wilson would travel on an American battleship, make his home in the American Embassy, and so constructively retain residence on American soil. The debate was suddenly closed by a common recognition of the simple fact that, in an unprecedented situation, old precedents die and new precedents are born.

But if the war and Mr. Wilson's earlier actions, as some of his critics pointed out, had rendered obsolete the argument from precedent, it was still Mr. Wilson's duty to have considered whether the great purpose he had in mind would be best subserved by sticking to precedent or by violating it. What was the strategy, rather than the narrow propriety, of the situation? Here I cannot help feeling that Mr. Wilson's position was like that of the High Command in a great battle. G.H.Q. is always found well behind the battle line, and general officers do not lead the assault. There are exceptions, to be sure. Napoleon occasionally seizes the flag of a wavering regiment and presses on to victory. But it is only when disaster threatens that the risk is justified.

If America's interests at the Conference had been represented by men of Mr. Wilson's choice, acting under guidance from Washington, and those interests had been at any time imperiled, we can well imagine the President taking ship for Brest. And we can imagine the tremendous effect which such

a move would have produced on the situation in Paris. It would have been what the rush of American troops across the seas was last summer. It would have been the oncoming of the reserves.

As things have turned out, it is possible to maintain that Mr. Wilson threw his reserves into the fight at the outset. We know that his prestige in Europe waned in the course of seven months. His second arrival at Brest naturally failed to evoke the tremendous repercussions of the first. We may well ask what would have been the effect if, in the last days of April, Mr. Wilson, instead of summoning the George Washington to Brest for the second time, had summoned her to New York City for his first trip abroad.

But the parallel between Mr. Wilson at Washington and Joffre or Foch one hundred miles behind the lines at G.H.Q. is not a perfect one. The Wilson battle-line lay only partly in Europe. One wing of the front, and for him the most vital sector, lay here in America. This problem would not have existed for the President if we had no constitutional provision requiring the ratification of a treaty by a two-thirds majority in the Senate, or if the President were absolutely assured of the necessary vote in the Senate. The facts were, of course, quite the other way. In the November elections the President had lost both Houses of Congress; and he had himself made the issue for the elections one of indorsement of his policies. It was difficult to explain away the outcome of the elections as due to matters quite foreign to war and peace. At least, the necessity confronted Mr. Wilson to demonstrate that, while a majority of the American people might be against Mr. Burleson, or against Mr. Creel, or against the Democratic Party on questions of domestic polity, a majority of the American people was still for a Wilson peace. But the President was not there.

The war against Germany was won, not primarily by leadership, but by national unity within every belligerent country and by national organization for war within each country. Let it be recalled that not all Foch's or Haig's cares were concerned with the situation in the field. Many an anxious eye they cast back to the home front. When Mr. Wilson sailed for Brest to wage battle for a just peace, he left behind him neither a united country nor the organization for reëstablishing unity. To that task he might well have stayed at home and devoted himself. Through the press and the forum he should have advised — and consulted — the country and Congress on the aims and the methods of our peace representatives in Paris. I say advise and consult because it is obvious that much of the opposition which has arisen in Congress is not due to partisanship but to exasperation, natural to a great degree, with Mr. Wilson's reticence, with his self-sufficiency at a time when no statesman was big enough to dispense with the counsel of his countrymen. To explain where explanation was necessary, to placate where the strategy of the situation dictated conciliation, to attack where the challenge was clear — for all such purposes the President would have been at his strongest here at home. And his strength at home would infallibly have been reflected in the Conference, and victory in Paris would have been definite. It would have been the *victoire intégrale*, and in that case there would have been no supplementary battles to fight in the Senate after the Germans had signed.

This assumes that Mr. Wilson's delegates in Europe could have fought his battles as well as he has done. It is my belief that they could have done so. Mr. Wilson's presence in Europe was

not absolutely necessary to rally liberal opinion in the Allied countries against their own governments in favor of a Wilsonian peace. It is naïve to think that Mr. Wilson won the hearts of the French people in the course of a short drive along the Champs Elysées, that he won the Italian people by a single public appearance at Rome, that he won the hearts of the British people between Charing Cross and Buckingham Palace. He had their hearts before he set sail for Brest. He might have remained in the White House, and still be Wilson and America to the Italian peasants who are reported to have burned candles before his picture, and to the Poles and Czechs who erected statues to the great liberator across the seas.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND LABOR

AN EDUCATIONAL ADVENTURE IN ENGLAND AND HER OVERSEAS DOMINIONS

BY ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

I

On almost any day in August for the past ten years, casual visitors to Oxford may have noticed on more than one college lawn small groups of workingmen and women in eager discussion with those who were obviously college tutors. They would have interpreted the meaning of these groups rightly, if they had regarded them as symbolical of a steadily growing unity on the part of workingmen and scholars, or as evidence of coöperation between the universities and the organizations of labor. They were indeed outward and visible signs of the effort which the spirit of society always makes when the actions of men attempt to defeat her unalterable intentions. These laboring men and women had been removed from the opportunities of scholarship; but at Oxford, in time secured from work, they had found their way, for a brief period, to their legitimate, if not exclusive task.

The groups on the college lawns may further be regarded as manifestations of the desire of scholarship to bring herself into right relationship with the indisputable facts and experience of practical life. All these views and interpretations may be illustrated in a single experience briefly told. On an August morning in 1909, the Professor of English Law at Oxford had lectured on the Workmen's Compensation Act to a group of railway-men, weavers, and miners gathered together in Balliol College. After he had finished, it fell to his share, in accordance with the invariable custom in these classes, to listen to discussion and answer questions for a space of time at least equal to that which he himself had occupied. Almost at once a railway-man, with a

wooden stump in place of a leg, rose and discussed from the point of view of the injured workman the effect of the act so far as he in his own person was concerned. In effect, he was a 'living document.' By this act of coöperation with the professor, the peculiar contribution to knowledge which he had the power to make was not lost as it usually is.

Within a certain range of subjects all workmen are 'living documents.' It is expressing a mere truism to say that any study which is not in contact with life and in process of continual correction by its experience tends to become unreal. The railway-man, in this instance, gained a new self-respect when he realized that he was able to add to the knowledge of the Professor, who, on his part, had achieved a new method of research, of vital and entrancing interest.

In the industrial town in which the railway-man lived, a University Tutorial Class had been formed, and it was by right of his membership in this class that he was enabled, and indeed assisted, to become, for a week at least, a student at Oxford. The week was to him the most notable period of his life, and, since it was the climax of a long period of study at home, the educational value of it, apart from the inspiration it supplied, could not be questioned.

Authoritative witness to the keenness of students like the railway-man, organized in University Tutorial Classes throughout the country is borne by a Board of Education report, signed by Professor L. T. Hobhouse and Mr. J. W. Headlam.

'No one could attend these classes without being struck by the zeal and earnestness of the students, their happy relations with the lecturer, the general atmosphere of comradeship and good feeling in the classes, and the strong appreciation by the students of the benefits which they are deriving from the work. These impressions are not derived from any single class or type of classes. They are common to the diverse and widely scattered classes which we have visited.'

The report also calls attention to the keenness of students in writing essays.

'One operative told us that, in order to get a time when the house was quiet for working in, he went to bed at seven, got up at midnight, worked for two hours, and then went to bed again.'

The recognized period of a class meeting is two hours, on twenty-four occasions during each of three consecutive years. No really good class ever keeps to the two hours. They break up, as a rule, only when compelled by necessity. There are limits to the time during which buildings with caretakers may remain open, but there always remains the street. A class in philosophy at Birmingham habitually continued its sessions on the sidewalk until an energetic policeman threatened to charge the tutor with causing an obstruction. On one occasion an economics class, after a pavement session, accompanied the tutor to the railway station; and the argument not being finished, some of the students entered the train with him and went as far as they dared. A similar incident is reported from New Zealand.

It would be easy to add to these instances of keenness in study, but it will be more to our profit to trace the origin, to reveal the principles, to estimate the influence, and to discover the direction of the movement.

II

The fact that the education of workingmen and women in England had developed just at those points where coöperation with scholars had taken

place, led in 1903 to the formation of the Workers' Educational Association, as a democratic, unsectarian, non-partisan body, consisting of working people and scholars, of universities and Labor organizations. In this way those who expressed the demand for education were unified with those who were best qualified to supply that demand.

The impetus, coming as it did from Labor, was sufficient to secure the rapid expansion of the movement, which was welcomed by scholars and administrators alike. By the year 1914 it possessed nearly 200 branches, was a federation of 2500 labor and educational bodies, and was at work in Australia and Canada.

Not only did it inspire agricultural laborers to study history persistently, sweated women to read and to enjoy Shakespeare in snatched time, and literally thousands of London workers to attend lectures on the history of Parliament given on Saturday afternoons in June, but it changed the whole conception of national educational facilities by replacing the metaphor of the 'ladder' from gutter to university as a means of education for the poor, by the broad and ample conception of a 'highway' open to all, poor and rich alike, who possess both the desire and the capacity to walk along it. Moreover, its continual insistence upon the necessity for England of an educational system which would secure the development of the gifts and characters of all for the common good, led to increased enthusiasm for education, especially on the part of organized Labor, and generated much of the power which made possible the Fisher Act of 1918.

It is improbable that the movement would have attracted so much support, or have had so much effect, if it had not adopted a spiritual idea of education, and based its work upon the old conception of education as a force directly developing and strengthening the being of man, making for health of body, clearness of mind, and purity of spirit.

Educated men, it said, can work no ill with the knowledge they have and of which they desire increasingly more, not merely for their own but for the common good. At once, with such a conception of the meaning and purpose of education, it placed the efficient scholar on no higher level than the skilled workman. They were regarded simply as different types, with overflowing gifts to share with one another.

Its most notable achievement, and that which has attracted most attention, was the creation of University Tutorial Classes, which we have already seen at work. This creation was chiefly due to the determination of a group of workingmen and women in 1907, at Rochdale, to achieve study in their leisure hours, at the highest level possible to them. They pledged themselves to attend on twenty-four evenings for two hours during each of three years, to write fortnightly essays, to do as much reading as possible, and generally to promote in every way the interests of the class.

Fortified by these sound decisions, they approached the University of Oxford through the Workers' Educational Association, to which they belonged, and as a result secured as tutor Mr. R. H. Tawney, now a Fellow of Balliol and a member of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies. Needless to say, the Rochdale students fulfilled their pledges to the letter and furnished one of the two classes, the other, also taught by Mr. Tawney, being at Longton in the Potteries, which formed an admirable basis for the well-known report on 'Oxford and Working-Class Education,' which is the charter of the movement.

This latter class continued steadily at work for seven years, and at the end of that time contained several of the original students. The others had left, mainly for the purpose of organizing and teaching — animated solely by the sheer love of spreading knowledge — a whole series of classes in the mining villages of North Staffordshire. The fact that artisans would travel long distances to attend classes held at mechanics' institutes in the early years of the nineteenth century had always been a source of wonderment and pride to the advocates of education among the people. Now it is possible to point to laboring men who, for no fee and often at their own charges, are willing to travel many miles, arriving home past midnight, in order to help others, otherwise unprovided for, to study economics, history, and literature.

At the outset of the Workers' Educational movement, the majority of interested observers believed that workingmen and women cared little about higher education for themselves; or, at least, that, having regard to the hours they worked, they could hardly be expected to study persistently and with effect.

The experience of sixteen years has proved these beliefs to be false. It is clear that quite ordinary men and women are keenly interested in things that matter; that at least a portion of them can be organized into classes; and that in any ordinary town it is possible to organize a class, or classes, for workingmen and women scholars, which may be regarded as part of the higher, if extra-mural, work of a university. Before 1903 the universities almost despaired of getting workingmen and women in any numbers to attend their 'extension' lectures, which were designed to be entertaining as well as informative. They would never have dreamed of asking students to pledge themselves to attend seventy-two two-hour class meetings spread over three years, and to write regular essays. But workingmen and women, left to themselves and inspired by a sense of need, did this upon their own initiative, and every observer knows that they kept their pledges. Moreover, they did so simply because they believed in education as being essential to reasonable citizenship, and to the fulfillment of their own lives; consequently, they regarded certificates or diplomas as unnecessary, if not actually hurtful, to their purpose.

So it has come about that of the ten thousand students who have passed through these classes not one has even a piece of paper to show for it. From this it will be gathered that the idea of 'getting on' is far from their minds, and that they look for industrial advancement from quite other quarters, usually through the good offices of their trade-union or other form of combination. They wish to rise with their fellows — not to leave them behind. Their Tutorial Class is often an oasis set in a desert of dreary labor. It gives them the opportunity, hitherto denied, of realizing their personalities. Their school-days ended at anything from nine to thirteen years of age. An inquiry showed that few had been to school since. The statement of these facts demands in itself some explanation of the claim that these classes are of university level. That they are, no one who knows them doubts.

The Board of Education insists that 'The instruction must aim at reaching, within the limits of the subject covered, the standard of university work in Honors.' It inspects them rigorously. The subjects studied are obviously not those which must be preceded by prolonged school education, but such as demand for their development the native capacity of experi-

enced, intelligent men and women who have striven to act as good citizens.

After two classes had been running for two years and six classes for one year, the essays written were sent to Oxford for examination. In the judgment of the present Master of Balliol, who expressed himself as astonished, not so much at the quality as at the 'quantity of the quality,' twenty-five per cent of the essays were equal to those written by graduates who obtained First-Class Honors in the final schools of Modern History at Oxford. A professor of history in a northern university characterized as 'moonshine' the claim that such students could do honors work, examined the essays, was satisfied, and went back to teach, or rather to study with, a class.

This high level of achievement has doubtless fallen in the later classes. It is inevitable that greater care and force should be spent on the construction of pioneer or experimental classes. Nevertheless, there are in every well-organized class a few first-class students who reveal themselves as such, either in the writing of essays or in discussion. In any case, as we have seen, a class must aim at attaining an honors standard, or it would not make good its claim to the government grant. The fact that the same kind of results was noted in the case of New Zealand groups goes to prove that this power of scholarship is widespread and a normal characteristic of the movement.

The method is that of Socrates.

'How shall a man learn except from one who is his friend?'

'The lecture is one, the discussion is one thousand.'

Left to themselves, unspoiled by theory, workingmen went straight to the mark. It is to the credit of the universities for all time that they encouraged and assisted them. 'We began by accusing Oxford,' said a New York paper, commenting on the report 'Oxford and Working-Class Education'; 'we end by excusing ourselves.'

If a class is properly organized, the normal results will inevitably follow. It is fatal to induce a student to join a class if he is not keen and eager to study the specific subject. Rather, at the right moment, would-be students should have presented to them the disadvantages and responsibilities of membership. At times weakness has crept in because of the desire of a university to have a certain number of classes, in order that they might find sufficient work for a specific tutor. Sometimes this has resulted in a hurriedly organized class, or in some modification of the subject which the students desired to study. Any attempt to force development, or to interfere with the desire of the students, must lead inevitably to inferior results. As for the tutor, he must be one who is willing to explore and develop his subject anew with the help of his thirty experienced colleagues. He is ideally an editor of opinions, a provider of knowledge, a fountain of inspiration. He must have the spirit of the students, and be quick to use, for the benefit of his class, any knowledge which goes deeper than his own. No class really loves its tutor until it has taught him things. A dogmatic attitude is disastrous. The most experienced of the tutors said, 'My class is beginning to believe all I say. I had better pass on.'

The output of the class is the experience and knowledge of all fused into a unity. Thus the evil effect of bias on the part of a tutor is lessened, if not avoided. With sure instinct, workingmen prefer as tutors those who have had an experience different from their own. Thus, theoretically at least, they would prefer a public-school and a university man to one who had been a workingman himself. In practice there

is, and can be, no hard-and-fast rule. The spirit and personality of the tutor are the all-important matters.

The work of teaching keen adult students is hard and strenuous. Only those who are devoted to it could face the prospect of doing it as an exclusive occupation for many years. On the other hand, there is a fascination and adventure about it all which induces many leading university men, including those occupying chairs, to try to take at least one class, or to teach in the Summer Schools; and there is little doubt that this will become even more common. Certainly, few men occupied on the humanistic side of university studies will consider their work to be complete unless it involves them in some relationship with workingmen and women scholars. The abandon, the keenness, the freedom expressed in a Tutorial Class seem to come from an altogether different world from that in which the ordinary undergraduate moves, although this is not so true in reference to the experienced undergraduates who are crowding to the universities now that the war is over.

The payment of tutors, as laid down in the report on 'Oxford and Working-Class Education,' was to be eighty pounds per session of twenty-four lessons. It was thought that a man could teach five classes in each week. Experience proved that only the strongest could do this, and that four, or even three, especially if accompanied by a very little internal university work, was a reasonable task if it were to be performed well.

In the majority of universities, the payment is as low as sixty pounds, and of this the Board of Education provided thirty pounds in annual grant for some years; but latterly they have increased the amount to forty-five pounds. The balance of the money needed is provided by local education authorities and the universities themselves, aided by grants from labor bodies, although these have been small, and from voluntary sources, such as the Gilchrist Educational Trust and interested individuals.

The administration of the classes lies in the hands of a joint committee at each university. This, following the Oxford model, is composed of an equal number of academic and of labor representatives. The latter, although nominated by the Workers' Educational Association, are appointed by the university and are therefore part and parcel of it, acting on its behalf. The committees have executive power, and their existence has done much to ensure the continual confidence of labor in the administration, besides securing to the university a means of understanding the peculiar difficulties of the students.

The universities and university colleges of England and Wales have combined to construct a Central Joint Advisory Committee, which is unique in that it supplies the first instance of a committee, or even of a meeting, attended by representatives of all the English universities.

III

It is difficult to estimate with any degree of precision the influence of the classes on English life. There are not wanting those who attribute the remarkable steadiness of English labor throughout the war, at least in part, to the influence of these classes and the activity of the Workers' Educational movement. Such persons derive much comfort from the fact that, in spite of much unrest, labor is not without men trained in the best schools, who will consequently enable it, not merely to avoid unthinking displays of power, but to secure reasonable and necessary development of industrial and political life, adapted to the needs of democracy.

Canon Barnett, the founder of English Settlements, was given to saying that the movement came twenty years too late. That was, perhaps, merely his way of expressing his sense of its importance; for the birth of a movement happens only when the moment is ripe. All the necessary forces must meet at one and the same time for the purpose.

Quite apart from the development of knowledge among students, the movement has had profound effect on teachers and, through them, on the universities. A new generation of economists, and indeed of historians, has arisen, which is widely different in temper from that of the Victorian Age. It was to these men that the government turned at the opening of the war. In August, 1914, those who were engaged in teaching work at the Cambridge Summer School were summoned to Whitehall as being men peculiarly fitted by their experience to understand the new problems precipitated by the war, which, to a large degree, affected workingmen and women in special ways. Needless to say, they have achieved notable success in the work intrusted to them.

Throughout the war period, mainly owing to the devotion of the older men and the women, the movement has maintained a comparatively high level. In general there was in England a real intellectual ferment which tended to strengthen well-organized education, although weaker effort fell rapidly to pieces. The number of University Tutorial Classes at the outbreak of war was 155, while plans were laid for over 200 in the session of 1914 and 1915. The weakest session proved to be that of 1916–17, when the number fell to 98. It, however, rose to 120 in 1917–18, and to 154 in 1918–19. The average number in each class was about twenty throughout the whole period. Roughly speaking, the level of essay work was well maintained. In Australia and New Zealand the movement has developed steadily, in spite of the fact that it was established there only in 1913. There are now three thousand student members in Australia alone, and the various governments grant £12,000 a year to the work.

The English-speaking armies have without exception developed far-reaching educational schemes for adults, and were the better able to do so because the principles of adult education had been so clearly revealed in practice by the Workers' Educational Association.

In the British, Australian, and New Zealand armies there has been a frank and admitted adoption of the Tutorial Class method. This is not the case in the Canadian and United States forces; although both have given attention to the movement, it has not been actively at work in North America. A gathering of the United States Young Men's Christian Association secretaries felt at the outset of a conference on the subject that it had no specific message for them. At the close, one of them said, with the manifest approval of his colleagues, that, if they 'could induce American universities and American Labor to work together on the same lines, it would be the salvation of America.' That was doubtless an exaggeration of the situation, but no community can afford to let the powerful forces of education and labor develop otherwise than in conscious coöperation.

It is early yet to attempt to estimate the effect of the army schemes, but they cannot fail to increase the demand for education on the part of adults who are returning from war with the democratic spirit much more evident in all their ways. Consequently there will be an extraordinary development of activity, which will be aided by the greater willingness of the English people to

spend money upon education, including that which finds its inspiration and support in universities.

Those who have regarded the progress of Democracy as irresistible have always feared that the form would be achieved long before the education of the people was sufficient for its reasonable working. This will inevitably be the case, for the necessary education can be achieved only through experience; but people can be well prepared or ill prepared. England is at least fortunate in that she has taken some steps, such as those we have considered, to secure the education of her citizens; and since their direction has been determined by both students and teachers acting in common, they are bound to lead to permanent results.

The fact that there are, within her borders alone, many thousand students who, while working at their trade, have passed through classes of a university honors standard is of far-reaching importance. Students such as these are as leaven which leavens the lump. They exercise influence even when they do not actually teach others. Many of them are trade-union officials prominent in the present attempts which England is making to secure industrial progress through industrial peace. All of them, in their degree and place, will take their part in shaping and reshaping English institutions, both new and old. Every organization, voluntary or statutory, whether its effect be judged to be good or bad, is now coming under the stern criticism of a democracy which does not so much exhibit reverence for the past as hope for the future. It has a passionate desire to make sure that the social, political, and economic fabric shall, in the coming days, minister to great and generous aspirations of brotherhood and world-unity.

The fear of an uneducated democracy is the nightmare of the reformer.

A people with democratic tendencies must develop a due proportion of students, or fail to realize its ideals. It is indeed in happy case if it develops them in a mental and spiritual atmosphere, generated by scholars and workmen acting in conscious unity, fusing academic and practical experience. The educational adventure we have considered, becoming more attractive and powerful as the days pass, has secured at least the beginnings of this development for England and her overseas dominions, and perchance may accelerate it in other countries which have adopted different methods to secure the same necessary result.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WITH SIBERIAN DELIBERATION

Extract from a letter written by Harry Clemons, representative of the American Library Association at Vladivostok, to his wife in China.

VLADIVOSTOK, *February*, 1919.

STRENGTHENED by your letter, I got that Shanghai box of books out of customs yesterday afternoon. Thank you for the letter. I don't believe I can recall all the ramifications. Tuesday morning I took the blue bill of lading and sallied into Vladivostok. I went to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and loaded up with dollars and roubles first, and then hunted for the office of the Russian Volunteer Fleet. After a little search I located that. I got into an office full of people and waited. Finally I caught an official's eye and waved the blue document at him. He took it, perused it with deliberation, then carried it to another official. The second perused it with deliberation, then wrote out a supplement to the document. The second official handed it to the first, and the first handed it to me and said, 'Pay three roubles, four kopecks, at Cash.'

I received the papers and started in the direction of his gesture for 'Cash.' I went into a hallway and wandered about a bit, and then sighted a window like a ticket-seller's arrangement. The window was closed, but I knocked on it. A third official woke up inside, gathered in my money and papers, stamped the supplement, and handed back the papers. For want of further directions I returned to the first office. Official number one deliberately perused the stamp and handed the papers to official number two. The latter perused the stamp with deliberation and returned the papers to number one. Number one handed them back to me and said, 'Go Customs House.'

I went back to the maddening world and hunted for the Customs House. Once I got lost in a maze of unclean backyards, but finally I located the building on a certain block. Then I made a systematic search. The first building was a bank. Into the second building a man with a portfolio under his arm was going. So I put my blue document and supplement under my arm and followed. It was a good scent. I got into a crowded office and found an official, number four. He knew some English and was obviously proud of it. But his method was to think each sentence through before uttering it, which gave an air of deliberation to the conversation. After a friendly interchange of remarks, he seemed to reach the facts in my case, and then delivered himself thus: 'You will please go upstairs and see the Superintendent.'

I went obediently upstairs. A page took my papers and disappeared down a long corridor. Later he came back and indicated that I was to follow him. I was ushered into the presence of the Superintendent, who was clothed like the Lord Mayor of London. We spoke briefly in different languages, and then an interpreter was summoned. I was asked what this was about. I said it was about a box of books. For whom was this box of books? For the American soldiers. Who was this Clemons, American Library Association? I indicated myself. But if the box of books was for the American soldiers, there must be some official document from

the American army to indicate that. Then they could consider whether the books should be admitted free of duty. But nothing could be done without that document. And I might come again tomorrow. I indicated a shade of impatience, I fear, but this only brought a repetition of the same statement. So I pocketed my blue documents and supplements and departed.

At Headquarters the adjutant told me that he would be glad to give me a letter identifying me, but that the other letter ought to come from the quartermaster at the Base. So I came back — back from Vladivostok.

That afternoon I approached the quartermaster with my tale, and he cheered me with a show of hearty sympathy and promised the letter.

The letter came yesterday. (So did yours.) At half-past one I started for the Customs House. The same page took the same blue documents plus the official letter to the same Lord-Mayor Superintendent. Then in the same way he waved me down the long corridor. This time, instead of the interpreter, there was a sixth official summoned. He read the letter from the quartermaster, and the Superintendent pondered. Then he apparently washed his hands of the whole blue matter and departed. The sixth official inquired if the books were for the American troops. I affirmed that they were. Then he asked if I wrote Russian. I uttered a regretful negative. Thereupon the sixth official condescended to write out a statement about the destination of the books on the back of the blue document, and asked me to sign it. I inquired if I should write the statement in English also. This seemed to grieve him, and so I assumed that the signature would be safe. Then I was asked to wait a few minutes.

I did. Twenty. At the end official number six said I would please follow him. He was correct. We went downstairs into the office full of people. Number six pushed over into a corner where an important-looking number seven sat, and an earnest conversation ensued. I remained discreetly in the background. In due time official number six had persuaded official number seven to add a supplement to the document; so I returned with him to the room down the long corridor of the second story. When we arrived there, he informed me that now I should go to the Customs House!

I confess that I was a bit startled, and had to ask for a repetition of the information. But I had heard correctly. This time I took the precaution of asking the name of the building. He informed me that it was Korabelnaia Kontora. I practised this under his instruction; and telling number six, in true Chinese style, that I feared I had caused him much trouble, I departed.

The fresh air was invigorating, and after getting my lungs full, I fell into step to the tune of 'Korabelnaia Kontora.' It was almost as difficult for this purpose as the Wedding March. Whenever I met a person of intelligent mien, I stopped him and remarked, 'Korabelnaia Kontora.' For the first three attempts there was no result. But as I got near the wharves, I found two Russians who responded by violent pointing to the right. On I went, and was again urged forward; and again, a third time. Then I discovered a building with a sign over the door. Once I won half a small prize for an examination in Greek. But yesterday I felt as if I had got the equivalent of the other half also, when my Greek letters enabled me to spell out 'Korabelnaia Kontora' itself.

I entered proudly and immediately got lost. But a youth with a dog found me and steered me and my blue documents and supplements into a crowded office. After a time an eighth official

took the documents and perused them with deliberation, and then led me to another office. It seemed that the necessary official here was missing, and I was given a chair with a considerable show of politeness. Official number eight had an imposing array of stars on his shoulders, but rather feeble trousers. He seemed to be a general above and a camp-follower below. But he was polite. So I sat down. For twenty-five minutes. Then the missing official number nine entered briskly, bowed, and examined my documents with deliberation. Whereupon he uttered an exclamation and led me and my documents back into the former office. It appears that the proper official for my case had really been there. But meanwhile he had departed.

So I waited. Thirty minutes. Then official number ten wandered in, and everybody looked up and said, 'Here he is,' in Russian. Number ten perused my blue document and its supplements with unusual deliberation, and then rose and beckoned me to follow. We went forth into the fresh air, down along the docks, for a walk of some little distance, tried a warehouse or two unsuccessfully, and then in a third apparently found something. There was much conversation in Russky, and suddenly a little box bearing my name appeared. My heart leaped up when I beheld that little box. But workmen had to be summoned and the box opened and one of the books gravely felt and peeped into. Then the box was closed. But official number ten had forgotten to bring his order-book, and so I was led reluctantly out away from my box and back to Korabelnaia Kontora. The order was there filled out with elaborate care, and was given to me in exchange for my blue companion and its supplements. So I went forth for the third journey over that walk of some little distance back to the warehouse and my box of books.

But I grew more cheerful as I found myself again in reach of the little box, and after a moderately short wait was able to hand over the order so elaborately prepared. But the warehouse boss, when he arrived, looked at the box and then at the order and then at me, and then struck his forehead with his open palm, in dismay. Something was wrong. A little crowd collected. The warehouse boss found a document of an appearance new to me and asked if I did not have one like that. At least, I so interpreted his inquiry. I responded in English that I had never seen anything like it, but was perfectly willing that he should use that for me. Then he called a minion, who was wearing Joseph's coat of many colors, and sent him hurrying off for something. After a moderately long wait he returned and uttered a negative. Then there was another little crowd, and a sub-boss appeared. He was Chinese and spoke English! Are there Bolshevist miracles? The Chinese took me away from my little box of books for another walk, — briefer this time, — and we interviewed official number eleven. Official number eleven said that I should have to pay forty-five kopecks. I paid them. Then he handed me a document of this new style, like the one exhibited; and the Chinese Good Samaritan and I gayly wended our way back to the little box of books.

At last it was surrendered to me, and the Good Samaritan helped me to find a Chinese coolie with one of the picturesque chair-shaped carriers on his back, and we loaded the little box of books on the contrivance. But at this moment of escape, the Chinese turned to me suddenly and asked, 'Have you got a pass to go out of the gate?'

Well, no. I had n't any pass. So we lowered the box of books and left it there in the warehouse, and went forth

to find official number one-dozenth. It was n't really a very long operation, and I was moving on and on as in a dream, anyway. Yes, we got the pass, and went back to the little box of books, and loaded it on the coolie's back, and I said an almost tearful good-bye to the Chinese Good Samaritan, and the coolie and the box and hurried through the gate — and night was falling.

How I paid the coolie, and got a *droshky*, and lumbered in that broken-down vehicle back toward the Base, and how the driver struck three times for higher fare, and how I finally paid him ten roubles, and how we reached the warehouse, and how two enlisted friends of mine carried the box up to the library without letting me help, are other stories.

The quartermaster called on me today to inquire about results — and he seemed to think that I was lucky! I was. I have got the box. Nothing was broken in it except a pint bottle of ink.

BARSETSHIRE AND THE WAR

'Trollope,' writes a recent Contributor, 'has the most fascinating, compensating, curing nurses that could possibly cross the Channel. Nobody more useful ever stepped into a hospital ward than Lily Dale, or Mary Thorne, or Lucy Robarts. But Barsetshire is rather to seek when it comes to soldiers — chaplains, yes, but warriors, no.'

I read with mixed feelings. As to the nurses, I agree with all my heart, and as to chaplains, I can see Mark Robarts going out with a cavalry regiment, grumbling at giving up horses for trenches, but carrying on manfully, and Caleb Oriel doing his duty quietly, but not rousing the enthusiasm of his men as did Mr. Crawley. That beloved chaplain was refused at first, as too old. But after he went on foot from St. Ewolds to Hoggle End, recruited a whole company of brick-makers, and marched them into the Silverbridge recruiting-office, his application could no longer be denied. Tommies of other companies might wonder, as he tramped the miry Flemish roads chanting Euripides or heartening his men with tales of Troy town, but they found that Hoggle End fists were very quick at closing the mouths of the disrespectful.

As for our other clerical friends of Barsetshire, were not most of them beyond military age? A cloud of young curates doubtless frequented Mrs. Proudie's drawing-room, but only the face of Mr. Slope is clear to the mind's eye. That eloquent preacher was at first a pacifist; but quickly sensing the unpopularity of that course, shifted to preaching patriotic sermons that were the most stirring to be heard in the vicinity of the New Road. It was not necessary for him to go to the front; he could do his duty without quitting his comfortable house in Baker Street.

No, the young heroes of the Barsetshire chronicles, the lovers of Mary Thorne and Lucy Robarts, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley, were not curates; they were more at home in pink coats than black. Do you think those straight-riding country gentlemen, Lord Lufton and Frank Gresham, funked the call to arms? Where Frank Gresham led, Harry Baker followed. As for John Eames, I see him on Vimy Ridge, and fancy that it was in a hospital behind the lines that Lily Dale found there *was* something god-like about Johnny, and scratched the 'O.M.' from her book.

Those trained and tried soldiers, Captain Bernard Dale and Major Henry Grantley, were early on Flanders fields. The cautious captain is one of the few survivors of the First Expeditionary Force, but the major did not come back.

The day her husband sailed, Grace Grantley entered a London hospital for training, and served in France through-

out the war. She and her sister Jane were decorated at Buckingham Palace for heroic service under fire. Both are back in Barsetshire, and both are widows. For before the sailing of the ill-fated expedition to the Dardanelles, Dean Arabin performed a double marriage ceremony in Barchester Cathedral, for Jane and his stepson, young Johnny Bold, and his daughter Posy and Bobby Crawley. The names of the two young lieutenants are on the Roll of Honor of Marlborough School.

The major and his wife were not the only Grantleys to be of use. The Archdeacon, after being refused for age, threw himself into the work of increasing the food-production, where he was ably seconded by Lord de Guest, Squire Gresham, Squire Dale, and Mr. Wilfrid Thorne. Mrs. Grantley headed the Red Cross for the county. Mrs. Proudie was assigned merely the chairmanship for the city of Barchester. The two ladies, however, rising to the spirit of the times, buried the hatchet, and Mrs. Quiverful is no longer the only person who knows that Mrs. Proudie has a heart.

Griselda Grantley also made her sacrifices to the cause. I do not refer to Lord Dumbello's going to the front, which she met as serenely as she did an earlier expedition of his to France, but to her nobly cutting down her establishment. For the period of the war she had only two women to dress her.

Others of the county families did their share as characteristically. Old Lady Lufton and Fanny Robarts turned Framley Court into a refuge for Belgian orphans. Dr. Thorne had a hospital for gas cases at Chaldicotes, while Mrs. Thorne's head, hand, purse, and tongue were at the service of every branch of war-relief. Gatherum Castle is also a hospital, with Dr. Crofts in charge. In its great hall hang the swords of the two sons of the house of Palliser, but they are passing their convalescence at that most comfortable country house, Matching Priory. Their father, Plantagenet, Duke of Omnium, served as faithfully at the Exchequer as his wife did energetically as head of the V.A.D. for the Empire. It was her daughter who sent to her from a hospital in France a dying message from a soldier of the Legion, Burgo Fitzgerald.

Only one of the great houses of Barsetshire was found wanting. Courcy Castle sheltered no one but the gouty earl, and no scion of that stock took the field. As for the Countess and Lady Alexandrina, they were interned in Baden Baden, without even one horse to their carriage.

RELATIVES FROM AFAR

I speak of relatives from afar, whose visits occur at rare intervals, say once every three years. Relatives near-by are simple problems in comparison. At least yearly it is customary to round them up. Thus, as by annual visits to the Zoo, one can keep track of recent acquisitions and note how certain adult specimens endure captivity.

I envy those of my relatives in whom the clan instinct persists. Instinctively, it seems, they readily recall the ages, sex, and principal characteristics of all of Relative-from-Afar's progeny. Once, by a sort of blanket inquiry, I endeavored to conceal my own uncertainty as to how many remained of R.F.A.'s offspring for me to ask after. I hazarded a hearty 'Well, and how are the others?' R.F.A.'s astonished look apprised me of my error, while miserably I tried to cover my confusion with a feeble joke, supposing of course there'd be 'additions' by this time. A knowledge of relatives cannot be bluffed.

R.F.A. telephones me of his arrival in town. His own sense of clan is enormous. Instinctively he invites himself to my house to dinner. Necessarily I

accept. His stay is brief — between trains. As well for me it were forever, once the first critical hour is past. It is the first hour that makes or breaks me as a member of his clan.

R.F.A. has settled back comfortably in my Morris chair, conscious of a difficult duty meritoriously performed. As I mentally sum up, apparently he has inquired for every relative residing in the territory for which he holds me responsible, with the possible exception of two or three. And these two or three! I cannot for the life of me remember whether they are *bona-fide* relations or connections by marriage. If the former, it would be worth my year's salary sweetly to say to R.F.A., 'You remember Cousin Agnes? Surely you knew we nearly lost her!'

I dare not risk it.

Now it is my turn. He is regarding me searchingly. 'Renegade, you are going to forget someone,' is in his eye. I am at a loss what form of inquiry I shall adopt. The 'How-is' form — 'How is Aunt Mary?' — may be employed perhaps thrice with dignity. A fourth or fifth repetition engenders monotony and implies a lack of ease with the subject. One might as well resort to calling the roll. What is worse, it creates an atmosphere of perfunctoriness, against which perfunctory conversations, especially, should be carefully guarded.

There are forms of inquiry, however, which, if carefully rotated, relieve monotony and gain for the user the reputation of a genial, kindly relative, in possession of complete details regarding each of his kin. After every visit from R.F.A. I determine to master these convenient forms. They require a minimum of thought and enable the inquiring relative to give the best of his attention to recalling names, ages, sex, and other elusive data. Of course, reasonable caution must always be observed to apply each form of inquiry only to that class of relatives for which it is intended.

'Probably I should n't know her now!' In the case of any female child-relative this may be thrown off with fine effect. But it must never be employed in the case of R.F.A.'s wife, his mother, or his mother-in-law (mothers-in-law are regarded with great seriousness among relatives; only extra-tribally are they joked about). It should be delivered jocularly. R.F.A. will reply with a waggish shake of his head. To him, growing up signifies precociousness — something quite original with his own children, clever rogues!

'I suppose he's getting on well!' One is safe in using this comment when any male child is the topic. It is especially happy where there is doubt in one's mind whether R.F.A.'s boy is in school, at college, or has entered upon his business career. It would not be permissible were R.F.A.'s father under discussion. It is better not used where any aged relative is concerned. As applied to one of this class who is conspicuously wealthy, it might even be construed as attempted conspiracy.

I need not carry these suggestions further. The Mother of Invention, our nearest relative, will equip anyone willing to learn with a complete and error-proof system of inquiry and comment. Unless feminism or some other sinister force succeeds in destroying the family, we shall have the same classes of relatives, the same visitations among them, with the same distracting tests of memory *ad infinitum*. Why be unprepared?

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THE CRUSADERS. I

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

THE information that we go out at dusk is received by the ship's company in various ways, according to the type and degree of responsibility. Some deride it as a joke. Have we not been about to go out these last ten weeks? Some say solemnly, 'Then we'll be sunk'; and add in a whisper, 'and she 'll go down like a stone.' They adopt an attitude of mournful pride in serving aboard a coffin-ship, whose fate is sealed as soon as she pokes her aged nose outside the breakwater. Some mutter, 'Thank goodness!' for they are weary of harbor life, and desire, though they would never admit it, to see the land sink down behind the horizon. Some are sentimentally regretful, for they are in love with dark-eyed Italian *signorine*, languorous Syriennes, amiable Maltese, or brisk and stylish Greek Koritsai, with whom they have danced in the gaunt Casino or bathed on the yellow beach below. Some are excited, for they are young and this is almost the first time they have been to sea. And others are serious, for they have responsibilities. It is a singular fact that one cannot be forehanded with an anxiety. One may prepare unto the very last and most ultimate contingency. One may foresee all disaster, and provide barrier behind barrier of remedial devices. One may have been through a precisely identical experience for years on end — *N'importe!* Fear, born of the stern matron Responsibility, sits on one's shoulders like some heavy imp of darkness, and one is preoccupied and, possibly, cantankerous.

While I am making out the engine-room station-bill, the Chief enters and hands me a chit. It is a formal order to do something which is already done. It adds at the bottom that at 6.30 sharp we shall move out. I finish making out the bill, apportioning the weaker brethren of the stokehold to different watches, and assigning Mr. Ferguson, a junior engineer, to take watch with me. More of Mr. Ferguson anon.

I go out and take a survey of progress on deck. In the classic phrase, all is bustle and confusion. Men in khaki are moving rapidly to and fro, hauling heavy cases which contain shells, bombs, detonators, compressed air-bottles, spare parts, and stores of all kinds. Others, mounted on flimsy ladders, are busy adjusting controls, filling petrol tanks, and adjusting engines, on the sea-planes which lie, like huge yellow grasshoppers with folded wings, under the awnings of the fore-deck hangar. Walking about in an extreme undress of gray flannel trousers and petrol-

splashed khaki tunics are some of the pilots and observers.

Suddenly there is a roar from one of the engines; the awnings belly and flap violently; a piece of newspaper rushes past me like a bullet, and I find myself in an almost irresistible gale of wind. A mechanic is trying out an engine. One of our cats, seated on the mine-sweeping machine, jumps off in disgust at the noise, and is immediately blown out of sight, tail in air, along the deck. We hold on. The engine dies down, surges up, dies away again, flutters, barks once with astonishing vigor, and stops. A pilot, who has been making frantic gestures to the mechanic, whose head alone is visible above the fuselage, now climbs the piano-wire ladder which leads to the seat, and converses with energy, and, let us hope, wisdom. The flight-commander, an imposing creature in naval uniform, with the gold-lace rings of a lieutenant, a pair of gold wings, and a gold star on his sleeve, hurries up and speaks rapidly to his pilots.

They all light cigarettes. This, I observe, is the one indispensable factor of war — one must light a cigarette. At any given moment of the day, I will guarantee that three fourths of our ship's company are each striking one of the dubious matches supplied by our glorious Oriental ally, and are lighting cigarettes supplied by our glorious Hellenic ally. I tremble when I think of the noise which is going on beneath the artillery fire of the Western and Eastern fronts — the noise of millions of matches being struck to ignite millions of cigarettes. I observe a youth descending from a ladder, where he has been putting tiny brass screws into a defective *aileron*, to the gangway between the plane-platform and the bulwarks. He sits down, produces a cigarette. I see the commander, who was master of a sailing ship before the flight-commander's parents were married, lighting a cigarette from the chief engineer's. I observe a signal-man's face protruding from the telephone-exchange window, and I also observe a cigarette protruding from his ear. In the flap-pocket of the quartermaster, now testing the steering-gear, is an obvious box of cigarettes. I feel that I have eluded my destiny somehow. It has become perfectly plain to me that no man can achieve greatness in war unless he smokes cigarettes. But I digress. It is time to take a turn out of the engines.

Passing along the bridge-deck, where a small army of young sailors are hoisting the motor-launches and looking extremely serious about it, I come upon a still more serious party clustered about an anti-aircraft gun. Some hold shells under their arms very much as a lady holds her Pomeranian, and tickle the fuse (which corresponds to the nose of the Pomeranian) with a wrench. Some are pushing with tremendous energy a sort of mop which is always getting jammed halfway up the bore. Others stand in readiness, breathing hard and looking round self-consciously. They are the anti-aircraft crew. I pass by, smiling internally. They are about to be blooded, all except the muscular person with the hoarse voice who lectures them on the mysteries of their craft. I know him well. I have a peculiar detestation of this particular gun, which will be comprehended when it is pointed out that the holding-down bolts are precisely three feet six inches above my pillow. Just as I doze, after a hard day below and a plentiful lunch, followed by a perfect cigar, the muscular person with the hoarse voice begins an oration upon the use in action of the X-pounder ' 'Otchkiss quick-firin' gun, anti-aircraft mountin's.' His voice becomes a husky growl as he indicates the various portions of the gun's anatomy to the open-mouthed youngsters. I lie below, devising a fitting eternal punishment

for him and his hobnailed minions. An ammunition-box is opened — slap! A shell is lifted and put in — slap two. *Click!* The breech closes. *Clock!* It opens. Then comes a thump, as someone drops one of the spanners. A scuffle of boots. Hoarse voice descanting upon 'use o' judgment in estimatin' speed of objective only obtainable in actual practice on enemy machines.' Hence I am no friend of this gun and her crew.

I pass on and down the ladder to the spar-deck. Here is where I live. Here is the engine-room, the steering-gear, the heart of the ship. Abaft of this again are more planes under high awnings. Below them is the main deck, what is called the lower or mess-deck, where hammocks are slung at night and meals are eaten during the day. Farther aft is the sick bay, and below that the stokers' quarters. Below these are cold stores and ammunition-rooms and cells for the unworthy, of whom, alas, even this respectable ship carries a few.

As I step into the alleyway where I live, and pass into the engine-room, the steering-engine, which is situated in its own little steel cottage close at hand, suddenly performs a furious staccato version of a Strauss chorus, and then stops abruptly, as if ashamed of its outburst, breathing steamily through its nostrils. The control-shaft remains motionless. Evidently the quartermaster has satisfied himself that all is well. A perspiring oiler emerges from the engine-room ladder and fusses with the glands and lubricators. I look down at the shining covers of the main-engine cylinders, and suddenly I experience an emotional change. In some mysterious fashion the load of responsibility lifts, and I become light-hearted. I feel gay and care-free. After all, I reflect brazenly, 'What's the odds? One has done one's utmost — let what may happen. Care killed a cat. There can be no surprises. These huge, simmering, silent engines are my friends. With them and their like I have spent many arduous years. I have their record. I know their secrets. I have had them asunder. Their enormous proportions are our heritage from a bygone generation, and I have stood in amazement before the heroic dimensions of their midmost ventricles. I reflect upon their countless voyages when I was a child; upon the men who have slaved in the heat of the East, who have slept in my bunk, who have come aboard full to the teeth, who have sung their songs and drawn their pay, and now lie, let us hope, in some quiet churchyard at home.'

I reflect upon all this, I say, and I am no longer worried. For a brief spell I savor the pleasure of the seafaring life. It occurs to me that this explains in part the enigmatic affability which the great occasionally display. They have a sudden vision of life as a whole, and for one brief instant they become human, and smile. It may be so. However, I must descend from the heights of speculation into the engine-room. As I reach the middle grating, I feel the undersides of the cylinders, and note that they are sufficiently hot. The thermometer hanging near the generator registers a hundred and ten. Four great ventilators send down cool jets of air, and I decide that the temperature is very comfortable. A glance at the oil-gauge and speed-meter and I descend yet farther, to the starting platform.

A young man is walking to and fro in a highly superior manner, as if personally responsible for the conduct of the war, and quite equal to the occasion. He is an engine-room artificer, and assists Mr. Ferguson and myself while on watch. I inquire if everything is ready for me, and he assures me, with a whimsical smile, that he believes so. Rather nettled at this frivolous behavior I become anxious again and put one or two pertinent queries. I try the

reversing gear, which moves over with a smart click and a most gratifying hiss, and open the manœuvring-valve. The young man, whom I have lectured assiduously on this point, stands ready, and as the enormous cranks move and I shout, he reverses the gear. The cranks, with a sigh of immense boredom, move back and pause. Again we reverse, and I administer a shade more steam. The cranks move again and the business is repeated — in the opinion of the young man — *ad nauseam*. At last, after many essays, the high-pressure crank is permitted to descend to the bottom of the stroke, which is six feet; it reaches the dead centre, the *point de mort*, as our Allies call it, passes it, and comes up like a giant refreshed. We reverse, and it goes down again, and up, over the top, and continues to revolve in a solemn manner. *Bon!*

I make a brief excursion round to the back, where a number of auxiliary engines are busily engaged about their own particular businesses. I note that the main feed-pumps, the auxiliary feed-pump, the circulating pumps, the bilge-pump, the sanitary-pump, the fresh-water pump, are all working well, glance at one or two gauges, and hasten back to the manœuvring-valve. We reverse and go ahead for a few revolutions. We stop. The young man, who is not so foolish as he looks, presses a button and speaks into a tube marked 'Chief Engineer.' What he says I cannot hear, but I know perfectly well that the Chief in his cabin is grinning.

The young man is somewhat of a joke. He effects a felicitous blend of a doctor's 'bedside manner' and the suave courtesy of a department-store floorwalker. This, in an engine-room, is provocative of mirth. Mr. Ferguson, who is already overdue, guffaws with rollicking abandon when Mr. de Courcy emits one of his refined and ladylike remarks. If Mr. de Courcy has the smoothness of oil, — lubricating oil, — Mr. Ferguson has the harsh detergence of water — strong water. However, as I make a hasty pilgrimage into the stokehold and discover four stokers and a coal-passer enjoying a can of tea, it occurs to me that if Mr. Ferguson does n't appear soon, it will be necessary to take steps.

II

I come back to the engine-room, to find Mr. Ferguson descending the engine-room ladder, in a white singlet, khaki short pants, striped socks with red suspenders, and tennis shoes. The inevitable cigarette is in his mouth, and his cap, the white cover of which is stained a chrome yellow with oil-splashes, is over one eye in a negligent and rakish manner. He is a tall strong figure of thirty-odd, his face freckled, his nose twisted, his hair of an Irish flame-red. His voice is stupendously frank and genial, and he disarms criticism with the wealth of his confessions. He is one of the world's unfortunates, he will inform you gayly (you are bound to meet him).

Just now he is making a specialty of courts-martial. He is continually being court-martialed. He belongs to an obscure and elusive subdivision of the navy known as the M.F.A., which is, being interpreted, Merchant Fleet Auxiliary, though Mr. Ferguson asserts with racial satire that the initials stand for Merely Fooling Around. This indicates one of his main difficulties, which is to realize that he is subject to naval discipline. It is to him an intolerable state of affairs, when he becomes pleasantly jingled ashore in Arab-town, and flings a wine-bottle at a native, that he should be apprehended by a silent and formidable *posse* of bluejackets, with hangers at their sides and police brassards on their arms. It is still more intolerable when, after joyously beating

up said *posse* and being carried by main force to the cells in the barracks, he is informed by typed letter that, having been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, he will be tried by court-martial on such-and-such a date. He seems unable to comprehend the sudden change in the attitude of the naval authorities. Only a few weeks previously he had been one of the crew of a trawler which had, more by luck than cunning, caught an enemy submarine recharging her depleted batteries, and methodically pounded her to pieces until she filled and sank. Mr. Ferguson's part in the drama was to stand on the bottom rung of his little engine-room ladder, with his head just above the scuttle, and remark after each salvo, with keen enjoyment, 'Good again! Hit her up, boys!' for which he duly received in cold cash five hundred dollars of prize-money. Mr. Ferguson's interviews with sums over a hundred dollars have ever been fleeting, shadowy episodes of coruscating and evanescent brilliancy. It was even so on this occasion. The native world that hives and swarms adown the narrow and filth-cluttered alleys of Arab-town profited vastly at Mr. Ferguson's expense. He was regal in his largess. His method of flinging money abroad and kicking the recipients appealed to their Oriental instincts. In two days he had cleaned up the town, from *can-can* dances to hashish parties in the disused mosque behind the wall of the Jewish cemetery; and he was sampling for the third time the exquisite transmigrations which befall the soul when steeped in Turkish gin, as the *posse* already mentioned broke into Ali Ben Farag's Constantinople Divan for Officers Only, and bore him back to barracks under the quiet eyes of the Syrian stars.

The fact is, Mr. Ferguson is temperamentally averse to discipline. He is one of those to whom the war is of no moment whatever. His patriotism is more a postulated abstraction than a glowing inspiration. He is one of those rootless organisms which float hither and yon over the world, indigenous nowhere, at home everywhere. They fall into no categories of wisdom or virtue, for they have the active yet passionless inconclusiveness of intelligent lower animals. They bear no malice and suffer no regret. They leave a memory without making a name. They resolve their personal belongings to the irreducible minimum of a battered and padlocked sea-bag. Their cabins contain neither curios nor conveniences, neither photographs nor tokens of feminine affection. They have a far look in their pale eyes, and one wonders what distant and delightful haven they are already visualizing. For them there is no continuing city. They must on — on! pressing forward in blind ardor toward a retreating paradise whence, even were they to arrive, they would immediately prepare to depart. They are the true romantics of our age. Grimy, dissolute, and incompetent, they pass gayly through our orderly and disciplined crowds of unimaginative realists who do the work of the world, and brush off upon us stray threads of golden fancy, fallen from the clouds of tarnished glory which they trail behind them.

Having reached the starting platform, Mr. Ferguson halts and collects his apparently scattered faculties. Although under what is known in the navy as 'open arrest,' he has contrived to get ashore by means of one of those preposterous yet plausible excuses which only the romantic can devise. He is now in the no-man's land between intoxication and sobriety, and stands with his tennis shoes wide apart, the muscles of his legs distending the scarlet straps of his garters, and his stony stare fixed upon Mr. de Courcy, who patrols the platform in front of the engines.

No man can gaze for long upon Mr. de Courcy's refined and genteel physiognomy without perceiving the fundamental absurdity of the universe. Mr. de Courcy is a gentleman of good family who, by some mysterious dispensation, evaded the normal destiny of his type; for, instead of entering him for holy orders, his family, who I understand are 'county,' shipped him to a Central American oil-field, where for some years he occupied an obscure position on the engine-room staff. My own impression is that he would be better in the church, in business, in the House of Lords, in the army — anywhere save in a ship's engine-room. He has the ineradicable predisposition of his class to treat the actual performance of a job of work as derogatory to his dignity. He assures me that in the navy, by which he means regular men-of-war, he was not required to do the unpleasant things that I regard as his daily portion. His delicately chiseled features flush faintly behind the veil of cigarette-smoke as he regrets the violence of my language and the wild impropriety of my metaphors. Nothing, however, can ruffle the eternal and hereditary conviction in which he reposes, that he and his like are of finer clay, that race and gentility are adequate substitutes for achievement.

Whether Mr. Ferguson focuses the precise and piquant differences between himself and Mr. de Courcy it would be difficult to discover; but as he gazes, the stony stare softens, the drawn lines of his reddish freckled face crinkle into laughter, and the bony ridge of his twisted nose glistens humorously. He is finding himself. None of the stimulants of Western civilization have much power over Mr. Ferguson. They only dim his brightness for a brief period, and not even the most corrosive of cocktails can permanently affect the hard lustre of his inconsequent optimism. With a short laugh, like a dog's bark, he swings past me and dives round behind the engines, and, lifting a movable plate in the platform, investigates hurriedly among divers cocks and valves, as if he had suddenly remembered a buried treasure, and was reassuring himself as to its exact whereabouts.

III

In the meantime we are standing by. From above comes the blast of the first lieutenant's whistle, as he presides over the doings of his minions. It is, for all the lateness of the season, intensely hot. The armies in Palestine report a heat-wave of unparalleled length and temperature. And even here, with a breeze blowing in from the Mediterranean, the thermometer remains at 90 degrees all day, and our rooms are like ovens until the small hours.

Mr. de Courcy goes into the stoke-hold, to get a breath of fresh air. The oiler slowly descends from above and moves in and out among the engines on the middle-grating, filling lubricators, adjusting siphon-wicks and pausing for a well-earned spell under the aft ventilator. As I make a gesture indicating the astern guide-bars he replies with a slight raising of his left hand (with a cigarette in the fingers), which may be interpreted somewhat on these lines: 'Have no fear. I have attended to the lubrication of the astern guides, and am not likely, at my time of life, to neglect so trifling a precaution. Rest easy. I was doing this when you were a boy.'

What mystifies me about all these men of mine is the new lease of life they have taken since the orders for steam came. They take a fresh interest in everything. They had become slack, lackadaisical, and preoccupied with ridiculous grievances. They went ashore and brought back tales of all disaster told them by the motley-clad survivors

of torpedoed ships. They muttered openly in my hearing that they desired to be shifted to a ship that went to sea. And now, so far are they from appreciating the heroic, that their attitude by no means resembles the gladiators of old, with their lugubrious 'Hail, Cæsar! we who are about to die salute thee.' Nothing is further from their thoughts than dying, though two submarines broke into our sweepers four miles outside last night and sank three of them. Their attitude is much better rendered as 'Hail, Cæsar! we who are about to get busy salute thee.' They come down on the stroke of eight bells, watch after watch, and pursue the even tenor of their ways, cigarette in mouth and oil-can or shovel in hand, and seem never to visualize the oncoming destruction that may be ripping through the dark water outside. Pooh! Such anticipations are foreign to their nature, which seems to have been toughened into an admirable closeness of texture by the frightful climate of their native islands and the indurating labor of the sea.

So we pause, waiting at our allotted stations for the orders, which come at last with a clash and jingle of gongs; the telegraph-pointer swings to and fro and comes to rest at 'Stand by.' Mr. de Courcy immediately replies with an elegant manipulation of the handle, and records the time on a little blackboard at his elbow. The Chief, a tall, lank young man in a soiled white uniform, ripples half-way down the upper ladder and catches my eye, raising his eyebrows the while. I nod, and he makes a slow circular gesture. I nod again. I ask Mr. Ferguson if he is ready. He straightens up where he stands by the main feed-pumps, waves his hand with a magnificent air, and says, 'Let her go, Gallagher!'

Assisted by Mr. de Courcy, I let her go. The immense limbs of the triple-expansion engines flourish back and forth, and come to rest as I close the manœuvring-valve. Mr. Ferguson prances to and fro in front of the pumps, starting-lever in hand, his head twisted round to observe the behavior of the automatic control. He lays the lever over his shoulder like a weapon, and in the dim twilight he reminds me, with his bare white calves crossed by the scarlet garter-straps, of some Roman legionary on guard. Faithful unto —

But Mr. Ferguson would deprecate the suggestion. He has never been faithful unto anything. Loyalty is not his *métier*. His digressions from the path of righteousness usually provide him with a free pass to the great outdoors, the wide free world in which he is a joyous and insolvent pilgrim. He is puzzled at this novel attitude of the navy, which, instead of firing him without a reference, oppresses him with typed forms and a periodical court-martial, which sentences him to be 'dismissed his ship.' He will never realize that to those who are brought up within the charmed circle of the officer-class, such a sentence is tantamount to a death-warrant. Huh! Give him his pay and he'll quit. Yes, sir! He did n't know he was marrying the darned business. What's eating them anyway? There's a war on? Nobody'd think it, to hear those popinjays talk about conduct unbecoming an officer. Huh! It's a dog's life, sure.

Now the fact is that when, hereafter, you meet Mr. Ferguson, shaking the dust of the Nevada copper mines from his feet in disgust, or hustling about the levees at New Orleans in search of a job as an oiler, or lounging on the water-front at Port Limon, waiting for a chance to stow away on a fruiter, he will speak of his life in the British Navy, with a break in his voice and his pale eyes full of happy tears. Ah, those were the days! he will tell you. A man was treated *as* a man there. And so on.

This is the mark of the true romantic. It must be a fascinating existence. One feels a perfect Pecksniff in the presence of beings whose imaginations are forever ahead of their experience. They are but strangers here: heaven is their home. One has the impression, while driving them to their appointed tasks amid the humid heat and noisy chaffering of an engine-room, of employing shackled angels whose wings have been clipped close and their tail-feathers pulled out. And they certainly regard one as a demon with an inexplicable passion for toil, a creature without vision and without hope beyond the immediate accomplishment of senseless labor, a slave-driver owing allegiance to a secret and sinister authority which they generally call Capitalism.

Mr. Ferguson is eloquent on the subject of capitalists. This, he assures me, is a capitalists' war. Look, he cries, at the poor simps being butchered in France, all to fill the capitalists' bags with gold! Even their own children have to go. Nothing is sacred to a capitalist save his 'bags of gold.' It is the mark of the true romantic to be preoccupied with symbols, and Mr. Ferguson is partial to the gorgeous imagery of modern anarchism.

However, it must not be assumed that Mr. Ferguson and I are deadly enemies because of the incompatibility of our ideals. He is graciously pleased to overlook what he calls my funny ideas, and rewards me with thumbnail sketches of episodes in his career. It was so on this occasion as we sailed out to join the squadron off Askalon. Mr. de Courcy having gone up to get his supper, and the telegraph having rung 'full ahead,' Mr. Ferguson fell into a vein of reminiscence, and told me tales of 'the happy days that are no more.' With one eye on the revolution telegraph and the other on the steam- and air-gauges, I listen to his odyssey. For there is a streak of poetry in him, as I have endeavored to adumbrate. All unconsciously, and with a far look in his pale blue eye, he beholds a picture. From the hell of the Present he sees a happy Past and a heavenly Future. He can communicate atmosphere, and when he remarks that once, in Liverpool, it came over him that he ought to settle down and be respectable, I am alert at once. I could see it 'coming over him' — the footsore, jaded wanderer treading the bright dirty streets; the smart pretty landlady's daughter leading him by swift short stages to see how desirable was a small house at Sefton Park or Garston; the patient search for employment, ending in a job on the shore-gang of the White Star Line. For a fortnight all went well. He was thinking of getting engaged.

To my disappointment, he slides all too easily from this momentous and interesting subject to a whimsical description of his adventures on the mammoth liners on which he was employed. He tells how, while working in the low-pressure valve-chest of the Gigantic's port engine, he slipped and fell through the exhaust-pipe into the main condenser. He pictures the consternation of his helper, who had gone for a tool, when he found his mate vanished; the efforts to locate his muffled shouts; the tappings of hammers, the footsteps, the hoarse murmurs broken by an occasional 'Hi! where are yer, mate?' and his replies, stifled by his own laughter. It is perfectly plain that this sort of thing was more to Mr. Ferguson's taste than humdrum industry. When he was finally fished out at the end of a coil of rope, the leading hand threatened him with dismissal if it occurred again; for the leading hand was not romantic, only a soul besotted with efficiency.

And on the Oceanic again these two fell foul of each other, for Mr. Ferguson lost his way on the boiler-tops. He as-

serts that there were hundreds of boilers on that ship, all alike, and thousands of ladders. He grew fascinated with the problem as he groped up and down, through cross-bunkers, in and out of fan-rooms, forever encountering fresh boilers, but never the one where he had been working. But the third time that leading hand found him far from his job, he became explosive and personal, led Mr. Ferguson firmly by the arm through interminable corridors, until his boiler stood dimly revealed through a manhole, and informed him that it was his last chance. Mr. Ferguson grew resentful. As if he could help it! Silly, he calls it, to get in a rage over a little thing like that. However, that's the sort of man he was. Only got himself disliked. And just out of petty spite, he orders him, Mr. Ferguson to wit, to work all night overtime on a rush job.

Mr. Ferguson has strong views on night-work, as I can testify. He imagines the capitalists ought to be satisfied when they have spoiled a man's day, without gouging into the hours of rest. Hurrying to his lodgings, he had his tea, and the landlady's daughter made him up a packet of sandwiches and a can of cocoa, to be warmed on a steam-pipe when he needed it. You can see them there, slogging away through the night, stripping an auxiliary engine and erecting the new one, pausing about midnight for a snack and a smoke. And while the engineer on watch is having forty winks, one of the gang becomes confidential with Mr. Ferguson and reveals a discovery. One of the store-rooms where electrical gear is kept has been left open. And he knows a scrap-metal merchant who — and so on.

Mr. Ferguson becomes vague just here. Well, I know how it is, he suggests. One thing leads to another. You can easily pack a lot of sheet rubber round you and nobody be any the wiser. Nobody was, apparently, until a day or so later. Mr. Ferguson arrived home for a late supper, having been standing treat to the boys after a boxing tournament, when Maggie — that was his girl, you see — met him at the door with wide serious eyes. Two men had called to see him, she said, and she *knew* one of them was a detective — she'd seen him before when she'd been to the station about having had her pocket picked. What *had* he done?

Well, by now, Mr. Ferguson knew well enough what he had done, and it is not in the nature of true romantics to deny anything. With Maggie's eyes searching his face and Maggie's hands clutching his coat, he backed against the little near-mahogany hall-stand and admitted that it might be awkward if they came back again, as they would when they could n't find him elsewhere. They stood there, those two — the girl in an agony of sorrow and fear, with a maternal desire to shield the big silly, he devising some way of quitting. And as they stood there, they heard footsteps at the end of the silent street. Mr. Ferguson must have stiffened. He says, in his Celtic way, that he felt his hair move. Maggie stuck his cap on and dragged him through the kitchen into the scullery. She opened the door softly, pushed him out, and followed him into the tiny yard. Quick, over the wall at the bottom, into the next garden! The house is empty; go through and out of the front door into the side street. Run! Yes, write and she'd tell him — run! And she darted into the house to face the future alone.

Mr. Ferguson followed her instructions. I am convinced that he enjoyed himself immensely that evening. He dropped over the wall and put his foot through a cucumber-frame, it is true, but the light crash and jingle only set off two cats at maniac speed. He also fell over something in the hall of the empty house and skinned his knuckles.

He says he has often wondered what it was. Once in the quiet suburban street, with two lovers saying good-night under a lamp-post far down on the other side, he walked unobtrusively away. It was characteristic of him that he did n't write, and therefore never heard any more of the affair. He rode on a trolley-car away out into the suburbs of Liverpool, and then took a train a little way farther. It was autumn, and he began to walk through England.

We are interrupted by a youthful sailor, who comes down with a chit from the bridge, a chit which informs me that, having joined the other vessels of the squadron, we are ordered to proceed at ten knots, and the commander will appreciate it if we can maintain the revolutions at fifty, so as to keep station. Mr. Ferguson laughs satirically, and says the old feller ought to boil his head. This after the youthful sailor has gone up again. I agree that a ship forty years old is a problem when it comes to 'keeping station.' 'There you are!' says Mr. Ferguson, and conceives his animus against all constituted authority to be only too well founded. 'And here comes Pinhead Percy,' he mutters, as Mr. de Courcy descends, a gold-tipped cigarette in his lips, and with an engaging smile. Leaving him to carry on, we go up to dinner.

(*To be concluded*)

THE DEGRADATION OF POLICY

BY L. P. JACKS

I

Some years ago I had a conversation with a gifted Oriental, which turned mainly on the mental contrasts between East and West. On my side I was maintaining the familiar proposition that the mind of the East is ruled by custom and the mind of the West by science. My Oriental friend did not agree, and interrupted me with frequent disclaimers. At last, by way of illustrating my argument, I ventured to tell him the following story.

An Englishman resident in one of the hill districts of India was pondering the drain on his income caused by the number of servants which the customs of the country compelled him to employ. Six gardeners were required for the work of the small garden surrounding his bungalow. The waste of time and energy was prodigious. Every movement of the gardeners was regulated by custom, and much ceremony was observed. Among other things, all burdens were carried on the head, from a packet of letters to a sack of coals, and the six gardeners had no notion of carrying them in any other way. From the foundations of the world the head had been designed for burdens, and burdens for the head.

The Englishman conceived the idea of providing the gardeners with a wheelbarrow: it would enable him, he

reckoned, to manage with one gardener the less; so he called them together and explained the new implement. Whereupon the head gardener stepped forward and informed the sahib in the name of them all that one wheelbarrow would be no good, but that six would be required: 'for,' said he, 'we are men of different caste, and it is not lawful for us to use each others' tools.'

This somewhat deranged the Englishman's calculations. Nevertheless, the six wheelbarrows were provided. They might be useful in the neighborhood.

Not long afterward a car-load of coals for the use of the bungalow arrived at the station, and the Englishman resolved that the wheelbarrows, which the gardeners had so far refused to touch, should be started on their career. So he summoned them into his presence, repeated his explanations, and gave them strict orders to use the wheelbarrows. With one accord the six placed their hands on their foreheads, bowed to the ground, assured him that obedience to his commands was the delight of their eyes and the sole object of their existence, and departed on their errand.

He did not see them depart, but not long afterward, looking out of his window, he saw them returning. The six were marching up the garden path in a slow and stately procession, one behind the other. They had got the coals. They had them in the wheelbarrows. But each of the six men was carrying his wheelbarrow on his head.

When I had finished the story, my Oriental friend remained silent for some minutes and then replied to the following effect.

'Your story,' he said, 'is conceivably true, and certainly characteristic of the mind of the East. But the difference between East and West is not as great as you think. You too have your fixed ideas; you fall victims to them oftener than you know, and nothing will persuade you to abandon them till some terrible catastrophe overtakes the earth. In your gardens you carry burdens in all sorts of ways; but in your public life you have only one notion of the way they can be carried. You make "government" carry them all. Whatever requires doing, you think it can be done by voting, electing, making laws. From the foundation of the world "government" has been made for burdens and burdens for "government." Even your churches are falling victims to this preposterous idea. Yes, you too are destined to carry everything on your heads, from a packet of letters to a sack of coals. You have carried the letters on your head for a long time; and after a few more strikes among your miners, you will be carrying the coals in the same manner. You call this "policy," and it is your fixed idea, as custom is ours. And for my part,' he added solemnly, 'I prefer custom, which is an intelligible thing. But policy is a mystifying word and is often used to deceive the people and to make the greatest crimes look respectable. You are less scientific than you think.'

II

In times not long ago, when Comte and Herbert Spencer were the chief stars of the intellectual firmament, the question uppermost in high controversy was whether science or religion would become the dominant power in human affairs. So far as religion was concerned, the question seemed even then to have settled itself. Since the break-up of the authority of the Church in the sixteenth century, religion, whatever power it might retain in private life, had been steadily tending toward its present position as a negligible factor in high politics. Thus the way was open for a new guiding principle; it was clearly demanded, and the only question was

as to the competence of science to perform the great task. General opinion was favorable to its claims. Science was the horse on which the Mid-Victorian spirit found itself more and more tempted to put its money. Largely through the influence of Spencer, we were entertained with the dream of a coming age when scientific principles and knowledge would regulate, not only the conduct of the individual man, but the conduct of states, of governments, of public affairs. A number of sciences designed for that end rapidly formed themselves, of which political economy held the key. Bentham constructed a science of law; Mill followed with a science of liberty; Walter Bagehot wrote *The Science of Politics;* and meanwhile Spencer was sketching his sociology as the coming synthesis of them all. We began to look forward to a reign of sociologists; we pictured the future candidate for Parliament as a man who had taken 'honors' in sociology, and Parliament itself as a great committee of sociological experts, legislating for a sociologically enlightened public, that would tolerate nothing which was not sociologically sound.

In all this, of course, religion had hardly a word to say; but the public had long been accustomed to that, and preferred, on the whole, that the pretense of religion should be abandoned in a region where everybody knew it had ceased to have effective power. On many grounds this dream of the coming reign of science was not unattractive, and, although it might appear ignoble when compared with the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and although it drew upon itself the scorn of Ruskin and many a lashing sarcasm from Carlyle, one is still tempted to say of it that a worse thing might have happened to the world.

Be that as it may, the dream most assuredly has not come true; nor at the moment are the signs apparent that it will come true in the near future. The fact is that a third power, which was active even while this debate was at its height, a power which is almost as little related to science as to religion, has risen into prominence and gained the ascendancy over both of them. This power is 'policy.' So far as the world can be said to be ruled by anything, — and it would be stretching compliments to say that it is, — this is the ruling power. What policy means may be hard to define, but it certainly means something of immense importance to the mind of the age — something, at all events, of immensely greater importance than either science or religion. It is policy that the public expects and respects; to policy it trusts its fortunes; on policy it stakes its hopes. Were it proved of a cabinet minister that he had neither science nor religion, few people would think much the worse of him. But what should we say if it were proved that he had no policy?

A well-known philanthropist who had sat in Parliament for many years once said to the present writer, 'It is hard to keep one's religion anywhere nowadays, hard in business, hard in the slums, hard at a dinner-party, hard sometimes in church; but the hardest place of all for me is in the House of Commons.'

Is it not a fact that we attach more importance to parliaments than to laboratories, and to prime ministers than to popes? Do we not spend far more time in making speeches than in saying our prayers? Are we not more excited about the secrets of cabinets than about the secrets of nature? In the speeches that are made on the eve of a general election, in the 'platforms' that are built, in the programmes put forward, in the promises made, how rarely you discover a trace of the scientific spirit, to say nothing of the religious! How

seldom is science or religion so much as mentioned! How often the word 'policy' comes in! By policy we plan our New Jerusalems, and by voting we bring them into existence. Such is the orthodox *credo* of the day.

I am fully aware that this sharp distinction between policy on the one hand and science and religion on the other is what is commonly called 'unphilosophical.' I hear the reader reminding me that policy after all is only a name for the application in public affairs of truths which have a scientific or a religious basis, or perhaps both. This unquestionably is the true philosophical view of the matter. But the actual conduct of our public affairs does not reflect a philosophical view, and it is policy in being, and not the philosophy of politics, of which I am writing. Whatever theoretical connections may exist between policy, science, and religion, in practice they are divorced.

A striking example was recently afforded in the discussion about the feeding of Germany. This was generally approved, both by statesmen and by the newspaper press, though not without a good deal of previous hesitation, and with a certain shamefacedness when it came to the point. But, with a few notable exceptions, neither our statesmen nor our press supported the feeding of Germany on grounds that could be called either religious, moral, or scientific. It was a fine opportunity for them to show their religion, or their morals, or their science, if they had any one of the three. They were conspicuous by their absence. Again and again one read in speeches and leading articles, until the refrain became quite sickening, that Germany must indeed be fed, but *not* on moral grounds, *not* on sentimental grounds, *not* on humanitarian grounds, — as if any reference to these things would have immediately discredited the whole argument, — but on grounds of *policy;* which meant, of course, when translated from the language of the circumlocution office into plain speech, that unless we fed the victim up in good time, we should find him all skin and bones when he came to be roasted. A public spirit which argues or permits itself to be argued with in this way is as far removed from the spirit of science as it is from that of religion. Atrocious as such an argument would be from the point of view of St. Paul, it would be idiotic from that of Jeremy Bentham or Herbert Spencer.

But particular instances need not be labored. To the least attentive observer it must be obvious that policy, as expressed in contemporary politics, is far too much at the mercy of caprice, ignorance, and passion, far too entangled in a net of intrigue, far too closely allied with Machiavellian arts, far too overlaid with the secondary interests of parties, far too deeply involved in the erratic fortunes of eminent persons, to be scientific in any intelligible sense of the term. The same reasons forbid us to connect it with religion; and if other reasons are wanted, they can be found. By their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of religion are righteousness, joy, and peace. Are these fruits of policy? They might have been if policy had grown up in the atmosphere of the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and, to a lesser degree, if the political mind had been put to school under Herbert Spencer. As a matter of fact, our notions of policy have developed in other company and been moulded by very different influences. They express the ideals of an acquisitive society; they reflect the cupidity of nations, groups, and classes; they are compromised by vote-catching interests; they are entangled in the arts of electioneering; they are contaminated with every kind of personal and party ambition. The fruits are strife, — the war of

minds, the war of interests, and finally the war of arms, — in short, the world as it exists to-day.

III

The men who lead the world to-day are, preëminently, politicians, the authors and the agents of 'policy.' We speak of leaders in art, of leaders in science, of leaders in religion; but the influence possessed by these, and the power they wield, are small compared with those of a 'leading politician.' By common consent the work of the politician, which consists in devising policies and making laws to correspond, is the work which counts, and on which the vital issues depend. Thus the political leader outranks all others in importance, and his followers far outnumber theirs. To the mere lover of fame, power, influence, there is no career so attractive as the political; none which offers such exciting adventures and such dazzling triumphs. Except for the great conqueror, who seldom makes his appearance in the modern world, there is no man so courted, so acclaimed, so fêted as the political leader: for once that the limelight shines upon the man of science, the artist, the poet, the sage: the philosopher, the saint, it shines a thousand times upon him. It is all very well to say, 'Give me the making of the nation's songs, and let who will make its laws'; but if you want a brilliant and exciting life, your name in all men's mouths and crowds shouting at your heels, you had better leave the songs alone and get busy with political oratory. For one man who will sing your songs if you happen to be a great poet, there are a million who will read your speeches if you succeed in becoming a political leader. The political leader is the typical leader of the modern world; compared with him, all others are in relative obscurity; his leadership is the most widely acknowledged, and, if leadership is the object of your ambitions, politics is clearly your road.

And yet, in spite of the immense following which political leaders command, how seldom do we encounter one of them of whom we can say that his followers *love* him. One may express the relation between leader and followers in many terms, — terms of admiration, terms of respect, terms of fear, terms which one would apply to a useful implement, to an efficient piece of machinery, to a formidable weapon, — but the terms of love seem always out of place. This relationship is a curious subject of study. Even on a first inspection it reveals certain features which can hardly be cited as shining examples of moral beauty. I doubt if there is any class of men who are more frankly treated as tools than our political leaders. We have been told that man is an end unto himself, and that to treat him otherwise, to treat him as a tool for your own ends, is the greatest of crimes. It is the daily crime of the political world. There are parties in existence at this moment which declare themselves determined to root this crime out of our social life; and yet these same parties are distinguished by their extreme readiness to scrap their own leaders the moment they find others who seem likely to serve them better. With what utter heartlessness these operations are performed and how many examples of it might be collected from the last four years! *Punch* had a cartoon in which the German Kaiser was exhibited as throwing his chancellors one after another down a well. I doubt if there is a political leader in the whole world at the present moment who has not to face the risk that he will end his career by being thrown down a well at the hands of his present followers. The ethos of policy requires it to be so, and there is a mu-

tual understanding between leaders and followers to that effect. The leader knows that he is not beloved; and the followers would only smile if they were told that their duty was to die rather than desert him. 'That,' they would say, 'is sentiment, not policy. Without a well, and without the right to fling your leaders into it when they cease to be useful, policy cannot be maintained. It is all part of the game.' But what a game! And what a world it would be if the spirit of the game became universal, were introduced into the League of Nations, and made the law of the government of mankind!

We here encounter a feature which shows, perhaps, more clearly than anything else could do, the extent to which a policy-governed world has turned its back on the essential principle of all human relationships. Its typical leaders are used but not beloved. Our age has still to learn that of all the forces which combine a multitude of men into living and creative communities the utilitarian motive is precisely the weakest. Yet 'policy' has nothing else to offer. It has placed the typical form of modern leadership on a basis of utility, where leaders and followers alike are educated to regard one another reciprocally as tools. Can we believe for a moment that an ethos of this nature will ever yield the forces and the motives which are to build up a league of nations, a fraternity of free peoples, a community of mankind? What could we expect from a league so conceived but the reproduction, on a wider field, of the present political world, with all its pettinesses, its quarrels, its confusions, its Judas-betrayals, writ large?

The cry of 'no sentiment' is indeed a sinister thing, for it is the sure sign that the meanest sentiments are *de facto* in possession — the sentiments which set the world at variance with itself, the sentiments which prompt contemptible actions, the sentiments which drive men and nations to sell their souls, to desert their leaders, to abase themselves for thirty pieces of silver, or it may be for thirty thousand million. Is it not painfully clear that the knots into which policy has everywhere tied up the affairs of this suffering world will never be unraveled until some noble sentiment displaces the crowd of base ones now in possession? We are told that the world is hungering for great leaders. It hungers no less for great *followers*, without whom the great leaders are unthinkable. There will be neither the one nor the other until sentiment gets its rights; until the devil, resuming his own, has flown away with our present conceptions of policy; until follower and leaders have ceased to regard each other as utilities; until nations can say to nations, 'The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.'

'Impossible' will be the comment of many. I can only reply that if it is impossible, the League of Nations is impossible also. If the 'free peoples' are incapable of rising to this level, either now or hereafter, they are incapable of building themselves into a loyal and living brotherhood. Not by the artful manipulation of low motives, but by a single high motive with immense driving power behind it; not by striking a common measure among the infinite forms of national self-seeking, but by resolutely turning our backs on the whole lot, will the nations reach the goal of mutual loyalty which is their hearts' desire. The peoples would do it if they had the chance; the politicians never will. The thing is not impossible.

IV

When all the lessons which the Great War has burned into the consciousness of mankind are gathered together, I

believe they will be found to have combined in provoking a deep distrust of the official mind, a sense that the destinies of nations are not safe, and can never be safe, so long as they are at the mercy of the policies which the official mind originates and directs. More and more men are coming to view the war and all its horrors as the result, ultimately, of the attempt to rule the world in that manner; and to believe that, whatever refinements or improvements of it may be effected, they will merely shift the seat of strife, and not destroy its causes. Responsibility for the war may be distributed in various proportions and given various names, from downright criminality at one end to mere helplessness at the other; but wherever the head and front of the offending may have been, — and there is very little doubt on that point, — the belief has grown and is growing that the whole policy of the world is at the mercy of a group of false ideas and mistaken methods, of which strife and bloodshed are, sooner or later, the necessary outcome. This goes far deeper than any question as to the merits of democracy *versus* autocracy. The feeling is that, under the one system as under the other, statesmanship has lost touch with the great ideals of mankind, with the great motives of community life; that policy has degenerated into the manipulation of low motives; that diplomacy has become a thing apart from the true interests of nations, while nevertheless it holds them at its mercy for weal or woe, and in the long run for woe; that voting, elections, parliaments, law courts, and police, whether national or international, are not the last words that need to be spoken when the common good is in question.

Hence, a profound and universal unrest, taking forms, in certain countries, which threaten the very foundations of human society. Bolshevism, the summary name of all these movements, is the expression of a spirit which has lost confidence in the methods by which mankind has hitherto been 'governed.' The sources of this revolutionary spirit lie very deep. Taken at its face-value, it might appear to be directed against law and order; in reality, it is the refusal to accept as law and order what have hitherto passed muster as such. It is the demand for a new conception of law and a new conception of order. It is not impressed by the achievements of political progress up to date. Beneath the outward forms of order which ages of legislation have imposed on society it detects an inner chaos — the horrible confusion of a blind and purposeless life, which is bound sooner or later to break the feeble bonds which politicians create, and to express itself in war. In civilization, as we know it, the revolutionary spirit sees a piratical adventure with cupidity for its motive, and with internecine strife for its inevitable doom — an adventure essentially unworthy of the human race. With this conception before him, the revolutionary has naturally no respect either for the laws or for their makers. The laws he regards as so many expedients which experience has found to be efficacious in organizing cupidity. At bottom they are the expression of mutual distrust, primarily engendered by the nature of the enterprise on which all are engaged together. Hence he has no interest in the attempt to establish international law, and is either indifferent or actively hostile to present projects for a league of nations. He regards the League as an attempt at international acquisitiveness, as a paradoxical project for a world-syndicate of piracy. He reads the draft Covenant and finds it conceived in the old spirit of distrust, the spirit which the pursuit of material wealth cannot fail to engender. He sees the nations consulting together

as to how best they may continue, as before, to pursue, to overtake, to divide the spoil. It is an attempt to integrate forces whose very nature is to fly asunder, to secure peace for an enterprise which is essentially one of strife.

Thus the revolutionary finds nothing to be gained by extending and perpetuating, in a league of nations, the political systems, methods, ideas, and traditions which, in his view, have brought upon the world the present sea of troubles. He distrusts, not only the systems, but still more the type of mind, of personality, of leadership which has become the recognized exponent of these things, and regards both the systems and the men who work them as not big enough, either morally or intellectually, for governing such a world as ours. Can it be that the revolutionary is dimly seeking after the Law of Love? Anyhow, he has lost the Love of Law, if Law is taken to mean what now passes muster as such. The political state, he declares, has reached the end of its development, and the federation of free peoples, now coming to birth, will not be a larger model of any of the existing states, or their common measure, but a community of a very different type. The next step forward will be in a new direction. So he thinks.

V

There are two courses open to the League of Nations. The first is to set about the task of crushing the spirit which I have described in the last section; and a multitude of counselors are already urging it to take this course. In that case the League of Peace must make ready for war. The ideas in question have acquired an immense currency, and they are neither to be denied nor to be trifled with. What the results of such a war would be, I should not like to predict. It is clear that it could not be maintained for long as a unitary enterprise on either side. Internal disruption would break up the forces of both parties, and immense confusion, in which empires would go to pieces, but without other discernible issue, would result.

The second course is that the League should make itself the interpreter and guide of the dim aspirations of which these things speak; that it should regulate its spirit and devise its form expressly for that purpose; that instead of basing itself on a refinement of the discredited policies of the past, it should become, in its corporate capacity, the organ of a new policy in consonance with the awakened conscience of mankind. This is not yielding to revolution; for, let it be noted, the forces of which I have spoken, infinitely dangerous when they are left unguided and uninterpreted, cease to be revolutionary just in so far as means are found for their orderly expression.

To find such means is, I venture to think, the paramount business which a league of nations should undertake. But they will not be found so long as the nations are treated as wealth-seeking units, and ingenuity is confined to devising the machinery which is to check the sordid scramble at the point where it threatens to break out into war. The negative ideal of not fighting is preposterously inadequate for the League of Nations, not only because it lacks all positive content, but still more because it involves the absurdity of imposing peace on motives whose very nature is to fight, while the motives themselves are left in being to chafe at their new restraints. A league so occupied would merely sit upon the chief safety-valve of the modern state; for it is a fact, deplore it as we may, that war has hitherto been the only means the wealth-making empires of the world possessed for letting off, at intervals,

the explosive forces that are for ever being generated by 'something rotten' in the state of acquisitive society. To be worthy of the ideals which have called it into being, to be worthy even of its name, the League must abandon this ground altogether and concern itself directly with the things that give value, meaning, and dignity to human life. Save in so far as it is able to propose for the nations in concert some higher object than any single state has ever proposed for itself, the world has no use for it. Its true function is to give meaning to what has hitherto been the meaningless life of industrial civilization, to lift it out of the slough of its sordid motives, and to set it at last on the path to the City of God. Granting, what I would not deny, that the first task is to placate the present storm, by making the best peace the circumstances permit of, yet in the terms of that peace, in the manner of its imposition, in the gesture with which the deed is accompanied, the whole world is looking for signs that a new and higher motive is coming to birth. It is precisely at this point that a single noble sentiment, a single generous impulse, a single magnanimous word, would count for more as a peace-making force than would the most skillful adjustments of rival interests and the most formidable penalties against breakers of the peace that the political draughtsman could devise. If none of this appears, if the new 'policy' is nothing more than a new tune played on the old strings of low national motives, we shall soon have reason to wish that the League of Nations had never been heard of. The greatest opportunity which statesmanship has ever had for regaining the lost confidence of the peoples will have been thrown away, and the political mind, as it now exists, will have finally demonstrated its incompetence for the task of governing the world. After which the deluge.

VI

It is no doubt inevitable that the League of Nations should begin its existence on the political plane, as an instrument designed for restraining the forces that hurt and destroy, as an experiment in 'government' working by the familiar modes of voting, elections, parliaments, law courts, and police. It might conceivably have begun otherwise, — for example, in a form more analogous to the Church than to the political state, — and unquestionably it would have begun in that manner but for certain accidents of history. But the facts of the situation must be accepted, and it is idle to speculate on what would have happened if the League had originated more from the desire of the nations to save their souls and less from the desire to guard or increase their wealth.

But though the way lies through politics, the goal is beyond them, and it is impossible that the start should be rightly made unless the goal is kept steadily in view. The political arrangements in which the enterprise *begins* must have a form, character, and spirit of their own, determined by the nature of the *ultimate* object to which they are intended to lead up. This object is not merely to restrain the forces that make for war, but to do a far greater thing — *to liberate the forces that make for peace.* In all nations there are at this moment immense reserves of these forces, repressed or misdirected or totally unused, but waiting to be enlisted and combined for common achievement in the manifold arts, interests, and pursuits that give man his true vocation on this planet. This work of liberation, enlistment, and redirection, conceived as a coöperative task on a world-wide basis, is the true function of a league of nations. To form it for any purpose less than this is to form it in vain.

Such a conception, remote as it may seem from the problems of the hour, has immense value in helping us to solve them. It defines the spirit in which the *beginning* must be made. Granting that the beginning must take the form of some treaty, or other political instrument, this must be conceived in a spirit conformable to the end. Magnanimity is demanded at the outset, while meanness, rapacity, and revenge are ruled out as absolutely fatal. An arrangement, however ingeniously contrived, which lacks the first quality and displays the others, is off the track a league of nations has to follow. A league of conquerors, for example, dominated by the habits of mind which conquest invariably engenders, cannot, under any conceivable circumstances, develop into a genuine fraternity of free peoples: it would be a false start, and its psychology, to say nothing of its morals, would condemn it. Even as keeper of the peace, a league of conquerors will not succeed. Nor do we make its failure the less assured by baptizing it a league of nations.

In a remarkable article contributed to the *Harvard Theological Review*, Dr. F. G. Peabody draws the distinction between peace-*making* and peace-*keeping*, and reminds us that the blessing of the Gospel is pronounced on the peace-*makers*. Indeed, the two things are by no means the same, although often confused. They employ different methods and have different ideals, of which the ideal of the peace-maker is incomparably the higher. While the peace-keeper is engaged with the negative object of preventing strife, the peace-maker has the positive aim of promoting fellowship. 'Thou shalt not fight,' is the motto of the one; 'thou shalt coöperate,' is the motto of the other. The methods of the peace-keeper invariably end in the resort to law courts and police; the peace-maker, on the other hand, works by a method which has a law of its own but dispenses with both lawyers and policemen. His work includes all that the peace-keeper sets out to accomplish, and a great deal more. He says nothing about peace-keeping, and may seem at first sight to be indifferent to it; but by engaging men in positive coöperations, he sets their relations on a footing where the peace is kept automatically. In this he shows himself a good psychologist. For while, broadly speaking, all men and all nations desire to be at peace with one another, none of them desires *to be kept at peace* by the rest; or, more strictly speaking, while some are willing to play the part of peace-keepers to the others, all are unwilling that others should play the part of peace-keepers to them. Thus, by its very nature, peace-keeping is an irritating topic, which can hardly be introduced without sowing the seeds of recalcitrancy and discord. Most of the great conquerors of the world have loved to exhibit themselves in the rôle of peace-keepers, and most of the great wars have originated from the notions which such men entertain of the methods by which peace is to be kept.

So the peace-maker avoids this dangerous topic as much as he can. He promotes the idea of mutual service; he enriches the world with the arts of co-operation; he invents devices for bearing the common burden; he institutes communities of knowledge; he founds schools, and would, if he had his way, turn the whole world into a university of high achievement, where men and nations might learn day by day their need of each others' help. His manners correspond to his methods. He is neither artful nor repressive, but frank, pitiful, and magnanimous; for he knows how true it is of nations, as of individuals, that *tout savoir est tout pardonner*. Such is the peace-maker, and it is only

by following him that the world will ever be *kept* at peace.

The great weakness of the whole propaganda behind the project for a league of nations lies in the fact that it has seldom risen beyond the level of the peace-keeping conception. A fatality, born of our limited notions of policy, has confined thought to this lower ground. Hence it is that the League, backed though it be by the desire of all nations *to be* at peace, has to reckon with the unwillingness of every nation *to be kept* at peace by the others; an unwillingness which is clearly revealed in the tendency of each of the Great Powers to make some exception in its own favor, — sea-power for Britain, the Monroe Doctrine for America, and so on, — which leaves it virtually the master of its own actions. Whether or not America would consent to aid in keeping the peace of Europe (and the point seems doubtful at the moment), I take it as certain that she would never consent *to be kept at peace by Europe* if her own honor and ideals, as she interprets them to herself, required her to go to war. Nor would Europe in similar circumstances suffer herself to be kept at peace by America. How could any nation which has reached moral maturity enter into such an engagement? And how can the morally mature nations impose it on the morally immature, unless at the same time they reciprocally impose it upon one another? Material interests apart, such a concession, made by a mature nation, would be tantamount to the loss of its sovereign right to be, in the last resort, the author of its own conduct.

Clearly another way must be found; and the way indicated is that of the peace-maker. As a mere peace-keeping institution in the sense indicated, the League of Nations is doomed to be a disastrous failure; for it will provoke far more quarrels than it will either prevent or allay. Not until we conceive its functions in terms of peace-making, shall we begin to understand what it is we have set ourselves to accomplish.

We shall not greatly err if, for the time being, we dismiss political considerations from our minds and think of the League as an enterprise in international education, whose first business is to introduce the elements of mutual trust, understanding, and good-will into the prevailing chaos of barbaric motives. Frankly, I would attach more importance to such a scheme as that proposed by Mr. Brailsford for the establishment of international universities, open to all classes and especially to the workers, than to the most formidable machinery for policing the world, if only because it strikes the note of education, indicates the need of creating the international mind, and so carries us away from the ground dominated by the malign spirit of traditional diplomacy and the arts of the politician. Four hundred years ago Europe was far more of a living unity than it has been since; and it owed its unity in no small measure to the splendid influence of the men who went forth into all lands from its international universities, where they had been educated as citizens of the world. The same thing might be repeated to-day on an immensely vaster scale. Nor would patriotism suffer the smallest loss.

Again, taking a wider view, if we think of the League as the beginning of a concerted crusade by all nations against the inhuman mechanism, the base acquisitiveness, the low morals and vile habits of mind which are now covered by the word 'policy'; if we think of it as an effort to dismiss the standard of quantity and erect the standard of quality over the whole field of industrial life, and so provide man with a vocation that is worthy of him, — the world-organ of a revolution against the reign of cupidity, ugliness, squalor, —

in short, a redemptive and not a mere preventive enterprise, do we not see in a movement so conceived guaranties of peace a thousand times more effectual than any crusade against war can promise — indeed, the only guaranties which a world awakening from the spirit of covetousness could possibly accept as valid?

Anything which moves on these lines may be welcomed, and hailed as the dawn of a new day. The march of events will doubtless provide many opportunities. Possibly, nay probably, we may find ourselves before long in presence of a threat to the whole fabric of industrial civilization due to the humiliating fact that the follies of the world have brought it to the brink of a financial precipice. Even that may be a blessing in disguise. Coöperation forced upon the nations by the need to save themselves from this calamity, may prove the beginning of coöperation in endless other forms. And yet it were better not to wait until action is forced upon them by the march of events.

We need *a league of ideas* to furnish the League of Nations with aim, spirit, and form: the religious idea, the moral, the educational, the economic, and — let it be granted — the political. Of this mixed company the political idea is not the one that I would select as destined to play the chief part in founding a brotherhood of free peoples. Under happier auspices the political idea might indeed have become the summary of all the rest. It has not. It has degenerated, until the word 'policy,' on the lips of nine persons out of ten who use it, conveys no higher conception than the astute adjustment of selfish motives. Such a conception, whatever use it may have in other spheres, and whatever skill in draughtmanship it may command in this, is utterly inadequate for the work of reconciliation and fraternity. In this connection it is worse than useless: it is disastrous; and if allowed to dominate the councils of the nations at this juncture, it may be trusted to wake the sleeping dogs of three continents.

Yet, alas, it is the obsession of the official mind; the fetish of all the vested interests in the world. But it has proved a broken reed in every great crisis of history; and though the nations have suffered their destinies to fall into its power, it is profoundly distrusted. Men are learning to know it for what it is, and every deeper tendency of the age is in revolt against its domination.

The idea is widely prevalent that, because the problem of pacification is so vast, so complex, so involved in selfish interests and dangerous passions, it will tolerate no moral idealism, but must be solved by strict and exclusive regard to policy. This article is intended to suggest a precisely opposite conclusion. Just because the problem is so vast, so complex, so involved in selfish interests and dangerous passions, I plead that moral idealism is the only force that can save us. We are in the presence of an immense entanglement which must be cut through by the sword of the spirit. We are in deep waters, and the astute political mind is utterly out of its depth. The whole world is crying out for moral idealism; the demand for a league of nations is the expression of its desire. We wait for this highest thing as they that wait for the morning; and whenever the gleams of it appear on the horizon, as they do from time to time, there is a deep response from the hearts of millions, and the hopes revive which 'policy' has well-nigh crushed.

LETTERS FROM A SAGE-BRUSH FARM

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

January 23.

My dear Sister, —

The children are all in bed, and the wind is howling about the farmhouse in anything but a pleasant fashion, but I don't mind it any more. The older I grow, the less the weather affects me. Let the elements rage. I know the storm is good for something or somebody, and I can rejoice all the more when a bright clear day comes.

I am all alone here in the farmhouse as Charley has gone to the Legislature at Boise. I mean alone except for the children. If I were in a city house a few feet from my neighbor, I should be quite terrified at being left alone with the children for two months; but here, out in the country, perched on the top of a hill, far from neighbors, looking out upon a landscape scarcely yet tamed by man, I feel perfectly safe. In the city I fear I should have difficulty in feeling the close, intimate presence of God; but out here in the wild country it seems the most natural thing in the world. No wonder the Indians named Him the Great Spirit, for here, with the vast expanse of cloud-filled sky above me, and the vast expans e of earth about me, I feel the Great Spirit around me, in me, and through me, as though my little children and I were floating in waves of protecting love.

I am not a Christian Scientist, nor am I a New Thoughter, but I am a believer in God in this world with us. Two weeks ago Charley, just over the influenza, was forced to leave for Boise. Three of the children were in bed with the influenza, and the day after he left, the last, Charles took it. But he had faith in the God we cannot see. I was downstairs sleeping when I heard him call. I went up and found him in a burning fever. I gave him medicine, and he said, 'Mamma, tell me what to think of to get well.' I do not know what a New Thoughter would have said, nor yet a Christian Scientist; but I told Charles how to speak to God and to himself as well, for I believed he could heal himself, as he also believed.

The next day I kept him in bed, although the fever was entirely gone, for faith without works is dead. He was never sick from the time he woke with the fever. That day I began to have the symptoms of influenza — you know that long shuddery chill down your spine that is not affected by the hottest fire you may try to sit upon. By the time I went to bed I was almost prostrate, and worst of all, I was suffering — or beginning to suffer — fear at the thought of myself in this lonely farmhouse, sick, with four little children to be waited upon.

I thought it over as I lay there chilling, and it seemed to me that if God loved me as I believed, and if I had power to heal myself, as I also believed, there was no sense in my allowing such suffering to come upon me and my little ones. I said at once, 'I feel warm, and there is nothing the matter with me. I shall go to sleep and wake perfectly well.' I said those words over and over, and you will find it hard to believe, when I tell you that before long the

warm blood began to flow through my veins and I fell asleep. I was all right when I awoke the next morning, and although all my family have had to spend from a week to two weeks in bed with the influenza while I nursed them, cooked, washed, ironed, etc., I have not been sick since my brief symptoms. My dear sister, I am not propounding a religion, I am giving a testimony. God is with us. Anchor yourself to that. He is not sitting up on a throne, an absentee landlord, letting the world shift for itself, and yet holding it accountable: he is with us here, right now, yearning to lift us all up into happiness and lovingness.

I had just managed to get two of my babies out of bed, when two of Charley's friends came to kill hogs. Charley meant them to keep one hog for themselves to pay for the killing, but they would n't take more than a shoulder apiece and some ribs and liver; so I had most of those two hogs to 'put down,' and I never did such a thing in my life before: Charley has always taken care of the hogs, from hams to sausage.

I worried about that job. O ye of little faith! I had faith to cure my influenza; but to cure the meat from two hogs — I thought I had it all to do, without the assistance of God or anybody else. When the men came to scald the hogs, they wanted to take the galvanized tub that we bathe in. We have been six years on this farm, and until two years ago I bathed uncomplainingly in a sage-brush fire-blackened tub that the pigs had been scalded in. But two years ago I rebelled. Never until we came on this farm had I bathed in anything but a full-sized bathtub with faucets, etc., and it was hard enough to enter that tiny round tub, without using one from which no human ingenuity could remove the soot. I demanded a new tub and got it, and did n't propose to give it up. It was n't a bit nice of me, because it caused those men some inconvenience, and they were just doing the killing as a favor; but I put the boiler on the stove, and they brought water from the ditch to save the cistern water, and when it was hot, they carried it out to a barrel where they had some hot irons, which they inserted.

There were 350 pounds of meat, and when I saw it I could n't sleep that night for the thought of taking care of it. The neighbor below the hill offered to have her husband come and do it; but I told her no. I knew that, if I could successfully care for those two hogs, I should be a more valuable person than ever before, even though the apprehension would arise that, were I successful, I should probably have it to do henceforth.

But I did it, sister. I have the prettiest white lard, and the most beautiful hams and bacon. My sausage was the best we have ever had in the six years. I am sending you some so you can try it. I processed most of it. I am a bit suspicious that I may not find it a success, as the fat separated, as did also the juice; but I plan to put the fat in the frying-pan when I open the jars, and take the gelatine juice and work it into the meat, moulding it into pats.

I put my hams and bacon in boxes in the upstairs hall, and was alarmed two days afterward to find the ceiling leaking. One of my neighbors says that the salt is curing the meat and is doing it well. Upstairs all around the boxes is a jellied mass which I shall have some fun cleaning up, and the ceiling is still dripping with a pan set beneath it. My neighbor says that I must not disturb the meat at this stage; so let her drip! Luckily the upstairs hall has no carpet.

And the very next day after the killing, a neighbor man told me exactly how to take care of the meat, another neighbor got my salt, sugar, saltpetre,

and pepper, and a neighbor's girl came over, unasked, to help me. God was looking after me all the time.

I have been making some money lately which is going into thrift stamps. Yes, I have a book along with the rest of my youngsters. A man came to sell me a piano or a phonograph, and before he left I had sold him six hens and a pup. Hens at a dollar and a half apiece, and pup for three dollars. It was twelve dollars for me that I was glad to get; but he made a good bargain, for the hens are the most beautiful white Plymouth Rocks, and the pup is a pure-bred collie. His mother brought twenty-five dollars at the same age, as did also his father.

Walter's birthday was in December, when he was eleven years old, and he now milks two cows. I am proud of him. It does n't hurt him, and I know that the mastery of that milking business must build character. I was a worthless child compared to what my boys are; but then, I was a help to mother, as you know, for I was great at entertaining the other children. But of real work I knew nothing. Whatever the farm may mean to a woman, it is the best place in the world to raise boys.

How strange it would seem to you if you had been to town but twice in a year's time. That is how it has been with me — once when I went to have the babies weighed and measured by Uncle Sam, and once to vote. And yet I feel as though I have been over to Europe, and all over America. I have hardly seen a boy in khaki, yet I have watched them march down the streets of several big cities, and leave New York harbor. I have heard their feet tramping in the dark over in France with the bombs bursting, and the sky lit with death. No one, to observe casually the outside of my labor on the farm, would know that a war was taking place, although they might wonder at some of the queer things I have been substituting for the cooking of other days; but my soul has been marching on with the world's war, and I cannot believe that I have not been in close touch with it. That is what reading does. I have watched the Tsar fall, I have watched the Kaiser sneak away, I have watched the whole terrible conflict from my secluded perch on the top of this hill. And I have tried with all my heart and hands to help push the work along. Don't you think I may have caused just a ripple in the great sea of progress?

It is time for me to be in bed with my little ones. The wind is still raging round the farmhouse, but we are safe. This is the first letter I have ever written to you without a dash of humor, but I do not feel funny to-night. Only thankful. Thankful that my wee ones are all well and in bed, thankful that the two hogs are cured, thankful that I do not have to run my life all myself.

God bless you, my dear girl, and good-night.

YOUR SISTER.

HAZELTON, IDAHO, *January* 31, 1919.

MY DEAR FOLKS, —

I want to thank you at once for the rubber gloves. They are such a gift as only a long-suffering farmer's wife, with broken finger-nails and split, bleeding thumbs, can appreciate. Once before in my life I wore rubber gloves to do housework, but it was more or less vanity at that time, as I disliked seeing my carefully manicured hands lose their youthful appearance through the ravages of the hard Los Angeles water; but in the present case the rubber gloves are first aid to a wounded soldier on the battlefield of life. I have never had the chance to cut or file any of my finger-nails except my thumbs, in the six years I have been here — they break off as they grow. They are al-

ways even with the quick, and sensitive under the hard manual labor which it is necessary for me to do. I think it is almost wholly due to the water from the cistern, which is of course hard, since the cistern is not lined with water-glass. Of course, doing the work I do, it would be impossible to have beautifully manicured hands, but they need not be bleeding and painful. However, they are worth a hundred per cent more than they were when I kept them so carefully manicured in the days of my youth.

What do you think? I am going to Boise to-morrow to hear Schumann-Heink sing. Can we afford it? I am going to shut both my ears tight to that question. I feel that I can't afford not to. I must have a taste of life with other people. So my suitcase is packed, and in the most irresponsible manner I shall now take a bath in the round galvanized tub, sleep, and immediately be on my way. One of my reasons for going, too, is that I want to see some other part of the state. I love Idaho, and I would like to see Boise. And besides, Charley suggested my coming.

Some friends are going to stay here with the children, and for the first time in eleven years, — no, the second time, now I think of it, — I am leaving my children for more than a day.

With love, I am,

A.

BOISE, *Sunday*.

DEAR JEANETTE, —

I am so homesick for my babies.

Walter and I walked through mud to my ankles to the train through the sage-brush. There I went along through the sage-brush in my heavy, flat-heeled shoes, dangling my French-heeled city shoes in my hand. I sat on the suitcase and changed them when we got to the track. Walter rode Buttons and carried the suitcase. I was over an hour too early; it was snowing and bitter cold. Buttons tried to paw out his grave in his discontent, while I would whistle and Walter and I would dance to keep warm; then Walter would whistle. When we got tired of this diversion, I decided to stand still and freeze and let the conductor chop me away and load me on the train. I turned my back on the storm, and gradually became a snow-image. Walter, poor child, had to stand in the centre of the track, holding that dirty rag of a flag, and peering through the snow for the train, while I reiterated, like the lady in Bluebeard, 'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anything coming?'

And then, all unobserved, Buttons broke loose and went loping up the gradual slope of sage-brush hill, my old shoes, tied together by their shoestrings, flopping on either side of the saddle-horn. When the train finally came, and Mr. McHenry stepped off with a shovel over one shoulder and a pitchfork over the other, both new, I was so glad, because Walter would have someone to walk home with.

What stories I hear among these people here! And all true. Better than fiction. I have been talking to-day to a senator's wife who pioneered on a homestead outside of Rupert. Two years ago, when her husband came to Boise in the interests of the people down there, — he was not a senator then, but a bill was pending which he worked for, — that woman had ten head of horses to feed and six cows to milk herself, and all the chores to do, with two children to get off to school. And the consolation she got from a neighbor was that anyway her husband was getting a nice trip to Boise. I would n't have a man anything but public-spirited, but there is no gratitude for what you do from the people whom you most benefit.

One of Charley's close friends here is the representative from a northern county. He has a homestead there. How different are conditions there from what they are in our part of the state! He says that the forest back of his homestead is so dense that it is hard to get the cattle through it, and that they have so much rainfall, they need not irrigate, while we have no trees and it keeps Charley so busy trying to see that the other fellow does not steal his water, that he does n't know we have the most beautiful view in the world from our farm.

This man's sister-in-law has killed twenty bears. One day she and his wife saw a mother bear and cubs come out of the forest close to their house. They chased the mother bear away and her cubs up a tree. Upon going to the house for a gun, they found the husband had taken it with him. One of them then sat down to wait and watch, while the other went for a neighbor with a gun. He came, and the women, who were both good shots, begged him to let them shoot at least the cubs, and he might have the big bear; but he shot all three, and took the skins home with him. Gallant, was n't he?

The representative from another northern county told Charley that he and his wife homesteaded, with the nearest farm thirty miles away, and that she did not see a white woman for two years! Can you conceive the loneliness of that?

'But looking back, we would n't have lived anywhere else,' he said. 'We went through hardships that no one has now. I have plenty of means as the result, and all my children are good. I have twelve children. If we had made the money and the children had turned out bad, we would have felt that we had failed. Stay on the farm. It is the safest and best place for your children.'

HAZELTON, *February* 9, 1919.

DEAR CHARLEY, —

To-day Mr. Bennett came with your letter to me, and looked very strange in his best suit and white collar, sitting in your chair and talking of his meeting with the Governor. If farm men only knew what a gratification it is to the women folks to see them in business suits and white collars once in a while, instead of the everlasting overalls and colored shirts!

Consider the farmers of the field, how they go; they shave not, neither do they bathe:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon at his very worst was not arrayed like one of these.

That is one of the things that makes us countrywomen age more than the city woman; it is the seeing your man day in and day out in his old overalls, colored shirt, no tie, manure all over his shoes, a slouch about his shoulders, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. Not to say that my man would do such a thing, but that is the average farmer.

Monday night.

P.S. When Mr. H. went to town Saturday I asked him to get me envelopes, but he forgot to do so, so I could n't mail your letter to-day. I am writing just for lonesomeness. I enjoyed my trip to Boise so much that I feel homesick for it. I have been amusing myself by writing some verses which, you will recognize, were inspired by that jaunt abroad. How is this for gustatorial appreciation?

FRIED SILVER SMELTS

Let epicurean poets sing
Of beef with Yorkshire batter,
Of turkey breast, or chicken wing,
Of sucking pig grown fatter,
Or dainty lamb that speaks of spring —
Delectable? — No matter!
For if you love me, kindly bring
(And so you subtly flatter)
Fried silver smelts, a goodly string,
A-smiling on a platter.

With meats and game and many a thing
They pick and pull and patter;
Well, let them have their feeble fling,
Their epicurean chatter;
I'll be the queen and you the king,
Immune to all their chatter,
While to this menu we will cling,
Though all conventions shatter —
Fried silver smelts, a goodly string,
A-smiling on a platter.

And now for the other:—

DEATH

'Do you remember that first time I kissed you?'
You asked me that through all these many years,
Held to your heart, and now through blinding tears
'Tis I who whisper to unheeding ears,
'Do you remember that first time I kissed you?'

I know that if I should read those first verses to little Charles he would take them in dead earnest, and in that he is most unlike his mother; but if I should read the second verse to him — I mean the second 'pome' — he would melt into tears; and in that he is like his mother. The description in the *Digest* of how grateful our poor wounded boys were 'over there' for their ice-cream, served only to the seriously wounded, made me press my hands to my eyes to keep the children from seeing my tears that would have flowed.

Little Charles! He has been trying all day to express how much he missed me while I was gone, and how glad he is that I have come back. But in between his protestations of love he was a very limb of Satan. For that matter, all my little branches were limbs of Satan to-day. Perhaps it was because it was wash-day. You know I hate the smell of soapsuds as much as you hate the smell of manure. So it is just possible that mother's mood may have played a part in the complexion of the day.

You should have had a movie of our family life. I fear you would never return. It began early with Rhoda dashing for a dipper of hot water to the reservoir. She had been playing in cold water, — you know what a fish she is, — and she wanted to warm her hands. Charles interposed himself like a Roderick Dhu.

This reservoir shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

But Rhoda believes that actions speak louder than words, so she up with the dipper and whacked him over the head. Charles was dazed, but one of his feet remembered the proper answer; and upon Rhoda's screech, Walter took a hand, and in his forcible efforts to punish Charles for mistreating his sister, he stepped on Joe's hand. Now, I leave you to imagine the orchestration.

It had all happened in the wink of an eye, and their poor mother was totally unprepared for the terrific bedlam. I thought, 'I must do something quickly, but what?' What would you have done? I'll tell you what I did: I broke into peals of laughter that stopped every last one of those children dead in their tracks, their last yells frozen on their faces. I believe they thought that at last they had driven their distracted mother insane. Taking advantage of the sudden lull, I told Charles to try the boat for which I made a sail yesterday in the tub of water in the kitchen, directed Rhoda to watch him, took little Joe on my lap and nursed his hand, and whispered to Walter, 'You won't interfere any more with the children, will you?'

'I don't know whether you mean yes or no, mamma, but I'll try,' he said.

Once again, in quite heartless manner, I laughed at my children's cries of woe. But I secreted my head behind the wringer to do so, and did not let them see me. Joe did n't like something, and in a fit of temper threw himself on the floor screaming. That is something I will not tolerate, so I spanked him and laid him across a

chair where he could enjoy his grief at his leisure. Charles saw his opportunity, and began to imitate Joe's cries, which of course made Joe bellow all the more. I looked in on Charles meaningly. All that I accomplished was that Charles lowered his tones to what he thought was about right to reach Joe's ears and escape mine. But I was on the job. I slipped through the bedroom, catching him unawares, and gave him a nice sample of ivory soap. Now you may add Charles's howls to Joe's. Rhoda, hearing his agonized cries, began also to cry at the top of her lungs through sympathy. Of course, Joe, who had failed to notice mamma applying the bad-boy cleanser, supposed that Charles was giving a more vigorous imitation, so his howls of protestation grew louder also. Thank goodness, we do not live in an apartment house! I went right on with my work serenely. I felt neither anger, sorrow, nor amusement, until Walter leaned over me (he was turning the wringer), and at the climax of the orgy of wails murmured, 'Mid-African Jungle.' It sounded so exactly like a jungle of wild animals giving voice to their emotions that I shook with laughter. Charles found it the proper occasion to brush his teeth, which he did for upwards of half an hour. And it effected a complete cure — at least for to-day, which is saying a good deal for a child who likes to tease as does Charles.

Saturday Night, February 15, 1919.

My dear Sister, —

So Bert, having been a farmer himself before you married him, would like to know something about the Non-Partisan League. Well, I suppose I should be satisfied that I have roused some interest in at least one of your family. Maybe, if he is interested, you will be; but since he has become owner of an electric-power plant, I suppose we can't hope for his support at election time in case the Non-Partisans should get a footing in Utah. And yet, I don't see why not, because he is just a little independent owner, and he may butt his head against one of the power trusts before he gets through, just as we farmers are butting ours against the water trust and the power trust here in Idaho.

All we farmers paid our sixteen dollars to join the League when the organizers came around. At the primaries we outvoted both Democrats and Republicans. But at election we fell way behind. You see, Frank Gooding wanted to be United States Senator, and he spent over a thousand dollars a day in newspaper publicity trying to convince the farmers that the League leaders were unpatriotic — I.W.W.'s in disguise. Charges of disloyalty were made against our leader, Townley; and of course, a good many concluded that there must be smoke where there was fire. This was an election measure, and as soon as election was over, Townley was acquitted.[1]

The morning of election, the Boise *Statesman* came out with a signed statement on its front page from sixty boys in the army, protesting against the voting of the Non-Partisan ticket as being grossly unpatriotic. Sixty boys out of the State of Idaho were supposed to represent what all the boys in Idaho thought. It seems that a certain reverend gentleman from Boise was sent to France at the expense of the politicians, supposedly as a Red Cross worker, but really to get these signatures. The politicians were wise. That plea had its effect, for our farmers are very simple people, and they could never resist such pleading, even though they might know it wrong. But the majority did

[1] On July 12, 1919, Mr. Townley was convicted by a jury in a Minnesota court, of conspiracy to teach disloyalty, in violation of a statute of that state. — The Editors.

not know that it was wrong. Oh, let's not bandy words in anything so serious. They were either too ignorant or too indifferent. We lost at the polls.

Our county went Non-Partisan — Charley as representative, and a Mr. T—— of Rupert, hardware man and former farmer, as senator. One of our Hazelton men had expected the nomination for senator. A big banker had made an agreement with our present Governor, Davis, to help him, in return for the making of Jerome County from slices of three other counties, Jerome, where he had his bank, to be county seat. Of course, our Hazelton business men, who see red when Non-Partisan is mentioned, and who hate Rupert, worked for the county. They declared that we were to be split in two, — our segregation, — unless we petitioned, because the division had been planned by Rupert. They sent out a petition for the farmers to sign, to the effect that, *if* we had to become a part of Jerome County, we wanted to go as a whole. Then we began working against going into Jerome County. That 'if' petition was used against us as asking that we be taken into Jerome. And Charley's name led all the rest (like Abou Ben Adhem's). But when he signed it he underscored the 'if' himself, for fear some farmer would overlook that important word.

Charley worked night and day, — neither slept nor ate, — to try to prevent our being made part of Jerome County, but to no avail. The fact that the Non-Partisans were against it only made the bill pass faster. We are now living in Jerome County, and our taxes will go sky-high to pay for the new county courthouse, the new county papers, and the new road to Jerome through a desert of lava rock.

Charley has just introduced a bill asking for the referendum, so that the people of the state may have a chance to vote the Jerome County bill. I want to quote from his letter (I could almost do so from memory, for when I do not receive many letters, I read and reread those I do get a hundred times. You see, I have now nothing but reading as a diversion, and letters are almost persons.) 'There will be no chance to fight for any of our bills, as they are referred to committees which recommend that they be not printed, which has the same effect as killing them would have. That is to say that they are put out of their misery as soon as born.'

He continues, —

'I had a letter from Russell Lane Grange in which they thanked me for making the fight for them. I start tomorrow on the power bills. I have to study to-night in order to make a fight to-morrow, to get my bill printed, whereby the state will develop unused water-power. I won't get anywhere with it, but as it is one of the planks of the Republican Party's platform of last election, it will be interesting to get a record vote of the thing, just to see how they will vote down their own promises.

'I visited the plant of the *Farmer's Daily* yesterday, at Nampa, and they have a big affair. They are installing a big press and we will have a fine daily fully paid for in advance for one year before the first issue. That will put it over in good shape.'

So you see, Bert, what we are up against. I can see you chuckling to yourself, and congratulating yourself on your wisdom in leaving that plough in the middle of the field when you made your declaration of independence to your father. I, too, would quit, but my fighting blood is up, and if I get out now, it would be with a sense of defeat. Thank God, I have at last found a cause worth fighting for, though like all other Great Causes of the world's

history, the people whom I would see most benefited seem the most indifferent. I hope it is not sacrilegious when I say I know how Christ felt when he was trying to save the people of the world in spite of their indifference. But the farmers will wake up. I will not sink under this injustice, and I will not rise, unless all farmers rise with me.

Of course, we shall have to suffer. We have had to suffer being pioneers on a pioneer farm, and we shall have to suffer being pioneers in this new political party. There are times when I feel that I am of the blood of martyrs, and other times when I would almost sell the whole cause for a real porcelain bathtub! But even Christ had his temptation.

I am not a successful farmer's wife. Do you know what it takes to be a successful farmer's wife? She is a woman who must not read (there is no time); she must not be interested in politics (of course not); she must have unlimited capacity for work (eighteen hours out of the twenty-four); she must economize pitilessly on what she has, and do without everything possible (she has milk to drink, what else could one desire?); she cannot have any of the niceties of person (imagine a farmer's wife with manicured nails, carefully-cared-for hair, face cold-creamed!); she must never expect a day off, or an afternoon free (even Sundays are days of work); she must not expect to see or hear opera, the movies, plays, lectures, or concerts (can't afford time or money); she must be able to do anything on the farm that her husband can (many a time she must take a hired hand's place); besides which, of course, she must do all baking, butter-making, washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning, bathing of children, gardening, chicken-care, including hatching, hair-cutting for the family, curing of the winter's meat, helping gather and store winter vegetables, canning of fruits. Of course, she has all poultry to kill, pick, and clean for the table, and any she may sell. Also she must sew for the family, and must patch and darn as long as the cloth will hold an added thread.

And why must she do all this? Oh, because she is a farmer's wife. Why must she receive almost no compensation? Same reason. Why have no time to take care of herself or go to see and hear things she loves? Because she works so hard. And why does she work so hard? Because she is a farmer's wife. And why should a farmer's wife, of all women in the world, be compelled to suffer such a fate? Because the farmer has chosen his profession with the idea that in it he is the most independent man on earth.

Certainly! Independent! Here are the things he must do whether he will or not: he must rise before daylight; he must water and feed his cattle; he must plough, sick or well, and do all the other things toward a crop; he must worry about the water; he must demand of his entire family all the work he can get out of them, no matter how kind-hearted he may be; he must turn his crop over to someone else who will give him whatever they see fit; he must see it sold for so little, that he wonders whether his family will have shoes to wear in the winter; he must worry to meet taxes; he must see his cattle die, and his hens pass away, because he cannot afford to feed them; he must give up reading (he is too tired at night); he must go to bed with the chickens; he must see nothing, hear nothing, do nothing that does not apply directly to his crop. Oh, yes, the farmer is the most independent man on earth, with his thirty-three-and-a-third-cent-dollar in his overall pockets, and a week's growth of beard on his chin. And his wife is the most enviable woman on earth.

But, believe me, the world will change! It's got to do so! What is the government doing for us? Setting the price on wheat and sending us county agents to tell our husbands how to kill jack-rabbits, and women county agents to tell us farm-women how to make a dress out of our flour-sacks. That latter was all right during the war, but I wonder if that county agent did n't find out that we farm-women, long before the war, were compelled to use our flour-sacks for underwear because the middleman was buying silk underwear for his wife?

Why does n't our good old government ask us farmers what we want, instead of assuming that superior paternal attitude, as much as to say, 'You farmers are all little children. We know what is best for you. Just be good and do what we tell you, and by working hard, some day you can have a few dollars in your old age — oh, not much; but you won't need much, because we shall teach you how to live all these years on so little that you can get along on very little when old age grips you.'

Last summer our county agent, with the best of intentions, spent his time (at a high salary) telling our men how to kill jack-rabbits. If he had hunted a market for our hay, actually marketed it, and paid the farmer the money, how infinitely grateful we would have been to the government. As it is, worthy young man though our agent is, our farmers seem to think that he is of little use to them. Our agent also sent me elaborate diagrams and pictures for making iceless refrigerators, and screens for our windows. The supposition was that we could not afford ice (which we can't), or the time to get it (which we also can't), and that we would be glad of a makeshift. The window-screen fascinated me. All the hard-working farm-woman had to do was to get her husband to buy screening in town; then she cut it to fit her windows, then she sewed cloth around it, then she spent several hours working button-holes around the sides, and then she fixed hooks around the windows over which she buttoned the button-holes. Of course, having so much leisure, her time was worth nothing.

I resent the fact that the hardest-working woman in the world is expected by the government to make her own necessities. Why she should be compelled to use makeshifts when she works eighteen hours a day, her husband likewise? Why have I only three miserable makeshift screens in a house of fifteen windows? Were our crops a failure? Quite the contrary: we had good crops considering the insufficient water distribution with which we had to contend, and we thought we were going to be on Easy Street every year for six years. Did n't we have enough land? One hundred and sixty acres ought to be enough. Where is the trouble? The lack of market and marketing facilities, and the middle-man. The men who have handled our crops have grown rich.

I am not a Socialist. I am not dreamer enough for that. But my beloved government is taking the wrong course with us farm people. Let the government supply us with middle-men instead of county agents — government-paid middle-men who would have no object in profiteering on us. Let the government supply us with warehouses to store our surplus — every year a part of our good money goes to build granaries which stand idle half the year, and I board the builders of the granaries. Let the government find out where our crops should go and see to the shipping of them, so that we who have plenty can supply those who want. Let the government study our conditions, cost of production, — including farm-labor, husband's labor, wife's labor, — and set the price on crops

accordingly, different in each locality, and we shall all be glad to abide by the results and the consumer will not suffer, there being no middle-man to pay.

Then we farm-women will go about our hard task rejoicing, for we shall know that we shall be paid what we deserve. We shall have real screens in our windows, real refrigerators, and real ice. We shall have leisure to care for ourselves, and we may possibly see the day when once again we can have presentable hands and hair and look the world in the face — independent at last!

But since the government at Washington is so slow in waking up, we shall have to bring about what reform we can through the Non-Partisan League. Don't make the mistake, Sister and Bert, of thinking that what I wrote about the government is in the League platform. The League is for state-owned warehouses — in fact all state-owned public utilities. I would rather it were from the government being taken out of politics, as I believe it will be some day, though perhaps not in my day; but we must be content to try to reform our little corner of the world, and perhaps the leaven will cause the whole mass to rise.

The old idea is, that the farmer likes to live in the horrible, inconvenient houses that he is forced to inhabit. Let him receive his just dues in the way of money, and see how soon he takes advantage of his means, — beautiful home, fine barns, education, — if not for himself, for the next generation. Don't try to teach us to do with makeshifts. You are pushing the farmer down into a peasant class that is as bad as the man with the hoe. Yea, what an epic could be written of the wrongs of 'the man with the plough,' and 'the woman of the stove.' Pay the farmer his just dues and let him rise to the enjoyment of real things.

I have just been bathing my four little ones in a round galvanized wash-tub on the kitchen floor. Sister, if you could see how I have worked, how I have endured, how I have economized, to be able to do that! And my poor husband! His first new suit since we came to Idaho, to go to the Legislature in. You read all the stories of wonderful success here with raw land. Where you read one story of chance success (it is always a matter of chance), I see here with my own eyes hundreds of failures. Some of them do not know that they are failures. They do not know that they should receive more. They have farmed all their lives and been content with a mere pittance. But I say that it is bitter failure, when I go into their three-room shacks, crowded, no conveniences, and know how they have slaved. Let the government back us!

One big thing that the government could do would be to tell the farmer what to plant. One man here makes a success with potatoes, the next year everybody plants potatoes — you know the result.

I am not ever going to write such a letter as this again. But I am boiling over. I have stood all that I am going to, in silence. I am not a successful farm-woman. I love the farm, would rather live on it than any other place in the world, but I am not willing to accept silently the wrongs of the farm life. Like Wolsey if I had served any other profession as faithfully as I have served that of being a farmer's wife during the past six years, I should now be independently prosperous.

Well, Bert, how do you like this *spiel?* Never mind, I am dead in earnest. I must stay with the babies, or, like Carrie Nation, I would get out and smash a few things. But I have a man that I am going to back to the utmost.

Here's yours, for the galvanized tub in the kitchen,

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

March 22, 1919.

These are [some of] the measures which our Non-Partisans tried to make laws, and which were killed. You will notice that they are not entirely for the benefit of the farmer. One of the criticisms which was made recently to me of the League was that it was just as wrong for the farmer to legislate solely for his own benefit as anything in the present state of society in Russia. The farmer is trying to legislate for the benefit of the producer and the consumer, and let the profiteer go hang. I think that you will agree that everyone in the world is a consumer, and that a great many are producers.

Soldier's moratorium. (A soldier was to be given one year's time in which to pay past bills. Of course, his bills need not be paid after he entered the army; but what good would that do him if a pack of creditors leap upon his back, as soon as he comes out of the army? In case he was trying to farm, it might mean ruin. Idaho would not even do this for her soldiers, but instead voted monuments, all alike, to be placed in each county seat, like so many dozens of spoons. Surely this is enough pay to the soldier for 'the dangers' he has 'passed'! And if he is a taxpayer, he must help pay for the monument to himself! As Pliny the Younger said, 'The erection of a monument is superfluous'; but it would not come amiss to use the county and state money to give each soldier a real start.)

Resolution favoring the League of Nations (turned down cold, and resolutions introduced condemning President Wilson and the League of Nations). Believe me, if the common people, the working-people, the farmers, could cast their votes for or against the League of Nations, it would be found that they are solidly behind it. It does not matter how much the big men of the country are arguing it back and forth — we, the people, who know what it means when we say, 'the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God,' we, the people are heart and soul for the League. There is n't a farmer or a working-man that I know who is not for it, and I have never *heard* of a farmer or a working-man who is not for it.

Passed a really fine educational act (supported by the Non-Partisans, but not introduced by them), but forgot to put in it the enabling act, and of course it is thereby killed. This act, which is a thick book by itself, was introduced on the last day, almost at the last moment, and the members were not given opportunity to read it.

Killed the Women's eight-hour law (not Non-Partisan). I think they were right in this. There is a good nine-hour law, but the politicians amended the eight-hour law to read, 'except in emergency.' You know very well that reservation would kill the eight-hour bill, for any employer could declare an emergency that might last for fourteen or more hours. The nine-hour bill is straight nine hours.

I can write bravely enough in these letters, but at heart I am sad at the thought of these hard years during which the farmers are slaves in this beloved country of ours. We are giving the best years of our lives — for what? and who cares? O my country! wake up and hear your children crying unto you for relief. Have you no ears to hear us? Have we been patient and silent so long under great wrongs that you cannot believe they exist?

Let us hope that a better day is coming!

Yours,

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'Lord, but English people *are* funny!'

This was the perplexed mental ejaculation that young Lieutenant Skipworth Cary, of Virginia, found his thoughts constantly reiterating during his stay in Devonshire. Had he been, he wondered, a confiding fool, to accept so trustingly Chev Sherwood's suggestion that he spend a part of his leave, at least, at Bishopsthorpe, where Chev's people lived? But why should he have anticipated any difficulty here, in this very corner of England which had bred his own ancestors, when he had always hit it off so splendidly with his English comrades at the Front? Here, however, though they were all awfully kind, — at least, he was sure they meant to be kind, — something was always bringing him up short: something that he could not lay hold of, but which made him feel like a blind man groping in a strange place, or worse, like a bull in a china-shop. He was prepared enough to find differences in the American and English points of view. But this thing that baffled him did not seem to have to do with that; it was something deeper, something very definite, he was sure — and yet, what was it? The worst of it was that he had a curious feeling as if they were all — that is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald; not Sir Charles so much — protecting him from himself — keeping him from making breaks, as he phrased it. That hurt and annoyed him, and piqued his vanity. Was he a social blunderer, and were n't a Virginia gentleman's manners to be trusted in England without leading-strings?

He had been at the Front for several months with the Royal Flying Corps, and when his leave came, his Flight Commander, Captain Cheviot Sherwood, discovering that he meant to spend it in England where he hardly knew a soul, had said his people down in Devonshire would be jolly glad to have him stop with them; and Skipworth Cary, knowing that, if the circumstances had been reversed, his people down in Virginia would indeed have been jolly glad to entertain Captain Sherwood, had accepted unhesitatingly. The invitation had been seconded by a letter from Lady Sherwood, — Chev's mother, — and after a few days sight-seeing in London, he had come down to Bishopsthorpe, very eager to know his friend's family, feeling as he did about Chev himself. 'He 's the finest man that ever went up in the air,' he had written home; and to his own family's disgust, his letters had been far more full of Chev Sherwood than they had been of Skipworth Cary.

And now here he was, and he almost wished himself away — wished almost that he was back again at the Front, carrying on under Chev. There, at least, you knew what you were up against. The job might be hard enough, but it was n't baffling and queer, with hidden undercurrents that you could n't chart. It seemed to him that this baffling feeling of constraint had rushed to meet him on the very threshold of

the drawing-room, when he made his first appearance.

As he entered, he had a sudden sensation that they had been awaiting him in a strained expectancy, and that, as he appeared, they adjusted unseen masks and began to play-act at something. 'But English people don't play-act very well,' he commented to himself, reviewing the scene afterwards.

Lady Sherwood had come forward and greeted him in a manner which would have been pleasant enough, if he had not, with quick sensitiveness, felt it to be forced. But perhaps that was English stiffness.

Then she had turned to her husband, who was standing staring into the fireplace, although, as it was June, there was no fire there to stare at.

'Charles,' she said, 'here is Lieutenant Cary'; and her voice had a certain note in it which at home Cary and his sister Nancy were in the habit of designating 'mother-making-dad-mind-his-manners.'

At her words the old man — and Cary was startled to see how old and broken he was — turned round and held out his hand. 'How d'you do?' he said jerkily, 'how d'you do?' and then turned abruptly back again to the fireplace.

'Hello! What's up! The old boy does n't like me!' was Cary's quick startled comment to himself.

He was so surprised by the look the other bent upon him, that he involuntarily glanced across to a long mirror to see if there was anything wrong with his uniform. But no, that appeared to be all right. It was himself, then — or his country; perhaps the old sport did n't fall for Americans.

'And here is Gerald,' Lady Sherwood went on in her low remote voice, which somehow made the Virginian feel very far away.

It was with genuine pleasure, though with some surprise, that he turned to greet Gerald Sherwood, Chev's younger brother, who had been, tradition in the corps said, as gallant and daring a flyer as Chev himself, until he got his in the face five months ago.

'I'm mighty glad to meet you,' he said eagerly, in his pleasant, muffled Southern voice, grasping the hand the other stretched out, and looking with deep respect at the scarred face and sightless eyes.

Gerald laughed a little, but it was a pleasant laugh, and his hand-clasp was friendly.

'That's real American, is n't it?' he said. 'I ought to have remembered and said it first. Sorry.'

Skipworth laughed too. 'Well,' he conceded, 'we generally are glad to meet people in my country, and we don't care who says it first. But,' he added, 'I did n't think I'd have the luck to find you here.'

He remembered that Chev had regretted that he probably would n't see Gerald, as the latter was at St. Dunstan's, where they were reëducating the blinded soldiers.

The other hesitated a moment, and then said rather awkwardly, 'Oh, I'm just home for a little while; I only got here this morning, in fact.'

Skipworth noted the hesitation. Did the old people get panicky at the thought of entertaining a wild man from Virginia, and send an S O S for Gerald, he wondered.

'We are so glad you could come to us,' Lady Sherwood said rather hastily just then. And again he could not fail to note that she was prompting her husband.

The latter reluctantly turned round, and said, 'Yes, yes, quite so. Welcome to Bishopsthorpe, my boy,' as if his wife had pulled a string, and he responded mechanically, without quite knowing what he said. Then, as his eyes rested a moment on his guest, he looked

as if he would like to bolt out of the room. He controlled himself, however, and, jerking round again to the fireplace, went on murmuring, 'Yes, yes, yes,' vaguely — just like the dormouse at the Mad Tea-Party, who went to sleep, saying, 'Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,' Cary could not help thinking to himself.

But after all, it was n't really funny, it was pathetic. Gosh, how doddering the poor old boy was! Skipworth wondered, with a sudden twist at his heart, if the war was playing the deuce with his home people, too. Was his own father going to pieces like this, and had his mother's gay vivacity fallen into that still remoteness of Lady Sherwood's? But of course not! The Carys had n't suffered as the poor Sherwoods had, with their youngest son, Curtin, killed early in the war, and now Gerald knocked out so tragically. Lord, he thought, how they must all bank on Chev! And of course they would want to hear at once about him. 'I left Chev as fit as anything, and he sent all sorts of messages,' he reported, thinking it more discreet to deliver Chev's messages thus vaguely than to repeat his actual care-free remark, which had been, 'Oh, tell 'em I'm jolly as a tick.'

But evidently there was something wrong with the words as they were, for instantly he was aware of that curious sense of withdrawal on their part. Hastily reviewing them, he decided that they had sounded too familiar from a stranger and a younger man like himself. He supposed he ought not to have spoken of Chev by his first name. Gee, what sticklers they were! Would n't his family — dad and mother and Nancy — have fairly lapped up any messages from him, even if they had been delivered a bit awkwardly? However, he added, as a concession to their point of view, 'But of course you'll have had later news of Captain Sherwood.'

To which, after a pause, Lady Sherwood responded, 'Oh, yes,' in that remote and colorless voice which might have meant anything or nothing.

At this point dinner was announced.

Lady Sherwood drew her husband away from the empty fireplace, and Gerald slipped his arm through the Virginian's, saying pleasantly, 'I'm learning to carry on fairly well at St. Dunstan's, but I confess I still like to have a pilot.'

To look at the tall young fellow beside him, whose scarred face was so reminiscent of Chev's untouched good looks, who had known all the immense freedom of the air, but who was now learning to carry on in the dark, moved Skipworth Cary to generous homage.

'You know my saying I'm glad to meet you is n't just American,' he said half shyly, but warmly. 'It's plain English, and the straight truth. I've wanted to meet you awfully. The oldsters are always holding up your glorious exploits to us newcomers. Withers never gets tired telling about that fight of yours with the four enemy planes. And besides,' he rushed on eagerly, 'I'm glad to have a chance to tell Chev's brother — Captain Sherwood's brother, I mean — what I think of him. Only as a matter of fact, I can't,' he broke off with a laugh. 'I can't put it exactly into words, but I tell you I'd follow that man straight into hell and out the other side — or go there alone if he told me to. He is the finest chap that ever flew.'

And then he felt as if a cold douche had been flung in his face, for after a moment's pause, the other returned, 'That 's awfully good of you,' in a voice so distant and formal that the Virginian could have kicked himself. What an ass he was to be so darned enthusiastic with an Englishman! He supposed it was bad form to show any pleasure over praise of a member of your family.

Lord, if Chev got the V.C., he reckoned it would be awful to speak of it. Still, you would have thought Gerald might have stood for a little praise of him. But then, glancing sideways at his companion, he surprised on his face a look so strange and suffering that it came to him almost violently what it must be never to fly again; to be on the threshold of life, with endless days of blackness ahead. Good God! How cruel he had been to flaunt Chev in his face! In remorseful and hasty reparation he stumbled on, 'But the old fellows are always having great discussions as to which was the best — you or your brother. Withers always maintains you were.'

'Withers lies, then!' the other retorted. 'I never touched Chev — never came within a mile of him, and never could have.'

They reached the dinner-table with that, and young Cary found himself bewildered and uncomfortable. If Gerald had n't liked praise of Chev, he had liked praise of himself even less, it seemed.

Dinner was not a success. The Virginian found that, if there was to be conversation, the burden of carrying it on was upon him, and gosh! they don't mind silences in this man's island, do they? he commented desperately to himself, thinking how different it was from America. Why, there they acted as if silence was an egg that had just been laid, and everyone had to cackle at once to cover it up. But here the talk constantly fell to the ground, and nobody but himself seemed concerned to pick it up. His attempt to praise Chev had not been successful, and he could understand their not wanting to hear about flying and the war before Gerald.

So at last, in desperation, he wandered off into descriptions of America, finding to his relief, that he had struck the right note at last. They were glad to hear about the States, and Lady Sherwood inquired politely if the Indians still gave them much trouble; and when he assured her that in Virginia, except for the Pocahontas tribe, they were all pretty well subdued, she accepted his statement with complete innocency. And he was so delighted to find at last a subject to which they were evidently cordial, that he was quite carried away, and wound up by inviting them all to visit his family in Richmond, as soon as the war was over.

Gerald accepted at once, with enthusiasm; Lady Sherwood made polite murmurs, smiling at him in quite a warm and almost, indeed, maternal manner. Even Sir Charles, who had been staring at the food on his plate as if he did not quite know what to make of it, came to the surface long enough to mumble, 'Yes, yes, very good idea. Countries must carry on together — What?'

But that was the only hit of the whole evening, and when the Virginian retired to his room, as he made an excuse to do early, he was so confused and depressed that he fell into an acute attack of homesickness.

Heavens, he thought, as he tumbled into bed, just suppose, now, this was little old Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., instead of being Bishopsthorpe, Avery Cross near Wick, and all the rest of it! And at that, he grinned to himself. England was n't such an all-fired big country that you'd think they'd have to ticket themselves with addresses a yard long, for fear they'd get lost — now, would you? Well, anyway, suppose it was Richmond, and his train just pulling into the Byrd Street Station. He stretched out luxuriously, and let his mind picture the whole familiar scene. The wind was blowing right, so there was the mellow homely smell of tobacco in the streets, and plenty of

people all along the way to hail him with outstretched hands and shouts of 'Hey, Skip Cary, when did you get back?' 'Welcome home, my boy!' 'Well, will you *look* what the cat dragged in!' And so he came to his own front door-step, and walking straight in, surprised the whole family at breakfast; and yes — doggone it! if it was n't Sunday, and they having waffles! And after that his obliging fancy bore him up Franklin Street, through Monroe Park, and so to Miss Sally Berkeley's door. He was sound asleep before he reached it, but in his dreams, light as a little bird, she came flying down the broad stairway to meet him, and —

But when he waked next morning, he did not find himself in Virginia, but in Devonshire, where, to his unbounded embarrassment, a white housemaid was putting up his curtains and whispering something about his bath. And though he pretended profound slumber, he was well aware that people do not turn brick-red in their sleep. And the problem of what was the matter with the Sherwood family was still before him.

II

'They're playing a game,' he told himself after a few days. 'That is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald are — poor old Sir Charles can't make much of a stab at it. The game is to make me think they are awfully glad to have me, when in reality there's something about me, or something I do, that gets them on the raw.'

He almost decided to make some excuse and get away; but after all, that was not easy. In English novels, he remembered, they always had a wire calling them to London; but darn it all! the Sherwoods knew mighty well there was n't anyone in London who cared a hoot about him.

The thing that got his goat most, he told himself, was that they apparently did n't like his friendship with Chev. Anyway they did n't seem to want him to talk about him; and whenever he tried to express his warm appreciation for all that the older man had done for him, he was instantly aware of a wall of reserve on their part, a holding of themselves aloof from him. That puzzled and hurt him, and put him on his dignity. He concluded that they thought it was cheeky of a youngster like him to think that a man like Chev could be his friend; and if that was the way they felt, he reckoned he'd jolly well better shut up about it.

But whatever it was that they did n't like about him, they most certainly did want him to have a good time. He and his pleasure appeared to be for the time being their chief consideration. And after the first day or so he began indeed to enjoy himself extremely. For one thing, he came to love the atmosphere of the old place and of the surrounding country, which he and Gerald explored together. He liked to think that ancestors of his own had been inheritors of these green lanes, and pleasant mellow stretches. Then, too, after the first few days, he could not help seeing that they really began to like him, which of course was reassuring, and tapped his own warm friendliness, which was always ready enough to be released. And besides, he got by accident what he took to be a hint as to the trouble. He was passing the half-open door of Lady Sherwood's morning-room, when he heard Sir Charles's voice break out, 'Good God, Elizabeth, I don't see how you stand it! When I see him so straight and fine-looking, and so untouched, beside our poor lad, and think — and think —'

Skipworth hurried out of earshot, but now he understood that look of aversion in the old man's eyes which had so startled him at first. Of course,

the poor old boy might easily hate the sight of him beside Gerald. With Gerald himself he really got along famously. He was a most delightful companion, full of anecdotes and history of the countryside, every foot of which he had apparently explored in the old days with Chev and the younger brother, Curtin. Yet even with Gerald, Cary sometimes felt that aloofness and reserve, and that older protective air that they all showed him. Take, for instance, that afternoon when they were lolling together on the grass in the park. The Virginian, running on in his usual eager manner, had plunged without thinking into an account of a particularly daring bit of flying on Chev's part, when suddenly he realized that Gerald had rolled over on the grass and buried his face in his arms, and interrupted himself awkwardly. 'But, of course,' he said, 'he must have written home about it himself.'

'No, or if he did, I did n't hear of it. Go on,' Gerald said in a muffled voice.

A great rush of compassion and remorse overwhelmed the Virginian, and he burst out penitently, 'What a brute I am! I'm always forgetting and running on about flying, when I know it must hurt like the very devil!'

The other drew a difficult breath. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'what you say does hurt in a way — in a way you can't understand. But all the same I like to hear you. Go on about Chev.'

So Skipworth went on and finished his account, winding up, 'I don't believe there's another man in the service who could have pulled it off — but I tell you your brother's one in a million.'

'Good God, don't I know it!' the other burst out. 'We were all three the jolliest pals together,' he got out presently in a choked voice, 'Chev and the young un and I; and now —'

He did not finish, but Cary guessed his meaning. Now the young un, Curtin, was dead, and Gerald himself knocked out. But, heavens! the Virginian thought, did Gerald think Chev would go back on him now on account of his blindness? Well you could everlastingly bet he would n't!

'Chev thinks the world and all of you!' he cried in eager defense of his friend's loyalty. 'Lots of times when we're all awfully jolly together, he makes some excuse and goes off by himself; and Withers told me it was because he was so frightfully cut up about you. Withers said he told him once that he'd a lot rather have got it himself — so you can everlastingly bank on him!'

Gerald gave a terrible little gasp. 'I — I knew he'd feel like that,' he got out. 'We've always cared such a lot for each other.' And then he pressed his face harder than ever into the grass, and his long body quivered all over. But not for long. In a moment he took fierce hold on himself, muttering, 'Well, one must carry on, whatever happens,' and apologized disjointedly. 'What a fearful fool you must think me! And — and this is n't very pippy for you, old chap.' Presently, after that, he sat up, and said, brushing it all aside, 'We're facing the old moat, are n't we? There's an interesting bit of tradition about it that I must tell you.'

And there you were, Cary thought: no matter how much Gerald might be suffering from his misfortune, he must carry on just the same, and see that his visitor had a pleasant time. It made the Virginian feel like an outsider and very young, as if he were not old enough for them to show him their real feelings.

Another thing that he noticed was that they did not seem to want him to meet people. They never took him anywhere to call, and if visitors came to the house, they showed an almost panicky desire to get him out of the

way. That again hurt his pride. What in heaven's name was the matter with him anyway!

III

However, on the last afternoon of his stay at Bishopsthorpe, he told himself with a rather rueful grin, that his manners must have improved a little, for they took him to tea at the rectory.

He was particularly glad to go there because, from certain jokes of Withers's, who had known the Sherwoods since boyhood, he gathered that Chev and the rector's daughter were engaged. And just as he would have liked Chev to meet Sallie Berkeley, so he wanted to meet Miss Sybil Gaylord.

He had little hope of having a tête-à-tête with her, but as it fell out he did. They were all in the rectory garden together, Gerald and the rector a little behind Miss Gaylord and himself, as they strolled down a long walk with high hedges bordering it. On the other side of the hedge Lady Sherwood and her hostess still sat at the tea-table, and then it was that Cary heard Mrs. Gaylord say distinctly, 'I'm afraid the strain has been too much for you — you should have let us have him.'

To which Lady Sherwood returned quickly, 'Oh, no, that would have been impossible with —'

'Come — come this way — I must show you the view from the arbor,' Miss Gaylord broke in breathlessly; and laying a hand on his arm, she turned him abruptly into a side path.

Glancing down at her, the Southerner could not but note the panic and distress in her fair face. It was so obvious that the overheard words referred to him, and he was so bewildered by the whole situation, that he burst out impulsively, 'I say, what *is* the matter with me? Why do they find me so hard to put up with? Is it something I do — or don't they like Americans? Honestly, I wish you'd tell me.'

She stood still at that, looking at him, her blue eyes full of distress and concern.

'Oh, I am so sorry,' she cried. 'They would be so sorry to have you think anything like that.'

'But what is it?' he persisted. 'Don't they like Americans?'

'Oh, no, it is n't that — Oh, quite the contrary!' she returned eagerly.

'Then it 's something about me they don't like?'

'Oh, no, no! Least of all, that — *don't* think that!' she begged.

'But what am I to think then?'

'Don't think anything just yet,' she pleaded. 'Wait a little, and you will understand.'

She was so evidently distressed, that he could not press her further; and fearing she might think him unappreciative, he said, 'Well, whatever it is, it has n't prevented me from having a ripping good time. They've seen to that, and just done everything for my pleasure.'

She looked up quickly, and to his relief he saw that for once he had said the right thing.

'You have enjoyed it, then?' she questioned eagerly.

'Most awfully,' he assured her warmly. 'I shall always remember what a happy leave they gave me.'

She gave a little sigh of satisfaction, 'I am so glad,' she said. 'They wanted you to have a good time — that was what we all wanted.'

He looked at her gratefully, thinking how sweet she was in her fair English beauty, and how good to care that he should have enjoyed his leave. How different she was too from Sally Berkeley — why she would have made two of his little girl! And how quiet! Sallie Berkeley, with her quick glancing vivacity, would have been all around her and off again like a humming-bird before

she could have uttered two words. And yet he was sure that they would have been friends, just as he and Chev were. Perhaps they all would be, after the war. And then he began to talk about Chev, being sure that, had the circumstances been reversed, Sallie Berkeley would have wanted news of him. Instantly he was aware of a tense listening stillness on her part. That pleased him. Well, she did care for the old fellow all right, he thought; and though she made no response, averting her face, and plucking nervously at the leaves of the hedge as they passed slowly along, he went on pouring out his eager admiration for his friend.

At last they came to a seat in an arbor, from which one looked out upon a green beneficent landscape. It was an intimate secluded little spot — and oh, if Sallie Berkeley were only there to sit beside him! And as he thought of this, it came to him whimsically that in all probability she must be longing for Chev, just as he was for Sallie.

Dropping down on the bench beside her, he leaned over, and said with a friendly, almost brotherly, grin of understanding, 'I reckon you're wishing Captain Sherwood was sitting here, instead of Lieutenant Cary.'

The minute the impulsive words were out of his mouth, he knew he had blundered, been awkward, and inexcusably intimate. She gave a little choked gasp, and her blue eyes stared up at him, wide and startled. Good heavens, what a break he had made! No wonder the Sherwoods could n't trust him in company! There seemed no apology that he could offer in words, but at least, he thought, he would show her that he would not have intruded on her secret without being willing to share his with her. With awkward haste he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and dragged forth the picture of Sallie Berkeley he always carried there.

'This is the little girl I'm thinking about,' he said, turning very red, yet boyishly determined to make amends, and also proudly confident of Sallie Berkeley's charms. 'I'd like mighty well for you two to know one another.'

She took the picture in silence, and for a long moment stared down at the soft little face, so fearless, so confident and gay, that smiled appealingly back at her. Then she did something astonishing, — something which seemed to him wholly un-English, — and yet he thought it the sweetest thing he had ever seen. Cupping her strong hands about the picture with a quick protectiveness, she suddenly raised it to her lips, and kissed it lightly. 'O little girl!' she cried, 'I hope you will be very happy!'

The little involuntary act, so tender, so sisterly and spontaneous, touched the Virginian extremely.

'Thanks awfully,' he said unsteadily. 'She'll think a lot of that, just as I do — and I know she'd wish you the same.'

She made no reply to that, and as she handed the picture back to him, he saw that her hands were trembling, and he had a sudden conviction that, if she had been Sallie Berkeley, her eyes would have been full of tears. As she was Sybil Gaylord, however, there were no tears there, only a look that he never forgot. The look of one much older, protective, maternal almost, and as if she were gazing back at Sallie Berkeley and himself from a long way ahead on the road of life. He supposed it was the way most English people felt nowadays. He had surprised it so often on all their faces, that he could not help speaking of it.

'You all think we Americans are awfully young and raw, don't you?' he questioned.

'Oh, no, not that,' she deprecated. 'Young perhaps for these days, yes — but it is more that you — that your

country is so — so unsuffered. And we don't want you to suffer!' she added quickly.

Yes, that was it! He understood now, and, heavens, how fine it was! Old England was wounded deep — deep. What she suffered herself she was too proud to show; but out of it she wrought a great maternal care for the newcomer. Yes, it *was* fine — he hoped his country would understand.

Miss Gaylord rose. 'There are Gerald and father looking for you,' she said, 'and I must go now.' She held out her hand. 'Thank you for letting me see her picture, and for everything you said about Captain Sherwood — for *everything*, remember — I want you to remember.'

With a light pressure of her fingers she was gone, slipping away through the shrubbery, and he did not see her again.

IV

So he came to his last morning at Bishopsthorpe; and as he dressed, he wished it could have been different; that he were not still conscious of that baffling wall of reserve between himself and Chev's people, for whom, despite all, he had come to have a real affection.

In the breakfast-room he found them all assembled, and his last meal there seemed to him as constrained and difficult as any that had preceded it. It was over finally, however, and in a few minutes he would be leaving.

'I can never thank you enough for the splendid time I've had here,' he said as he rose. 'I'll be seeing Chev to-morrow, and I'll tell him all about everything.'

Then he stopped dead. With a smothered exclamation, old Sir Charles had stumbled to his feet, knocking over his chair, and hurried blindly out of the room; and Gerald said, '*Mother!*' in a choked appeal.

As if it were a signal between them, Lady Sherwood pushed her chair back a little from the table, her long delicate fingers dropped together loosely in her lap; she gave a faint sigh as if a restraining mantle slipped from her shoulders, and looking up at the youth before her, her fine pale face lighted with a kind of glory, she said, 'No, dear lad, no. You can never tell Chev, for he is gone.'

'*Gone!*' he cried.

'Yes,' she nodded back at him, just above a whisper; and now her face quivered, and the tears began to rush down her cheeks.

'Not *dead!*' he cried. 'Not Chev — not that! O my God, Gerald, not *that!*'

'Yes,' Gerald said. 'They got him two days after you left.'

It was so overwhelming, so unexpected and shocking, above all so terrible, that the friend he had so greatly loved and admired was gone out of his life forever, that young Cary stumbled back into his seat, and crumpling over, buried his face in his hands, making great uncouth gasps as he strove to choke back his grief.

Gerald groped hastily around the table, and flung an arm about his shoulders.

'Steady on, dear fellow, steady,' he said, though his own voice broke.

'When did you hear?' Cary got out at last.

'We got the official notice just the day before you came — and Withers has written us particulars since.'

'And you *let* me come in spite of it! And stay on, when every word I said about him must have — have fairly *crucified* each one of you! Oh, forgive me! forgive me!' he cried distractedly. He saw it all now; he understood at last. It was not on Gerald's account that they could not talk of flying and of Chev, it was because — because their hearts were broken over Chev himself. 'Oh, forgive me!' he gasped again.

'Dear lad, there is nothing to forgive,' Lady Sherwood returned. 'How could we help loving your generous praise of our poor darling? We loved it, and you for it; we wanted to hear it, but we were afraid. We were afraid we might break down, and that you would find out.'

The tears were still running down her cheeks. She did not brush them away now; she seemed glad to have them there at last.

Sinking down on his knees, he caught her hands. 'Why did you *let* me do such a horrible thing?' he cried. 'Could n't you have trusted me to understand? Could n't you *see* I loved him just as you did — No, no!' he broke down humbly, 'Of course I could n't love him as his own people did. But you must have seen how I felt about him — how I admired him, and would have followed him anywhere — and *of course* if I had known, I should have gone away at once.'

'Ah, but that was just what we were afraid of,' she said quickly. 'We were afraid you would go away and have a lonely leave somewhere. And in these days a boy's leave is so precious a thing that nothing must spoil it — *nothing*,' she reiterated; and her tears fell upon his hands like a benediction. 'But we did n't do it very well, I'm afraid,' she went on presently, with gentle contrition. 'You were too quick and understanding; you guessed there was something wrong. We were sorry not to manage better,' she apologized.

'Oh, you wonderful, wonderful people!' he gasped. 'Doing everything for my happiness, when all the time — all the time —'

His voice went out sharply, as his mind flashed back to scene after scene: to Gerald's long body lying quivering on the grass; to Sybil Gaylord wishing Sallie Berkeley happiness out of her own tragedy; and to the high look on Lady Sherwood's face. They seemed to him themselves, and yet more than themselves — shining bits in the mosaic of a great nation. Disjointedly there passed through his mind familiar words — 'these are they who have washed their garments — having come out of great tribulation.' No wonder they seemed older.

'We — we could n't have done it in America,' he said humbly.

He had a desperate desire to get away to himself; to hide his face in his arms, and give vent to the tears that were stifling him; to weep for his lost friend, and for this great heartbreaking heroism of theirs.

'But why did you do it?' he persisted. 'Was it because I was his friend?'

'Oh, it was much more than that,' Gerald said quickly. 'It was a matter of the two countries. Of course, we jolly well knew you did n't belong to us, and did n't want to, but for the life of us we could n't help a sort of feeling that you did. And when America was in at last, and you fellows began to come, you seemed like our very own come back after many years, and,' he added, a throb in his voice, 'we were most awfully glad to see you — we wanted a chance to show you how England felt.'

Skipworth Cary rose to his feet. The tears for his friend were still wet upon his lashes. Stooping, he took Lady Sherwood's hands in his and raised them to his lips. 'As long as I live, I shall never forget,' he said. 'And others of us have seen it too in other ways — be sure America will never forget, either.'

She looked up at his untouched youth out of her beautiful sad eyes, the exalted light still shining through her tears. 'Yes,' she said, 'you see it was — I don't know exactly how to put it — but it was England to America.'

THE SCANDAL OF EUCLID

A FREUDIAN ANALYSIS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

It is the merit of those who have been applying the psycho-analytic method to the interpretation of life, that they have gone at their work in the spirit of tight-reined enthusiasm which is the true scientific temper. Masters of an instrument that probes down to the very roots of being, they have nevertheless been content to feel their way slowly into the realities of human experience, ever measuring, testing, scanning, and rechecking, until the result finally approved can be consigned with confidence to the permanent stock of world-knowledge.

In no other field, perhaps, has the search after new meanings and values by the light of the Freudian principle been carried on with such painstaking labor and such extraordinary restraint as in the sphere of imaginative literature. No disciple of Freud has ventured to interpret an entire literature as the precipitant of the repressed desires of a nation. For that, it is recognized, the time has not come. A great deal of preliminary spadework still remains to be done. That work is now being carried on by a rapidly growing band of devoted investigators on both sides of the ocean. Here a poem of Goethe's, there a masterpiece of the art of the short story by Gautier or Robert Louis Stevenson, or a full-length novel by Stendhal, Balzac, or Stefanovic (who stands easily at the head of the new school of Jugo-Slav fiction), has been subjected to a minute analysis and its origins and content traced back to an infantile neurosis in the life of the author, a persistent anxiety-dream of middle childhood, or a kineto-zeugmatic sex-inhibition of early adolescence, as the case may be.

Among such pioneer studies, a place in the first rank must be assigned to Wilbur P. Birdwood's latest contribution to applied Freudianism,[1] a field in which the writer has already made his mark. Even if it were my intention to give a complete summary of Mr. Birdwood's account of the unconscious love-life of the great Greek geometer, the *Atlantic* editor's space inhibitions would make the thing impossible. Mr. Birdwood's subject is fairly narrow, but within its limits he delves deep, as the publishers' net price and the charge for transmission through the mails would indicate. I shall therefore content myself with the very briefest outline of Mr. Birdwood's thesis.

I

Our author tells us in his preface that he was impelled to a psycho-analytic investigation of Euclid by the promise of an exceptionally rich sex-content which earlier students seem oddly to have overlooked. In no writer of ancient or modern times, with the possible excep-

[1] *Sex-Elements in the First Five Books of Euclid.* New York: Wilkins & MacNab. $2.60 net; postage 18 cents.

tion of Legendre and Wentworth & Smith, does the theme of the eternal triangle run so persistently as in the pages of Euclid, and particularly Book I, Propositions 4 to 26 inclusive. In the later books Euclid evidently makes a desperate attempt to break away from the obsession of the triangle, an obsession obviously arising out of a profound attachment developed by the geometer at the age of two for his grandmother on the father's side, who never came to visit the child without a bagful of honey-cakes and dried sunflower seeds, of which the little Euclid was inordinately fond.

I have said that the great geometer tried hard to rid himself of this haunting Triangle Complex. He took refuge in parallel lines, in quadrilaterals and the higher polygons, in circles of various diameter. He never succeeded. Regularly the two parallel lines transversed by a third line would bring into being new triangles with their vertical angles equal. The quadrilateral would resolve itself into two triangles with the same total amount of base line and altitude. And the circle, symbol of a completely rounded existence liberated from all debilitating psychoses, became to Euclid only an enlarged obsession. Continually he would be circumscribing the circle of life around the triangle of sex, or inscribing the circle of life within the triangle of sex. He would start out blithely from the centre of the circle of life, at A, along the radii to the circumference of existence at B and C, and before he was aware of it he had drawn a chord BC connecting the two radii, and producing ABC — a triangle!

'And more than that,' says Mr. Birdwood. 'Frequently we find Euclid under the inner necessity of determining the shortest distance from the centre of his circle to the base of his sex-triangle. Euclid called it the perpendicular, but to us it is plainly the sex-transmutation of the bee-line which the infant Euclid would make for his grandmother under the spur of the Œdipus Complex, the honey-cakes, and the dried sunflower seeds.'

Such were the general memories of Euclid which impelled Mr. Birdwood to undertake an intensive examination of the Elements of Geometry, with Solutions for Teachers Only. But as a preliminary to the investigation of Euclid's works it was essential, naturally, to study the facts of Euclid's life, in order to establish the connection between the geometer's psychic eruptions, inhibitions, and permanent suppressions on the one hand, and the Axioms, Definitions, Postulates, Problems, and Theorems on the other.

Now what do we know of the principal events in the life of Euclid? our author asked himself. The answer was, not a thing. As that admirable textbook of pre-Freudian science, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has it, 'We are ignorant not only of the dates of his birth and his death, but also of his parentage, his teachers, and the residence of his early years.' The *Britannica* is an expensive publication, but, as Mr. Birdwood remarks, even at two or three times the price it could not have put the case about Euclid's life more completely.

'With this as a basis,' continues Mr. Birdwood, 'are we not justified in filling in the sketch until the entire career of the great geometer rises vividly before us? We see him born on the island of Cos in the early summer of 342 B.C. — which fact, incidentally, makes it hard to understand why he should have been so frequently confounded with another Euclid, who was born in Bœotia six hundred years earlier and attained fame as a wholesale cattle-dealer. He was born of a native mother, probably a member of the ruling family of the Delta Upsilons. His father was a trader

from Crete who, on one of his voyages, presumably in the open winter of 344 B.C., was shipwrecked on the coast of Cos, but succeeded in making his way to land carrying his mother on his shoulders. This we must assume, since we have seen that our interpretation of the later career of Euclid demands the intimate association of a paternal grandmother.

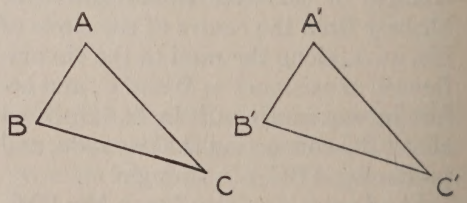
'The boy grew up fair-haired, large for his years, but with a slight stammer which frequently accentuated his nervous reaction in the presence of the aforesaid honey-cakes. Except for the Grandmother Complex of which we catch a startling glimpse in Proposition 18, "The greater side of any triangle has the greater angle opposite to it," the boy's life was one of more than normal happiness. It naturally would be. The study of Greek came easily to him, and Latin, Modern History, Manual Training, and Geometry, of course, had not yet been invented. When the boy was six years old, his father perished in a raid upon the island of Cos by the Phi Beta Kappas, a pirate tribe inhabiting the adjoining mainland. His mother was carried off into captivity, but the lad and his grandmother were left behind as of doubtful commercial value. Thus the early Complex between the two was strengthened in the course of the next three years; for when the boy was nine years of age the old lady died, but not without leaving a profound impress on the future Proposition 16, "If one side of a triangle be produced, the exterior angle is greater than either of the interior opposite angles."'

Concerning the attachment between the lad and his grandmother, — altogether unnatural from the standpoint of present-day psycho-analysis, — the historian Archilongus has preserved the following legend. To the end of his life, — and Euclid lived to be seventy-six years, eight months and odd days old, — the famous geometer, on the anniversary of his grandmother's death, would refuse to meet his students, array himself in a purple robe, comb his beard with special care, sacrifice to Hermes Mathematikos, partake of no food whatever, and give himself up to contemplation. To his favorite disciple, when he questioned him on the subject, Euclid explained that he devoted that day to evoking the memory of the aged woman who, after he lost his mother, would go out every sundown into the olive groves to pick kindling for a fire, and rock the boy to sleep on her lap before the hearth. Such an exhibition by an old man of three score and ten can be explained on no other ground than a recurrence of the Œdipus Complex.

II

We are now in a position to follow the detail of Mr. Birdwood's method, as applied to what is perhaps the best known of Euclid's literary productions:

If two triangles have two sides of the one equal to two sides of the other, each to each, and have also the angles contained by those sides equal to one another, they also have their bases or third sides equal; and the two triangles are equal; and their other angles are equal, each to each, namely, those to which the equal sides are opposite.



Euclid's demonstration is a model of condensed, if somewhat dictatorial, literary expression. He says, virtually: —

In the above triangles let the line AB be equal to A′B′, and the line AC to the line A′C′, and the angle BAC to the

angle B′A′C′; then will the line BC be equal to the line B′C′ and the two triangles will be equal in every respect.

For, superimpose the second triangle on the first. Then will the line A′B′ coincide with AB and the point B′ will fall on point B. But since the angle B′A′C′ is equal to the angle BAC, the line A′C′ will take the direction of the line AC, and point C′ will coincide with point C.

Now, if point B′ coincides with B and point C′ with C, the line B′C′ must coincide with the line BC and the two triangles are equal in every respect. Q. E. D.

Now the first question which arises from an examination of the preceding theorem is this: If the two figures are indeed equal in every respect, why bother with *two* triangles? Life is so short. Similar doubts constantly arise in the study of Euclid, as in the demonstration that any one side of a triangle is shorter than the sum of the other two sides, a truth that is obvious to every small boy with a bigger boy after him.

Our author admits the difficulty if we persist in reading Euclid in the old manner. But how if we bring psychoanalysis to bear on the subject?

Let us suppose, continues Mr. Birdwood, that the triangle ABC represents the infant Euclid's unconscious and exaggerated emotional reactions to his grandmother, and the triangle A′B′C′ is the resultant emotional expression of his later life. In the infant triangle, ABC, point A would be the child Euclid catching sight of his grandmother coming in with the honey-cakes at the front door B, or with the sunflower seeds through the back garden C. Then the line BC would represent the locus or base of the child's inordinate appetite.

What follows is simple. In the adult sex-triangle A′B′C′, the aged Euclid sets out from the same point, A′, himself, and goes on thinking along the line A′B′ until the ancient inhibition brings him to a stop at B′, the honey-cakes. Or, if he starts out in another direction, the permanent angle given to his infant soul by his grandmother impels him along the line A′C′ till the same inhibition brings him to a stop at the point C′, the dried sunflower seeds. Thus the line A′C′, representing the neural life of a mature scientist, is predetermined along the old honey-cake-dried-sunflower-seed line, AC. Euclid, of course, thought he was inventing Geometry. Actually he was rehearsing a vivid anxiety-dream of his childhood.

And all through the books of Euclid, when we find it demonstrated that ABCDXWJZ is equal in every respect to A′B′C′D′X′W′J′Z′, we are only in the presence of a phenomenon technically described, for obvious reasons, as the Przemysl Complex.

I have cited but a single theorem to illustrate the infinite concentration and the sympathetic insight which Mr. Birdwood has brought to the study of Euclid the Elemental Amorist. In order to seize the full sweep of the argument, the reader must be referred to the book itself. He will there find the analysis of Euclid's other preoccupations. There are, for example, the straight lines that never meet, so aptly characterized by the author as the 'deadly parallel,' and traced back without difficulty to the long walks which the infant Euclid used to take with his grandmother, hand in hand. A separate chapter is devoted to the bisection, or, as our author prefers to call it, the bisexualizing, of angles; resulting, not as Euclid puts it, into two equal halves, but in a better half and the other kind. From whatever angle Mr. Birdwood approaches the subject, acutely, or obtusely, or just perpendicularly, the sex-predominance at once leaps forth.

Another chapter has to do with the

triangle having two of its sides equal, commonly known as an isosceles triangle, but by Mr. Birdwood described as the homosexual triangle.

Nor need I do more than make the briefest reference to our author's analysis of the connection between Euclid's infant day-dreams and the highly personal Euclidean literary style. Given a childhood full of suppressions, and it is easy to understand the sharp kick-back in later years to a dogmatic, finger-pointing literary manner, with its 'Let this be A and B,' or 'Draw a line from C to D,' its 'nows' and 'thens' and 'therefores' and 'Q. E. D.'s.' Our author has confined himself to the first five books of Euclid, but he pauses a moment to point out what rich fields of study lie in the later books. 'If,' he says, 'in the Euclidean Plane Geometry we find the transfigurement of a child's day-dreams, in the Solid Geometry we enter the domain of nightmare.'

III

No appraisal of Mr. Birdwood's contribution to the sum of human knowledge would be complete without a few words on Part III of his book, which deals exclusively with Euclid, Book I, Proposition 5, 'If two sides of a triangle are equal, then the angles opposite these sides are equal.' In the history of mathematics, this celebrated Proposition has come to be known as the *Pons Asinorum*, the Bridge of Asses, and the common explanation has been that at this point in the development of the Euclidean geometry, the dull-witted scholar usually balks and cannot or will not cross.

This matter-of-fact interpretation is rejected out of hand by our author. He finds instead that both the thing described, namely the triangle with two equal sides, and the descriptive epithet, the Bridge of Asses, are rich in sex-significance. He proceeds to show that both Bridge and Ass have always borne an esoteric connotation, if you know what I mean. The Bridge has obvious reference to the transition period from childhood to early adolescence, coinciding with the eighth grade in the elementary school and the first semester in high school, at which time the modern school-child passes from the consideration of arithmetical square root, ratio and proportion, and practical problems in cementing floors and papering walls at so much a square yard (excluding the windows), to the first principles of Euclid. The *Pons Asinorum* would thus fall very near the period in which childhood, passing into youth, is filled with the vague hesitations and perplexities to which psycho-analysis has given us the key. Mr. Birdwood finds the same meaning in 'The Bridge of Sighs,' and 'I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight,' with which children at this stage are in the habit of afflicting their elders; but he refuses to go with the extremists who discern the same significance in the much earlier 'London Bridge is Falling Down.'

As for the Ass, that familiar animal has in all ages and all climes been the symbol of eroticism, together with the Bird, the Cat, the Donkey, the Eagle, the Fur-bearing Seal, the Giraffe, the Hyena, the Irrawaddy Woodpecker, the Jaguar, the Kangaroo, the Llama, the Mesopotamian Fishhawk, the Narghili, the Ox, the Penguin, the Quadriga, the Rhinoceros, the Swan, the Tourniquet, the Uganda, the Vituperative Buzzard, the Weasel, the Xingu, the Yuban, and the Zebra.

From this general consideration our author goes on to an examination of a number of the most famous erotic Asses in history. Out of a long list we can quote only two: Balaam's Ass and the celebrated Ass of Buridan. In the earlier case the Biblical student will re-

call how the Ass, representing primitive instinct, was immediately aware of the angel blocking the road, while its rider Balaam, representing conscious pride of intellect, remained in dangerous ignorance. First the Ass turned aside into a field, then it crushed Balaam's foot against the wall, then it fell prostrate in the road. Meanwhile, Balaam with his heavy staff was cruelly engaged in repressing the Ass's desires, until the inevitable neurotic discharge occurred: the mouth of the Ass was opened, and it addressed its master in a few well-chosen words with which we are not particularly concerned. The significant fact is that the Ass did break into speech.

There is a difference of opinion whether the celebrated French philosopher Buridan actually did make use of the famous parable of the Ass, or whether the Ass was, so to speak, saddled on him by his enemies. At any rate, Buridan is supposed to have illustrated the paralysis of the human will when confronted with two equally powerful motives by the example of an Ass permanently immobilized between two equidistant bales of hay. Mr. Birdwood asserts that this story of an Ass dying of hunger without choosing either bale of hay is beyond doubt the most extraordinary case of repressed desire on record. But he takes the death of the animal only in a symbolic sense. His own belief is that the prolonged inhibition must have ultimately resolved itself into a neurosis, though he does not venture to say what particular form the nervous discharge assumed. Probably the Ass wrote a book.

IN THE DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDUCATOR

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

In my journey through the world, I chanced one day on the School of Experience. I had heard of this institution, but it had never been my good fortune to visit it. The schoolhouse was an ancient building, and the withered dame who had presided there for many millenniums stood at the door. She was watching the departure of some of her brighter pupils who had learned the day's lesson, which had been an unusually hard one even for the School of Experience.

'May I come in, dame?' I asked.

'Do you come to learn?'

'I come to learn about your school. I have heard it highly spoken of. I am much interested in educational methods.'

'Is that all? I thought you might be interested in education. But that is too much to expect. Nowadays everybody is interested in methods.'

Here she laughed, as if she were

recalling some bitter prehistoric joke.

I found the equipment of the schoolroom very primitive. The rude benches were fantastically carved by generations of pupils who had made their mark in the world. I noticed the name of Genghis Khan, and Pompey the Great, and Attila, and Jesse James, and other celebrities. There were also the initials of statesmen and saints who had here obtained the rudiments of education. The ancient blackboard was covered with moral maxims, all of the simplest character. It was evident that the dame did n't go in for the fancy branches of ethics. Behind the teacher's desk was a large assortment of rods.

'I see you believe in corporal punishment.'

'I did n't say I believed in it, did I? I don't use those rods. I only keep them handy. "There they are," I say to my pupils. "Do as you like with them." Then they beat each other with them until they learn better.'

'Does n't it injure the pupils?' I asked.

'Of course it does. I should think that even you would know that. But if after a while they learn that it does injure them, is n't that something worth knowing? That's what I call getting results. As to methods, I have n't any to speak of. I let them do as they please, as long as they please; and when it does n't please them any longer, I wait for them to ask why? Then I don't tell them. After they have asked a long time, it begins to dawn on them that they never will get an answer till they use their minds. Some of them do. They are the ones I can educate.'

'It must be a long and expensive process.'

'I never claimed that my school was cheap.'

I realized that the dame had a peppery temper and the interview must be carried on with discretion.

'I understand that you have been educating the human race for a long time.'

'Do I look it?'

'No, you look remarkably fresh.'

'Don't tell lies. You get found out. That's the first lesson in my school. It's a long time since I first set up my school in a cave, and tried to educate a lot of lively young troglodytes who did n't want to be educated.'

'That must have been an interesting experiment. What kind of a mind did the troglodyte have?'

'About the same kind of a mind that you have. The moment I set eyes on you I was struck by the family resemblance.'

I must have betrayed a momentary embarrassment, for she continued in a conciliatory tone, 'No offense intended. The troglodyte had very much the same sort of a mind you have, though you doubtless use what mind you have better than he did, for you have the advantage of the lessons your ancestors learned in my school. They made a good many mistakes for you. You don't need to make them over again unless you want to. When I saw you looking at the door, as if to say, "I wonder what that old lady is doing there," I thought of the first *homo sapiens* I tried to teach. I said, "He's a chip of the old block. He does n't know much, but he has curiosity. He will ask questions."

'I knew that when I induced the first *homo sapiens* to ask questions I'd got him. I said, "If I can keep him asking Why? and How? and Whence? and Whither? I can draw him out."'

'Don't you ever in your school tell the answers to the questions?'

'What would be the use? They don't pay attention to what I say. If I tell them a bit of wisdom before they find it out for themselves, they think it is a joke. When they find it out for themselves, they take it seriously.'

'Oh! I understand your method. You have really modern ideas after all. You believe in learning by doing.'

'Not exactly. At least, not by doing what they are told to do. My pupils are always doing something or other — and it's generally wrong. They have more activity than good sense. The world is full of creatures that are doing things without asking why. You can't educate a grasshopper. He's too busy hopping. The peculiarity of man is that sometimes you can induce him to stop and think.'

'I presume, dame, that you use object-lessons in your teaching.'

'No, I don't use them. The pupils use them. There they are, good, bad, and indifferent. A pupil sees an object and likes the looks of it. He calls out, "Teacher, may I have that? I want it." "Very well," I say, "take it or leave it! But if you leave it you can't take it, and if you take it you must take the consequences that go with it."

'"But," he says, "I don't see any consequences!" "You'll see them soon enough if you take it. Pretty soon there won't be anything but consequences."

'They never pay any attention to moral remarks like that, and they seize the thing they want, regardless of the consequences. But the consequences stick to them like burrs. After a time they see that the two things always go together. That's a big lesson.'

'A good many people,' I said, 'never learn it.'

'Quite so: every school has its failures.'

'What do you consider the most important branch of learning in your curriculum.'

'Gumption.'

'Is that a required study? They did n't teach it in my school.'

'I presume not. Some don't.' She pointed to a group of pupils who were bending over their tasks. 'That,' she said, 'is the beginners' class in common gumption. They have failed in the first lesson, and I'm keeping them after school.'

'But they look unusually intellectual.'

'Very,' she said; 'they look that way, and they feel that way. They are good on all the advanced lessons, but they have n't got gumption.'

Just then one of the pupils jumped up, snapped his fingers to attract attention, and cried, 'Teacher! I got it! May I go home?'

'What 's gumption?'

'It 's what we have n't got enough of yet to know what 's the matter with us.'

'Good,' she said, 'you are coming on. You have learned enough for one day. You may go now. To-morrow we will have another lesson.'

She turned to me triumphantly.

'You see he's learning something. It's the first time he has got the idea that there is something the matter with him. He does n't know what it is, but he's on the right track.'

'I should like to know, dame, what are your ideas on educational values?'

'The chief educational value,' she said, 'is something to eat. When you don't know where you are going to get it, it stimulates the questions, Why? Where? How? When? How are you to get your breakfast? This is a question you can't put off till to-morrow. It quickens your wits. Examination comes every day. If you fail to get your breakfast, you know it. This tends to thoroughness.'

'But that seems to me to be a materialistic basis for education. A person may get plenty to eat and yet not be what you would call an educated man — at least, not *liberally* educated.'

'I did n't say he was. Getting enough to eat is only the first lesson. Getting it honestly takes you pretty far on in ethics. It introduces a good many hows. Many of these problems are not yet

solved in my school. To begin with, the table-manners of my pupils were awful. In my first cave the answers to the food-questions were very crude.

'When a healthy young troglodyte was hungry, he snatched his food from somebody who was weaker. This was very convenient for the snatcher, and the snatchee did n't count. But the time came when the snatcher came with a good healthy appetite and there was no one to snatch from.

'After a while it dawned upon the brighter snatchers that, if they were to make their business profitable, they must leave the snatchee enough to keep him alive. This was the first lesson in political economy. Then, after a while, a revolutionary doctrine was broached which you see on the blackboard: "Thou shalt not steal." The idealists who accepted this theory were confronted with the question, "If you are not allowed to live by stealing, how *can* you live?" That's a puzzler.'

'I'm surprised, dame, that you have n't got beyond the Eighth Commandment.'

'Have you? Maybe you are among those who think they have solved the problem when they let other people do their stealing. Here are some exercises of my pupils in the seventeenth century. They were printed in the *Westminster Larger Catechism*. Ever hear of it?'

'I learned the *Shorter Catechism* as far as "What is Effectual Calling?"'

'This is the *Larger Catechism*. It is more thorough.'

She opened her desk and brought out an old volume and read, —

'"What is the Eighth Commandment?"

'"The Eighth Commandment is, Thou shalt not steal."

'"What are the duties required in the Eighth Commandment?"

'"The duties required in the Eighth Commandment are truth, faithfulness, and justice in contracts and commerce between man and man; rendering to every man his due; restitution of goods unlawfully detained from the right owners thereof; giving and lending freely according to our abilities and the necessities of others; moderation of our judgments, wills, and appetites concerning worldly goods; a prudent care and study to get, keep, use, and dispose of those things that are necessary for the sustentation of our nature and suitable to our condition; a lawful calling and diligence in it; frugality, and an endeavor by all just and lawful means to procure and preserve and further the wealth and outward estate of all others as well as ourselves."

'That's a pretty big contract, is n't it? You have to do all that just to prevent stealing. It's a lesson in preventive honesty. It's a big, coöperative undertaking. You are not really honest unless you "endeavor by all just and lawful means to procure and preserve and further the wealth and outward estate of all others as well as ourselves."'

'I'm afraid we have n't got very far yet,' I said.

'Good for you,' said the dame. 'We'll have an honest world yet when ordinary men like you see how much has to be done.'

'What kind of ability do you value most in your school?'

'Adaptability. I have pupils who have a great deal of ability, but they stand around helplessly waiting for someone to tell them how to use it. They look for a job that can fit them. It never occurs to them that they are being measured by the job, and must submit to a few necessary alterations before they can be accepted.'

II

'You are educating the aggregate mind,' I said. 'What difference do you

find between it and the individual mind — mine for example?'

'There's more of it,' she said, 'but it works in much the same way. The hard thing is to fix its attention on anything long enough to have something happen. The chief necessity is drill. It's line upon line, precept upon precept. I have to drill perpetually on the fundamentals. I have to teach the parts of speech over and over again. I don't care much for nouns, but I'm great on verbs — active verbs in the present tense.

'I put most of my time on two big verbs — the verb "to hurt" and the verb "to help." I call these two my civilizers.

'I begin with "to hurt." This is the first thing that makes my pupils sit up and take notice. At first they take it only in a vaguely impersonal way. They say, "It hurts." They don't stop to ask what "it" is. That lesson has n't a great deal of educational value. But when they begin to ask why, we get results. When one is hurt and asks why, the answer is quite personal. He sees the other fellow and lays all the blame on him. "He hurt me." Then without need of prompting he goes on with, "I hurt him." This makes a lively lesson. These retaliatory exercises make a large part of human history.

'It takes some time before I can get them to take up the plural in the passive. But at last they come to see the consequences of their efforts — and say, "*We are* hurt." They suddenly realize that they are partners in suffering. When they realize that, they have learned a mighty good lesson. They have to share the consequences.'

'That,' I said, 'is what the Greeks had in mind when they gave us the word sympathy — feeling together.'

'Yes, the Greeks found out a great deal. You see they did n't have to spend so much time learning ancient languages. So they learned from experience. The first thing people feel together is pain. It takes longer to feel joy together. They are more selfish about that and try to keep it to themselves.

'When the pupils have mastered the verb "to hurt," I put them on the verb "to help." That's hard too.

'The first lesson is the one each one likes best. "I — help — myself." The verb is in the reflexive form and reflects pleasantly on the actor. "When I help myself, I feel that I am doing good to a person who deserves it." This puts the scholar in a good humor, and he's ready for the next lesson. "I — help — him." In the first class in philanthropy, the pupil insists on being very pernickety about the object. The pupil says, "I'll help him, if I know who he is, and if I'm sure he is worthy of my help, and if he will be grateful." This condescending attitude of the benefactor enrages the beneficiary, who does n't want to be helped that way, and looks upon it as but a variation of the exercises in the verb "to hurt." Sometimes these philanthropic lessons go on for centuries, till I find that both sides are repeating the verb "to hate."'

'It's too bad,' I said, 'that the beneficiaries are so ungrateful. When most people are so selfish, it's good to find those who are ready to take up other people's burdens without so much as saying, "By your leave." I'm thrilled by the white man's burden.'

'Yes, I noticed that you were a white man. But if you were a black man. or a yellowish man, or a light-brownish man you would n't feel that way?'

'No, then I suppose I should make trouble.'

'Of course you would. A person who tried to help you by hurting your self-respect would hurt you more than he helped you. You would know that you were hurt, and he would n't.

'It's only after a great deal of mis-

understood suffering that a higher lesson is learned and the verb is taken up in the plural: "We — help — another." Here there is no permanent distinction between the benefactors and beneficiaries. It is a simple matter of give and take. When human beings get this far, they are beginning to be civilized.

'But after the verb, the most important part of speech is the adverb. An adverb qualifies a verb, adjective, or other adverb. A great number of practical failures are adverbial. An unlucky adverb can queer the best verb in the dictionary. It's a regular hoodoo. I say to my scholars, "Mind your adverbs."

'It is not enough to do the right thing — you must do it rightly. It is not enough to do a generous thing — you must do it generously. To do a right thing wrongly is as bad as to do a wrong thing rightly. It mixes up the results.

'You can say anything you please if you say it pleasantly. There are people who can't say, "How do you do?" without having it sound like an insult. They say it so inquisitorially.

'They tell me that there are clubs where, in order to keep the peace, the members are not allowed to talk about the two most interesting subjects in the world — politics and religion. Now this is not because either of these subjects is in its nature quarrelsome — it's the people who discuss these things quarrelsomely. Nothing is more delightful and illuminating than to talk politics with one who disagrees with you. What you object to is to have him disagree with you disagreeably. To talk religion sanctimoniously is intolerable, but the most worldly-minded man will enjoy the conversation of one who without pretense talks religiously.'

'I've noticed that recently,' I said. 'During the war we have been drilling ourselves in a set of necessary adverbs. In order to meet the crisis, we had to eat sparingly, and dress economically, and speak guardedly, and endure stoically, and obey conscientiously, and look at our neighbor suspiciously.

'Then suddenly victory came on such a stupendous scale that our imagination could not conceive what had taken place. Somebody with a loud voice ought to go through the car of war calling out, "End of this route. Change adverbs!"

'I like the song of Miriam at the Red Sea. Then "Miriam the prophetess . . . took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." That has the right sound. Don't triumph economically or conscientiously — triumph gloriously.'

'I remember the circumstance well,' said the dame. 'But Miriam's conduct caused adverse criticism among some of the more sober-minded Israelites. They wondered where she got so many timbrels. Instead of giving them a song, she would have shown more seriousness if she had given them another talk on the plagues they had been through in Egypt.

'This negligence about the adverb causes many excellent people to draw the false lesson from their failures. They think that what they did was wrong, and get discouraged. What their failure really taught was that the thing could n't be done that way, and they should try again.

'There was Aristides, who was called "the Just" till it got on the nerves of the Athenians. He could n't understand it. Now the trouble was n't that he was too just, but that he did justice too monotonously.

'I used to say, "Aristides, I don't

mean to suggest, but can't you let your justice break out in a new spot? You have been doing justice to the free-born citizens till they can't stand it any more. Their consciences have reached the saturation point. Why don't you practise justice on a new set who are not used to it? Why not try it on the slaves? It would be a real treat to them. The Athenians would n't know what to make of it and would quit calling you the Just."

'"What would they call me then?"

'"I'm sure I don't know, but it would be interesting for you to find out."'

'What you say about adverbs reminds me of a saying of Lord Bacon's. He said something to the effect that when people who had tried to do a desirable thing and failed told him that their experiment proved that it could n't be done, it only proved that it could n't be done that way.'

'Yes, Francis was one of my star pupils. He used to say that my school was the only one in which he learned anything. I suppose I favored him, for they used to call him Teacher's Pet. He was always doing things with his mind. When anything occurred that was suspiciously intellectual, they always laid it on Francis.

'Excuse me, sir, I must listen to the spelling-class in words of one syllable.' She rapped for attention and said, 'Spell war.'

There was a long roar, increasing as one after another took up the sound, and it kept up as if it would never end.

'Say it! and then stop it. This is not a long-drawn-out, polysyllabic word like "hypochondriachal." It's a word of one syllable. Say it sharply and decisively. Don't keep on snarling and growling as if you were worrying the dictionary. Stop rolling your *r's*. I don't object to those who don't know when they are beaten, but not to know when you are victorious sounds weak-minded. When you've got all you fought for, why do you want to keep on fighting? It's a bad habit your ancestors got into, snarling over bones in the cave. When they got into a fight, they never knew when it was ended. When you have to say *war*, say it sharply and decisively — and cut it short.'

'Teacher! We can't help it. We've got going!'

'Very well, then! Get going on something else. Spell peace!'

There was a soft purring murmur, ending in an apologetic whisper.

'That's worse than the other. Don't say peace timidly, or petulantly, or apprehensively. That's what makes people throw things at you. Say it manfully, and boldly, and as if you expected something to happen. And if you can say it intelligently — why all the better.'

I thought it was time to change the subject. 'Dame! What class of pupils gives you the most trouble?'

'Some of the advanced thinkers are about as troublesome as any. Their minds get going so fast on some slippery subjects that they skid. Before they know it they are advancing backward. They have a delightful sensation of going as they please till they collide with some fact they did n't know was there.

'When a new idea gets control of an unfurnished mind, it has the time of its life. There is nothing inside to molest it or make it afraid. I have pupils who are bubbling over with modernness. They are effervescing with contemporaneousness. But they are continually repeating the blunders of their great-great-grandfathers. They call old sins by new names, and they pride themselves on their up-to-date primitiveness. They have learned a few things that other people don't know; and they have never found out some things that the race found out long ago. They are pleased to think that they are original.

So they are — aboriginal. These artificial aborigines are harder to civilize than the natural aborigines, because they think that civilization is a stage that they have gone through.'

'They have been through it, have n't they? They were civilized to begin with.'

'Their parents were — more or less.'

'Still, it 's a good thing to go back to first principles.'

'Of course it is. But they don't go back to first principles. Principles are n't in their line. All they care for is sensations. They go back to a state of mind where there are n't any principles to speak of. When they come to a "Thou shalt not," they go and do it. They call every prohibition a taboo. They think their first duty is to break every taboo they come across. It gives them a creepy feeling of not doing their duty. They like to feel that way.'

'But there are a great many taboos that ought to be broken,' I said.

'Of course there are. But there 's a difference between a taboo and something which people have found out in the hard school of experience. What 's an education good for if it does n't enable people to make just such distinctions as that? A crow sees an object in the field that may turn out to be only a harmless scarecrow. But if he is a sensible crow, he will make an investigation before committing himself. He has seen too many men who look like scarecrows to take chances.'

I saw that the old dame's nerves were on edge, and I thought it was time to draw the interview to a close.

'I have greatly enjoyed my visit,' I said. 'Your school seems to be thorough. There is just one criticism I might make, and that is about the length of time it takes to learn anything in particular. The curriculum seems adapted to persons whose longevity is abnormal. There was Methusaleh, for example. By the time he was five or six hundred years old he must have accumulated a good deal of valuable experience. He had still several centuries in which to apply the lessons he had learned. But in a beggarly four-score years you can't get on far. The world is getting frightfully complicated, and it 's going faster all the time. There should be some way of expediting the educational process. We get confused: when a new idea gets into our heads, it drives out those that were already there.'

'Your heads are n't very roomy; that 's a fact. But what can I do about it? I suppose you want me to put up a sign — "Painless Educator, Prejudices Removed Without Your Knowing It." Perhaps you want me to start a correspondence school, and advertise: "The lessons of Experience furnished without the Experience." You want some kind of a get-wise-quick scheme.'

'Why not?' I said. 'If you can't get wise quickly, what 's the use of getting wise at all?'

'Now you've asked a worth-while question. Why not? Hold on to that question. If you intend to get wise, you must lose no time. What did I tell you about the parts of speech? Experience is n't a noun. You can't accumulate experiences as if they were thrift stamps to be pasted in a book. Why not treat me as a verb? If you get the right adverb, you will find that I 'm not so slow as you think. You can experience a good deal if you use your mind. But you must make up your mind to step lively if you are to experience anything much. But this is my busy day. Good afternoon, sir. Mind your adverbs!'

As I walked down the ancient path, I heard her repeating, 'I experience, thou experiencest, he experiences. We experience, you experience, they experience. I wonder if they will ever learn to do it quickly enough to do them any good.'

LET ME LOSE COUNT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Let me lose count of all my sorrows, Lord,
And even my joys; oh, let me number not
These, nor measure out my lot;
Nor say, 'Here it fell short,' 'There it was large or small,'
'Here did the mercies thick or scantly fall.'
Teach me to watch the countless heavens instead —
Unnumberèd;
Who reckoneth thy stars?

Let me not measure anything; — nor this
The cup that in my shaken hand holds all
The sweet of life, and all life's bitterness;
Let me not call its bowl
Or deep or shoal;
Calm, unafraid,
Teach me to look upon the Sea which Thou hast made;
Who soundeth it or plumbeth it, O Lord?

Let me not weigh the gift I give or take;
Nor call one great, nor mourn the other small; —
Exalt, abase myself nor any man. Lord, break,
Break Thou my measurements,
And put them far from me.
Take numbers, measures, reckonings away;
Leave me instead the countless stars, the boundless Sea,
The imponderable Night, the veiled and gifted Day,
And Death beneficent that waits on Thee —
Thee, Lord, whose gifts no man may mete nor weigh;
Who measureth Thy love and mercy, Lord?

HIGHLAND ANNALS. III

SERENA AND WILD STRAWBERRIES

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

SHE was not an unalloyed joy that first year of our friendship. Her imperturbability did not always seem as a restful evergreen wall, in whose shadow I could sit until perplexities lost their heat. At times it was a 'no thoroughfare' with the meadows of desire gleaming beyond.

I called one day and found her churning by the spring, a pleasing picture, too, under the trees. Her rounded, youngish figure gave no hint of her seven-fold maternity, and however ragged the rest of her family might be, she always magically managed to be neat. She was singing leisurely and churning in rhythm — a most undomestic performance; but my eye was not Mrs. Poyser's, and if it had been, it could not have embarrassed Serena.

'I'm takin' my time,' she said, 'fer this is my last churnin' fer a good spell, I reckon.'

'Your last? Why, is the cow sick? — dead? And you have just bought her?' I asked, my concern sharpened perhaps by the thought of a very inconvenient loan that had gone abysmally into her purchase.

'She got so many sweet apples last night she's foundered herself, — clear light ruined, granpap says.'

'Surely you did n't turn her into the orchard?'

'Why, a few apples would n't hurt her. But there was a whole passel on the ground that I could n't see fer the weeds an' briers. An' she got 'em.'

'But I lent Ben my scythe to cut those briers.'

'His poppie needed him in the field, an' he could n't git the time right off. When he did, we could n't find that scythe nowheres. I hate it about the cow,' she assured me cheerfully; 'but it had to happen, I reckon.'

I looked about me. At that moment I could see nothing artistic in Bert's half of a shirt looped about one shoulder; there was only pathos in little Lissie's naked, buttonless back; and I could not placidly think of Len, as I had passed him a few moments before, showing ankles as sockless as ever was Simpson. But perhaps it was the thought of that loan, with its indefinite time extension, that made me wish to set a shade of anxiety on Serena's unclouded brow. At any rate, I began to sermonize on the merits of discontent and the virtue of ambition.

Her face brimmed with astonishment that finally broke into speech: 'But I've four beds, and bread on my table! What more do I want?'

What more could I say? So man, in some grateful season, may look up to the seated gods: 'I've four religions and a bumper crop; what more do I want?' And what can the seated gods do but smile patiently?

I retreated, seeking my usual solace

after all defeats — the unreproachful woods. Near a small clearing, in the quiet shield of some bushes, I overheard the latter end of an argument. One voice was Len's, the other a neighbor's.

'A tater's a tater, anyhow,' the neighbor was affirming.

'You might as well say a woman's a woman,' came the retort from Len.

'Well, ain't she?' said neighbor.

'Lord, no!' said Len, with contempt freely flowing.

'Oh, course there ain't nobody like Reenie. Pity the Lord did n't think o' makin' her fer Adam. We'd all be in Eden yit, loaferin' by the river of life, 'stead o' diggin' taters out o' rocks.'

'When you're spilin' to talk about a woman, Dan Goforth, you need n't travel furder'n your own doorstep,' answered Len, his voice, like drawling fire, creeping on without pause. 'Reenie may n't be stout enough to wear out a hoe-handle, but she's never jowerin' when I come in, 'n' there's always a clean place in the house big enough fer me to set my cheer down in, I ain't layin' up much more'n debts, but they's easy carried when nobody's naggin' yer strenth out, a woman's smile ain't no oak tree in harvest-time, but it's jest as good to set by, my coat's raggeder'n yourn, but I'd ruther Reenie 'ud lose her needle onct on a while than her temper all the time, neighbors can go by my house day or night an' never hear no fire a-spittin', which kain't be said o' yourn, an' you scootle from here, Dan Goforth; don't you tech nary nuther tater in this patch!'

The neighbor scootled, backwards it seemed, to the road. I took the trouble myself to go down to a trail and come up casually from another direction, in full view of Len. He was working mightily, digging up a hill with two strokes of his hoe.

'Dan gone?' I asked indifferently.

'Aye, he lit out. Old Nance wanted him, I reckon. He dassen't stay a minute after she fixes the clock fer him.'

'That's a kind of trouble you and Reenie don't have.'

'You've said it now. Reenie don't keep no time on me. If I want to drap over the mountain to see if I can git old man Diller's mule fer extry ploughin', 'cause the crabgrass is elbowin' along the ground 'most rootin' up my corn, an' tells Reenie I'll be back by twelve, an' I find the old man spilin' a ox-yoke, an' I shapes it up fer him an' stays to dinner, an' comes back by the meetin'-house where they's puttin' in the new windows an' not gittin' 'em plumb, an' I stays till sundown settin' 'em in so they won't make everybody 'at passes think he's gone cross-eyed, an' I remembers we've got no coffee, so I slips round by the store an' stays till dark talkin' with Tim Frizbie about the best way to grow fat corn an' lean cobs, 'cause I know you want me to git all the new idies I can, an' when I strikes Granny Groom's place she's at the gate wantin' me to talk to her Lizy's girl who's fixin' to leave an' strollop over the country, an' I says to that girl when you're at home you're eatin' welcome bread, an when you're out in the world you don't know what you're eatin', an' a lot more that was a-plenty, an's I pass Mis' Woodlow's, who's got a powerful bad risin', I thinks I'll stop an' see if her jaw's broke yit, an' I finds ol' Jim so out o' heart about her, I stays to help him put over a couple o' hours, an' when I walks in home about midnight, Reenie she's gone to bed sensible, an' says there's bread an' beans in the cupboard. Now that's what I call some comfort to a man, to know he can take what happens 'long the road, an' know his wife ain't frettin' till her stomach 's gone an' she's as lean as a splinter like ol' Nance Goforth.'

'You nearly got what you wanted when you married, did n't you, Len?'

'Well, I reckon, but I did n't know it from the start-off. Reenie was powerful to be a-goin', an' I could n't git used to draggin' off every Saturday night to stay till Monday mornin'. An' it was sort o' disheartenin' to find she wa'n't much good in a crop. Most fellers them days tried to git a good field-hand when they hitched up. But I felt different about Reenie after I'd nearly killed her an' the baby.'

'Gracious, was it that bad?'

'I did n't do it a purpose. It was back in Madison, where I married Reenie, an' jest two days 'fore Christmas. She'd put in to go to her pap's, an' I thought I'd git up a nice lot o' wood, make me a big fire, an' have my Christmas at home. I'd told her I thought she'd feel different about stayin' in her own house after she'd got a little 'un in it, but she 'lowed her sight an' hearin' was as good as 'fore she had a baby, an' she could enjoy usin' 'em just the same. So I got out by good daylight an' went up the hill above the house to cut a big, dead chestnut that I was tired o' lookin' at; then I means to slip over to By Kenny's an' git him an' his wife to come over fer Christmas 'fore Reenie got away. There'd come a skift o' snow a few days back, bare enough to make the ground gray, then a little warm rain, an' on top o' that a freeze that stung yer eyeballs, an' you never saw anything as slick as that hill was 'fore the sun riz that mornin'. When my chestnut fell she crackled off every limb agin the hard ground clean as a sled-runner. Boys, if she did n't shoot off, makin' smoke out o' that frost! I saw she was pinted fer our little shack an' I tries to yell to Reenie to git out, but I never made more 'n a peep like a chicken. When the log struck, it shaved by the corner o' the house an' took the chimbly. Boys, it made bug-bites o' that chimbly! I knowed Reenie was settin' by the fire with the baby, an' I'd killed 'em both. I felt 'most froze to the ground, an' I thought if Reenie was only livin' I'd let her do her own 'druthers the rest of her days. An' when I got down to the house an' sees her an' the baby not hurt, with the rocks all piled around 'em, I says to myself I ain't ever goin' back on what I promised her unbeknownst. An' I ain't.'

'What was she doing?'

'She was jest settin' there.'

'What did she say?'

'She 'lowed we'd got to go to pap's fer Christmas. An' we did.'

II

I stood on the doorstep one morning, balancing destiny. Should I take the downward road to the post-office, and thereby connect with the distant maelstrom called progress, or should I choose the upward trail to the still crests of content?

Serena, happening designedly by, saved me the wrench of decision.

'If you want any strawberries this year,' she said, 'you'd better go before the Grassy Creek folks have rumpaged over Old Cloud field. They slip up from the west side an' don't leave a berry for manners. I'm goin' now. I always go once.'

I provided buckets and cups, as expected, and we started. The high ridge field where the berries rambled had its name from an Indian, Old Cloud, who, it was said, had lived there behind the cloud that always rested on the ridge before so many of the peaks had been stripped of their pine and poplar and balsam that had held the clouds entangled and the sky so close. After it had passed to the settlers it had taken forty years of ignorant and monotonous tillage to reduce the rich soil to a half-wild pasture enjoying the freedom of exhaustion.

I had been under roof for three days, and the spring wine produced the usual inebriation. Several times I left Serena far behind, but she always caught up, and we reached the top of the ridge together. Here, panting, I dropped to a bed of cinquefoil, while Serena stood unheated and smiling.

'Did you ever run, Serena?' I asked.

'I always take the gait I can keep,' she said, her glance already roving the ground for berries. 'The other side o' that gully's red with 'em. We've got ahead o' Grassy Creek this time.'

I was looking at the world which the lifted horizon had given me. North by east the Great Smokies drew their lilac-blue veil over impenetrable wildernesses of laurel. I could see the round dome of Clingman, and turned quickly from the onslaught of a remembered day when my body was wrapped in the odor of its fir trees and its heathery mosses cooled my feet. South lay the Nantahalas, source of clear waters. West — but what were names before that array of peaks like characters in creation's alphabet, whose key was kept in another star? They rose in every form, curved, swaying, rounded, a loaf, a spear, shadowed and unshadowed, their splotches of green, gold, and hemlock-black flowing into blue, where distance baulked the eyes and imagination stepped the crests alone. It seemed easier to follow than to stay behind with feet clinging to earth. Affinity lay with the sky.

Serena was steadily picking berries.

'But Serena,' I called, 'just see!'

'I come here once a year,' she said, standing up, 'an' I never take my look till I've filled my bucket.' And she was on her knees again.

Rebuke number two, I thought, and set to work. Avoiding Serena's discovered province, I crossed to the next dip of the slope, and there the field was covered with morning-glories, still radiantly open. All hues were there, from the purple of night to snow without tint, and the clusters of berries under them seemed in sanctuary. I plucked them away, feeling like a ravager of shrines. A breeze flowed over the field, and every color quivered dazzlingly. It was plainly a protest. I gave up my robberies and passed to another part of the field, where rapine seemed legitimate. Here the rank grass of yesteryears was deeply rooted and matted, and I sank adventurously in the tripping tangles. The slope was steeper, too, and I slipped, slid, and stumbled from patch to patch before theft was well begun, losing half my captures in the struggle. It was tinglingly arduous, however, and I continued a happy game of profit and loss until I scrambled from a gully into whose depths I had followed my rolling bucket, and confronted Serena. She looked as if she had coolly swum the lake of color behind us; but her fresh apron was unstained, while mine was a splash of coral. I advised her to return. The picking was better above.

'I know it is,' she answered, 'but them mornin'-glories keep me fluttery, lookin' at me all the time. I got to fill my bucket *first*. I promised Len all he could eat in a pie, an' it takes a big one fer ten of us. Granpap's stayin' at our house now. But we'd better move furder over, out o' this soddy grass. They's rattlers here.'

With her word we saw him. He was coiled two feet from Serena's undulating gingham. The black diamonds shining on his amber skin assured me of his variety — the kind that, as natives tell me, Indians will not kill because 'he gives a man a chance.' Certainly he was giving us a chance. His eyes seemed half-shut, but not sleepy, as if he did not need his full power of vision to comprehend our insignificant world. His poised head was motionless. Only his tail quivered, not yet erected for

his gentlemanly warning. He glistened with newness, and was evidently a youngish snake, with dreams of knighthood still unbattered. His parents had bequeathed him none of the hatred that belongs to a defeated race. Serena seemed as motionless as he. I took her hand, drawing her a few paces back, and we stood watching. Sir Rattle slowly uncoiled, quivered throughout his variegated length, and moved slowly from us, disappearing in the clumps of grass.

'Well,' said a pale Serena, 'my boys ain't ever goin' to kill a snake agin if I know it. I feel like I did after I was baptized. The preacher, he was old man Diller, put his hand on my shoulder an' said, "Love the Lord, my sister"; but I was so full o' lovin' everything and everybody I could n't think about the Lord. Do you reckon snakes have brothers and sisters that they know about? Ain't it a wonder they don't hate us?' She could not stop talking any more than I could begin. 'Let 's get to the top o' the field where it 's cooler. It 's got so hot I 'm afeard a shower 's comin'.'

By the time we reached the top we knew that the shower was to be a heavy one. There was a cave over the ridge on the Grassy Creek side, where we could take shelter. But we would wait a little for what the heavens could show us. The doors of the sky were to be thrown open. There would be no reservation of magic. Earth knew it by the quick wind that pressed every grass-blade to the ground and made the strawberry-blossoms look like little white, whipped flags; and by the grove of tall, young poplars that bent like maidens, their interlaced branches resting, a silver roof, on their curved shoulders. The lightning rippled, and earth was a golden rose spreading her mountain petals. It was the signal for the assembling of the dragons. They came swelling from the west, pulling one great paw after another from behind the walls of distance and puffing black breath half across the sky. The lightning again, and this time earth was a golden butterfly under the paws of the dragons. Then the conflict began, the beasts mingled, and the sound of their bones massively breaking struck and shook the ground under our feet. A gray sea rose vertically on the horizon and marched upon us. We fled, blinded, to the cave, tearing off our aprons to protect our buckets.

Even here Serena did not pant or gasp.

'How dry it is!' she said, examining the berries. 'They 're not hurt. My, you did n't cap yourn!'

'But I'd never fill my bucket if I stopped to cap them.'

'You don't stop. You leave the cap on the vine. It 's as quick done as not. Now it 'll take you longer to cap than it did to pick. O' course you did n't know. Some folks knows one thing and some another,' she added kindly. 'Ain't it a thick rain? But we got a good place. Some say this cave 's ha'nted, an' won't come a-nigh it. Uncle Sim Goforth died here, but he was a good man an' would n't harm nobody if he did come back.'

'How did he happen to die here?'

'They killed him. It was in time o' the war way back. Folks are better now. They say they 're doin' awful over the sea, but they 'd never be so mean as they were to Uncle Sim. He hid here, an' brought his wife an' children. But they found him.'

'Was he a Unionist or Confederate?'

'I never could make out 'tween 'em. The Unionists, they wanted to free the black people, but the Unionists here in the mountains did n't favor 'em. So I never could git it clear. Anyway, Uncle Sim was a good man. I've heard granpap tell about him many a night. The

men, when they found him, cut down a tree an' hewed out some puncheons fer a coffin, an' made Uncle Sim sit on it an' play his fiddle. He could play the best that ever was, an' they say he jest played up fine that night. They kept him playin' till near daylight; then they shot him, an' his wife an' children lookin' right on. I used to cry, hearin' granpap tell it, but it don't make me feel bad now, 'cause I know folks are so much better. When snakes won't bite you, men are shorely a-changin' too. Looky! the rain's stopped quicker'n it come. We can go right back, fer the ridge dreens off soon as the water strikes it. Ain't it cool, an' the air like gold!'

She tried to catch a handful of it to show me its quality. We went back, and in a minute, as she said, our buckets were full, though we lost a few seconds while I learned of Serena how to cap and pick at the same time. Then we started along the ridge to the gap where we had entered the field. Walking back, I lingered to pluck a giant white trillium that shone from the fringe of wood. No matter; there were thousands more lighting up the cove farther down. As I came out of the wood, the air over the field seemed visibly to precipitate some of its gold. A swarm — no, the word is too heavy for anything so delicately bodied — a band of butterflies, moving in a slow wave over the ridge, had at that moment broken into myriads of distinct flakes — a shattered blaze. Nearer, their gold became tinily specked, and showed flashes and fringes of pearl; the silver-bordered fritillaries, perhaps, or some kin of theirs. I started to call Serena, but paused softly, for she was gazing over the mountains, having her 'look.' I was left to the butterflies. Were they as unconscious of their grubby origin as they seemed, holding no memory of a life bounded by a sassafras twig, or of the cove behind us where violet leaves may have been their food and heaven?

The butterfly ought to be the symbol on every Christian's flag. It is the perfect pietist. Its confidence in the Infinite is as patent as its wings. Serena, amid that airy fluttering, seemed, in her own shining way, the sovereign of the band. Deep as piety was her trust in the morrow. Food would come to her, raiment would be found.

The butterflies floated past, becoming a dim, coppery tremble in the shade of the valley. Serena was still gazing in the distance. At last I said that we must be going; Len was expecting his pie.

'These berries ain't goin' into a pie,' she answered. 'They're worth more than a pie'll come to. They're goin' into jam.

Was Serena taking forethought? No; I could trust her lighted face and wet eyes. She was still piously improvident.

III

Once more it was May, and early morning. I was out before breakfast, gathering sticks for my hearth-fire. There had been showers in the night, and an inch of new grass trembled over the ground. I tugged at a pile of brush made by my oldest apple tree, which had fallen in a winter storm. The limbs, and even the million twigs, were all gray and green and slate-blue in their wrappings of moss, and in among them, like a burning heart, sat a cardinal.

'You ought to be singing from a tree-top,' said I.

'But I'm getting my breakfast. This is the *cafeteria* of Wingland. Are you going to demolish it?'

'Indeed, no!' I answered, picking up some peripheral sticks and leaving his stronghold unshaken.

To thank me, he hopped to the top of the pile, and right in my face, sang his

most shamelessly seductive song. Serena put her head out of the kitchen window to listen. He paused, and deserted me for a tree-top. But sweet was air and earth. Delight summoned an antithesis. I thought of forgotten pains, some monitions of the night before. Suppose I were to die, and never again stand in that dip of the mountain when it was a brimming bowl of springtime? Perhaps there was no other planet where I might gather in my arms such beautiful gray and green and slate-blue fagots. I turned to go in, and met rebuke in the eyes of my Chicago guest.

'I wonder if you are going to tell me that your woman does not know how to pick up brush.'

My woman! If Serena heard that!

'And after last night! Did you take your medicine?'

Verily I had. She was unconvinced.

'The bottle seems full.'

'Oh, I took it from the cardinal's throat,' said I, surrendering.

She laughed, for there was sweetness in her, and we went in to breakfast. I had prepared it before going out, leaving Serena on guard. She was with me, not so much for the help she gave, as to save the feelings of my guest.

'Do you have much of this soggy weather?' said Chicago, airily tolerant, as we took our seats.

'Why, I've never noticed.'

'We shore do,' said Serena, with gloom that was ludicrously alien to her face. 'It's li'ble to rain now fer two weeks steddy.'

'But I had decided not to go home to-day,' cried the guest, almost resentfully declining the hot biscuit Serena urged upon her. 'Two weeks! Do you mean two weeks?'

'I've known it to hang wet fer a month.'

'Why, Serena!'

'Showery like. You know it's so, Mis' Dolly.'

'Well, we're going to have perfect weather now. Tender, bright, with maybe a bit of dew in the air. Stay, and I promise you a miracle among springs.' I held up a glass of strawberry-jam. 'The kind of a spring that produced this.' And I offered her the food of heaven.

'Thanks, but I've cut out sweets.'

I caught my breath, and looked at Serena, in whose eye sparkled a triumph that said plainly, 'Now you see!'

My guest did not notice that I sat dumb, bewildered, bereft. She was talking.

'No, I think, my dear, that if you wish to memorialize a passing folk, you will find material more worthy of your pen in the twilight of the bourgeoisie. They have lived in the main line of evolution, and will leave their touch on the race. Faint it may be, but indelible. In art, in literature, perhaps in certain predilections of character and temperament, it will be possible to trace them. These mountain people will not have even a fossilized survival. They live in a *cul-de-sac*, a pocket of society, so to speak. Your mind has an epic cast, and will never fit into its limits.'

There was more; then Serena's voice glided into the monologue.

'Mis' Dolly, I don't like to tell you, seein' you were ailin' last night, but Johnny Diller went by here this mornin', an' he said Mis' Ludd's little Marthy was n't expected to keep breath in her till sundown.'

'I must go,' said I, getting up.

'I don't approve of it,' said my friend.

'I must. You don't understand — '

'Please don't tell me that again, my dear.'

'But you don't!'

'Your hat 's on the porch,' said Serena.

'You can't leave to-day, Marie, because I have n't time to tell you goodbye now,' I said, and hurried away.

Home again at ten in the evening, I found Serena sitting by a bright kitchen fire humming 'Old Time Religion.'

'Is Miss Brooks asleep?' I asked.

'I reckon she is. She said she was goin' to take a sleeper.'

'She's gone?'

Serena's affirming nod did not interrupt her tune.

'Please stop that humming, Serena, and tell me what you did the minute my back was turned.'

'Nothin' at all. That was the matter, maybe.'

'You did n't do *anything* for her?'

'I fixed her a snack to eat on the train.'

'Oh, thank you! It was a nice one, was n't it?'

'I give her some pickled beets, an' turnip-kraut, an' 'tater-salad made with that blackberry vinegar.'

I dizzily recalled a remark of Len's. 'That blackberry vinegar 'ud pickle a horseshoe.'

'Serena,' I began faintly.

She had crossed to a shelf and was looking fondly at a jar of strawberry-jam.

My voice died away; I could not reproach her.

Sweets, my friend had called it. And, my God, it was May morning on a mountain-top!

THE LAST DREAM OF BWONA KHUBLA

BY LORD DUNSANY

FROM steaming lowlands down by the Equator, where monstrous orchids blow, where beetles big as mice sit on the tent-roofs, and fireflies glide about by night like little moving stars, the travelers went three days through forests of cactus, till they came to the open plains where the oryx are.

And glad they were when they came to the water-hole, where only one white man had gone before, and which the natives know as the camp of Bwona Khubla, and found the water there.

It lies three days from the nearest other water; and when Bwona Khubla had gone there three years ago, what with malaria, with which he was shaking all over, and what with disgust at finding the water-hole dry, he had decided to die there; and in that part of the world such decisions are always fatal. In any case he was overdue to die, but hitherto his amazing resolution, and that terrible strength of character which so astounded his porters, had kept him alive and moved his *safari* on.

He had had a name no doubt, some common name such as hangs, as likely as not, over scores of shops in London; but that had gone long ago, and nothing identified his memory now to distinguish it from the memories of all the other dead but Bwona Khubla, the name the *kikuyus* gave him.

There is no doubt that he was a fearful man, a man who was dreaded still for his personal force when his arm was no longer able to lift the *kiboko*, when all his men knew he was dying, and to

this day, though he is dead. Though his temper was embittered by malaria and the equatorial sun, nothing impaired his will, which remained a compulsive force to the very last, impressing itself upon all; and after the last, from what the *kikuyus* say. The country that drove Bwona Khubla out must have had powerful laws, whatever country it was.

On the morning of the day that they were to come to the camp of Bwona Khubla all the porters came to the travelers' tents asking for *dow*. *Dow* is the white man's medicine, that cures all evils; the nastier it tastes, the better it is. They wanted *dow* this morning to keep away devils, for they were near the place where Bwona Khubla died.

The travelers gave them quinine.

By sunset they came to Campini Bwona Khubla, and found water there. Had they not found water, many of them must have died, yet none felt any gratitude to the place: it seemed too ominous, too full of a doom, too much harassed almost by unseen, irresistible things.

And all the natives came again for *dow* as soon as the tents were pitched, to protect them from the last dream of Bwona Khubla; which they say had stayed behind when the last *safari* left, taking Bwona Khubla's body back to the edge of civilization to show to the white men there that they had not killed him; for the white men might not know that they durst not kill Bwona Khubla.

And the travelers gave them more quinine, so much being bad for their nerves; and that night by the campfires there was no pleasant talk, all talking at once of meat they had eaten and cattle that each one owned; but a gloomy silence hung by every fire and the little canvas shelters. They told the white men that Bwona Khubla's city, of which he had thought at the last (and where the natives believed he was once a king), of which he had raved till the loneliness rang with his raving, had settled down all about them; and they were afraid, for it was so strange a city, and wanted more *dow*. And the two travelers gave them more quinine, for they saw real fear in their faces, and knew they might run away and leave them alone in that place, which they too had come to fear with an almost equal fear, though they knew not why. And as the night wore on, their feeling of boding deepened, although they had shared three bottles or so of champagne that they meant to keep for days when they killed a lion.

This is the story which each of those two men tells, and which their porters corroborate; but then, a *kikuyu* will always say whatever he thinks is expected of him.

The travelers were both in bed and trying to sleep, but were not able to do so because of an ominous feeling. That mournfulest of all the cries of the wild, the hyena like a damned soul lamenting, strangely enough had ceased. The night wore on to the hour when Bwona Khubla had died three or four years ago, dreaming and raving of 'his city'; and in the hush a sound softly arose, like a wind at first, then like the roar of beasts, then unmistakably the sound of motors — motors and motor-busses.

And then they saw, clearly and unmistakably, they say, in that lonely desolation where the Equator comes up out of the forest and climbs over jagged hills — they say they saw London.

There could have been no moon that night, but they say there was a multitude of stars. Mists had come rolling up at evening about the pinnacles of unexplored red peaks that clustered round the camp. But they say the mist must have cleared later on: at any rate, they swear they could see London, see it and

hear the roar of it. Both say they saw it not as they knew it at all, not debased by hundreds of thousands of lying advertisements, but transfigured, all its houses magnificent, its chimneys rising grandly into pinnacles, its vast squares full of the most gorgeous trees, transfigured and yet London.

Its windows were warm and happy, shining at night; the lamps in their long rows welcomed you, the public-houses were gracious jovial places; yet it was London.

They could smell the smells of London, hear London songs, and yet it was never the London that they knew; it was as though they had looked on some strange woman's face with the eyes of her lover. For of all the towns of the earth or cities of song; of all the spots there be, unhallowed or hallowed, it seemed to those two men then that the city they saw was of all places the most to be desired, by far.

They say a barrel organ played quite near them; they say a coster was singing; they admit that he was singing out of tune, they admit a cockney accent; and yet they say that that song had in it something that no earthly song had ever had before; and both men say that they would have wept, but that there was a feeling about their heart-strings that was far too deep for tears. They believe that the longings of this masterful man, who was able to rule a *safari* by a glance of his eye, and could terrify natives without raising a hand, had been so strong at the last that it had impressed itself deeply upon nature, and had caused a mirage that may not fade wholly away, perhaps, for several years.

I tried to establish by questions the truth or reverse of this story, but the two men's tempers had been so spoiled by Africa, that they were not up to a cross-examination. They would not even say if their camp-fires were still burning.

They say that they saw the London lights all round them from eleven o'clock till midnight; they could hear London voices and the sound of the traffic clearly; and over all, a little misty perhaps, but unmistakably London, arose the great metropolis.

About midnight London quivered a little and grew more indistinct; the sound of the traffic began to dwindle away, voices seemed farther off, ceased altogether, and all was quiet once more where the mirage shimmered and faded; and a bull rhinoceros coming down through the stillness snorted, and watered at the Carlton Club.

FEET — OR WINGS?

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

O TETHERED spirit, take for mate
No swallow-winged and windy one;
No wanderer strange and passionate
Beyond the strongholds of the sun.

And, wingèd one, beware that thou
Cast out to stars no earth-bound child,
Loving the hearth-smoke and the bough
Of lilac more than flight too wild.

Choose loneliness, before the slow
Torture of twisted leashing-strings.
Love should not be too blind to know
If the beloved hath feet — or wings!

THE INVISIBLE GARDEN

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

THERE are many gates that open into the invisible garden, as many gates as there are many men; and the gates are all unlike, as the men are unlike, yet, like the men, are like. And so I cannot say just how, on that particular day, I entered the garden. I could not see it at first, but I could feel it — as if on a dark, soft, velvet night, when I could not see my hand before me, I had strayed from the beaten path into a wayside garden. Would I then have to *see* the flowers to know they were there?

The first persons I met that day in the garden were a picture and a certain rich man. On ordinary days, I would never have known the two belonged together. But in the garden, I saw the invisible chain that bound them.

I hurried with the hurrying crowd

across Forty-Second Street. I was late to my office that morning, but I stopped to look at the pictures in the windows of the Holland Galleries at Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue. There was a new picture in the window this morning — small, and on the Fifth Avenue side. It was a picture of a house, away off, as though one saw it from a row-boat far down the little river which led past the house. And the banks of the little river were low and yellow with grain, and the stream was foreign-looking, without the eagerness of an American stream. The walls of the house were yellowish, and flavored with years, unlike an American house. And beyond the house was a green hill far away. It was not an American picture, though the name of the artist was American; and I could not quite be sure what country it was.

Then I became conscious that beside me a man was gazing with surprise and concentration at the picture. He was striking in build, large, and with a face that on ordinary days I should have called formidable. His bearing was that of a person of great affairs — not affairs of art, or literature, or philosophy, but affairs of finance, doubtless. His hair was of that blond color, not flecked, but rather dulled all over, with gray, his complexion hardy and full, and about the upper lip the odd sagging lines by which one recognizes a face long accustomed to a moustache, and but recently clean shaven.

He was German; and suddenly I realized, and wondered that I had not seen it at once, that the picture was a German landscape, a German *Heim*. The man stood looking at the picture for what seemed like a long time. I knew, in some strange way, that he was going to turn upon me in a moment for the answer to the surprise in his face. I did not want him to do this. I did not know why he should, except that it was a day in my invisible garden.

And so I stood and waited for him to speak to me. I remember recalling as I waited that I had read somewhere that more people passed this corner in a given time than passed any other spot in the world, and I wondered why, of them all, I should be the one to answer whatever question this strange man was going to ask.

And then his eyes came eagerly from the picture to mine, and I started — for they were wet with tears.

I had not expected to say what I did, or to say anything; but suddenly, when his eyes met mine, I knew. And I said, 'Oh, that is a picture of your home!'

And as simply as if he had known that I knew, he said, 'Yes. See that little window, high by the red chimney: that was my mother's room.'

We stood there silent for a moment, looking at the high little window together. And then he said, or asked, for there was always a question in his voice, 'I shall go back? Back to my home? I shall buy the picture? And take it with me? And hang it on the walls of the room where I was born?' And he pointed a gloved forefinger at the high little window, as if we stood far distant, and he was pointing it out to me amid a confusion of other objects.

And as we stood so, the confusion of objects seemed to grow, and to be tremendous, and almost to shut out the sight of the window. And I felt that I was seeing through his mind the things that lay between his home and him.

He turned toward the door of the art gallery, and looked back at me with the questions still in his face. I said, 'Yes'; or I think I said, 'Yes.' Anyway, he disappeared down the brass-railed steps that lead to the exhibition rooms, and after a moment, I went on across Forty-Second Street to my office.

While I had my luncheon that day, I thought about the strange man and

the picture of his home. And after luncheon, as I walked down town, I still thought of him.

At Broadway and Thirty-Fifth Street, a fringy crowd was gathering. I was unwilling to stop. I did not want to be interrupted in my thoughts about the man and the picture. I hurried on.

But out of the corner of my eye, I saw that the crowd gathered about a young girl, an unprepossessing young man, and a very old man in worn clerical dress. The young girl stood up on a box on the curb, and put a megaphone to her lips. I hurried faster.

And then she began to sing, and through the brazen clangor of the city street came the words of an old song my grandmother used to sing, as in her arms I drifted off to sleep on summer nights:—

'He will keep you from temptation,
He will guard you everywhere;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.'

The street-cars clanged, an advertiser with an automobile full of chewing-gum brayed, 'If you *must* chew gum chew Wrigley's,' the elevated train rumbled by, soldiers strode past, their field-equipment strapped to their shoulders.

The crowd was so thin about the girl that, even from where I stood, I could see her poor little jacket, badly made, her badly chosen plaid skirt, her unbecoming hat.

But her voice was exquisitely high and sweet and swinging, and the words of the second verse floated out and suspended over Broadway:—

'Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!'

Still the stream of Broadway flowed past unbroken, and only a fragment here and there caught on the outskirts of the little crowd about the singer. I nodded encouragingly to a half-indifferent matron near me, and crossed the street to stand in the front row of the meagre gathering, the recruit I had beguiled beside me.

The girl finished her song, and then, with the red flushing all over her face under the thin white skin, she asked if anyone wished to come forward to be prayed for, and not a soul moved in his tracks. Then the unprepossessing young man gave a short talk. He also finished by saying that, if anyone would come forward, they would be prayed for now, and also, later, by the congregation of the church on Lexington Avenue. And none of us dared breathe easy even, for fear we should be prayed for.

Then there was something different, a sort of hush, as when in a great cathedral a great man ascends a pulpit, with something momentous to be said. But there was nothing momentous here, no hallowed lights, no perfume of lilies — only a very old man, the garish street, a shabby crowd. Slowly, stiffly, with the aid of the poorly dressed girl, he mounted the rude box. For a moment he stood quite still and straight; then he stretched out his arms, and bowed his head in silence — a strange imposing figure, large, gaunt, his gray hair stirred a little in the breeze, his eyes heavy-lidded like a piece of sculpture, his face seamed with study.

And then, without preface, without beginning and without ending of his own, he spoke:—

'Verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.'

When he had finished speaking after

this manner, he held out his arms again, and closed his eyes, and said, 'If there be among you one who wishes to be prayed for, let him come forward.' And he did not open his eyes to see if any stirred among the people.

And not a living soul flecked an eyelash. I looked about the circle, thickened now, and six or eight deep all around, — say a hundred people, — and not one would permit this old man to pray for him. And lest he should think that his great personal effort had been in vain, and that he had cast his master's pearls before the unappreciative, I stepped out of the circle, quite close under the shadow of his thin white hands.

And he did not open his eyes to see what manner of person he prayed for. What manner of man or of woman he had drawn from the multi-throng of Broadway mattered not to one so soon himself to come into the presence of that one Indivisible and Omniscient, to whom all are alike.

I did not hear the words of the old man's prayer, but his voice ceased so soon that I was surprised, and raised my head, and saw that all the people had moved forward as he spoke, and that, instead of standing alone in the shadow of his extended hands, I was but one of all the crowd come forward to be prayed for.

And nearest me was the certain rich man I had seen that morning at the art gallery.

'After I left you,' he said, 'I remembered anew the great sorrow that lay between my home and me, between my people and my father's people, between my sons and my brothers' sons. And I gave up hope that I should be able to remove the mountains of grief, and hang the picture on the walls of the house where I was born.'

My lips seemed dumb, but I remembered that the old man had prayed for me, and that if it was for me to speak, I would know what to say.

And the strange man continued, 'But now we have met again, and I have found my hope again, and I shall remove the mountains; for has not the prophet just said, "Verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith"?'

And as there was a question in his voice, as there had been in the morning, I said, 'Yes,' again, as I had said yes in the morning; and we went our separate ways.

Do not ask me who the strange man was, he whom I met in the morning and again at noon, for I do not know. I know only that it was one of those days when I walked in my invisible garden, as you sometimes walk in yours, and that the next morning, when I looked in the window of the art gallery, the new small picture was gone. In its place was a ballerina with red-laced cothurns, and I paused to look at her, though I was late to my office already.

A BIT OF PROPAGANDA

AN ADVENTURE IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY DABNEY HORTON

We did n't go in for much of that sort of work in our escadrille. Most of the men were quite satisfied to make their two gun-spotting flights a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and call it a day's work. There was no jealousy or over-competition, for each took his turn as it came, and no one was allowed to go up without his orders.

So everything was lovely until the G.Q.G. opened their Bureau of Enemy Psychology. Then they started to swamp us with clever ideas. Pamphlets began to arrive, bundles at a time — paper ammunition, intended to be rained down on the heads of the benighted Boche until he broke beneath the weight. And they were weighty, too. I could read a bit of German once, and I appreciated their appeal more than did my French comrades. There was, for example, a fake news-sheet purporting to emanate from Berne. This gave all the latest news of the Allied victories, coupled with most pessimistic statements of certain German Socialists. There was a similar page from Holland, the country that furnished the sand and cement for so many Boche forts in Flanders. The Holland news, as set forth in the Something *Tageblatt*, showed clearly that Wilhelm and his associates had been operating the business at a loss and were about to be sold up. Then there was a dainty little card printed in tricolors, that touched the heart by its human appeal. It was for the common soldier of Hun extraction, unused to involved arguments and economic theories. This was brief and clear. *Soi-disant*, it was a friendly little letter written by one common-soldier-of-Hun-extraction to all the rest of his comrades at present under arms. He was a prisoner in France, brave fellow, and so kindly was he treated by his captors, so generously was he considered, that he wanted to pass on the good word to all his fellow Boches. If there were any among them who felt ground down under the heel of the oppressor (meaning Germany), they could easily come over to a land of liberty, of victorious democracy (meaning France). And the way was clear. They had only to steal out of their trenches at night, crawl to within hearing distance of the French trenches, lift their two hands to heaven, and give the international password, 'Kamerad, ne tirez pas!' This was pronounced, 'Nuh tiray pah.' The charming picture of the deserter's reception in France made me feel like deserting to France myself; but I was already there.

As I said before, we did not use much of this ammunition. It came in firing-charges of five pounds, and took up so much room in the observer's seat that he could n't do his regular work. No one wanted to make a special trip over the lines, so the bundles slowly built themselves up into a small monument in the rear of the hangar, unconsidered

by all men except the cook, who started his matutinal fire with them.

In February, 1918, the escadrille arrived at Fîmes, where the Front was still tranquil. A few artillery *réglages* and a photographic review of the whole sector was the first week's routine. There were very few Boche machines to be seen, and we looked forward to a quiet month which would give us plenty of time to install ourselves comfortably. Our last camp in Flanders had lasted six months, so we expected at least as long a stay at Fîmes. Every morning the camp woke to the sound of hammers. Pilots and machine-gunners spent their idle hours in putting together haphazard furniture and shelves. Each evening was the opportunity for the needy to fare abroad in search of planks and window-frames from the ruined houses in the valley. These necessary odds and ends we could not acquire in the daytime; but once they were in our possession, they were irredeemable. Our quarters became ornate with all the flotsam and jetsam of a bombarded and deserted village.

The beginning of our sorrows was the finding, in a ruined paintshop, of three quarters of a roll of wall-paper. The lucky finder wove with it a gorgeous background of purple poppies upon two walls of his room. Envy and emulation seized us all. Bare boards for walls were no longer *de rigueur*, and every sort of material appeared to cover the honest pine planks. Barault had sheets of printed calico which he bought in the town; but this was paid for and was not considered either clever or fitting. Rehan tacked up several yards of fairly clean straw-matting, which kept out the winter breezes effectively. Another pilot used the painted burlap concealment envelope of a hangar. This was so inflammable that we insisted on keeping it soaked with water, and so, of course, he had to take it down. For my room-mate and myself there was nothing left except the white canvass landing T, which was large and clean. But although the T was never put out on the landing-ground, we had not the courage to requisition it. It was too much like stealing the *ligne de vol* itself from the headquarters office, where it was reported to be kept in a silver case. We complained that the 'crawlers,' the *caporals* in the bureaux and the other non-flying nonentities, were always the first served when it came to a question of house-furnishings. Being groundlings, they were evidently entitled to all that was found on the ground, such as roofing-paper, pine planks, and barrack-lamps. We, the fliers, the youth and beauty of the outfit, were entitled only to what we could find in the air. But Article 22 of the Military Code, *Chacun se debrouille comme il peut*, was now cited. This reflection was responsible for my papering our room with several pounds of the literature intended for German uplift.

It stuck well, thanks to a flour-paste made by our cook. Before the war he was the head cook in the Maritime Restaurant at Marseilles. His paste was delicious to the nose, and the entire barrack partook of it for twenty-four hours. But the work was well done. Along the north wall were twenty copies of Ludendorff's character, in black and white, mostly black. The rest of the space was taken up with Allied victories in Switzerland, trimmed with a neat row of the red-white-and-blue appeals from one deserter to his distant comrades still under the yoke. My comrades declared it exquisite; the officer observers said it was very practical indeed; and the captain thought it a bit exaggerated. Then the commandant of the group of escadrilles happened in to see how his pilots were lodged, and he was the only one genuinely interested. 'Yes,' said he, 'that reminds me. This

morning we received another bundle of propaganda to be dropped in the enemy lines as you dropped the others. I have sent it to your escadrille, for I suppose this work will be of interest to you personally. The service is intensely practical and comprises little risk. You will take up the pamphlets with you the first day there is a strong west wind, and drop them in such fashion that the winds will distribute them in the five kilometres immediately behind the German trenches. You have n't much work these days, and this will keep your planes in working order.'

Before I could reply he was gone.

I wanted to tell him that I would do my part in getting rid of his important pamphlets, 'in the same way we got rid of the others.' As for our being idle, we had our mess-room to furnish with our own hands and five stoves to put up. But the pamphlets came that evening. They were 'of interest to me personally' because they comprised about twenty pounds of Wilson's speech!

I had too often used my lucky nationality to gain favors that gave me advantages over the others. For two years I was allowed to celebrate our sacred national holidays, such as the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, with a short furlough to Paris, where all good Americans go when they die. I had used my ignorance of the French language and regulations to allow me to pass where passing was forbidden. I had taken liberties, as an American volunteer, which would have put a French conscript in prison. True, my comrades bore me no grudge because of my racial superiority, and my Turkish cigarettes, from Connecticut and Virginia, were much in favor in a tobaccoless land. But for once I tried to make them forget these distinctions.

It was quite evident to the entire mess that I was fatally indicated for the chore: a two-hours flight in a heavy wind, a most uninteresting flight, which meant the loss of my turn for a really exciting discussion of targets with the heavy guns around Corbeny Wood. My argument was that such very special work was fit only for a much older pilot; that I had never done such a job; that it was a useless stunt and should be performed by the latest arrived pilot at the mess; that my plane was out of order and useless for three days; and last, that I did not want to lose my turn at the regular work. But I was crushed under their combined protests. I was American and so was Wilson's speech, and the two of us must go together. I conceded the point, so strong was their logic. For Washington's Birthday was approaching, which I hoped to present as a sort of American Quatorze Juillet, to be spent in Paris.

The following afternoon the weather was favorable for the expedition. One of the younger lieutenant observers went with me. He carried with him, in the rear seat, forty pounds of eloquence printed in German. The pages were done up in half-pound rolls fastened with an elastic. Our other weapons were two Lewis guns on a revolving turret. The west wind was behind us, driving us *chez eux*. Opposite, we could see the Plateau de Californie stretching long and raw to the east. The plateau was riven with galleries, of which we could see the entrances and the smoke that wreathed up from internal fires. Troglodytes lived in those caves, a race of men whose manner of living was that of their forbears who fought the cave bear and the sabre-toothed tiger. Where the engineers were digging their mines and countermines, they disturbed the bones of these earlier tunnelers of the clay, and mused on the circumstance which even in that day had forced men to hide themselves underground from their enemies. And many of these fighters with gunpowder and

steel left their own remains within the hill. Some five hundred years hence, in a future period of dispute, some soldier of the Nth Engineers, piercing the plateau in his subterranean tank, will find the bones of the men who first captured the heights from the Boches. And he will smile as he recognizes the relics of primitive war, the puny guns and digging tools that depended upon the strength of a man's arm. He will think, 'We are progressing.'

As I sailed overhead in my plane I also thought, 'We are progressing.' It was warfare in the ultimate degree. Instead of killing our enemy by sudden dismemberment, we rained down upon him the power of the printed word, to unjoint his moral strength and dislocate his will to resist. It was a triumph of reason over matter. But the idea was not entirely new. Several centuries before Christ an Assyrian king laid siege to the Egyptian city of Bubastes, of which the patron divinity was the Sacred Cat, and in which all other cats were worshiped for his sake. But the men of Bubastes were content to rest behind their solid walls and refused to try the issue of a doubtful battle. Whereat the Assyrians gathered together all the cats in the surrounding country and with them made propaganda in front of the Egyptian walls. The horsemen rode up and down, each with a mewing and struggling feline tied by the tail to his saddle-bow. Thus the Egyptians were compelled to come out and fight the desecrators, and fell victims to their rashness.

Behind me the observer was slipping the elastics from the rolls. Each roll, as he loosened its fastening, he threw downward so that it would not burst into a cloud of flying sheets before it was well clear of the control wires. We marched the air-lanes up and down, three miles behind our own first lines. The steady wind caught the message and floated it eastward to the enemy. It was a slow job, and we untidied the clean sky for two miles north and south. Five hundred metres beneath, we saw the fluttering leaflets we had dropped on each previous trip. At first I thought I was looking at flocks of swallows, whose darting wings twinkled in the sunlight; but it was only our own work going on beneath us.

We were quite alone. There were no Huns in the air to disturb us, and our own machines were not yet up. Even the 'Archies' let us pass unannounced. Generally the Boche battery in Corbeny Wood spoke to us as we went by. If they saw us to-day they must have thought us game unworthy of their powder. If, on returning, I could only say, 'They shot well to-day over Corbeny,' or, 'Another hole to patch in the left wing!' I should have been happy. But there was nothing to justify our carrying weapons on the aerial highway.

A cloud-bank formed in front of us, and I dropped a quarter of a mile to avoid it. The paper ammunition had all been shot off and we turned downward and homeward. I had my eyes on the oil-gauge when my motor began to give snorts of uneasiness and to buck. I worked the throttle to feel its heart, but could not coax it back into its accustomed stride. It snorted louder and pulled more feebly. I had two more wooded valleys to cross ere I could afford to slide down the long gravity road that ended on the home landing-ground. To land in the woods meant a broken machine and no dinner — and we were dropping fast. I did everything the inventor of the motor had provided for me to do. I opened the auxiliary gasolene tank; I pumped the auxiliary gasolene pump; I turned the auxiliary ignition switch, and I wished ardently for an auxiliary motor.

When still half a mile high and home

not yet in sight, I decided to give up and come down before I was forced to come down like Davy Crockett's coon. There was no place to land with any hope of saving the plane, but I was angry with the cranky machine and wanted to save my own precious neck. Below was a dark-green patch that I recognized for a little wood of dwarf pines, closely planted and only ten feet high. With a dead motor I could reach the pines, skim over their tops as over the daisies on a flying-field, and come to rest there when the plane lost its speed. This meant an insignificant ten-foot fall to earth, the fall broken by the tree-tops. And so I planned my descent. I made my last turn while still four hundred yards high, and sped the length of the wood, to be sure to touch near the middle of it. My observer was now showing unusual interest in the piloting of the plane — a thing rare in observers.

At last the sharp pine-tops were skimming beneath my wheels. The plane was leveled out and losing speed slowly. I saw clearly how the smash was going to wreck the poor old bus completely, and leave us without a scratch or a bruise. The swift moment of waiting was sublime. Curtius about to leap into the gulf, Joan of Arc mounting to the stake, Arnold Winkelreid facing the Austrian spears — I had all the sensations of these. And then chance spoiled the climax; the gulf closed before the horseman leaped; the fire refused to burn; the spears missed the heroic breast; and my undeserving plane dropped heavily and unharmed in a clearing in the wood, a clearing so small that I had not seen it!

We dismounted, my passenger and I. His was the mood of a man escaped from imminent death, and I took my cue at once. I became the experienced old pilot, accustomed to making forced landings in woodland clearings sixty yards square! '*Bon Dieu de mille bons Dieux!*' I panted, 'I was afraid for a moment that I'd miss it.' This with the accents of recent mental stress.

The cause of the motor-trouble was the cause of the expedition itself: a bit of propaganda, a bit of Wilson's speech, that had flown into the internal working of my motor when I ducked under a cloud and into a shower of my own paper. The motor had caught a couple of sheets between the cylinders, and the mouth of an exhaust-valve had chewed up an oily wad of it and ruined its digestion therewith.

This bizarre accident was kept secret. The eight escadrilles on our field knew of it, and my friends in Paris; but no one else. We feared that if the Huns heard of it, they might use the idea and make the sky untenable with a continual paper barrage. I write this account during the Armistice.

We reached home that night two hours late for dinner, but not too late to find sympathetic ears for my wonderful tale of pilot-craft. I told it in full, and even added that I had long had my eye on that sixty-yard clearing as an emergency landing-ground. They had to believe me, for the field was there and the plane posed in the middle of it.

Rehan was doubtful. He wanted me to explain how I planned to get the plane out again from the clearing. There was a runway of sixty yards and a ten-foot obstacle at the end of it. A dirigible could clear it, but not an aeroplane. I proved to them mathematically and aerodynamically that a plane could get out of any place it could get into — provided, of course, that the pilot knew his business. Rehan promised to come out with me on the morrow and watch me do it. He had been driving planes only three years, and he wanted to learn from me, he said!

That same night the wind rose and the gale howled and the trees of the forest bent beneath the storm. My

plane was overturned and torn into detached pieces by the tempest, so Rehan was disappointed. I felt the loss less keenly myself, for the result would have been the same in either case. Besides, not every pilot sees his plane a mangled wreck, himself not in it!

So ended the launching of propaganda by our escadrille. It was put down as dangerous and unprofitable and to be done only by volunteers. No one volunteered. We often calculated the probable results of this one attempt at it. Whenever the big guns made unusual noises at night, we got in the habit of saying, 'That's the propaganda; you've got the Boches aroused to their danger.' And when the nights were quiet, one remarked, 'They scarcely resist at all these days, since Wilson's speech got among them.'

The Big Show is over now, and perhaps this bit of propaganda did as much to bring about the happy ending as I myself did to bring down my plane safely in the middle of the wood. In any case, it's a good story for a man's grandchildren.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS

BY GEORGE ROBERT PARKIN

THE entry of the United States into the Great War led to the temporary suspension of elections to the Rhodes Scholarships throughout the Union. The same thing happened in all the many communities of the British Empire to which they are assigned. The conditions of age and physical fitness imposed on candidates for the Scholarships corresponded so closely with those laid down for military service in the draft law of the United States, the conscription law of Canada, and the military requirements of all the dominions and colonies, that there was practically no alternative to this policy of postponement.

It was enforced by other considerations. Out of the student population of Oxford, normally numbering about 3500, only two or three hundred remained in residence. These included freshmen waiting till they were of military age, medical students, who were excluded from military service, Indian students, foreigners driven out of the small countries overrun by Germany, and the physically unfit. The colleges had become billets for young soldiers in training; the examination schools, hospitals; the parks and playing-fields, places for exercise in infantry drill, bomb-throwing, trench-digging, wiring, signaling and all the other varieties of military preparation. A large School of Aeronautics brought hundreds of cadets to study the scientific side of their new business. In such an atmosphere there was little room for the intellectual and social intercourse which the Scholarships were intended to provide. Besides all this, the trustees felt that it would be most unfair to carry on the elections at a time when the most patriotic and promising candidates had, as a rule, debarred them-

selves from competition by taking military service in their respective countries. Their policy indeed will be, when the elections are resumed, to give the preference, other things being equal, to candidates who have shown their high sense of citizenship in this way. But the elections were only postponed. Now that the war is over and demobilization is under way, the Scholarships due to each state will be filled as rapidly as suitable candidates can be found, or as Oxford can absorb the flood of students which will now be pouring back into her halls.

Elections for 1918 and 1919 will be held during the autumn of the present year, those for 1920 and 1921 in the autumn of 1920, after which they will resume their normal course, when thirty-two states will elect each year.

This postponement of elections has furnished an opportunity of reviewing the whole scholarship situation, arriving at conclusions about the working of the system, and considering any changes needed to make it more effective. As it has now been in operation for fourteen years, the trustees have a wide range of experience to assist them in forming an opinion on its adequacy for securing the results which Mr. Rhodes had in his mind, or such as are worthy of so important a foundation. The Trust has had to deal with widely separated countries and varied educational conditions. In this paper it is proposed to touch only on the problems that have presented themselves in the United States, from which about half of the whole body of Scholars is drawn. Some of these problems seem worthy of careful consideration among those who have the direction of American education.

I

The system as at present in operation was adopted after personal consultation with, and on the advice of, most of the highest university and college authorities of the various states. During the past year I have had the opportunity of consulting once more a large proportion of these same authorities or their successors in office. They are almost unanimously agreed that, with the knowledge then available, no better plan than the one hitherto tried could have been devised. They are equally agreed that it has in operation developed unexpected difficulties, has not achieved fully the results anticipated, and requires modification. It is perhaps well to begin by indicating the nature and extent of this failure to obtain the best results so far as the United States is concerned.

One noteworthy fact, the explanation of which I have tried to investigate, should be first mentioned. Of all the candidates for Scholarships throughout the Union during the last thirteen years, now numbering more than two thousand, about one half have failed to pass the qualifying examination, which is equivalent to what at Oxford is called 'Responsions,' the lowest standard on which a man is allowed to remain at the University. It is a singular fact that these failures have occurred almost as frequently in the older Eastern States as in the West, and in the North as in the South, where education is supposed to be less advanced. This seems to indicate that the underlying causes are general throughout the Union. The examination is considered quite elementary according to Oxford standards, and is usually passed by boys of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen from the grammar, high, and great public schools. Those who take it in America are required to have at least sophomore standing at some recognized degree-granting university or college. They are more frequently graduates. In one state having an exceptionally large and

varied university organization and numerous student body, out of nineteen candidates who presented themselves in two years, only two succeeded in passing the examination.

Such a proportion of failures appears to indicate, either that there is something radically defective in the elementary training of the secondary schools from which the candidates come, or that the Scholarships do not appeal to American students who have been well trained. In the earlier years of our work, these numerous failures were attributed to the demand made in the examination for a certain amount of Greek, a study widely neglected in parts of America. But when the concession was made several years ago that Greek might be taken subsequent to election, the average of failures continued about the same, and occurred in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry as well as in Latin. The almost irresistible inference is that there must be some lack of thoroughness in the training given in American secondary schools. It is probably too much to say that our tests, which are applied in every state in the Union, and are meant merely to find out whether a candidate has the necessary basis for a liberal education, have enabled us to discover the weak link in American education; but the case for this view at least deserves examination.

I have recently discussed it pretty exhaustively with presidents and faculties in more than thirty states, and the prevailing opinion is that this inference is correct. They find that their own higher work is seriously handicapped by the inadequate preparation of a large proportion of the students who come to them. Local feeling, dependence on popular support, competition for students between institutions, and other influences make it difficult in many instances, but not, of course, in the greater universities, to insist upon an adequate entrance standard. While, therefore, our experience in this particular must modify the policy of the Trust in ways to which reference will be made later, it has obviously far deeper significance for those engaged in higher education in America itself.

It has been suggested as an explanation of the failures referred to that students of sophomore, or, as is more commonly the case, graduate standing, are too far away from their secondary-school work to do justice to an examination based upon it. But it is difficult to imagine that any such student who has the examination papers of previous years to guide him, the prospect of one of the largest scholarships in the world before him, and plenty of time to prepare, could fail to meet the small demand made upon him if he had originally been well grounded. There may be more in the further suggestion that American students are not accustomed to the written tests of accurate knowledge which Oxford employs. On this point it should be said at once that their hopes of success at Oxford will depend on acquiring the ability to stand such tests.

Before leaving this side of the question, it may be well to mention an explanation suggested to me by the head of one of the large and successful secondary schools of New England. His opinion was that the real root of the difficulty lay further back, in the preparatory or elementary school. Boys came to him at the age of thirteen or thereabouts, so poorly grounded in elementary work that it often involved for them a constant struggle throughout the whole of their secondary-school and university life to remedy the defect. The English boy sent to a good preparatory school at ten, he thought, received, while his mind was most plastic, a drill in elements which made his later work easy and more effective. He

was speaking, of course, of boys whose parents were able and anxious to give their children the best training that could be got. American parents, he thought, in their desire to give their children a 'good time,' free from serious work, through this earlier period of their lives, really laid a heavy burden upon them in the later stages. Of the justice of this opinion American educators will be best able to judge.

It will be readily seen that, where the standard of eligibility is placed so low, with the result that one half of all the candidates fail to pass, an opportunity is given for weak applicants to secure the Scholarships. This has not infrequently happened. The men themselves are among the first to acknowledge this. Numbers of them have told me that they found themselves imperfectly prepared to meet the keen competition and severe demands of the scholarship standard of Oxford, not only in classics, but in all the other wide range of subjects open to them at the university. Any effort to raise the standard will have no stronger supporters than the ex-Rhodes Scholars themselves, who are sensitively anxious that the United States should be adequately represented at Oxford. Considerable groups of them have given it to me as their considered opinion that of all the men sent from America not more than one third were, in ability and preparation, in a position to compete with the best-trained men from English public schools; others had the ability without the necessary preparation; while a further considerable group fell distinctly below anything that could be considered a good scholarship standard at the University, while not strikingly superior in the other qualities to which Mr. Rhodes attached importance.

My own observation, the opinion of university tutors, and the test of the final honor examinations all tend to confirm the accuracy of this judgment of the Scholars themselves.

It has become clear that every inadequate Scholar sent to Oxford lowers the prestige of the Scholarships in the United States, and diminishes respect for them. The reasons for this are fairly obvious to anyone who understands American conditions. When a man is selected in any state for a scholarship, he usually receives a good deal of notice in the local press, as the winner of a large scholarship, founded by a great man, at a famous university, and by inference is therefore a brilliant scholar and an exceptional man, from whom much may be expected in after life. He leaves home stamped with this popular reputation, which is not at all justified by the preliminary examination he has passed. Should he not be of this type, should he be unfitted for the keen competition of the University, should he pass through the three years at Oxford without making any marked impression either in scholarship or personality, and return to his own country to sink out of notice, the blame for the failure is placed upon Oxford, whereas it really rests in the original inadequacy of the man. Oxford has no magic beyond any other university to produce the best results, unless furnished with material which makes such results possible. It is evidently the business of the Trust, — it is most certainly for the advantage of America, — that every reasonable precaution should be used to secure as Scholars men who possess the ability and force of character which will, both at Oxford and in after life, fully justify their selection.

Extended observation has shown me, and our experience has proved, that there are conditions widely prevalent in America which create distinct difficulties, many quite reasonable and natural, in the attainment of this end. In the first place, it is a country which

offers unusual opportunities of a material kind to young men of exceptional force and ability. The great railway systems, the manufacturing and commercial trusts, and other vast business organizations are constantly on the look-out for such men, and pay a high price for their services. They aim also at getting them comparatively young. Over large areas of the Union this condition alone handicaps us greatly in securing candidates of first-class ability. It probably represents a temporary stage, due to the rapid industrial and commercial development through which the country is passing, but it is one that must be reckoned with at present.

Again, the ambitious young American is much more disposed than his European contemporary to attack the problems of actual life and begin earning money, even in professional employments, at the earliest possible moment. Years of severe preparatory training for his work do not appeal to him so much as years of practical experience. Each course has its advantages, the one perhaps giving more speedy, the other more permanent success. The choice will usually be decided by temperament.

Another serious limitation to our field of selection has come from a view about scholarships common in America. In most educational institutions throughout the United States, the emphasis is laid, not upon the distinction of winning a scholarship in free competition, which is seldom provided for, but on its money-value in helping a struggling student through his course. There are exceptions, but the rule holds so widely that scholarships have come to be popularly regarded mainly as charities. The sons of people in comfortable circumstances and able to pay their own way are unwilling to contend for them. This disposition is natural, honorable, and altogether right where the object of the scholarship is charity. But should it prevail in regard to the Rhodes Scholarships, it means the practical exclusion from the competition of all students in America who happen to have private means — an exclusion fatal to the highest success of the system and unfair to the American representation at Oxford. Rhodes evidently aimed at securing strong men far more than at aiding struggling ones, though these are by no means excluded.

One seldom hears the holder of an American university or college scholarship spoken of in the way in which we would speak of the winner at Oxford of the Ireland, the Eldon, a Balliol Scholarship, or an All Souls' Fellowship, namely, as a man on the path to distinction. Rich and poor alike compete keenly for the honor that these intellectual prizes bring; their money-value may, or may not, be important to the competitor.

I doubt greatly whether among all the hundreds of American Scholars who have come to us, more than a small proportion have come from homes of competence. Many come from homes of culture, the sons of clergymen, university teachers, and like professions — as excellent material as we could wish for, but not as fully representative of all sides of American life as it should be. I suspect that the son of a wealthy man would feel himself prejudiced by this fact if he presented himself to most of the committees of selection who have acted for us in America. This can be corrected only by some change of opinion. The honor of winning must be given the first place and competition must be such as to make the honor real.

The ideal solution for this problem in America seems quite simple. Should a rich man be the winner of a Rhodes Scholarship, he can easily pass on to those who need it the money advantage which it gives him, while retaining the

honor he has fairly gained; the poor man who is a winner may freely enjoy both the distinction and the financial aid that the Scholarship gives. On this understanding all may honorably compete, and our Scholars become representative of the various sides of American life.

Another point should be mentioned. Even when willing to spend some years in additional study, American students often find practical advantage in doing this at one of the graduate schools of their own country rather than abroad. In this way they keep in close touch with those who can best help them to get positions when they have completed their course. Scholars who come to Oxford lose this touch for three full years, and when they return home are apt to feel themselves adrift in communities where the value of what they have gained is not fully understood.

II

In this enumeration of the hindrances to the full success desired, I have left to the last one of the most marked. A professor in a Southern university lately said to me that, so long as it made any demand for Greek, Oxford would be regarded as mediæval by the average American student. The correctness of the statement or the wisdom of the judgment I shall not attempt to gauge. But it does represent a widespread prejudice largely based on lack of information. It is true that Oxford is still a chosen home of Classical study and deems it one of her highest honors. The thinkers, writers, jurists, and statesmen of world-wide fame trained in her Classical schools justify this pride. But she honors all studies, and steadily enlarges her means of dealing with them. A medical school which has Sir William Osler at its head as Regius Professor will not in the United States be suspected of mediævalism. 'Honor Schools' leading to the B.A. degree are established, not only in Litteræ Humaniores, but also in mathematics, physics, chemistry, animal physiology, zoölogy, botany, geology, astronomy, engineering science, jurisprudence, modern history, theology, Oriental subjects, English language and literature, and modern languages, any of which may be studied exclusively with a view to the degree. Students whose previous training fits them for advanced study or research may be admitted to read for an 'Advanced Degree,' such as the B.Sc., B.Litt., or Ph.D. Diplomas may be obtained in geography, education, economics and political science, or forestry, anthropology, agriculture, classical architecture, and rural economy. Rhodes Scholars have taken all, or nearly all, these courses.

In this connection one fact of experience may be placed on record. We have now had at the university some hundreds of American Scholars. All of them had at least sophomore standing at their home universities, a majority of them were graduates, many were men of exceptional ability. They have had the opportunity to pursue their studies for three years without any distraction through financial anxiety. Yet I think every ex-Scholar will agree with me when I say that not one of them has achieved in any of the subjects mentioned — as many of them have — the higher honors that Oxford has to give, without working strenuously throughout his course.

In spite of all the drawbacks I have mentioned, the Trust has every reason to congratulate itself on the quality and spirit of a large proportion of the American Scholars drawn to Oxford by its first and tentative methods of selection. But it is bound to seek the highest possible results from a foundation of such importance. The circumstances of our

time create an opportunity for this that has not before existed. The universities of Germany, to which many American students have hitherto gone, will probably be closed to them for years to come. The desire for Old-World study will still remain for many who wish to get a varied training and educational experience. To such the ancient universities of Britain, as no doubt those of France, will give the warmest welcome. The fact that Oxford and Cambridge, as well as some of the newer universities of Great Britain, have lately established a Ph.D. degree, is likely to attract a class of men naturally anxious that their post-graduate work should receive due academic recognition.

The problem before the Trust is, how to discover among the great body of university and college students in the United States, thirty-two men each year to whom the scholarships will be a real boon, who will reflect credit upon the Trust, and who will confer the greatest advantage upon their own country, by taking the opportunity offered to them of study abroad.

In considering the methods by which the standard among our American scholars may be so raised as to command general respect in their own country as well as at Oxford, we are faced by several serious problems. First among these, I am disposed to place the fact that the Scholarships are by the bequest allotted to each of the forty-eight individual states of the Union. Our experience has shown that many states do not regularly supply suitable candidates. In some the educational facilities are inadequate, in others the whole trend of public feeling and educational effort is toward training for practical work rather than encouragement of scholarly interests. Unless he possesses such interests in a fairly marked degree, no student can make a successful course at Oxford or secure the advantages which it has to offer. There have been cases in which a state would not have a candidate to present unless applicants were imported from other communities. By migrating from a state where there is strong competition to one where it is absent or negligible, and pursuing his studies there for one or two years, a comparatively inadequate student could, under our earlier regulations, gain the right to enter for the Scholarship and secure it, though barely able, by special preparation, to pass the very elementary qualifying examination. This tends to discredit the system, and it seems imperative that steps should be taken to guard against such a possibility. Fortunately the bequest gives the Trustees the power to fix the conditions on which the Scholarships are awarded.

The conclusion has been forced upon the Trust that for the United States, where the opportunities for education are so many, a standard must be established much above that of the qualifying examination hitherto used, and more on the level of the ordinary Oxford scholarship, no award being made to candidates who fall below a fairly high standard. Even while keeping this end in view, there is no wish to make the test entirely scholastic, as this would contravene the suggestions made in the will. Every allowance will be made for marked personality and indications of power in a candidate, even where precise scholarship is lacking. This is in keeping with Oxford methods. The head of one of the most distinguished foundations of the University has told me that, in selecting its scholars, the college is guided more by indications of power than by mere accuracy of performance in examination.

When a preliminary test based on English standards has been so effective in thinning the ranks of candidates, the

discontinuance of the examination altogether may seem a singular step toward securing a higher standard among the Scholars. This is the experiment which the Trustees have, after careful consideration, decided to make. It means that success at his own American university, not an English examination, will be the chief intellectual test by which the candidate will be judged. Any regularly constituted degree-granting college or university will be entitled in each state to put forward as candidates a strictly limited number of its students. They must have the approval as candidates of the institution to which they belong, and they may be selected by any method which the institution itself may see fit to use. From among all the candidates thus put forward by different institutions the Committee of Selection for the state will proceed to elect the candidate whom they consider to possess the highest qualifications. The decision will be based on comparison of school and college records, and on the evidence the candidates furnish of possessing those qualities of character, virility, and leadership to which Mr. Rhodes attached importance at least as great as to intellectual superiority.

It seems certain that in the selection of American scholars more weight should be given than has sometimes been done to proof of mental ability. The suggestions made by Mr. Rhodes in regard to a taste for and success in athletic sports among his Scholars have attracted much attention, and under some circumstances have much to recommend them. But the highly specialized form which athletics have taken in the university life of America lessens their value for the purpose intended. In the great public schools of England some form of athletic sport is practically compulsory for all; in the universities fully seventy-five per cent of the students take an active part in athletic contests. Under such conditions few good candidates would be excluded from competition by an athletic test. But we have found that to limit the competition in America to successful athletes narrows the field of choice to a very small number of the whole student body. I have frequently been told by university authorities and students that the proportion would be less than five per cent, and that proportion would be from a section of the students not the best qualified intellectually to do justice to the scholarships.

There is a further decisive reason against such a limitation. The sound physique and personal vigor which Mr. Rhodes rightly had in view, as well as the habits of self-control, the spirit of fair play, and the power of managing others acquired in the sports of English public schools and universities, are often gained in other and more practical fields by American students who never took part in a football or baseball match — in adventurous exploration, in vacations spent on lake or river, on railway or forest surveys, on farm and ranch, and in the many other employments and relaxations of the varied life of a great continent. Full allowance for this difference must be made in applying the ideas of the founder to the selection of his American Scholars. The instructions given to committees of selection will emphasize this point. The spirit of the founder's suggestions must be kept steadily in view, though it may be unwise to apply them according to their strict letter.

It is believed that careful and confidential inquiry among those who have trained candidates, supplemented if necessary by any test of general ability which the committee may impose, will, with what is mentioned above, furnish sufficient data on which to make a reliable decision. In the Oxford colleges

a written essay on some question of broad human or national interest is found a useful gauge of general ability; and it is not unlikely that such a test will often be applied by committees to assist their judgment.

III

I may now turn to another difficulty which has been met with in the administration of the system. In every state, machinery had to be created for the careful and impartial selection of the Scholar from among the qualified candidates who presented themselves. Committees of selection were formed for this purpose, of which the President of the state university, — where there was one, — or other leading university, was chairman, and had the assistance of three or four other heads of college institutions. This arrangement gave promise of both care and impartiality. In large numbers of states this promise was amply fulfilled, and the Trust cannot be too grateful to men of the greatest educational weight throughout the Union who have given time and thought to the successful working of the Scholarship system.

But in some cases these committees did their work under serious difficulties. The members were usually among the busiest men in the state; they were often called together from great distances; their work had of necessity to be done hurriedly and without the opportunity for close inquiry and comparison which such work needed. Their difficulties were increased by the suggestions made by Mr. Rhodes in regard to the principles of selection.

Examiners in a strictly competitive test of scholarship have abundant and accurate data to guide their judgment. But our committees of selection are asked to compare imponderable qualities, such as character, athletic tastes and success, or qualities of leadership in candidates drawn from various institutions with widely varying standards, and have to place dependence on testimonials, the value of which it is not easy to gauge.

But a more fundamental difficulty lay in the fact that the committees of selection were mainly composed of men who were, as heads of institutions sending in candidates, themselves interested parties. Anyone who knows how keen is the rivalry between the different colleges of some American states will understand what an obstacle to impartial selection this fact has proved to be. The intense loyalty of American students to their own college increases the difficulty. The student body in each institution expects that its representative on the committee will stand by its candidate, and is inclined to criticize him for lack of energy or of influence should he fail to secure his election. Considerations of this kind do not, of course, affect the larger universities with a broad national outlook. But in some states they are difficult to overcome. Sometimes they spring, not from rivalry, but from exceedingly generous impulses. The heads of large universities, which naturally attract the ablest youth of a state, do not like to press the claims of their own better candidates against those from smaller institutions which send the best they have.

The tendency, admittedly rather prevalent in America, and assumed to be democratic, to 'pass round' any public honor or emolument, has also to be reckoned with. The result is that the business of selection often ends in a compromise, which practically means that the appointment is made alternately among the different colleges or universities. This leaves us without assurance that the best man has been chosen at each election, and tends to lessen the number of candidates and the

keenness of competition. It often happens that, when the Scholarship has been awarded to a candidate from one institution in a state, its students feel that it is useless to apply till the supposed 'turn' of their institution has again come round. I have had convincing proof that this impression has greatly reduced the number of competitors in many states.

The existence of these difficulties is fully recognized among university men everywhere in America, and a change of system in our methods of selection will now be welcomed by those who have hitherto so liberally and cheerfully given us their assistance. The Trustees have agreed to make a new experiment in this direction by making use of an agency through which, I believe, with proper organization, the work of selection can be carried out more satisfactorily than in the past.

We already have between three and four hundred old Scholars scattered throughout the United States. Many of them are men of marked ability; some are already making for themselves a considerable position in various walks of life. They are genuinely devoted to the interests of the Scholarship system and believe that it may become very advantageous to America. They are men who know from personal experience what Oxford is, what advantages it offers to an American student, and on what type of student it is likely to confer the greatest benefit. They are as a rule closely in touch with young America and the college or university life from which candidates are drawn, and are in an especially favorable position to make careful and intimate inquiry through their college societies, as well as through college authorities, about the character and qualification of candidates. As years go on their number will steadily increase and will ultimately reach about fifteen or sixteen hundred, distributed throughout all parts of the Union. Thus in the future we shall have at our command a large and weighty body of men specially qualified for the work and capable of undertaking the most serious responsibilities. The proposal for remedying the defects referred to is to transfer gradually, as circumstances permit, the selection of new Scholars to the hands of ex-Scholars.

What is the type of man, we may now ask, who can, in America, with the most advantage to himself, take a Rhodes Scholarship, or can with the fullest confidence be advised to make it an object of his ambition? Certainly, first of all, he should be one who is eager to get what Oxford has to give in mental training or other preparation for the work of life. What this is can be pretty clearly defined. If on the intellectual side a student's inclination is toward the humanities, — toward Classical or English literature, philosophy, history, political science, theology, or jurisprudence, — he will find at Oxford opportunities and an atmosphere as favorable for good work as in any centre of education on earth; and should he aim at winning distinction among his fellow students in these lines of study, he will assuredly there find himself subjected to tests and competition which will tax all his powers. If his turn is for mathematics or medicine, natural or applied science, modern or Oriental languages, geography, forestry, and similar lines of special study, he can depend upon receiving in these also a quite adequate training, and on meeting with abundant competition, even though Oxford does not claim to offer superlative advantages in some of these subjects, and has not the same completeness of equipment or fullness of opportunity which may be found in other highly specialized centres of training.

If, once more, his aim is chiefly that

broad culture which comes from general study and observation, from mingling with men of various types, from living in a highly intellectual atmosphere, amid inspiring traditions of great men and great movements, in easy touch with the greatest libraries and galleries of art known in the world — all this is open to an energetic Oxford student who uses judiciously both terms and vacations to enlarge his experience and cultivate his mind. The opportunities are of a kind that Scholars drawn from newer countries cannot expect to find in their own lands. Personal temperament and purpose in life will determine the value attached to them.

What, we may ask again, is the type of man in the America of to-day who will best fulfill the ideas which Cecil Rhodes had in his mind when he extended his Scholarship system to the United States. Certainly it was the type which combines the qualities of the scholar and the man of affairs — the type of student likely to take an active part in the public life of the community from which he comes. My own observation, now extending over many years and to every state in the Union, leads me to think that if we can secure from America as our Scholars men aiming at high academic position, we shall go further toward attaining the aims that Rhodes had in view than in any other way.

The history of the past five years has given a new meaning to the subject discussed in this paper. The penetrating vision of Cecil Rhodes foresaw that a mutual understanding between the people of the British and American commonwealths would become a necessity for the future peace and security of the world. The circumstances of the Great War, and the confusion in which it has left the world, have revealed as never before the breadth and accuracy of that vision; have placed the question in the very forefront of human interest. Rhodes believed that intercourse in their university life between the young men of the two nations would help toward this understanding, and founded the American and Colonial Scholarships as his contribution to the end in view. If some American of like imagination, and with a like command of means, would open the way for British scholars to study close at hand the educational and national ideals of the United States, his act would be a splendid and useful supplement to the original idea of our founder. It would, I am sure, meet with eager response from the ambitious youth of the old and new nations which make up the widespread British Commonwealth. Meanwhile, every effort to make the most of the opportunities created by Cecil Rhodes has a claim on the sympathy and support of thinking men in both nations.

THE WONDER OF IT

BY GEORGE BOAS

At Péronne the retreating Germans left a large wooden sign on the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville. The sign read:

NICHT ÄRGERN, NUR WUNDERN

After three months in Germany, I realize how universally applicable the sign is. The whole character of the people, their outlook on life, and their social relations, were so unlike anything I had ever dreamed of, that I could not analyze the soul beneath it all. Before it one stands aghast, perplexed over the possibility of its being real. Of this German soul, as well as of its works on the field of battle, one can only say, 'Nicht ärgern, nur wundern!' Every German should wear those words embroidered on his coat, or carry them like a sandwich-man, to be seen on his approach and on his departure.

I

'I wish,' said the general, 'you would draw up a general order for the governance of this delightful suburb of Coblenz. The adjutant will get you all the necessary material, and you can, by stealing the ideas of others, work out a scheme for running B——, which will not only reflect glory on the brigade and its beloved commanding general, but perhaps instill a little milk of human kindness into the Boches.'

'Yes, sir,' said his aide-de-camp; and not being a decorative aide but a working aide, he set to, and had completed by the next morning a municipal memorandum which would have brought tears of envy to the eyes of Von Bissing. He had neatly codified all the functions of the utopian city, and had a military official to perform each of them. He had provided for everything called for in G.H.Q. instructions and a lot besides. It was a work of art, and written in that peculiar military style which seems quite precise and is about as definite as the oracle at Delphi.

The general O.K.'d it and signed it, and it was immediately noted by his command and filed.

The general's aide had had a certain experience as zone-major in France. He had billeted, it seemed to him, almost two thirds of the A.E.F. He used to say that he knew all the peculiarities of one corps commander, six division commanders, and eighteen brigade commanders. He maintained that he could tell to a centime how many fruit trees had been robbed by any American division in France; and as for fields of wheat, barley, alfalfa, luzerne, rye, hay, and oats which had been trampled on by troops during drill, manœuvre, and friendly promenade, that he was a living card-index. He was known in forty-two villages in the Haute-Marne as a tight-fisted, capitalistic tyrant, and at the same time as a charitable friend. Monsieur Arsène Warin of A—— tells to this day how the *espèce de chameau* refused to honor his reclamation for a *sanglant* ten *ares* of grass-land on the ground that it had already been paid twice. But while Warin laments, Madame Veuve Bergerin-Huot throws her hands in the air at the mention of the

aide's name and says he is a veritable saint. 'Oh, qu'il est gentil!' she cries; 'qu'il est doux, qu'il est bon, le petit lieutenant!' And, wiping her eyes, she says that all Americans are angels.

This is what the aide said about himself and what others said about him. Hence it was but natural that the general should appoint him Ortskommandant of the town. The appointee begged to be relieved, but it was written that this particular A.D.C. should be a ruler and a boss. 'Kismet!' he said, and went down to see the Bürgermeister.

The Bürgermeister of B—— am Rhein was a person who looked like a white rat that had been thoroughly soaked and shaved. And he had the faculty, which all male Germans have, of congealing his cords and muscles at a moment's notice, and could assume the rigor of an epileptic in the presence of superiors. To watch him slide into your office, uncover his teeth, espy you, and suddenly straighten himself up in obedience to an unspoken *Achtung*, was an impressive experience. The aide often wondered why the arrest of every vital function and the elimination of all emotion should be considered polite. He distrusted that German salute. It was too much like playing 'possum.

When the Bürgermeister came into the Ortskommandantur, the aide told him that, in so far as he behaved himself, he would have nothing to fear from the American army; and that in so far as it did n't interfere with the satisfaction of American interests, he was to continue governing the town as usual.

The Bürgermeister stiffened himself and withdrew.

The aide was pleased. His first official act, he felt, had been kindly yet firm, just but not harsh. If he had his way, B—— would not suffer as northern France had suffered. He was going to show these Boches that the Americans were n't there to terrorize, or to Americanize, but simply to occupy territory according to the terms of the Armistice.

But he could not see the scene in the Bürgermeister's office overhead — the holding of cheeks in hands, the striking of chests, the weary and rapid breathing of bewilderment, the groans of despair. And the next morning, when he went to the Ortskommandantur, he was met by a request that he grant an audience to his German colleague. It was 10 A.M., the exact hour of yesterday's meeting.

He granted the request, and in a moment the shaved rat slid in through a slit in the open door and ran his tongue over his pink lips. His little black eyes shone like shoe-buttons, and he kept scratching the palms of his hands.

He wanted to know if the Herr Oberleutnant had any orders for him.

The Herr Oberleutnant wanted to know why.

'Ach!' cried the Bürgermeister, 'before the Americans came, we had a government. Now we have none. How then can I run the town of B—— as I used to run it? There is no one to tell me what to do. If only the Herr Oberleutnant would express his wishes!'

The aide narrowed his eyes and looked at him in disgust.

'Have the streets cleaned,' he said, and turned to his work.

The face of the Bürgermeister was radiant. He had found a boss.

In less than thirty minutes a platoon of Boches was assembled in the street before the Ortskommandantur. Every other man carried a broom at right-shoulder-arms and the man at his side a shovel. The Bürgermeister stood on the steps of the building, with a pencil in one hand and a long list in the other, and checked off their names.

Then, 'Hup!' said the Bürgermeister.

Out of the ranks jumped four men, saluted, and faced the platoon.

'Hup!' said the first of the four; and a little squad of broomers and shovel-

ers faced to the right and marched off briskly northwards.

'Hup!' said the second of the four; and another little squad trotted off, to the east.

'Hup!' said the third, and 'Hup!' said the fourth, and soon all points of the compass had received their squads. And the voice of the *Gefreite* was heard in the land. Clouds of dust hung over B—— am Rhein, shovels clanged on the cobble-stones, brooms scraped the roadways. The town was being cleaned.

The Bürgermeister stepped into the Bürgermeisterei and jabbed his pencil three times into his right ear. '*So-o-o*,' he said with pride and satisfaction.

And from that day on the aide gave him orders punctually at 10 A.M.

II

The Inferior Provost Court was in session. The aide sat in his office behind his table, his interpreter on his right, the Bürgermeister on his left. The first person on the docket was Herr Anton Kahn; charge: violation of billeting orders. Kahn had kept a whole room from occupation by the American army, on the ground that his sister was coming to occupy it. After waiting three weeks for the sister to come, the American army decided that her visit was indefinitely postponed.

Kahn was brought in.

The interpreter was asked to ask the Bürgermeister to explain the crime to the accused.

The accused, on hearing of his vile deed, assumed an air of injured innocence.

'But I could not know, Herr Oberleutnant, that the American army wanted rooms to be by my female relatives occupied.'

'Tell him,' said the aide to the interpreter, 'that the room had no female relatives in it, and that he had better admit at once that none were coming.'

'Ach, Herr Oberleutnant, it is true that my sister to B—— has not as yet come; but if she will come is also an undetermined point.'

The aide lost his patience. He had no leisure for the delicate and the scholastic.

'You had an empty room, did n't you?' he asked.

'A now-empty-but-soon-to-be-occupied room, Herr Ortskommandant.'

The Bürgermeister look worried.

'Kahn,' he said, '*um Gotteswillen*, be polite.'

'An *empty* room,' thundered the aide.

'*Ja*, Herr Oberleutnant.'

'You told the billeting officer that it was occupied.'

'About to —' He looked at the Bürgermeister. '*Ja*,' he said quietly.

'Then you concealed billeting space. Go into the other room.'

He saluted and withdrew.

'Ask the Bürgermeister what he thinks of the case,' said the aide.

The Bürgermeister moistened his lips.

'It is clear that he is guilty,' he said.

'And the sentence?'

'One hundred marks for concealing the room and twenty-five marks for lack of discipline.'

'No,' said the aide, 'fifty marks for everything.'

The accused was brought in and the floor given to the Bürgermeister.

'For concealing space from the billeting officer of the American army, the Herr Oberleutnant, Ortskommandant of B——, has decreed that you the sum of fifty marks in notes of the Reichsbank to him shall pay. The fine must in the Ortskommandantur by six o'clock to-night be. Do you understand?'

Herr Kahn looked white. His starch was gone. Gone was that martial air he wore on entering the tribunal, and gone that tendency to argue.

'*Ja*,' he said in a weak voice. 'I understand.'

He saluted and turned to go. But when he reached the door, he formed a great resolution; he drew himself up, turned, and said, 'May I have a word with the gracious Herr Leutnant?'

'*Ober*leutnant,' said the Bürgermeister.

'Pardon — *Ober*leutnant.'

'Surely.'

'It is true that I concealed an about-to-be-occupied room from the Herr billeting officer, which the Herr Ortskommandant had decreed was empty. So I am willing to pay the fine. But Peter Günther has an empty room and he pays nothing.'

'Where does he live?'

'Number 72 Bachstrasse, by the Colonialwaren-shop. He has a fine empty room on the second floor, which he is keeping from the Herrn Americans — much nicer than mine. Why does n't he pay?'

'He shall. Take this down, Roesselmann,' to the interpreter.

'And Frau Gustave Werner, of number 64, or is it 54, Hauptstrasse, she too has an empty room. And the Lutheran priest has a room, and Hermann Werner on the Marktplatz has a room, Herr Oberleutnant.'

'Fine; they shall all be investigated.'

'No need to investigate. The rooms are there.'

'They shall be investigated. Have you anything else to say?'

He stood as if waiting for a tip, and then, seeing that his fine was neither remitted nor decreased, left in a daze.

The aide put his head in his hands. He saw the German Captain Milnos, Town-Major at Autreville, whose first official act was to have some prisons built. He wondered for a moment if German rule in France had not been formed on the basis of German character; if in their supreme egotism the Germans had not seen their own type of mind in the souls of all the world; and if he was not making the same mistake in treating these disloyal people as if they were Americans. When the Germans went to France, no doubt they thought it was immoral that the French did not furnish them with whatever information they needed. It is not surprising then that they killed Edith Cavell for refusing to give over to them wounded Belgians and British. They would have done it in her place. To the German High Command her act was a defiance of international morality, just as at Chauncy it was against their law to carry a watch that did n't tell German time. Kahn was being true to type. And the Bürgermeister approved of what he did.

The aide soon discovered that he had only to catch one rascal to catch all. Every time a man was convicted on any charge, he gave away everyone else who might be culpable. And when these others were convicted, they too had information to disclose. It was never necessary to cross-examine them; it was enough to convict them.

And thus the American Secret Service built for itself a tremendous reputation in B—— am Rhein.

III

Can a people which is unable to move without an order, and which is disloyal to itself, be self-governing? Can a people meet in town council and pass laws and initiate politics, when all its independent ideas have been crushed out? Those Germans of B—— were unable to move when given the use of their limbs. They were like mechanical toys which had run down. They had no doubt a vague feeling that they should like to be free, but they did not know how to be free.

I remember waking up in the middle

of the night in my stateroom aboard a transatlantic liner. The white wall was covered with black dots I had never seen before. I reached out to touch one, and immediately all the dots moved rapidly away. So it was with the Germans. They stood motionless over the landscape, and when a powerful finger was put down among them, they moved. In that, they might be like everyone else; but it must not be forgotten that they have never had a successful revolution. They are at this moment in as bad straits as the Russians — no, worse. For the Russians know what they want. The Germans seem willing to take anything.

But even if their spiritual paralysis were cured, their disloyalty would remain. One of the first souvenirs they sold to the Americans was the Iron Cross. You could buy Iron Crosses of every grade, not only in Coblenz, but in every city and village. Imagine Americans selling Distinguished Service Crosses to the Germans, had they been our conquerors. There actually was offered for sale in Coblenz — the sale was stopped and the merchant prosecuted — a watch-fob of black-and-white ribbon, holding an Iron Cross, and on the ribbon above the decoration two crossed American flags in enamel. It is incredible. For it was not done through a sense of defeat, through hatred of the government which produced the Iron Cross, through admiration for America, but through a desire to make money, unhampered by good taste. Before the end of February, helmets, belts, sabres, bayonets, epaulets, every insignia and decoration known, were on sale openly in the shops. A few newspapers protested without effect.

Can such a people have a popular government? Their solidarity seems to have been made of their wholesale love of the Kaiser's person, and in no way of their love for Germany. There is no denying that they loved and still love the Kaiser. Catholic and Lutheran alike satisfied all their needs by revering him. Americans marching from Luxembourg to the Rhine saw lithographs of him, of his wife, of the Crown Prince, in every inn and in every cottage, and photographs in every château. None of these were destroyed or removed after the Armistice — at least, not by the Germans. They did show a certain dignity in sticking to their guns in that instance, toy guns though they were.

But to have a popular government, more than that is needed. And a people which cannot hold together in adversity, with an enemy army occupying their country, cannot expect much success in a venture whose very service is self-sacrifice and a regard for common rather than special interests.

But this little paper has grown too solemn. Let it end with one more incident from the Ortskommandantur at B——.

When the aide took over his office, there were no orders published for the disposal of moneys collected as fines. The Bürgermeister was naturally interested in this matter, and it was arranged by the general and the division commander that the funds should be used for the town's running expenses.

The Bürgermeister was informed.

The next day Ehefrau Gertrude Müller was arraigned for stealing a ham and can of lard from A Company's kitchen. Of course, she pleaded not guilty; but fortunately for the sake of justice, her former servant asked to be allowed to testify. She informed the court that not only had the Müller woman stolen the said food-stuffs, but also that she had sold a bottle of cognac at 8 P.M. to a soldier.

The aide gave a withering glance at the culprit, who swore before heaven that it was a lie. But alas! the very name of 'fat' (like the syllable Om) was

a magic name, the hearing of which caused the Teuton heart to beat abnormally and the Teuton breath to pant. Women in the occupied zone would go to any lengths for the sake of soap; and who could doubt that Gertrude Müller had fallen for a ham and a pail of lard? Her kitchen was across the yard from A Company's. She saw the good things daily. She had to cook with *Schweine-fett-ersätz*, and ate nothing choicer than a *Schincken-ersätz* sandwich, and those pig-dog Yankees had huge pans sizzling every day with real white lard. It would not have been human to resist. So there was every reason to think that she was guilty.

But when Cook John Hanson swore that the aforesaid servant had shown him the wrappings of the ham hanging on Frau Müller's clothes-line after the sacred grease — and printer's ink — had been boiled out of it, the court and the Bürgermeister decided that there was no doubt whatever of her guilt.

When it came to the fine, the court thought she should be fined one hundred marks for stealing food.

'Two hundred and fifty marks, Herr Oberleutnant,' said the Bürgermeister sternly.

'And one hundred marks for the sale of cognac to a soldier,' added the court.

'And fifty marks for lying,' said the Bürgermeister.

'And close her place to soldiers for thirty days for selling liquor after hours,' said the court, as if they were doing responsive readings.

'May I suggest something to the Herr Oberleutnant?' said the Bürgermeister.

'Certainly.'

'Let us fine the woman five hundred marks — that is a round figure. What business is it of hers how it is divided?'

But the aide, though he could see the humor of the situation, could not see its justice. Frau Müller was a thief and an all-round bad character, but that was no reason why her sentence should not be explained to her.

'*Also*,' said the Bürgermeister, as if making a concession, 'two hundred and fifty marks for stealing, two hundred for selling the cognac after hours, and fifty for lying.'

'No, her lie consists merely in pleading not guilty. She had that right. We shall fine her four hundred and fifty marks.'

After the case of Frau Müller, the Kommissar kept bringing in case after case. The Bürgermeister showed himself fearless and inventive in fining them. He objected strongly to any finding of not guilty. Never in the history of B—— had so many fines been collected. The Bürgermeister began to lose his ratty look and took on the appearance of a pampered dog. He wore a scarlet satin tie, his collars grew higher and shinier. He stopped scratching the palms of his hands.

But at the climax of this effulgence, at the height of his parabolic flight, an order arrived from G.H.Q. saying that all fines collected in provost courts must be sent to Trèves weekly. And the order was retroactive.

Need I say more? Need I point out that, from that day on, a more clement Bürgermeister did not exist than Herr Winkel of B—— am Rhein? He called his colleagues together, and made up the sum required, and became a charitable and kind-hearted man. No official was more tender toward those who sinned, no pastor more earnest in reclaiming the strayed sheep. Whereas previously he had laid all crime to innate viciousness and disregard for the law, now he laid to it hunger, to cold, to the sorrows of defeat.

And, needless to say, crime dropped seventy-five per cent in this lovely Rhineland village within a period of three days, and within a week it was almost nothing.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

Now I saw in my Dream one who went to and fro in a certain place with an anxious countenance, crying out, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?' And he bare a great Burden on his back.

Then I saw one coming to him and asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry?'

He answered: 'Sir, I am called Citizen. I dwell with my Wife and Children in the City of Confusion, and would fain escape, but cannot find the way.'

He who had met him was called Theorist, and he said, 'I can point you the way.'

Said Citizen: 'It hath been told me that somewhere is the City of the Perfect a-building, and a command is laid upon me that I must find it and lay a foundation stone therein.'

Then said Theorist: 'Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?'

He said, 'I think I do.'

Said Theorist: 'Go directly thereto, and mistake it not for any other, but go through it, and the Way will be clear to the City of the Perfect.'

Now I saw in my Dream that Citizen began to run, and the Neighbours also came out see to him run. And, as he ran, some mocked and others threatened, but he fled toward the Wicket-gate. Anon, as he crossed a wide Field, another met him and questioned him, and, finding his need, said, 'Go to yonder Bars, and when these are down you will see the Path lying clear to the City of the Perfect, but avoid the Wicket-gate.'

Then Citizen asked him his name, and he said, 'I am Theorist, and I alone can point you the way.'

Now was poor Citizen beside himself, and, as he went on, one foot would fain go in one direction, and the other in the opposite; nor was this the worst, for there came another and counselled a Gap in the Hedge, and another a Stile, and another and another, all pointing in different directions, saying, 'It is here, it is there, it is yonder,' so that the whole world seemed to be pointing Fingers, and poor Citizen was well-nigh crazed.

Now with the Neighbours that had run after Citizen to make him go back was one Pliable, and he too fell into the hands of the many that were called Theorist; and he went this side and that, whichever way they twitched his coat, and climbed through every Gap, and went through every Wicket-gate and every pair of Bars, and they that were called Theorist had at him on all sides. And the last Citizen saw of poor Pliable he was running mad in the Field.

With that he put his fingers in his ears and ran from all of them, for he knew that, if the Way were to be found, he must find it himself, for none could tell him.

And anon he hit upon a little stony Path that had neither Bars nor Wicket, and he went stumbling along it.

Then as he went forward two men pursued him, and before he knew, they were come up with him. And the name of the one was Want, and he was of a

sickly countenance, as of one that was ever an-hungered, and he was clothed in Rags. And the name of the other was Luxury, and he was clothed in rich Cloth and Furs, and wore a gold Chain on his bosom, and his face was that of one who feasted too well. Both were old men and gray, and had fought all their lives long together, yet went they ever side by side, for they could not endure one the other, nor let each other alone. And they both plucked at poor Citizen's garment, and he had much ado to make any headway between them.

Then there was hard complaining: Luxury, that he got not the good of his Pleasures because of the importunities of Want; and moreover, ever and anon Want robbed him; and Want, that Luxury had first robbed him, so that he was come to this pass.

Then said Citizen: 'Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me, for in the place to which I am going are no such troubles as you have. Rather would I settle this dispute between you than to save my own soul.'

'What,' said Luxury, 'and leave our Comforts behind?'

Then he had long discourse with them, and tried to make peace between them, talking pleadingly with the one and sternly with the other; but in vain, for ever Want threatened Luxury, and ever Luxury shook his fist at Want.

Then said Want: 'Tell us what manner of place it is whither you are going?'

Citizen. There shall be no more hunger.

Want. Verily, then will I go with you.

Citizen. There shall be no more surfeiting.

Luxury. Come, Neighbour, let us go back.

Citizen. It shall be a land of lasting peace and accord between man and man. No man shall oppress another, and each shall love his neighbor as himself. Every man shall toil —

Before he knew, Citizen was walking solitary by himself, for the others had turned back; and with that he fell into a very miry Slough called the Slough of Despond, and because of the Burden that was on his back began to sink in the Mire. And when he had wallowed there for a time, he got out as best he could, for there was none could help him.

Now as Citizen went on his way, he espied one afar coming to meet him, and he said that his name was Socialist, and that he belonged to a large family, much scattered in body and in opinion.

Said Socialist: 'Things be vastly wrong.'

'Yea,' said Citizen, 'they are so.'

Then said Socialist: 'I have a remedy for all this.'

Said Citizen: 'Let us hear it.'

Then, when he had listened to Socialist above an hour, he asked, 'Why talk you so much of Things?'

'What mean you?' said Socialist.

Said Citizen: 'You speak but of Monies and of Wages, of Apparel, of Houses and Lands. But I have heard or read that the Perfect City consists not wholly in these things. One Plato has set down that it is builded by them that have set their desire beyond that which can be seen and touched.'

'But,' said the other, 'when all things be shared, and Monies, Lands, and Houses are held in common, then will the better desire come.'

Said Citizen: 'Nay, if you speak and think but of Things, then will the need of that which is higher desert you. It hath been told me that if one start not with a hope beyond, one will not find it by the way. Can a man hit a Mark at which he doth not aim? One Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."'

Said Socialist, 'I understand not your discourse. Met you one Want hand in hand with Luxury?'

'Yea,' answered Citizen.

'Know ye not that this state hath come about through the corruption of Rulers? Should one man go hungry while another surfeits?'

'Nay,' said Citizen.

'Then,' said the other, 'when all is taken so that no man owns anything any more, and put into the Hands of them that govern that it may be evenly distributed, will not all be well?'

'Far from it,' said Citizen. 'If rulers have done ill in the past when they had not all in their power, why put all into their hands that they may do worse? Let us keep some check upon them, till they are purged of all desire for possession. Men's Natures change not with the changing of their Clothes, nor are men made angels by being named after you.'

Now they were come to a hill, and at the side of it was an Arbour. And here Socialist invited Citizen to sit; and he showed him a broad estate of Fields and Meadows and said it was all his own. And ever he discoursed bitterly of how he could in no way bring to pass that which he hoped for when all men should share alike.

'But,' said Citizen, 'if you think this, why keep you this wide domain? You preach a doctrine that any can put into effect on the instant. Every man can begin Socialism whensoever and wheresoever he pleaseth. As one Bunyan hath said, "'The Soul of Religion is in the Practick part."'

Nor did Socialist like this, for he was of those that dwell in the Parlour.

Now would Citizen away from him, so he stood on his feet to go. And he said, 'Friend Socialist, they that want are welcome to the little that I have; it is good to share meat and drink, but it is not enough. Your Nostrum sufficeth not, for this matter is deeper than appears to you. Were all that you say done, yet is our work but begun, for the City of the Perfect hath need of more enduring foundation than Raiment or Food. These and more must all men have, yet will not contentment come therewith. 'T is more than Things that be vastly wrong; 't is minds; we must find some way to shape the Souls of men to finer Desires. You content me not, Neighbour Socialist; I must seek further beyond your thought.'

II

Then Citizen began to gird up his loins and address himself to his Journey. And he as came out on the Highway, one met him who asked him whither he would; and, when he knew his errand, directed him to go to the House of Madame Democracy, who would shew him excellent things. So he set out with right good speed to find her, and knocked at the door till at last one opened to him, and took him to the mistress of the house.

Now Madame Democracy was a large woman, of a perplexed Countenance, and she asked what he would have. When she had heard, she had him into an inner room, and Citizen saw the Picture of a very grave Person hang up against the wall. Then said Madame Democracy: 'This man pleads a measure that would help me more than aught else in my difficulties, and it is called the League of Nations; but there be many of my family that turn a deaf ear.'

Then I saw in my Dream that Madame Democracy took him by the hand and led him into a little room where sat two Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and his other name was Revolution; and the name of the other was Patience. Now Passion kept kicking and breaking

the legs of the chair he sat in, but Patience sat quiet.

Then said Madame Democracy: 'This is Passion who would upset my whole house, and Patience who would set it to rights. Patience is the Child I love the best, but Passion is stronger in the arms and legs, and continually hath his will.'

Now Madame Democracy had much ado to keep her House in order. She was all for an honest management of affairs, but was constantly let and hindered by those of her own household, who agreed not together. Forthwith she led Citizen into a large Chamber, over the door of which was written: *For the People, of the People, by the People.* Yet here was Mr. Filibuster, a noisy knave, and Mr. Senator, and a little group of the family called Wilful; and with them were Mr. Facing-both-Ways, Mr. For-and-Against, and Mr. Take-it-Back-Again. Mr. Daylight-Saving and Mr. Daylight-Wasting were squabbling on the threshold about the winding of the Clock, and Mr. Proletariat was in the Parlour giving himself airs. What with committees, meetings, dissensions, debates, caucuses, motions and counter-motions, riders, amendments all over the House, and Mistress Suffrage in the Pantry crying out and breaking the Plates, there was Noise enough and to spare.

Now was Madame Democracy all of a twitter, for, besides her own family, Strangers of all kinds and nations were gathering in the Courtyard to learn the ways of her Household, and it seemed not altogether well to teach those ways as they were. Moreover, Mr. I.W.W., a very scurvy Fellow, went in and out among these people, and Mr. Anarchist, a sorry Rogue. There were, also, Mr. Alien, Mr. Undesirable, Mr. Black Hand, Mr. Illiterate; and they were met by Mr. Beg-Votes, Mr. Buy-Votes, Mr. Stuff-Ballot, Mr. Roaring, Mr. Wheedling, Mr. Rioting, Mr. Striking, Mr. Thump-Cushion, and other attendants and hangers-on. Mr. Integrity, Mr. Good Intent, Mr. Honesty, and others good and staunch were there also, but they could not make their voices heard, for there was ever Mr. Dishonesty to talk against them, and of a sudden there was Mr. Bolshevik got in among them. Then one came running to say that Madame Discord who was abroad in the land was arriving in her carriage with all her train.

Then said Madame Democracy: 'I must make ready my House before this woman enters.' And therewith she seized a broom and began sweeping. Now the House had never been swept, and before she could make much headway Mr. I.W.W. and Mr. Bolshevik began trampling and putting about them, and the Dust began to fly so abundantly that poor Citizen was well-nigh choked. So he took his leave, and went on his way with his eyes full of dust.

Now I saw in my dream that there met him one called Mr. Walking Delegate, who had once been of the household of Madame Democracy, but was no longer there, having gone forth, taking great numbers of people with him, and set up for himself. And he was a man of masterful countenance. Then Citizen remembered him that this man was Steward of the family of Labour, which was a large family, well known in those parts where he had dwelt, and thought well of itself. Yet they were very different one from another, for, whereas one worked hard and got little therefor, another did but talk in the Streets and on the Corners about what he lacked and what he would have. And this man, Citizen recalled to himself, he had heard in the Marketplace of the City of Confusion, talking to all passers-by about the condition of their Pockets.

I saw in my Dream that, as they walked on together, they talked, nor could Mr. Walking Delegate be drawn from speaking of what he would have for himself and those that followed him; and he talked very large of the help Mankind should get through him.

Now as they went on they saw a man ploughing in a Field, and another was harrowing, but the Steward said that these were not of his Family, nor should he strive to benefit them. And Citizen was sore puzzled, for, on the one hand, this man kept telling him how he strove with Words in behalf of men, and on the other, he was loud in crying out against ragged fellows and hungry that came running in from foreign parts, asking for work; these he was unwilling to let snatch so much as a Crust. And Citizen gathered from his talk that it was his design to set himself up Ruler in these parts, for he said, 'We want the Earth.'

Then Citizen, growing bold, said that it seemed to him Mr. Delegate counselled but things of this world and not the highest; and the other answered, 'You talk as one whose head is in the shell until this day. From whom did we learn this but from them that called themselves our betters?'

And Citizen was silent, for he knew that this was true; and he set out afresh on a run for the City of the Perfect, for he was aware that it lay far away from these parts. Nor would those he met of the family of Labour be induced to go thither with him.

Now had Citizen gone but a little way from thence when one came running to tell him that the House of Madame Democracy was in Flames, having been set afire by one Imperialist, and that many had rushed thither to put them out. And first among them that came tumbling to help was young Lord Privilege, and the heir of Earl Pedigree; and the eldest son of Sir Grasp-All was with them, while the second son held back; and there were three of the sons of a poor scholar dwelling thereby; and two of the sons of Luxury had plunged in to save the house and had perished in the flames, though their brothers stayed at home; and with them that went was a son of Capitalist, now an orphan, or about to be an orphan. And while some of the family of Labour worked with right good-will, many stood by with their hands in their pockets, fingering their coin and saying, 'How much do I get?' Nor would they fall to before they knew what their wage should be. At that Citizen stood still and marveled, and thought it pity that men who bare the same name should be so different one from another.

And he heard how there was one called Pacifist who held himself higher than any other, who went even about with a pitcher of Oil in his hand, with the thought that he would pour it on troubled Waters; and he poured it on the Flames, whereby they greatly increased and mounted higher and higher; and Pacifist stood with a rueful countenance, nor could he understand how it was that people flocked not together to praise him.

III

Then Citizen went on his journey, and he lay for one night at a house that was built for the relief of Pilgrims, and the name of the house was Beautiful. Here he slept in the chamber called Peace, and he dreamed that he saw all men walking hand in hand together in harmony, no man asking anything for himself alone. And he awoke, and behold, it was a Dream!

Now as he went on his way, with his Burden still on his back, he perceived that he was in the Valley of Humiliation, and here he espied a foul Fiend coming to meet him: his name was Anarchy. Now the Monster was hideous

to behold; he was clothed with Soviets as with scales (and they are his pride), and out of his belly came Bombs, Fire, Smoke, Pamphlets, and deadly Gas. The ground was red with the blood of those he had slain, and strewn with their bones.

When he had accosted Citizen and had heard that he was trying to escape from the City of Confusion, he straddled over the whole breadth of the way, saying, 'Prepare thyself to die; here will I spill thy Soul.'

With that one came running thither swiftly, and it was young Mistress Boudoir Bolshevist, clad in silver Slippers and silken Scarves, and she was the adopted daughter of him who had got in lately among the household of Madame Democracy. She would fain make friends with the Monster, patting his head and saying coaxing words, and it was plain that she feared lest Citizen might hurt him. Now the Fiend was quiet for a moment, but his mouth was watering, for that he would forthwith eat her alive. So Citizen got between him and Mistress Boudoir Bolshevist, though he had no Mask to his face nor armour to his back; and with that Anarchy let fly and there were explosions, strikes, executions, massacres, revolutions and counter-revolutions, riots, so that Citizen could neither see nor hear, and young Mistress Bolshevist ran screaming away. Then, when the air was somewhat cleared, Anarchy came at Citizen with Teeth and Claw to make an end of him; but he nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, which was called Arbitration, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine Enemy,' and gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal Wound. And with that Anarchy spread forth his dragon's Wings and sped him away, so that Citizen saw him no more.

Now Citizen must needs go through the valley through which Anarchy had come roaring to meet him, and he found it every whit dreadful, being utterly without Order. Here was the path exceeding narrow, because of the deep Ditch on the right, into which the blind have led the blind in all ages; and the very dangerous Quag on the left, which hath no bottom. Now the Valley was as dark as pitch; and he heard on the right side groans and lamentations and curses of kings, princes, princelings, popes, dukes, lords, and all that have been tyrants in past time, and on the left, howling and yelling of the rabble, mobs, brutes, dynamiters, lynchers, assassins, and he saw that the Valley lay very near the mouth of Hell.

So he came to the end of the Valley, and there saw bones and ashes of Pilgrims who had gone this way before; and while he mused what should be the reason, he espied a cave where two giants, Imperial and Capital, dwelt in old time, by whose tyranny Pilgrims to the Perfect City had been cruelly put to death. But Citizen went past without danger, for Imperial is quite dead, and Capital, though he is yet alive, is, by reason of many shrewd brushes he hath met with of late, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth, grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails.

IV

Then I saw in my Dream that, when he was got out of the Wilderness, he came to worse, for he presently saw a Town before him, and the name of that town is Vanity. And in that Town is a fair kept called Vanity Fair; it is kept age long. Here are sold all such Merchandise as Titles, Lands, Honours, Places, Preferments, Kingdoms, Principalities, Countries, Offices, Cabals, Caucuses, Hustings, Secret Treaties,

Graft, Intrigues, Plans, Schemes, Theories, Protestations, Fine Professions, Dissensions, Debates. Here also are booths where all manner of apparel and of jewels is offered. Now could not tongue tell all who were there cheapening the wares. There was Mrs. Scattermind, Madame Limousine and her daughters, Mrs. Fur-Coat and Mrs. Tiara; Mistress Short-Skirt, Madame High-Shoe, and many others. There was raffling for Lands and for Houses, for Silken Skirts and for Feathers. Here was Madame Talkative, with her son, Academic Freedom, holding forth in the Market-Place, and there were many men gambling in the street called Wall, with their feet caught fast in the Stocks, so that they could not do their duty as Citizens, nor ever look for the way of Pilgrims.

And there were many others who were let and hindered for divers reasons from serving their fellows. Some were men of Religion, who should have been kindling abroad a living Faith, imprisoned in cages fashioned of certain hard Articles of Belief. Some were men of Law, manacled by long and heavy Words. And there were Women on Pedestals, falsely set up for men to worship, in such case that they could not do their part. And others were moving about in the Fair, but so bound fast in hobble skirts of Silk and Lace that they could not lift hand or foot to help. Many men were idle, though of good families that in former generations had served their Country. These kept crying out that all was bad in Vanity Fair, but lifted never a finger to clear out its Stalls and its Booths.

Now as Citizen went through the Fair, the Town was moved against him, for he spoke not their language, and cared not so much as to look at their wares, or to offer a farthing for any of them. One said mockingly, 'What seek you then?' and Citizen answered, 'I seek my way to the Perfect City, and in truth I find it not here.' At this, some mocked, others threatened, and there was hubbub and a great stir at the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Then was Citizen taken and beaten and brought for trial at Dustyfoot Court. The Judge's name was Lord Openmind. The Indictment was: 'That this man had scorned all that was offered at the Fair; that he had kept his eyes fixed steadfastly on that which others could not see, and that he had well-nigh won a party to follow him.'

Then Proclamation was made that they that had aught to say against the Prisoner at the Bar should forthwith appear and give their evidence. So there came two witnesses, and behold, they were Want and Luxury that Citizen had met with on his journey. And when Luxury was sworn, he said, —

'My Lord, this is one of the vilest men in our Country. He hath no respect for money, nor position, nor any of the gods that I and my family have worshipped from old time. Nay, he told me I had no right to the rich coat on my back while Neighbor Want was an-hungered.'

Then they sware Want, and Citizen thought in his heart, 'Here is one will speak for me.'

But Want was loud in his accusations against the man, saying that, though Citizen had seen his Need and known his hunger, he had counselled a moment's Patience, and had advised him not to commit Murder, nor engage in Torture, nor to make many suffer in order to compass his desires.

Then came a Crowd of witnesses who desired to speak faster than they could be sworn, and lo! most of them that Citizen had met in his journey were there to testify against him. All those called Theorist accused him, inasmuch as he had not taken the direction point-

ed out by any of them; the whole family of Socialist, root and branch, cried out against him, in that he had held his path toward the Perfect City and had refused theirs. Labour was for having him hanged forthwith, and many of the Household of Madame Democracy, who knew well the way to the fair, let fly at him in an angry manner. Also Mr. Democrat and Mr. Republican were loud in his condemnation, for that he had said certain adverse things of the Estate which they managed in turn.

It was held on the one hand that he had railed against the noble Lord Materialist, who is Chief Lord of the Fair, and owns all the Country thereabouts, for indeed the World has well-nigh come into his keeping, and against all the rest of the nobility, Lord Carnal Delight, Sir Grasp-All, and the rest; and, on the other, had refused to bow the knee to Mr. Proletariat, who had recently come into a large Estate, and was exacting from his tenants higher rents and deeper homage than Sir Grasp-All, who had owned the Estate before, had required. The charges against him were so many that it seemed there would not be ways enough, when the time came, to put him to death.

In the face of all this came Neighbour Pliable, who was ever at the heels of those called Theorist. Now Pliable was moved with Compassion toward his Neighbour, and for a few minutes Citizen thought he saw help; for one had started a petition in his behalf, and Pliable was all for signing it. But no sooner had he done this than one started a petition against him, and Neighbour Pliable signed this also, for he was one that liked ever to oblige and was at any man's whistle.

So when all that had spoken had signed against him, the Judge directed his speech to the Prisoner at the Bar, saying, —

'Thou Runagate, Heretick, and Traitor, thou hast heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee: what has thou to say?'

Said Citizen: 'What should I say? For they affirm very different things. Wherein is my guilt?'

Judge Openmind: 'In that thou didst not agree with them all.'

'Nay,' answered Citizen, 'that can not I do, for I learned at my mother's knee to know wherein I believe, and to stand by it, though all the powers of death and hell be against it.'

Then asked the Judge with a sneer, 'What then dost thou believe?'

Citizen: 'That it is not that which a man has that matters, but that which he is. If he be not right within, full of Integrity, of high Intent, of Love for his Neighbour, no outer rule nor government can set him right, nor any manner of possession make a true Man of him.'

Then the Judge called to the Jury, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the case against this man; it lieth now in your breasts to hang him or to save his life.'

Then went the Jury out, whose names were: Mr. Conservative, Mr. Graft, Mr. Privilege, Mr. Old Guard, Mr. Multi-millionaire, Mr. Soft-Life, Mr. Radical, Mr. Anarchist, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Red Terror, Mr. Riot, Mr. Strike; and they unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty of death before the Judge, the first half for reasons that contradicted those of the second half.

Now while the Jury were crying out, 'Away with him!' 'Hanging is too good for him,' and were disputing about what way they should put him to death, Citizen slipped out from among them and escaped and went his way. Not long after, as he fell to thinking of what he had seen, and how all those he had met, whether of good intent or evil intent, were convinced that a man's life consisted in naught but that which he

possessed, he fell to wondering whether men were capable of learning better. And before he knew, he was in a meadow called By-path Meadow, not far from Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair. Now the Giant, getting up early in the morning, caught Citizen asleep in his Grounds, and with a grim and surly voice bid him awake, and drove him into his Castle, and put him in a Dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits, and here he lay for three days and nights without a bit of bread or a drop of drink, or any to ask how he did. And ever and anon the Giant took his grievous crab-tree Cudgel and went down into the Dungeon and beat Citizen without mercy, so that his courage was spent, and he was near to repenting that he had gone on pilgrimage; nor did there come a day of sunshine weather when the Giant sometimes fell into Fits.

Now Citizen cared little for his own safety, but through beating and starving he well-nigh lost hope of rousing the finer desire of mankind. Then of a sudden he fell into a passion with himself, for he remembered that he had a Key in his bosom that would open any lock. And he took it out, but the lock went damnable hard; so he opened the gate and made his escape with speed.

And the name of the Key was, 'Carry on.'

And after he came into the King's Highway again, he went on until he came to the Delectable Mountains; and here from one place very high he thought he saw something like the gate of the Perfect City. And after he had gone on he espied one in the Highway coming to meet him, with his back to the Perfect City, and at last he came up to him. His name was Skeptic, and he asked Citizen whither he was going. When he had heard, he fell into loud laughter, and said, 'There is no such place as you dream of in all this World.'

'Then,' said Citizen, 'we must make one.' And he went on his way.

Now I saw in my Dream that he came at length into the country of Beulah, and here, because the Air is very sweet and pleasant, and because of the singing of Birds, and the Flowers that appeared at his feet, he had a view of the Perfect City, clearer than any he had yet seen, and the sight thereof somewhat eased his Burden.

He saw that it is fashioned of the finer Dreams, and the fairer Hopes of Mankind; its foundations also are made of the Souls of Men. Here he saw all men walking in happiness because all had given up something of Desire. None were quarrelling about Money, or Jewels, or Apparel, or Lands, because these things were no longer held in esteem. Nor did one Principle rule one day and another the next, according as it would bring more Gain. Even though he was afar off he could see that men toiled eagerly for joy in their toil, and not for Wage only. Here was inward Peace, because Carnal Desire no longer reigned. None were vain-glorious; none boasted of that which he had achieved for humanity; no man pretended high doctrine of sharing all, yet held fast to that which he possessed. Love, shown in Deeds, not Words, was law in that Land.

So Citizen went on with his Pilgrimage, with his Burden still on his back, but somewhat lightened, and ever he hoped that each step was taking him nearer that which he had seen. Yet I saw in my Dream that there was a way back to the Slough of Despond even from the Gate of the Perfect City; but whether Citizen took it or not was hidden from me.

CAN THESE THINGS BE?

A PERSIAN EXPERIENCE

BY JESSIE LEE ELLIS

[JESSIE LEE ELLIS, the writer of the letters from which the following excerpts are taken, is the wife of Dr. Wilder Prince Ellis, a missionary physician in the American hospital at Urumia, Persia. A little over three years ago the young couple, then only a short time married, managed to reach their station in Persia. There they were associated with a group of medical and teaching missionaries who, with their predecessors on the ground, have strongly influenced the life of West Persia for more than two generations. In addition to the well-equipped hospital, there is, or was, a college, and there are also an orphanage and other centres of work in the city and on the Urumia plain.

From the very beginning of the war, all the elements of disaster were present. The native population is part Moslem and part Christian — Persians and Syrians. From the western edge of the Urumia plain rise the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, from which have issued, even in peace-times, the savage bands of marauding Kurds. As they are not subject to any constituted authority, the conflict gave them their supreme opportunity for brigandage with all its attendant horrors.

Further, this western arm of Persia lay directly in the path of the contending Russian and Turkish armies. Three times the tides of war swept back and forth over the Urumia plain. The waves of the conflict broke all about the walls of the hospital compound; but for some reason it was never submerged until those fateful days of July and August, 1918.

In the midst of battle, murder, rapine, pestilence, and famine, this group of American missionaries all stuck to their posts. For four long years, with hardly a scrap of news from home and only rumors of how the Great War was going, they continued steadfastly caring for the sick and wounded, friend and foe alike, feeding the hungry out of their scant stores, and furnishing a refuge in their compound, now for the Syrians from the Moslems, and again for the Moslems from the Syrians, as the fortunes of war changed.

The entire story of those years, with their tragic record of heroism and devotion, is yet to come. Mrs. Ellis's letters constitute a fragment of the little that has filtered through. Her story begins on that memorable day in July, 1918, when a daring English aviator of the British forces far to the south of them landed in their midst.]

I

THE aeroplane visited us on July eighth. The fourth of July had been a fearful day, and we felt impending disaster, with bad news from all around. Suddenly, one morning about seven o'clock, like a white-winged messenger from heaven, that aeroplane dropped

down among us and brought us the first news from the outside world in months. Can I ever describe to you the thrilling sight as that daring English airman swooped in his machine down among the hospital sycamores, after circling over Urumia! Shots had rung out from the city and from the neighboring hills, for the Syrians had thought it an enemy plane at first. But, when we saw the flag of the Allied armies of Europe, everyone went nearly wild with joy, and like a great wave rose the shouts and cheers of the people. When the plane lighted, the aviator was worshiped like a god; his feet and hands were kissed for very joy. I do not suppose that in these days there was ever a more worshipful reception than these poor beleaguered people gave that young hero.

Later in the day he was brought to the hospital compound; and when he reached our home, we heard of his plans for the Syrians and something of what the world was doing in the war. We were greatly cheered, for we had heard nothing but terrible tales of murder, and seen nothing but rape and bloodshed and robbery, with starvation stalking at our doors. Things at that time seemed unbearable. We thought they could not go on that way, and they did not — they just got steadily worse.

The expected succor from the south did not come, because of the failure of our own Syrian armies to meet their agreements. Meanwhile, pressure from all sides kept steadily increasing until the flight occurred. I can never adequately describe the little I saw of it. We retired at ten o'clock of the night of July 30. Dr. Packard called through our bedroom windows at two o'clock the next morning that he wanted to speak to us. We slipped into dressing-gowns and coats, and were soon assembled in the Packard parlor. In our house at that time were Miss Lamme, Miss Schoebel, Miss Burgess, Dr. Dodd, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards. After a brief conference, we decided the momentous question and determined not to flee. Indeed, it was impossible for us to do so. Our boy Edwin was sick, our carriage was very old, and our horse aged twenty! and I was scarcely able to walk after my recent operation. Then, too, we did not want to be mixed up with an assortment of cutthroats and robbers such as made up a part of the Syrian army. At daybreak, Dr. Packard, Dr. Ellis, and Mr. Richards went into the city to arrange for guards for our premises, fix up necessary monies for Dr. Shedd to carry, and help him to get off. I did not see Wilder until the next day.

Those early morning hours witnessed the removal of the Syrian nation from their homes — many of them, alas! never to return. It was a pathetic sight to see the ox-carts, donkeys, Red Cross wagons of the Russians, and every conceivable kind of vehicle, bearing away our native friends. The little children were on donkeys or on foot. Slowly the creaking wagons, some drawn by oxen, moved out.

What took place in our yards was of course not a circumstance to what was to be seen on the roads. About half-past nine, from the neighboring hills, shots and wild noises began. From the roof, with Edwin in my arms, I listened, but could not believe that things were to happen so soon. By the time I got downstairs, Dr. Dodd and Miss Schoebel were desperately engaged in making a Turkish flag to hang with our American one over the gate. Hardly was it up when the shots and noises increased. Past our compound gate rushed wild horses, with mad Kurdish riders. Shots rang over our heads and whizzed through our great trees. The poor frightened children, and the infirm, the old, the helpless, and the servants, — in all a company of two hundred, who had

come to our yards for protection, — began to run into our houses. Some crowded into the parlor where I stood, and clung to my knees beseeching me to save them. You can never know the awful terror these people experienced. They know too well the frightful cruelty that will be meted out to them; at the mention of a Turk or a Kurd they are pallid and shaking, and fall on their knees before their torturers, imploring mercy.

A few minutes later, — I don't know how it happened, — our family found themselves all together in the parlor. Mr. Richards and Dr. Dodd had had a terrible experience with the Kurds and had nearly lost their lives while trying to save their horses. Just as I had finished bathing and nursing little Paul, there came a mad rush up our kitchen stairs. The door between the kitchen and dining-room was bolted, but it was burst in with blows before Dr. Dodd and Mr. Richards could open it. In rushed three wild Kurds, armed, and the most terrifying men I have ever seen, with fringed turbans surmounting faces as black and evil as could be imagined. They were filled with lust and madness and came in pell-mell with guns drawn, shouting 'Pool! pool!' (money). We showed them the room where Wilder's treasury safes (recently brought from the city in an attempt to save the money) stood, and in they rushed. I shall always be thankful that Wilder was kept in the city that morning, for I fear he might have resisted the attack, and in that event he would certainly have been killed. We in the other room heard the shots and shouts and pounding, and wondered what was happening to Dr. Dodd and Mr. Richards. Not being able to find the keys, the Kurds attempted to blow open the safes by shooting into the keyholes. In the meantime those who were busy breaking open and looting Wilder's desk turned over the safe-keys without recognizing them.

Three times these men rushed out upon us and, leveling their guns, demanded our jewels and money. Each time, as we looked down the gun-barrel, we were sure our last hour had come. When we held out our hands and proceeded to give them our watches, rings, and so forth, and then said we had no money, they insisted on searching for it. It was horrible, but the perfect calm with which their handling was received I think amazed them, for they are in the habit of seeing women fall before them in an agony of terror. I shall never forget Miss Schoebel's face as a vile Kurd ran his hand into her bosom. She did not flinch, nor did the expression of calm leave her face; but she stood her ground, and he, somewhat amazed, passed on to me. Paul was asleep in my arms, but little sick Edwin, who was being held by Miss Lamme, clung to her terrified when the shots were thickest. The Kurds demanded my rings. I wore three — the little Utah turquoise that guarded my wedding-ring, and a little gold band that had been Wilder's mother's. I took off the turquoise, and then they asked for the other; but just at this minute Dr. Dodd began frantically to direct their attention to his cuff-links, in order to save me from such a loss. For the time they forgot me, and in the few moments that elapsed I drew off my wedding-ring, and, as I was standing near a big pot containing a lemon tree (my anniversary present from my husband), I pressed the ring down into the soft earth. Three days later, all danger for the time being over, I unearthed it.

The Kurds then proceeded to smash up our sixty-dollar typewriter, and would have broken my desk, because it would not open immediately, had I not shown them how to get into it. They ripped the rugs off the couch and some

off the floor, to see if they could discover hidden riches. Then one of them attempted to kidnap Betty Coan Richards, and this was the greatest ordeal of all. She resisted the man, and he tried to shoot her. She seized his gun and, though she is a mite, the way she wrestled with that Kurd was amazing. She must have had superhuman strength lent her for that hour. They swayed back and forth, she clinging desperately to the gun and he trying to level it. Thinking it might go off any minute and in any direction, I drew back into a corner with Paul and prayed, as I watched that terrible struggle. All that saved Betty was the hurry the men were in.

The others rushed out of the little office where the safes stood, picking up here and there a few things, including my raincoat, Wilder's winter overcoat, and Dr. Dodd's shoes, making us all rip ours off in a flash as they clicked their rifles. They snatched Wilder's medical bag (little they knew the use of the medicines contained therein), and one of them sat calmly down on the piano bench and put on Dr. Dodd's shoes. They went out in the same whirl in which they had come, passing drawers of silver and my silver tea-set, which stood before their very eyes. Their haste was understood when, a few minutes later, the regular Turkish army arrived. Of course the Turks were robbers, too, but a little less bold about it; and the Kurds, knowing they would be sore at their getting so much loot, hurried away.

In the meantime, Mrs. Packard, learning that the Kurds were in our house, was telephoning frantically to the city to have Wilder and Dr. Packard send guards to our relief. When they heard of our plight, they were almost crazy, and tried more desperately than ever to secure men to send to us. We nearly embraced the dirty, ragged crew that finally arrived after the fray was over. How changed one can become in one's likes and dislikes! There were some high-class Kurds whom we had been protecting in our yards against the Geloo (Syrian) army for months. We had all entertained them at tea several times. One of those women was a queen! I have scarcely ever seen such a beautiful woman (Kurdish women are ahead of Moslem physically, and mentally too, I think, and they do not veil). Dressed in crimson velvet and a high-peaked velvet hat, she stood off ten wild Kurds who wanted to enter our gate to rob and kill. I heard from those who saw her that she actually disarmed them. She was no weakling, I assure you. After our experience she arrived, and was aghast at the disorder and at the story which we told. She sat down and talked with us, and we implored her to stay all day; but she had other military business to attend to in the yards, and so reluctantly we let her go. All that day we saw her about the compound with a big stick attacking marauders. (Just here I want to add that this lovely woman was later taken from her husband, whom they killed, and married to another, because of her sympathy with us.)

Before going on, I must tell you of Miss Burgess's narrow escape. She was not present during the attack on our house, and we were so excited that we did not miss her. But just at the end she came rushing in, breathless, from the home of Rabbi Yohannan (John Mooshie), who had been lying at death's door with typhus. She had gone to give some professional assistance to his faithful wife-nurse, when the Kurds arrived at their gate and rushed into the house. They shot our faithful helper three times, in the presence of his wife, Miss Burgess, and some of the children; and that too in spite of the fact that Mrs. Mooshie was

pouring money before them. The Kurds tried to take Miss Burgess, but she was hastily escorted over the roof to safety by Tamar, the faithful Kurdish servant of the Packards.

The rest of the day was one of great strain, for our protection was in the hands of enemies and we knew not at what moment they might choose to turn upon us. Our ragged crew was well filled from our board at dinner-time. We stayed closely huddled together in the parlor all that day, and did not even venture into the dining-room for dinner. Outside, the shooting continued irregularly, but was often so close that I heard the singing of the bullets outside my window. Finally I moved Edwin's bed to the other end of the house, into the room occupied by Dr. Dodd, and there my little boy dropped off to sleep.

That night I talked with Wilder over the telephone and found out what to do for Edwin. I went back to my little ones with a steadier heart, but we had rather a restless night. Miss Lamme stayed with me, and I don't think we slept one wink. We could hear the constant cry of the guards, 'Kim galur?' (Who comes?) and in the morning learned that a Kurd had tried to enter one of our downstairs doors and was caught. How good the next morning's light was! I had another little telephone talk with Wilder, and the day wore on. The thing that haunted me was that Wilder and Dr. Packard might be held for ransom and not allowed to come home. Late that afternoon, however, they arrived; and though at first the escorting officer would not say whether they could remain, they were finally allowed to.

II

All the busy activity that Wilder had had for months now came suddenly to an end, and it was very hard for him. For about two months he had carried on both hospital and treasury work, doing all the operating, having general oversight of about one hundred and fifty wounded Syrians and managing an immense treasury business. Now, in an instant, all that was over. He could no longer ride in each morning to the city to business, but instead, we all sat quietly at home. The horses and cows had been taken, and the carriages too. I really thought I could not bear it when they took the cows, for to buy the dirty stuff that the Moslems called milk was unthinkable. I remember how I paced up and down the lawn with poor little sick, weak Edwin in my arms, and my heart was filled with anguish. But the Lord was truly caring for us. We had brought some condensed milk from the hospital before the occupation, and we secretly got the rest — Mrs. Cochran so managing it that the marauders did not get the keys to the supply cellar where the milk was kept. We had got it from the one-time Russian hospital. It saved the day, I truly believe; and after a while we were able to buy some two-thirds-water stuff carried on a Jew's back in an earthen jar through the dust and dirt clear from the city. Edwin was so emaciated that we greatly feared for him. We could not get him to eat the things that he should, and he cried for *bussra* (Syriac for meat) and for toast. It truly hurts me now to write of the agony of those days.

In the meantime, Mrs. Cochran and Miss Burgess were asked to vacate their rooms in the hospital, and we invited Mrs. Cochran to take our bedroom downstairs, which had a big balcony opening from it. We moved upstairs to the *ballakanna*, as they call it. Miss Burgess went in with the ladies in a large room that Dr. Dodd had occupied all summer, and he took the front

balcony for his sleeping quarters and used a small back room near the kitchen for his bedroom. The Richards had the other *ballakanna* room upstairs, and with servants and dependents numbering about twenty, we sandwiched ourselves in. When the Turks came round, seeking to steal these people in the yard, they would hide themselves in our closets and pantries and lie hidden often for several days. It was truly nauseating to open one's pantry of a morning and find a whole family of six or seven, with their dirty quilts and clothes, the air so awful that one could cut it, and all huddled on the floor round the cupboards where the food was kept. It nearly finished what little appetite I had left. And yet you cannot imagine how hard it was to say, 'You cannot stay here'; for the poor frightened people were in real danger of being taken.

Our roof was a veritable village; all sorts of operations went on there for weeks. Children died on our balcony and languished at our doors; a large number died on our back lawn, and there was no place one could step where one did not see the sick, the dying, the sorrowing, and the starving. We stood it all pretty well until our servants began to get sick, and then it was terrible indeed, for they lay everywhere and there was no place I could take the children except Dr. Coan's garden. But, in spite of all the tragedy that was about us, our big family was really a happy one, and for people of so many varied tastes and dispositions we got along famously and made the most of every occasion for a little fun. If we had not done so, we could not have stood the strain. Miss Schoebel, Mrs. Richards, and I took turns at housekeeping, and it was some family to prepare for! It was a fortunate thing that we had had enough faith to plant our gardens in the spring; for after the occupation we might have been put to serious straits from lack of food.

I must not forget to tell you of the Orphanage tragedy. One afternoon, three days after the Turkish occupation, as I was wheeling Edwin down the avenue in his go-cart, I noticed a strangely familiar group approaching. As I got nearer, I saw it was the pitiful remnant of the once flourishing Orphanage. Walking a little unsteadily, and resembling little the happy woman who had been with us the previous Sunday, was Mrs. Pflaumer. Beside her was Miss Bridges, for whom Mr. Pflaumer had laid down his life. They wore no hats, for little was left them save life. Scarfs had been given them by some Persians. Mrs. Pflaumer's face was haggard and drawn, a look of helpless anguish was in her eyes, though she was outwardly calm; Miss Bridges's face was bruised and purple. Clinging to their skirts and in their arms were the little ones, who, homeless like themselves, were seeking safety. A Red Crescent officer came out of the hospital, demanding to know who they were; and slowly and painfully, yet with infinite fortitude, those two brave women told their story. I listened with growing pity and amazement, and found myself choked and weeping, for never was a more tragic tale wrung from human hearts.

It seems that, on the day of the flight and of the Turkish occupation, the Orphanage was visited by Kurds and Turks, who looted and carried off all the possessions of the inmates. The Kurds killed a number of the children, then decided that Miss Bridges, who was young and good to look upon, was desirable as a wife, and proceeded to kidnap her. Mr. and Mrs. Pflaumer at once sprang to the rescue, and clung with a grip that was not relinquished till death took Mr. Pflaumer. Stripped of most of his clothing and bruised by

blows from the brutal foot of a Turkish officer, he had clung to the end, undaunted, and had been cruelly shot when he refused to let go. The Kurd then took Miss Bridges and placed her on his horse outside the gate. But the Lord's hand spared a greater calamity than death; for about this time some Turkish officers arrived, saw what was going on, and ordered the Kurd to relinquish her. Mrs. Pflaumer and Miss Bridges were then taken to a camp across the river, where they were treated kindly and later taken to the home of the governor of the city. Here they were kept for three days, and at the end of that time brought to us.

The summer moved along. About the time Edwin began to mend, the rest of us became ill. Everyone in the yard took sick, either with typhus, smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, or malaria, and finally with a terrible kind of influenza which, we have since heard, swept practically the whole world. Some people died because they saw nothing further to live for; some died from fright. All the children in our yard died except Edwin, Dwight, and the little child of one of our native doctors. This includes all the small children of two and three years and under, of whom there were very many; and in the Orphanage every child under nine years of age, of whom there were twenty or thirty. Every morning a stretcher passed our house carrying three or four dead children. It was most depressing, when I felt as though I were tugging for the life of my child with all my strength.

Then, too, the continual sicknesses of ourselves and our servants became very disheartening; for we wondered if some morning might not find us all in bed with fever and no one to care for the children. The way never seemed so dark as in those days, yet always a light shone out which gave us hope. One day perhaps half of us would be in bed, and another day it happened that Miss Schoebel and I were the only ones without fever and able to attend supper. We looked at each other rather seriously that night. The Turks had brought a very virulent kind of malaria and it infected all the mosquitoes. Wilder had several attacks, but after the one I had at Paul's birth, I never had another. No one in the house appeared to have any fatal trouble, but each day brought increased depression and weakness. Finally, Miss Schoebel was prostrated with her third attack of chills and fever. She was ill only ten days, and during a lucid time, when I went in to see her, she told me of the great suffering she had endured and of its being the most severe experience she had ever had. That was the last time I saw her till she lay freed from pain and suffering forevermore.

III

We had been in the garden about five weeks. It was October, and rapidly becoming unsettled weather. Wilder and I still had a dread of the house, but saw that it was inevitable, so decided to clean the rooms thoroughly. Wilder beat rugs for two days, for there was no help to be had at that time, every man, woman, and child either just taking the fever or recovering from it. We decided to wind up our stay in the garden by celebrating Edwin's birthday and recovery. Wilder was busy finishing up the rugs and I was setting a long table in the garden, when the sound of heavy automobile trucks came to my ears. I was so busy that I did not investigate until Dr. Dodd came running over and exclaimed, 'We are going to be deported!'

'Where?' I asked.

'Perhaps Stamboul, perhaps Kars, perhaps Tabriz.'

I simply would not believe it. If I only had! But no one did, and Wilder

and Dr. Packard started on foot to the city, to try to interview a high official. They were turned back, however, because of the scheming of the Shatan doctor at the hospital. It was then dinner-time, and no one had prepared the meal, all our friends expecting to eat it with us. Consequently there was nothing ready to take on a journey. And I had planned so for this day, as one of particular gladness for us all!

We stood round the table with white faces and bated breath, while two brutal Turks ordered us to go and climb on the wagons at once. 'You have fifteen minutes,' said they.

We implored, protested, and accused, but nothing but some gold and some heaping plates of chicken and *pilau* softened the decree. We were then given five hours in which to get together as many of our possessions as possible.

My heart failed me at the thought of the journey, particularly as the wet nurse I had for my baby was having the most severe of her numerous attacks of fever, and I felt that I could not take her with me. I sent word to another Syrian woman in our yards, the wife of a wealthy native doctor who had been forced to flee and had come to us. I had been letting her have some of our very insufficient supply of milk for her little child, who was just Edwin's age. She was a lovely woman, and I was anxious to save her, for her own sake as well as Paul's. But more of her later. Meanwhile I hurriedly got together all our silver which had been brought over for the dinner, collected the children's clothes which were in the garden, and some bedding, and then tried desperately to find an able-bodied person to carry it over to the avenue. It was some time before I could manage this, and meanwhile Wilder was in the basement, working away at packing our clothing in the big trunk. I packed the steamer trunk with all the condensed milk, Nestlé's and Mellin's Food that I had, and the rest of the semolena (a sort of Russian cream of wheat). The remainder of the dinner and what little food-stuffs we could carry were also packed, but all my lovely canned fruit, catsup, gallons of beans, which we had put in brine for the winter, parsnips, squash and so forth, had to be left behind.

As I look back on it now, it seemed as if I should have done more than I did; but really you cannot conceive our plight. Our house was filled with Syrians who were weeping over our departure and begging for things. Honestly, it was hard to move about, let alone collect one's scattered goods and wits. We did not know whither we were bound, and so could not tell whether to take winter or summer clothes. Oh, the agony of that departure! I left all my pictures, all my trousseau linen, my trinkets, — precious because of wedding associations and of memories of friends from whom we were so widely separated, — and took only what I thought was necessary to sustain the lives of my children and Wilder. If it had not been for Wilder, I myself would have had nothing. As Mrs. Packard said, so say I: 'I shall certainly go crazy if I think of my things that were left behind'; and the only way of stopping regret and grief over them is to think of the hour of our departure, and how we prayed, and vowed that, if God would only spare the lives of our precious ones and bring us to a haven of safety, we would praise Him all our days.

Some Turkish officers stood waiting to seize loot as soon as they could decently do so, and the thought of those men makes me wild even yet. Some rough springless wagons were waiting for us outside, piled so high that I could not possibly find a place to sit with my baby. Finally, however, I found a seat

on top of some traveling-bags, a most uncomfortable one even for a short trip. Edwin was quite excited at the idea of having a ride behind the mule Teddy, and Paul soon went off to sleep.

The scene we left was heartrending. Our poor Syrian folk whom we had been protecting and the young girls whom we had been hiding clung to us, and their weeping and wailing was terrible. I felt as if I had become numbed. I could scarcely utter a syllable, and Mrs. Packard afterwards told me that she felt the same way. The Shatan doctor was a vile, vile beast (whenever I think of the unspeakable Turk I think of him in particular), and I cannot write on paper his bestiality to the innocent girls in the yards. We hid a mother, who was trying to preserve the innocency of her two daughters, in our bedroom closet for three days, then in a cellar-room; but when we left they had to walk out, and he met them and laughed like a fiend. We hear that he took one of them to grace his harem in Stamboul. When he saw the Syrian woman, whom I had brought as a nurse, sitting beside me with her little one, he shrieked, 'Bin!' (down), and with a face like an angry bull seized her and dragged her off.

We were again counted, and finally out we drove, and the wail that rose from those left in the yards was the wail of lost souls. At the compound gate were several additional wagons filled with some Kurdish and Moslem prisoners. We bumped over the roads to the city and round to the lake road. My arms soon began to ache, and my whole body also, from the uncomfortable seat, and when we went over a ditch or down a hole I nearly rolled out with the baby, as did Wilder with Edwin. Finally, I seized the rough coat of the Turkish muleteer, who was very pleasant and willing to have me do so, and the servants behind held on to Wilder. And so we proceeded. One of our servants hid a little girl called Shaker (sugar), who had been a refugee in our house all summer, in some rugs under Miss Lamme, who knew nothing of it. After we had gone half a mile, what was our amazement and consternation to hear an order given for all the wagons to halt, and this little weeping girl was set down on the roadside. Wilder stepped down and claimed the poor little thing, and everyone held his breath, for it looked as if the Ellises were in for trouble. But the man with the iron crescent round his neck laughed roughly, though not unpleasantly, and set her back on the wagon and made no fuss. She is with us still, but might have been left to an awful fate on that road.

It was dusk when we left the compound, and darkness soon settled down. Then we all began to sing, and it sounded pretty cheery as we rolled along, and we forgot some of our discomfort in the unity of spirit with which we sang. Finally, long after ten, our wagons drew into Gumrichkanna, the Urumia lake port. Orders were given for us to keep our seats, and again we were counted. After a long pause we were allowed to descend under careful guard, and the first night's orgy began. All of us, sixteen people, with our trunks, hand-baggage, boxes of condensed milk, pots and kettles, and jars of cooking grease, were packed into one small room, with enough dirty Kurds and Moslems to bring the number up to forty-five. You can't even imagine what it was like. Fleas, lice, and other creeping things were so thick that our misery was sufficient from them alone; but we had no room to stretch in, and those Kurds and Moslems talked and laughed and coughed and spat all night. My darling Paul was under the very spray of one of the guards seated in the window, and the thing that saved him was the

little go-cart in which he lay comfortably, shielded by its hood. Fortunately my wits were working when I packed the baby's things; for I had not forgotten the net that protected him from flies and other insects all the way. His splendid constitution and regular habits, kept up as nearly as possible throughout the journey, helped greatly. I bathed him every day but one, I think, and Edwin too, although I had only a small bowl. The Kurds were greatly impressed by this performance and thought it wonderful to give a baby such care. They frankly told me that it made little difference to them if their babies died: they could always get some more. They marveled that Paul did not cry, and especially that he was not nursed every five minutes.

Three days later our boat steamed in to take us on the next unknown stage of our journey. We were not allowed on the little steamer, but were packed down into the deep black hole of the towed barge. There was a small, square hole over the section where we were, which afforded some air when the boat was in motion. The rest of the captive crew, Kurds and Moslems, were packed into our small corner, too. The remainder of the hold was crowded with the worst mess of sick people returning to Stamboul. The barge's deck was packed with Turkish soldiers and German rapid-fire guns. It was nearly evening before they got the engines running, and the sickening movement of the boat upset our Moslem and Kurdish neighbors completely. Dr. Packard said that the best aid against sea-sickness was a full stomach, and not one of our mission party was ill; but a crack in the floor all too near us was the serve-all of our friends, who kept it busy all night. And such a night! But there was even worse to follow, for the sleeping quarters were even more abbreviated the next night. All the fleas and other vermin had acquired families, and were working hard for a living, and our only consolation was that the children were able to sleep peacefully, notwithstanding the deafening music, the jests, and stomach-evacuations of our companion Kurds.

It was noon before we had anything to eat the day we arrived in Sherifkhana, and we were all nearly starved. The Turks escorted us from the boat to a very decent bungalow, built by the Russians, with a high board-fence round it. Dr. Dodd, Hubert, and Wilder stayed on the dock with the things, and had such a hard time getting them moved to where we were that we did not eat till noon.

We spent one night at this very clean and pleasant spot, and had a chance to stretch out, for each family had a place of its own. To our surprise, the next morning the Turks told us that the train which, since the Russian evacuation, had run only occasionally, had arrived and would leave in a few hours. We still did not know where we would be sent, for again Kars, Stamboul, and Tabriz were mentioned. The uncertainty was rather depressing to us all, but let me tell you that for cheerfulness this crowd could not be beaten. There was no grumbling or glumness, even though we had to carry a large portion of our own baggage, including some trunks, to the track. Dr. Packard, not long up from a very hard sickness, came along with a heavy trunk on his back, and Wilder helped a Moslem carry our big four-hundred-pounder. We were all placed in a box-car, quite a little smaller than the American kind. Fortunately for us, the Kurds and Moslems were put somewhere else.

It now looked as if we were bound for Tabriz, though we could not be certain, and we hoped to reach there by night. But alas! When we were only a little way from Dofian, the first stop out of

Tabriz, the oil fuel ran out and they started men on foot to bring some back. These latter must have been so glad to arrive that they quite forgot us who were perched out on the Persian desert. Finally, the engineer, tired of waiting and having enough oil to run the engine alone, disconnected and went off. Meanwhile we got down and strolled up and down the track, and, as evening approached, the men built a fire. Here we could heat water to warm up some semolena for the children, and they were fed and put to bed.

Edwin had fever all night and asked for water regularly every fifteen minutes. We were in pitch blackness, for our small candle was nearly exhausted. This was the crowning experience in point of discomfort. I had a terrible place to sleep, directly before the door, which was shut, to be sure, but a perfect gale was blowing outside and the wind sifted in everywhere. My head reposed on a samovar, and my feet stuck out somewhere in mid-air. I was still quite wide awake when a big Russian samovar came tumbling down on my head. That was the one and only time I really felt like crying. But it was not worth weeping over, for everyone else was too miserable to be bothered with sympathizing over such a simple matter.

I had just got uncomfortably settled once more when Edwin from his perch, about as unattainable as Pike's Peak in A.D. 1700, began his water-wagon ride. To climb up in the darkness over fifteen pairs of tired legs mingled with heads, to change places with Wilder, was the feat of an acrobat. I finally got there, leaving Paul in charge of Laya down below. I had to have Paul hoisted up to me several times; and when the two of them had a short concert over having my sole attention at one and the same time, I was nearly desperate, for Mrs. Packard was having chills and fever and the servants were almost out of reach in the darkness! During the night we reached Tabriz, and wished for the day.

Next morning we were unloaded about eight o'clock and set down beside the track under guard. It was some time before we were removed from the heat and dust of the road; then we were carefully counted once more and packed into comfortable carriages, the bills for which we had to pay ourselves. Our servants and baggage followed in some wagons, and we were driven eight miles into the city. We were certainly curious about our destination, and each one in his heart was praying about it. On reaching the city, we drove through the great bazaars and passed the high walled-in gardens and residences of European and Persians, and still on and on we went.

Finally we halted before some high, fine gates, and were told that this was our destination. It was the home of the Russian bank people, now gone, and we were ushered up into big, clean, empty rooms. It was good to know that at least the first stage of our journey was over, and that we should have two or three days' rest before going on; for we still thought we were to go to either Stamboul or Kars. The common comforts of civilization — beds, ticks, washbowls, and chairs — were lacking here, but our tired bodies could at least stretch out, and we found sweet repose. After the second night, the Turks furnished us with two meals a day: black bread with sticks and stones in it, and sometimes soup or beans or *lawash* soaked in a greasy stew. One of the first things that we heard after our arrival was that Dr. Vanneman and Mr. Jessup had been in jail for forty days.

After a week of this life, suddenly and most unexpectedly we were set free. No reasons were given for our having been brought to Tabriz, and of course,

as we see it now, it was only an underhanded trick of the Turks, a mild sample of what had happened all over Turkey and everywhere their armies went, as taught them by their leaders the Huns. They have looted and carried off all we had. Records of years and priceless manuscripts are lost. Soon after our release, we and the Packards moved down to the girls' school, where Dr. Jessup had fixed up four very comfortable rooms for us and a suite for the Packards. Later, we decided that we would open up the hospital here, which had been entirely looted, together with the residences and property; and soon masons, carpenters, glaziers, and other workmen had the place in a habitable condition.

Dr. Dodd and Wilder have opened the hospital and already have as much work as they can handle with their limited supplies. We are living in the beautiful residence of Dr. Lamme, who as you know has returned permanently to America. We enjoy this big, lovely, sunny house, especially after coming from our unsanitary one in Urumia. All our station are hoping that it will tumble down this winter, for it is not fit to live in, and after the war we hope a new one can be built. Our compound in Urumia is in a sad state of filth. It is like a great cemetery, and the whole surface of the ground should be turned over after the residence there of so many sick and filthy people who knew little, and cared less, about sanitation. The very ground stunk so that we could not draw a wholesome breath for months. Here the sunlight pours into the rooms of the house nearly every day, and the whole building is planned so beautifully. The compound is out from the city, or rather on its edge, and away from all charcoal fumes. Edwin and Paul have both thriven since coming.

THE CHURCH AND THE CIVILIAN YOUNG MAN

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether or not the war has had a good or bad spiritual effect upon those who received in it the experience of battle. At one extreme are observers like Donald Hankey and Ian Hay. At the other are not a few of my own correspondents, — officers, chaplains, 'doughboys,' and 'gobs,' — who seem to agree rather with Stephen, in Mr. W. L. George's *Blind Alley*, when he says, 'War-books make me sick. Fighting like gentlemen! The English Tommy as nature's gentleman! Idealistic bank clerks! Temporary gentlemen out there, temporary fools here! Don't let's pretend. They don't fight like knights in a beastly tournament, but like rats in a common drain; that's more like it — bayoneting men in the back instead of the front, because its safer; that's more like it — hitting below the belt when you get a chance, because it's softer.'

A few of the men who have been really in it grow mystic-eyed when one mentions God and battle; but the dis-

quieting majority seem to grin with unpleasant amusement. Possibly one chaplain hit it off when he said, 'Battle is to a man what developing solution is to a photographic plate. It brings out what's already in him. It gives him nothing new.'

This much has been said because we need to recognize that the average spiritualized veteran is, just possibly, as big a myth as that Puritanical, unsexed saint in khaki painted by the advertising department of the Y.M.C.A. That some men have seen God during the war as never before, few doubt. That a majority of our fellows have done so, most of the men themselves deny. All agree that it has been only battle itself which has illuminated even those who have spiritually grown.

It is not with the men who have been baptized with fire that this paper deals. Almost all that has been written about religion during the war has dealt with them. They are, however, so far as the United States is concerned, a minority fraction of our armed forces. Most of our men never left our shores. Most of those who were over never saw a man die and never stood face to face with danger to themselves.

The lads who did suffer and endure — all honor to them — do not constitute our spiritual problem. In estimating religious forces and the religious task, the really important people to consider are those who had all of war's dreariness and none of its excitement, the boys who never got into the thick of it at all. They remained essentially as they were. It is with a feeling that the religion of the returning veteran is not so much the thing about which church people should worry as is the religion of the civilian young man as the camp revealed him, that this article is written. For the former, the church deserves neither praise nor blame. To the alarming condition of the latter, she should speedily turn her concentrated attention.

First let me say why I dare to make the sweeping statements which follow. They are not conclusions evolved from preconceptions. Some of them go dead against my former notions. Nor are they the patter of one who has gone hither and yon on preaching trips through the camps, or spent six months as an overworked, overworried, and overabused Y secretary. They are the cool, calm synthesis of some thousands of careful observations of men.

For eighteen months I acted as civilian aide to the Senior Chaplain at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. For a year of this time I superintended all chaplains' work in 'Detention,' where the men spent the first three weeks of their stay. I took a religion registration of nearly every man who came in. How many there were, I do not know exactly; but my records show that I gave the chaplains' instruction on religion and morals two hundred and forty-seven times to groups composed of eighty-one thousand men. Almost all of these who were of my own communion were looked up by myself or my assistants. Several other communions looked up their men, too. Card-records of over four thousand men are available, all Episcopalians; and conversations with other pastors and chaplains have given me the results of work done by them among the men of eight other communions, Catholic and Protestant. It is safe to say that the observations leading to the following conclusions covered at least twenty thousand individual men, studied one by one by nine clergymen of various faiths.

Now that the source of evidence has been revealed, it is possible to state seven things upon which the vast majority of those with whom we talked seem to have been in essential agreement.

I

Most modern American young men care little or nothing about organized religion. They are not anti-religious. They render to the churches a formal respect. Only two per cent who entered the station denied a preference for some church or other. For the most part, however, this connection had been purely nominal. Religion as a real motive-power, it is safe to say, is unknown to at least eighty per cent of them. Spirituality as presented by the churches has impressed them as not mattering much. With a majority of them church-going is a thing done almost solely for family reasons, or, in smaller places, for social reasons. In many little Western towns the church is the only rallying-place for young people. Many fellows go because they want girls, not because they seek God. When they leave home, they naturally stop going. Despite all the Sunday schools, young peoples' societies, clubs, guilds, parish-houses, and the rest, *the churches ought to recognize that they have never gained the interest and the enthusiasm of eight out of ten of the generation just coming to maturity. As far as vital motivations go, these fellows are not Christians at all, but merely more or less decent young pagans.*

II

Most of the men themselves are none too proud of their irreligion. After work in camp one realizes as never before that 'man is an incurably religious animal.' When asked why the churches have failed to touch them, they are, naturally, for the most part at a loss. Few of them have thought much about it. They try hard to put it into words, however, glad to find parsons who admit that possibly all is not well in Zion. They are very frank, yet kind enough withal.

It is interesting to note what are some of the things which they do *not* mention as alienating young men. Rarely does one hear that the ancient creeds are difficult to believe. Apparently the healthy, simple man in the street shares little of the intellectual doubtings of the musty browser among books. Few cite the selfish inadequacy of a faith which bids men save themselves from hell. That quaint and fearsome Calvinistic motive, so bothersome to Mr. Wells and Judge Lindsay, has, apparently, save in a few rural neighborhoods of the Southwest, never been presented to most young men of this generation. The disunity of Christendom bothers almost no one. Partly with regret it must be said that apparently the need for a reunited Church is felt at present chiefly by the clergy.

Most of these young men had no fault whatever to find with the churches as such. All their criticism was leveled at church members. They had a notion that they did rather like Christianity — little as they know of it. They were sure that they did not like Christians at all. Their feeling came to this in most cases — that, if Christian people would only endeavor to be Christians, the ordinary young fellow would like nothing better than to come along and try it with them; and that, if Christians wanted them to be interested, *those Christians might well stop criticizing the Church and start criticizing themselves.*

III

The men believe that those who have the Church's teaching in hand are largely to be blamed, in that the instruction given, both from the pulpit and in classes, is either over the head of the average man, or hazy and indefinite, or both. People justifiably desire a religion the basic principles of which they can clearly comprehend.

In this respect the ordinary Sunday school seems quite to have failed. It has imparted a certain number of disconnected Biblical stories, more or less interesting, about people long dead, and a few moral maxims; but most boys seem to pass through it with little knowledge gained of who or what God is, of how to get power from Him, of how and why to worship Him. Part of this is no doubt due to inadequate teachers; but much of it can be laid to the modern tendency to substitute ethical culture for religion, which bewilders and bemuses the ordinary man.

This same tendency, combined with clerical overestimate of the intellectual complexity of the man in the street and clerical thinking in terms of abstract ideals rather than in those of personal relationships, seems to be the explanation of a common resentment at sermons. Men hate them, not because they are uninterested in God, but rather because most sermons tell them nothing much definitely about God.

The Christian religion is not at all a difficult and complex thing, requiring great intellectual gifts for its comprehension. The Apostles were unlettered and untraveled men. Most of the saints have been quite simple folk. It must be, then, if men to-day so generally find it hard to discover what Christianity is, that the preachers are not good preachers and the teachers are poor teachers.

After much talk with the men, the following simple line of thought was propounded to a Roman Catholic priest and to Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciples, and Episcopalian clergy, all at Great Lakes, and inquiry made as to whether in their judgment it was a correct expression of the essence of Christianity.

'Man grows great by sacrifice willingly undertaken, and small by selfish acquisitiveness. To succeed, a man must become an unselfish sacrificer. To live a sacrificing life is difficult, since it requires power to control a body inherited from the beasts and full of selfish impulses, and also an ability to tell the canny, cautious, compromising world that its wisdom is folly. In fact, this is so hard to do that the ordinary man cannot accomplish it unless he is conscious of God, the Great Heart of Things, back of him, with him all the way. To know and feel God is necessary for moral achievement, at least with most men. Some exceptional people get this contact with Deity by a sort of subjective mysticism; but most men find this normally impossible. God, therefore, knowing that man must have a Deity expressed in those human terms which alone are comprehensible to him, became man. Jesus Christ is God, the only God that can be real to most people. In the light of Him and through Him, alone, are the eternal Creator, called the Father, and the mystical God who speaks within human hearts, called the Holy Spirit, understandable and knowable. The Father, the Christ, and the Spirit are One God, and the point of contact is the Christ, met in prayer and sacraments.'

The various ministers consulted all agreed that this was, in very essence, the Christian religion. Admitting that it is, why have the great mass of young men never grasped it? Apparently our teachers are to blame, in that they have beclouded the simple faith in mazes of intellectual liberalism and oceans of words. *If we are not to continue to lose young men, we must return to the teaching, in concrete definite terms, of the essence of Christianity.*

IV

There is among the men a widespread resentment of sentimentality in worship and 'the cult of the pretty-pretty.' It is hard, but not impossible, to get particulars. To put it in some-

what more philosophic terms than they use, it would seem that they condemn contemporary worship on two grounds: first, that it is vicarious; second, that it is introspective.

They do not like choirs, complicated canticles, elaborate anthems, or sweet solos. Though they may do it badly, they like to sing their own praises to the Most High. The minister does too much, also, and they themselves too little. They miss the corporate note in devotion.

Since they are healthy-minded young things, they resent having their spiritual attention turned inward. Their interests are in things outside themselves. The God they want is a friendly Deity from Somewhere Else, who comes to meet and help them. The immanence of God is not to them so helpful a truth as his transcendance combined with his willingness to meet them. This is probably the reason why the men in service, Protestant as well as Catholic, love the Holy Communion, and want it. However they may explain it, they feel that it is one act of worship where God comes from Out There to strengthen, and be reverenced by, men Down Here.

The externalizing of God and the congregationalizing of devotion seem to be the best ways of desentimentalizing worship and fitting it to the desire of young men for virility in the services of our churches.

V

Lack of friendly fellowship in the churches is another great difficulty. The men feel that many congregations are maintaining religious clubs for their own pleasure, instead of houses of prayer to God and places of spiritual inspiration to all men. These clubs are of two sorts, equally to be avoided. One variety gives the chance visitor the impression that the people who belong to it resent his coming in without first giving them the chance to 'black-ball' him if they desire. The other sort is so anxious for more members that it effusively canonizes him the instant he enters the door. When he goes to church, he would like to have people make him feel that, as a child of God, the place is his to use — that he is already a member of the congregation simply by virtue of his desire for worship and instruction. Of course, he does not like rented sittings. They are to him patent evidences of the club idea. *He misses that casual, quiet friendliness which he instinctively feels is what Jesus Himself really stands for. He wishes that with God's people, as with God, there were less respect of persons in God's House.*

VI

Probably the most difficult criticism to meet is that professing Christian people are not really in earnest in their desire personally to imitate Jesus. It seems to many men, and those the most worth while, that the moral standards of church people are too low. Not that men desire more negative morality, more 'Thou shalt nots.' Far from that! It is positive morality that seems to them defective. Christians do not strike them as conspicuously more kind, more charitable, more loving, and more sacrificing than other men and women — particularly, more sacrificing. They see prominent church people quite content to live in luxury, to enjoy the good things of the earth, earthy, even while thousands of well-meaning, honest, hard-working men, women, and children have too little; carefully and cannily to take thought for the things of to-morrow.

Clergy as well as laity seem to them equally guilty. That a minister should live at ease while his neighboring fellow minister half starves seems strange to

them. That a clergyman should ask and get six weeks or more in which to play in the summer does not to them seem an evidence of zeal for souls. They find 'gentlemen-parsons' somehow incongruous with the worship of a penniless Christ.

Of course, a good deal of this criticism of ministers and people is harsh, cruel, unjust. Most of it, however, is honest and ineradicable.

No one thing, save simple teaching, is so necessary for the holding of young men to Christianity as the revival, in very real, apparent, and concrete terms, in the twentieth century, of the spirit of Franciscanism.

VII

Last, but not least, young men wonder why it is that Christian people are unwilling to tell to others the strength and joy that there is in their faith. Does one who finds a new brand of very good cigars at the canteen keep the discovery to himself? On the contrary, he gladly commends the brand to his comrades. If he sees a good show while on liberty, he passes the word along. If indeed Christians have discovered the greatest thing in life, a faith which makes God real and kind and near and human and helpful, which makes, with power from Him, weak men strong to attain to real manhood instead of mere educated beastliness, how can they keep quiet about it? *To professing Christians their reticence may seem an evidence of reverence. To the man in the street it signifies merely disbelief.*

Such are the charges leveled at church people by actual young men. Some of them were college men. Others could scarcely more than write their names. They came from every profession and trade — and from none. Most of them were from seventeen to twenty-five years of age. Some were from great cities, some from small towns, some from villages, some from farms. They were a cross-section of American civilian young manhood.

They were not irreligious. They were pathetically ready for spiritual leadership. They threw no bitter slurs at the faith that has made saints and heroes of men like them in the ages past. One could not help but feel that many of them might become simple and happy Christian men, and that their younger brothers might never drift away at all, if only Christians might with penitence reconsecrate themselves, clergymen and people, to definite preaching of the fundamental faith, social worship of an objective Jesus, quiet fellowship in devotion, humble seeking to live a Christ-like life, and unaffected utterance of the faith that is in them.

HOW THE TARIFF AFFECTS WAGES

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I

THE form in which the argument that the tariff raises wages is commonly presented is that of a simple comparison of money wages in the United States with money wages in foreign countries. To most people this is a plain and convincing way of putting it. If A pays only fifty cents a day to his workmen, and B pays a dollar a day, it seems clear that A can undersell B, and that B cannot compete with A unless he reduces his wages to A's rates. The application of this reasoning to our protective duties is familiar enough: if duties are lowered, American employers must either pay lower wages or abandon the field.

This belief is not merely widespread: it is something like an article of faith with millions of Americans, probably with a majority of our people. It is congenial to the average man's way of thinking about economic matters, and is as firmly held by most of the business men and well-to-do as by the manual workmen. It has been incessantly dinned into the ears of both by protectionists for half a century. That it is a potent device for bolstering up protective tariffs is shown by the fact that it is utilized, not only in our own country, but in others also — in those with low wages as well as those with high. In Germany France, and Italy the appeal for the safeguarding of the laboring man's wages against foreign competition is as universal and probably as fetching as in the United States. And the appeal is sincere. No doubt, manufacturers and others engaged in protected industries push it for all it is worth, but not usually with conscious demagogy. Certainly in our own country those who make the appeal and those moved by it believe in their hearts that our standard of living and the very basis of our prosperity rest on the maintenance of a system of high duties. Only this will prevent the pauper-paid laborer of Europe and Asia from sending us cheap products which will compel the lowering of wages to a pauper standard.

And yet the verdict of economists is unanimously the other way. Perhaps unanimous is too strong a term; but virtual agreement there is. I know of no economist, certainly none in England or this country, who would sanction the pauper-labor argument. The extraordinary perversion of thought on all international matters which has resulted from the inflamed rivalries of Continental countries during the last half century has affected their economic thought on all matters relating to trade; and persons of academic repute can be found who give sanction to the talk of the vulgar. A lack of clear thinking and of honest statement has been among the many lamentable consequences of the mad struggle for power. Even so, no economist of standing would maintain that a protective tariff is the one decisive factor in making a country's rate of wages high.

There are familiar facts in plenty which run counter to the argument. They are familiar, but, as is so often the case, people fail to see the significance

of that which stares them in the face. A plain fact, universally known, is that we regularly export from the United States goods to the value of billions of dollars. How can this be if low-paid labor can always undersell high-paid labor? Wages in terms of money, and in terms of commodities also, are higher in the United States in all occupations, of whatever kind. Yet we know that not all employers of every kind are undersold by their foreign competitors. The simple existence of an export trade proves that they are not; nay, that so far as there is any underselling, it is the Americans who undersell the foreigners.

We export an extraordinary quantity and variety of articles: agricultural products like cotton and wheat, crude and semi-manufactured products like mineral ores, timber, and copper, and all sorts of manufactured goods — cotton fabrics, iron and steel in all stages, machinery and tools. All the laborers who are employed in making these exported articles get higher wages than those employed in making similar things abroad. Yet the very fact of exportation proves that the articles are sold at least as cheaply as the competing foreign articles. Wages in agriculture are higher here than in England or Russia. Thirty years ago, the English agricultural laborer got ten to fifteen shillings a week, or somewhere between ten and fifteen dollars a month, and out of this had to pay his own board and lodging. In the United States a farm-hand then got eighteen to twenty dollars a month, and got his board and lodging in addition. In recent times, wages in both countries have risen greatly; yet the difference in favor of the American has persisted. The Canadian farmer has been paying no less than the American. Notwithstanding this sustained higher rate of pay in the United States and Canada, agricultural products have continued to be regularly exported. American and Canadian farmers, while paying higher wages than the British, are sending their wheat to England, even under the handicap of high freight charges by land and water. They are meeting the British farmers in the British market; and meeting not only the British, but the Russians, whose wages are even lower.

So in semi-manufactured and manufactured articles. Copper-miners in the United States, and the men engaged in the smelting and refining plants, get higher wages than men doing the same work anywhere the world over; yet American copper is sold the world over. The laborers and mechanics in the agricultural machinery and sewing-machine industries get high pay; yet these are great articles of export. One of the striking changes in our international trade during the first decade of this century has been the enormous increase in the exports of the semi-manufactured forms of iron and steel. The total exports of structural steel, rods, rails, and wire rose to hundreds and hundreds of millions in the years 1912 to 1914 — years preceding the war, which were not affected by abnormal war conditions.

Still another set of facts may be adduced, not so familiar as those relating to our enormous export trade, yet familiar enough, and equally inconsistent with the belief that a country where wages are high must be undersold under free trade by one where wages are low. Great Britain has maintained complete free trade since the middle of the nineteenth century. The situation has endured without change for over half a century — ample time for testing the matter. No import duties have been imposed, except a few of strictly revenue character on articles such as tea and coffee. Commodities of every other kind have been admitted to Great Britain from foreign countries free,

competing on equal terms with those of British production. India, Japan, China, Turkey, Italy, France, Germany — some of them with wages vastly lower than the British, all with wages considerably lower — could send their goods to England without let or hindrance. India, with hundreds of millions of the cheapest labor, and in closest commercial contact with Great Britain; Japan, fast outgrowing her old industrial system and keen to enter modern trade; France and Germany, just across the Channel and eager for exports — everywhere wages were lower, and in the Orient lower to an extent that would well-nigh paralyze with fright an American protectionist contemplating free trade with such regions. And yet England grew and prospered. British India, apparently the most dangerous competitor because so directly linked with the imperial country, so far from threatening English industry, actually asked for protection against the competition of the English cotton manufacturers who paid wages much higher. So did the French and Germans; their protective measures were directed against the country of higher wages. And British wages, high at the beginning of the period, not only remained high, but advanced markedly between the middle and the close of the nineteenth century.

The explanation of all such facts is simple. Turn to the most familiar fact of all — the continuing exports from the country of high wages to those of low wages. The workman whose labor is embodied in the exports is paid more; but he also produces more. The labor is more effective, and the employer can therefore afford to pay more for it. Sometimes, as in the case of wheat and iron and copper, the same exertion produces a greater quantity of identically the same article. Sometimes, as with our exported cottons, it produces a greater quantity and also a better quality. Sometimes again, as in the case of our sewing-machines and agricultural implements, the greater effectiveness consists in producing an article which is better made and better adapted to its purposes. The greater (or better) product yields a larger gross return to the employer, even though not a larger sum per unit, than the return from similar labor elsewhere; and the employer is able to pay higher money wages. Not only is he able to do so, but he must: for thousands of employers compete with each other for laborers; and the result must be that wages will be high in some proportion to the productiveness of the laborers.

Beyond doubt this is the fundamental explanation of the differences that prevail in the various parts of the world. The plain reason why wages are very low in India and China, higher but still meagre in countries like Italy and Austria, comparatively high in England and Germany, and highest of all in the United States, is to be found in the varying productiveness of labor in these countries.

The relation between Great Britain and Germany under British free trade illustrates in another way the same simple principle. The illustration is not so obvious, yet rests again on broad facts of general knowledge; it involves no labored investigation. In Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, when Great Britain entered on her free-trade career, wages were considerably lower than in that country. Yet, it was not Great Britain's industries that feared Germany's, competition, but just the contrary: it was Germany that adopted protection (not extreme in those days) designed chiefly to keep out British manufactured goods. As time went on, the trend of wages came to be upward in Germany as well as in Great Britain; and the rate of advance,

though not the actual level, was even higher. True, wages in Germany did not attain the British range, either in money or in commodities, at any time up to the Great War. But starting as they did from a level much lower, they showed a more marked advance.

Now, it might have been supposed that, as wages rose in Germany, this country would have become a less dangerous competitor in the 'markets of the world,' which play so large a part in the ordinary discussion of international competition. Not so: German exports grew and German competition came to be feared during the very period in which German wages were steadily rising. And the explanation is again simple. One and the same fact underlies the advance in wages and the growth of exports — increasing effectiveness of German labor, especially in the exporting industries. The causes of that increasing effectiveness were various: partly that Germany, starting from a low level, acquired with rapidity the methods and machinery of modern industry; partly the exercise of care, persistence, and skill in some branches of applied science; and partly a burst of leadership which was associated with political and military ambition. It matters not for the present purpose what the causes were. The main thing is that advancing wages proved no obstacle to exports and no stimulus to imports.

II

The general proposition that a high rate of wages is the result of a high productiveness of industry is simple and undeniable. In a sense it is superficial; it may be said to be a truism, though it is one of those truisms which are constantly forgotten. Beyond doubt there remain questions much more difficult. Just how and through what channel or mechanism does high general productivity lead to the high wages? And what determines the share of the total product, be that great or small, which shall go to the laborer, the employer, the owner of capital, the owner of land? But these questions, the most important and perhaps the most complex in the field of economics, lie quite outside the tariff controversy. Wide-ranging as that controversy is, this limitation of its scope seems to be generally recognized. In popular discussions of the tariff, the relations of labor and capital and the distribution of wealth and income are not usually touched, and we need not here concern ourselves with them. It suffices for the purpose in hand to get a broad explanation of the differences in wages in different countries, such as we find in the varying productiveness of labor. The explanation is so simple, and the notion that a high tariff causes general high wages is so flatly contradicted by plain facts, as well as by simple reasoning, that any elaborated discussion of it would call for an apology if the tariff-and-wages argument were constantly repeated.

In truth, few intelligent and unbiased persons would seriously argue that protective duties are the chief cause of high wages in the United States. But many would doubtless say that the duties *keep up* the wages in certain industries, and therefore at least help to maintain them, not in those only, but in all others. On the other hand, the opponents of protective duties generally argue that duties keep wages high in no industry whatever, and that, when they affect wages at all, they always tend to lower them. An examination of these conflicting views will enable us better to understand what is the real situation.

Begin with the line of argument which maintains that high wages are never the result of duties, but always and invariably of greater effectiveness of

labor — a not infrequent answer by the free traders to the protectionist contention.

To this it must be replied that high wages in the United States, at present, are not in all cases the result of greater productiveness. If not caused by the tariff system alone, they are at the least dependent on it. They are the result of the tariff system in this sense: as they are and where they are, they could not be paid but for that system. Many workmen — not so many as is often supposed, but still many — could not be paid in their present occupations what they now earn but for the barrier against foreign competition. It does not follow that, if duties were removed, they could not get wages as high or higher in some other occupation; but, where they are, their present wages could not be paid but for the duties.

When a system of protection has been established, it is not true, as we are often told by writers opposed to protection, that high wages are an invariable sign of productiveness, of great effectiveness of labor. In the United States we do have a great and dominant range of industries in which labor is effective, cost is low, commodities are produced with less exertion than in other countries, and in which wages therefore are high. But side by side with these, the protective tariff has established industries in which labor is no more productive than in other countries. Chinaware of the finer grades supplies an example. If there were no duty on such ware, very little would be made in the United States, perhaps none. The employer who should try to make it could not afford to pay wages at the high rates set by other more effective industries. It would be imported, and would be paid for by the exportation of commodities for which our conditions are more favorable. But so far as the individual employer and workman are concerned, the duties on chinaware serve to offset the lack of favorable conditions. The duties enable the ware to be sold for more here than it will bring abroad; it can sell in this country for the foreign price *plus* the duty. The employer is put in the same position as if his labor were more effective than the foreign labor. The tariff enables him to get more money for his product than the foreign employer gets for the product of the same labor abroad; therefore he can pay higher wages than are paid abroad. And he *must* pay them. The standard is set by farmer and steel-maker and implement manufacturer, who get a larger gross return per unit of labor than their foreign competitors, and will under any conditions pay higher wages. The manufacturer who is dependent on protection must pay as much; and he is enabled to pay as much, even though his men produce no more in quantity or quality than those of his foreign competitors, because the duties make it possible for him to sell identically the same product at a higher price than prevails abroad.

But the staunch protectionist will ask: Given the situation as it now stands and must be dealt with now, is there any other possible way in which the wages of these men can be kept high? And not only of these men, but of all workmen in all fields of industry? Suppose the duties removed, the chinaware industry wiped out, a quantity of other industries to meet the same fate, workmen to rush into those more productive or effective industries which free traders extol — what then? Will not the competition of the added numbers bring down wages all around, and will it not appear that wages everywhere will be lowered under free trade? Can they be *kept* at their present high rates without the aid of protection?

To these questions the free trader has his answer ready. Yet there are prob-

lems and possibilities which compel the unbiased inquirer to pause, and to reflect carefully before giving an unqualified opinion or offering unqualified advice.

It can be reasoned, as the free trader will reason, that, if the protective tariff be abolished, the men freed from the protected industries will ultimately find their way into the others not dependent on protection, and will there be employed at the same high wages that now obtain — nay, at wages probably higher. These industries will expand; and the market for their expanding output will be found abroad. An extension of international trade and of the international division of labor will take place. Things formerly made at home will be imported, while other things, which the foreigners formerly made for themselves, will be supplied to them from our exports. The result will be in the end that we and the foreigners alike gain. Each set of people will produce the things which it can produce to best advantage, and each will be better off by utilizing the best services of the other. All this is but a restatement of the proposition that international trade depends on differences in the productiveness of industry, and largely on differences that are comparative rather than absolute. The material prosperity of the United States is increased if we confine our labor and capital to the commodities in which we have an advantage and in which our employers can afford to pay high wages. The most effective way to get those things in which our productiveness is no greater than that of foreign countries is to import them, and to export in exchange those things in which our productiveness *is* greater.

The reasoning is beyond attack, granting its assumptions. But it assumes, in a country which has long maintained a protective system and in which there are many industries dependent on that system, a great shift and an expensive transformation. No doubt the shift in the United States, even with the sudden adoption of complete free trade, would not be as vast as the protectionists commonly state or imply. Their version of the consequences is that every single manufacturing plant would have to be given up — not to mention the even more dire prophecy that all industries of every kind whatever would crumble in universal ruin. Just how many industries would succumb, no one can say; but I am convinced that they would form a minority among the manufacturing industries themselves. Our manufacturing industries are not in general such bottle-fed weaklings as their ardent supporters allege. None the less, the change would be absolutely large. There would be shut-downs, attempts to meet the situation by lowering wages, strikes, slow transfer of laborers to other regions and other industries, business failures, empty mills and villages, a trying readjustment of prices and probably of the general scale of money wages, hard times and uncertain employment. A considerable period of transition would have to be gone through before the new and better alignment of industry was finally reached. Those whose present commitments and investments have been made in business ventures dependent on protection could not be expected to do otherwise than oppose the change with might and main; oppose it too with the firm conviction that right and justice, as well as the need of maintaining general prosperity, were on their side.

Further: that expansion of exports which the free trader expects, and which he rightly regards as the complement of expanding imports, will not take place by an easy or rapid process. The ills which the protectionist predicts will appear at once and conspicu-

ously; whereas the predicted gains on the other side will appear so slowly as to be recognized only after a considerable interval. True, imports are paid for by exports, and cannot long continue unless so paid for. But there is no automatic connection. Each transaction in import trade and in export trade stands by itself, as Ricardo long ago remarked. Exports will grow only when they become profitable in consequence of the relation between prices of particular articles in this country and in foreign countries, and this relation will not be immediately changed. The economist may discern in the troublous period of transition the trend toward a developed and presumably more beneficial state of international exchange. But the average man will see only hard times and business troubles. The case is but one of many — the introduction of new processes and improvements is of the same sort — in which the immediate effect of a general economic change is unsettlement and depression. The ultimate good result, when it comes, is accepted as a matter of course, with no attention to the causes which brought it about. It is in this way that we accept unfettered free trade throughout the length and breadth of the United States, rarely stopping to think what far-reaching consequences it has for our material prosperity.

So great are the difficulties of an abrupt shift from one industrial policy to another, — the real ones, not the imaginary ones of universal collapse and perpetual ruin, — that no country, it can be safely predicted, will ever adopt such a ruthless procedure. If a change takes place, it will be by slow and gradual steps; and the first steps will be for a short start in a new direction, not at the moment of much consequence. Meanwhile, the bulk of the established industries will be safeguarded. And within the range of the industries thus protected it will remain true that wages can be kept high only so long as the protection is maintained. And since most persons jump from a single thing which they see to sweeping generalizations, their conclusion will be that the tariff keeps all wages high.

There is still another case which leads to the same sort of unwarranted generalization. The drift of the preceding reasoning is that, where the productiveness of a country's industries at large causes its rate of wages to be high, that high rate will be transmitted to the protected industries which could not otherwise afford them; while yet in the long run no workmen anywhere are really benefited by protection. But there are conditions under which protection may bring substantial and permanent advantage to some workmen, not only in the sense of keeping their wages up to the general level, but in that of lifting them higher. These are conditions of labor monopoly. A tight union of highly skilled workmen can get wages above the average, if it can not only keep the union closed within the country, but obtain legislation for keeping out foreign workmen and the products made by foreign workmen. Apparently this was achieved, for example, for a considerable time by the glass-blowers; and in olden days, for a shorter period, by the iron-puddlers. In both cases the exceptional advantage was wiped out, as such advantages usually are, by new processes which dispensed with the urgent need for the special skill. But the advantage lasted during the period of limited labor-supply and favoring industrial demand; and the tradition lasted long after the golden era itself.

The trade-union spirit of selfish exclusion fits perfectly into the general scheme of protectionism; just as does the employers' spirit of combination and monopoly. It is rare that either

kind of combination succeeds in maintaining high gains permanently — either high wages or high profits; at all events, experience proves that a tariff barrier will not avail, unless other and stronger forces are behind. And it is to be borne in mind that the chances of effective monopoly are better for the capitalists than for the workmen; because the general trend of modern industry to large-scale operations works that way, whereas the general trend toward equalized opportunities among laborers works to prevent even the highest trade union from holding a privileged position indefinitely. Nevertheless, rare and insecure as are the conditions under which anything like monopoly wages can be secured by any set of workmen, the possibility and the occasional realization strengthen the tradition that a high tariff leads to high wages.

Most persons, and virtually all spokesmen of the organized workmen, see only one outstanding thing at a time, and generalize therefrom at once. To them it seems axiomatic that any conditions which increase the wages, even of the smallest group, keep up the wages of all. The well-to-do and educated are entitled to no absolution on this score; they are perpetually and naïvely urging fallacies or half-truths to justify this or that arrangement profitable to a knot of their own people.

But when all is said, every qualification made, every exception granted, the fundamental proposition remains intact. The general rate of wages in a country is not made high by protection and is not kept high by protection. I will quote what I have said elsewhere:

> In current discussions on the tariff and wages, it has often been alleged that in one industry or another the efficiency or skill of the workmen is no greater in the United States than in England or Germany; that the tools and machines are no better, the raw materials no cheaper. How then, it is asked, can the Americans get higher wages unless protected against the competition of the Europeans? But it may be asked in turn, suppose *all* the Americans were not a whit more skillful and productive than the Europeans — perhaps quite as skillful, but not more so; suppose the plane of effectiveness to be precisely the same throughout the realm of industry in the countries compared; how *could* wages be higher in the United States? The source of all the income of a community obviously is in the output of its industry. If its industry is no more effective, if its labor produces no more, than in another community, how can its material prosperity be greater and how can wages be higher? A high general rate of real wages could not possibly be maintained unless there were in its industries at large a high general productiveness.[1]

III

The general and dominant productiveness of American industry — how comes it about and in what directions is it likely to be found? A full answer would carry far beyond the limits of the protective controversy proper — limits which unfortunately are often passed in popular debate on this subject, which strays into any and every phase of economic inquiry. On the causes of varying effectiveness in industry much might be said; but the essentials can be stated briefly.

Those who reflect at all on the fundamental causes of general productiveness would probably emphasize two: more fertile land and more efficient labor. Both tell; yet others tell also, and are frequently ignored.

True it is that American agriculture

[1] *Some Aspects of the Tariff Question.* In the chapter from which this passage is quoted, I have considered more in detail the causes of differences in industrial effectiveness between different countries; and in the volume at large have taken up the causes in specific American industries (sugar, iron and steel, textiles). — THE AUTHOR.

long was the mainstay of our prosperity; on the whole it is so still. True also that we are blessed with great stretches of fertile land in a temperate zone. But the natural resources alone do not explain our favored position among the nations. That position is due no less to the intelligence with which the American farmer has learned to adapt methods of cultivation in such way as to get the best yield from the plenty of good land. And he has been powerfully aided by the inventors and business men who have supplied him with agricultural machinery unique in its excellence, and by the railroad promoters and builders who have provided a transportation system which, as regards long-distance hauls, is also unique in its excellence. The American farmer is able to raise and to bring to market more wheat per unit of labor applied than his European competitor, not only because he has abundance of good land, but also because he works more intelligently, uses more and better machinery, takes better advantage of the plenty of land, and gets his wheat to market more cheaply.

And — to turn to an analogous case — the copper-miner of the United States produces more copper per unit of labor applied than the miner of Europe or South America, not merely because the deposits of copper ore are richer, but also and mainly because the mining methods are better, the machinery more perfected, the transportation of ore and materials cheaper, the dressing and smelting and refining processes more advanced, all the advantages of large-scale operations better utilized. Invention, ingenuity, enterprise, management, are of a higher stamp than in competing countries. The human factor counts immensely in agriculture and mining, as well as in manufacturing industries. And it counts in the whole complex of operations: in the work of the farmer who ploughs and the miner who digs, as well as in that of the engineer, the inventor, the business man.

The reader may have observed that in preceding paragraphs I have spoken, not of the 'efficiency' of labor, but of its 'effectiveness.' Efficiency, as the word is commonly used, implies greater output by the individual workman, alone and by virtue of his special excellence — greater physical vigor, better intelligence, better use of tools. Now in this regard the American of native stock does excel; the first native-born of foreign stock usually does; even the immigrant may, under the influence of example and environment. Most important, however, is what may be called, for want of a better term, the general *effectiveness* of industry — the accumulated result of all the factors that unite in making a people's work yield a given physical output. And among those factors a commanding place must be assigned to direction and management — to the business leaders. The business men of America who 'make' clocks and watches, boots and shoes, furniture and building hardware, steel in its semi-finished and more advanced shapes, tools and machines of all sorts, — to specify some striking cases, — turn out from their establishments, with the same capital and labor, more than the foreigners do; and this not solely, or even primarily, because their workmen are stronger or steadier or more skillful, but because of superior management.

When we try to define, not the physical causes of effectiveness, but those that rest on the character and genius of a people, precision is impossible. The characteristics that most pervade a people are often the most difficult to explain. Those of the Americans go with the spirit of democracy, the universal tradition of a free career for every talent, conceptions of large possibilities that correspond to the large scale of the country, the ubiquitous and

restless energy in money-making — elements both good and bad. Business schemes, business ambition, business leadership, have played a larger part in our social and political development than in that of any other country. Only in Great Britain is to be seen anything comparable. And this has led to a general effectiveness of industry, not only wherever natural resources have been abundant, but often where there has been no such favoring foundation. The national genius has led to a high level of productive capacity over a wide range of mechanical industries. By far the greater part of what are classed as manufacturing industries have an inherent strength. They are able to pay the American rate of wages, not because they are bolstered up by the tariff, but because their output per unit of labor is large. They are among the strong and self-sufficing industries, not among the less effective which are upheld by those that dominate.

It is in the large-scale, standardized manufacturing industries that this strong position is most often found. Anyone who looks through tariff demands and debates will be struck by the fact that competing foreign products are likely to be specialties or handicraft articles. Where a thing is turned out in great quantities, all of a single pattern, the American producer is almost sure to hold his own. Sewing-machines, for example, are made in the United States by the thousand and hundred thousand, and are exported in great quantities to all parts of the world. Yet certain special types, of which a very few are in demand for unusual bits of stitching, are imported. Since only these few can be sold in any case, the American manufacturer does not find it worth while to set up the apparatus of moulds, patterns, machines, systematized continuous output, which he organizes for the standard types. The European maker is willing to take orders for a few pieces, and makes the specialized machines by using a much larger proportion of handicraft-labor.

Again, table-knives are standardized, innumerable dozens being made of each pattern; pocket-knives, on the other hand, are of infinitely diverse patterns, no one marketable in great quantities. Hence table-knives are made in the United States unhindered by foreign competition; whereas pocket-knives have been steadily imported in face of high duties. Among textiles, the more ornate and expensive fabrics are commonly imported. Not many yards of any one such fabric can be sold; the American producer does not find its production worth while. But where there is mass production of an enormous yardage, he takes hold with success. His success is most conspicuous in the great range of ordinary cotton fabrics, easily marketed by millions of yards, and made as cheaply in this country as anywhere in the world.

It would give a false picture to sketch in these broad terms the general traits of American industry without calling attention also to the exceptions. Often the success of a given establishment, or even of an industry, is due to that elusive element, the personality of an individual. An Englishman may devise a system of highly standardized production for a given article. An American may have a bent, perhaps an artistic gift, for a specialty. Sometimes the division of the market between domestic and foreign producers is quite inexplicable on any general grounds; it seems to be a matter of tradition or accident or mere inertia. Idiosyncrasies of this kind are as common as the departures from the standard type which the biologist finds in the living world. Probably not a single generalization in economics can be laid down to which there are not significant exceptions.

And yet the general propositions remain the significant ones. For the present purpose these are: that our country's high rate of wages rests on a high general effectiveness of industry; that effectiveness is not merely a matter of natural resources or physical causation, but is largely the product of national spirit, temper, adaptiveness; and that it appears over a wide range of manufacturing industries, in which the keynotes are labor-saving devices, the utmost use of elaborated machinery, large-scale operations, mass production.

IV

Finally, a word must be said in criticism of an argument with which the free trader sometimes meets his opponent. He compares the wages paid in protected industries with those paid in industries not protected. In the former class conspicuous cases are adduced of wages below the general range and below the rates in non-protected industries; therefore, the free trader reasons, protection cannot be said to have any effect in keeping wages up. Nay, it is sometimes argued that protection is thus proved actually to bring them down. Some years ago, when there was a great strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, figures were cited to show that the operatives in the woolen mills got wages unusually low. Here, said the opponents of protection, is an industry which notoriously has the advantage of high duties and yet pays its employees wretched wages. How can it be maintained that protection benefits the workingman?

On this issue judgment must be given for the protectionist. The free trader perhaps is fairly justified in using this sort of fetching rejoinder as a tit-for-tat to the harping on tariff and wages which constitutes the campaign ammunition of the other side: he may be entitled to fight the devil with fire. But the impartial judge must rule that the facts are misinterpreted, the inferences not warranted. In any country, whatever the tariff system, and whether the general level of wages be high or low, some workmen will earn more than the average and some less. Differences in education and training, in skill, intelligence, and character, will always cause divergences from the general scale. The range is great from the common laborer to the highly skilled mechanic. Tariff legislation has as little to do with fostering or checking these divergences as currency legislation or railroad legislation. Far more significant in its bearing on these matters is the course of legislative policy on immigration, and even more important is the education of the masses.

It may indeed be alleged that the protected industries employ the lower grades of labor in unusually large proportions. Some of them do so — as for example the silk and woolen manufacturers. But other industries not dependent on protection do so also, such as iron- and steel-making, formerly a child of protection, but now quite grown out of tutelage, and the meat-packing trade, never under tutelage at all. American business leaders have shown singular adaptiveness in utilizing any and all resources at their disposal, both the natural and the human. They have directed the skilled mechanics to the construction and operation and repair of the most complex machinery; they have directed the drudges supplied by immigration to monotonous but effective mass-production. But there is no clear evidence that the employment of the one class or the other, or the relative rates of pay, have been modified by the country's protective policy. Through it all, the wages of the lowest stratum have been higher in the United States than in foreign countries; and so have those of the upper strata. The

difference in favor of the American workmen has not indeed been on the same scale throughout. The skilled mechanic has enjoyed, at least during the last generation, a larger differential than the pick-and-shovel man. But this special advantage has appeared quite as much in the industries not dependent on protection as in those that are dependent. It is due to general social causes quite different from those that bear on the tariff problems.

It is possible, nay, probable, that in the next generation marked changes will take place in this part of the social structure. The supply of human cattle will be much abridged by the application of the illiteracy test to immigrants, conceivably by the future application of tests even more narrowly selective. Further, the tendency of democracy and of universal education is toward lessening the stratification of labor; and that tendency will be no longer counteracted, as it has been in recent decades, by a steady congestion in the lowest stratum through immigration. A most desirable and welcome smoothing of the differences will gradually result, opposed by the employers, opposed also and bitterly resented by the semi-aristocratic crafts, yet not to be resisted. It may not take the form of a lowering of the craft wages; possibly these will simply remain stationary, while those of the unskilled gradually rise; but some smoothing away of the differences may be expected.

The development of American manufacturing industries may be much influenced by this social change. The industries which had been planned and organized on the basis of being able to draw cheap common labor from a vast reservoir will find conditions less propitious than before. Both protected and non-protected industries will have to adjust themselves to altered conditions. But it would be hard to say that the adjustment will be greater or more difficult in one set than in the other. Important though the new situation will be for our social and political problems, it is not likely to bring consequences significant for the protective controversy.

To return to the main question: it is reduced again to its simplest elements. Wages at large, and the prosperity of the laboring class as a whole and so of the country as a whole, are not kept high by protection. True, in those branches of industry which are really dependent on the tariff, the workmen there engaged could not there remain, at the current high wages, if the tariff barrier were to be removed. True, also, a transfer of labor and of capital to other industries not dependent on the tariff could take place only with great difficulty and great hardship; and here are problems which the free trader cannot lightly dismiss. But none the less it is untrue that high wages in general have been caused by protection, or are now made possible only by protection. They rest not on that feeble prop, but on the solid foundation of general effectiveness of industry — on the resources of the country and the genius of the people.

THE WORLD SITUATION

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

THE situation of the world, especially of the European world, is that of a man who has just come out of a deep and consuming fever. This time it has been the fever of war. During the height of the malady the fever itself was so violent as to yield an artificial strength; and then, too, the sick man was kept alive with great doses of stimulants. But now that the fever is gone, the patient is lying weak and prostrate. There are some rather faint-hearted doctors who pronounce that he is too far gone ever to recover; that, even if he succeeds in getting off a sick bed, he will, for a half-century to come, be crippled and useless.

It is, to be sure, not easy to be cheerful over the situation; but after spending five consecutive months in Europe, during most of that time in intimate contact with leaders of all the great and small powers, I am one of those who are sanguine, who believe that the patient is going to recover, and recover more quickly perhaps than any of us imagine.

In order, however, to discuss the situation intelligently we must first look at the worst: we must pick out one by one the patient's bad symptoms. Then, after we have them all docketed, we can discuss what remedies are to be applied to them.

What then, are these bad symptoms in Europe? Here is the list as I make it: greatly impaired moral; slackness of labor; shortage of food; shortage of raw material; disorganized transportation facilities; demoralized currency systems; huge bank-note inflation; great war debts; shortage of working capital; lack of capital for permanent reconstruction; Germany's huge indemnity; difficulty of changing from economic control to economic liberty; heavy taxation; a spirit of imperialism; and, finally, Russia.

Greatly impaired moral — with a tendency to social debauchery, as evidenced in the antics of the Bolsheviki and their threats to spread their doctrines throughout Europe. The answer is that war always saps vitality, both physical and moral. The permanent values which we place upon life become distorted. But those changes are due largely to the fevered fancies of the patient. When his fever is gone, his fancies vanish, too. Just as the physical body regains its vigor, normal standard of conduct will come back into strength. And as for Bolshevism, that phenomenon is already on the wane. In Russia it is still hanging on; but over the rest of Europe, which that dreaded spectre once threatened, it is beginning to grow dim.

Slackness of labor. In many countries government allowances and general war-weariness have got the laboring man in a mood where he would rather idle than work. But these government allowances (*chaumage* is the technical name) will soon be cut off and the men will be compelled to work or starve. It is the business of industry to see that there is work for them to do.

Shortage of Food. Owing to the loss of man-power and the devastation of agricultural regions, Europe's food-production is far below normal; far less than that required to keep the community vigorous, and strong enough to work to the full. But Mr. Hoover says that, taking the world as a whole, there will be food to go round, provided it can be distributed and paid for. It will become, for the next food-season, the business of those people who have food to spare and to sell, to see to it that those other people who are short of food and who have not the gold wherewith to buy are enabled to purchase food on credit. This is where America comes in.

Shortage of raw material. Stocks of cotton, steel, copper, etc., are well-nigh exhausted. Original stocks of these commodities have been used for war purposes. Now, when there is urgent necessity for such stocks for peace purposes, in order to get European factories humming again and labor fully employed, the raw materials are not there.

On the other hand, the world-supply of raw materials is ample. The commodities which Europe needs most, in order to get started anew on her economic life, are cotton, steel, copper, and coal. America has large supplies of all these commodities, and she would like to sell them. In order to effect large sales, America must extend liberal credits. If she does not grant credits, she cannot sell the goods. But America will grant credits; she will sell the goods; Europe will obtain them; she will thus secure the necessary raw materials, and she will be able to start her life afresh in the near future.

Disorganized transportation facilities. On the ocean, submarine warfare has made great gaps in the world's tonnage. On land, railway systems in almost all the countries of Europe are in bad shape. Yet the shortage in shipping is much less serious than most people think. Shipbuilding, especially in the United States and Great Britain, has been going on at a furious pace. Already the wastage by submarine has been largely repaired. Figures show that the world's tonnage is already only eight per cent below that of 1913. (Of course, normally there would have been a substantial increase.) By 1920 the world's tonnage will be normal, or even a trifle above that.

As to the railroad situation in Europe, things are badly down at the heel. During the pressure of war it has been possible to find neither the time nor the labor for necessary repairs. But now both those commodities are available. Hence the question resolves itself into a matter of securing railroad material and equipment. As to the material, I have just pointed out that America has for sale enough and to spare. As to equipment, America again can furnish plenty of locomotives and cars. Construction, to be sure, will take time; but six months, which is a short period in the convalescence of a patient who has been desperately ill, ought to see heavy shipments of railroad material and equipment, and a decided improvement in the whole European transportation situation.

Demoralized currency systems. While expansion of the currency is something of a problem in Great Britain, and more of a one in France and Italy, this symptom is most serious in the regions which were until recently under German occupation. The German armies printed hundreds of millions of paper marks and forced them into circulation in Belgium, Poland, Roumania, and Serbia. It is impossible to compel Germany to redeem these notes in the near future. They are hopelessly mixed up with the old domestic issues. For instance, in the

regions formerly a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the old Austrian *kroner*, normally at par with the French franc, is now worth not more than one fourth as much. In these countries and in Belgium it may take several years to clean up the old and debased currencies and to retire from circulation a lot of the worthless paper which Germany and Austria forced on them. But some of the new governments are already tackling this problem manfully, and are getting rid of the old paper. In Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, a new standard, the franc, has been adopted in place of the kroner, and one new franc is being issued for three or four of the old kroner. Still, it must be admitted that, even with measures like these, the currencies of Central and Eastern Europe will be a bad drag upon commercial activity and upon all exchange operations unless some scientific measure is adopted to establish new and sound currency systems. The proposition was put forward at Paris, and discussed with great earnestness, that the United States should join Great Britain, and perhaps France, in furnishing to countries like Poland, for instance, a certain amount of gold or credits upon which could be based a moderate new issue of currency. In discussing this matter at Paris we figured that the total amount of gold that might be required for the purpose of reëstablishing all these countries of Eastern Europe on a sound currency basis would not need to exceed $250,000,000 to $300,000,000.

In this connection, I venture to prophesy that for the next generation the amount of gold cover required for the currencies of the European countries, large as well as small, will be nothing like so high as that in use before the war. The countries have not got the gold, in any event; they cannot get it in large volume; and we shall see, therefore, that, with a modicum of the yellow metal, they will be able to adapt their currency systems to commercial uses.

Huge bank-note inflation. In all the countries the issues of bank-notes for war purposes have been enormous. In France, almost $7,000,000,000 is outstanding; in Germany, $8,700,000,000; in Italy, a little under $2,000,000,000. So long as these issues stand at anything like these figures, prices are bound to remain inflated. The greatest menace from the present huge bank-note inflation characteristic of all of the belligerents, is that it inevitably means continued inflation of prices and high cost of living. For this reason, and because of the unrest which follows high costs, the governments are all exceedingly anxious to prick the bubble of inflation as soon as possible. But they must be cautious about it, or they may have a dangerous collapse. In the case, moreover, of some of these governments, it will be difficult to prevent still further inflation within the next twelve months.

America's case is, of course, the least serious and the most readily handled. In fact, the total stock of money in circulation in the United States was on May 1, 1919, almost $300,000,000 less than on December 1, 1918, which was the high peak.

Great Britain has just been engaged in a vigorous effort to consolidate her short-term indebtedness in a funded loan, and the temporary borrowing of the British Treasury from the money market should begin to come to an end within the next six months.

The difficult situations are found in France and Italy. The French Treasury insists that for still another year it will be obliged to stay in the money market as a heavy short-term borrower from the Bank of France. This inevitably means the issue of additional bank-

note circulation — inflation instead of contraction. The government is considering the issue of a popular loan, to be paid for by investors, not by check, but in actual currency. Let us suppose the amount of this loan to be fixed at $5,000,000,000, and this amount to be paid over to the government entirely in currency. The government could then turn about and retire an equivalent amount of circulation.

In Italy, where the unfunded debt is almost $7,000,000,000, the situation is analogous to that in France, although the figures are not so large. Of all the belligerents Belgium seems to be best off, for under the treaty provisions she is to be fully restored as to the physical and material damage which she has suffered, and all her war-debts are to be canceled. Further, she is to receive priority to the amount of $500,000,000 in reparation. Belgium will still have the burden of the 5,000,000,000 marks or thereabouts of circulation which the German occupation forced upon her; but she will probably be able gradually to get rid of this, even though at some loss. On the whole, therefore, Belgium will start with a pretty clean slate, and with no favors to ask of anybody. Her credit will be good, and when she comes to the people of the United States to borrow money, they will lend it to her.

Great war debts. The total debts of the countries lately at war now aggregate about $207,000,000,000, against pre-war figures of hardly more than $25,500,000,000. When one considers the interest item alone on this great total, — about $11,000,000,000 per annum, without figuring on sinking-funds, — one gets some conception of the burden.

Of course, nobody will be rash enough to predict how this huge mountain of war debts is to be handled. It looms so great and so menacing, that one would like to shut one's eyes to it all and simply let it stand as a monument to the folly of a world that could beget such a criminal as the German military system. But there it is: interest running up night and day. And in one way or another, when the patient has grown a little stronger and is fairly on his feet, he must tackle in earnest the problem of war debts.

In America this problem is comparatively simple. Our total debt will be between $25,000,000,000 and $30,000,000,000. Of this amount there will be $10,000,000,000 owing to us from our allies and associates. Now, even if we allow these debtors to postpone their interest payments, or to cancel them to a certain extent, still the bulk, if not the whole, of the principal sums due will finally be paid. Thus, we may consider that the total debt which the citizens of the United States must meet will not exceed $20,000,000,000.

If the United States follows its traditional policy of generous sinking-fund payments, and of levying taxation designed to meet such payments readily, this indebtedness will be rapidly reduced, and very likely within a generation or earlier cleared off entirely.

Great Britain's case is not so readily solved; yet those who have studied England's fiscal traditions and have noted the comparative ease with which she cleared off what seemed to be the intolerable burden resulting from the Napoleonic wars, are confident that within five years the financial position of both the government and the people will be on the whole as strong as ever before.

Of the great nations (outside the enemy states) the most concern is naturally felt as to France and Italy. Can they meet interest on their war debts, not to mention sinking-fund for principal? In my judgment the interest on these domestic loans in France and

Italy will be paid only in case these government bonds are themselves subjected to rather heavy taxation. Some people will at once exclaim that taxation levied on the bonds themselves is just so far tantamount to repudiation. Repudiation is an ugly word. It is not necessary to use it. It is legitimate to tax these bonds in so far as they were not issued free from taxation. Italy has already adopted a pretty vigorous policy of taxation, and France shows every sign of tackling the question, perhaps not as promptly as she should, but in the end as thoroughly. In any event, the domestic war debts of these countries, while presenting grave questions, are domestic rather than world-problems. The main thing to be desired is that each country shall adopt a courageous policy with respect to the reduction and ultimate payment of its war debts. If they all do that, the rest of the financial world can afford to be phiosophical.

Shortage of working capital. Europe, as I have pointed out, is short of raw materials. These can be purchased. Unfortunately, however, there is a great lack of available liquid capital. Such capital has been largely diverted to war purposes, to the manufacture of non-productive commodities like munitions, and so forth.

To meet such a situation, there are two ways of accumulating new working capital. One is slowly to build it up out of current profits; the other way is to borrow it. Europe will adopt each of these methods. She will borrow working capital from America; that is to say, she will obtain from America time in which to pay for food and raw materials with which she is planning to get back to work. And because liquid capital is at such a low ebb in Europe, we in America must give longer time than usual for European purchasers to pay for goods which they buy from us. If, on this point, we exhibit enlightened self-interest, Europe will soon have enough immediate working capital to make a start with. After she has made the start, she will rapidly accumulate herself.

Lack of capital for permanent reconstruction — for repair of railways and the rebuilding of houses for farmers and laborers. Practically the same remarks apply to this system; but the methods of meeting the situation will have to be varied somewhat. It will probably be necessary for us to purchase considerable quantities of long-term bonds, municipal and otherwise, with which the cities of Belgium and Northern France can restore themselves; or perhaps bonds of government-owned railways, with which these railways will construct for their lines new bridges, to be built of steel made in and purchased from America.

Germany's huge indemnity. Germany should, in all justice, be made to foot the total bill of the war which she forced on the world. But unfortunately Germany has not the capacity to pay the full bill. The total amount of what she can and must pay has not yet been fixed. Until that is settled and the limit of Germany's liability is determined, this unknown figure adds weakness to the world's credit structure. Moreover, until the amount has been determined, it will be impossible for Germany herself to secure international credit upon any considerable scale.

It will be equally impossible for the nations that are to receive reparation, especially France and Italy, to address themselves intelligently to their own schemes of taxation and fiscal policy. The investment markets of many countries will be timid and hesitating until the nature of Germany's liability has been made clear in dollars and cents.

Germany herself cannot arrange her industrial programme until she knows what is facing her.

It was for all these reasons that the American delegation at Paris for months urged the reasonableness of naming a fixed sum for Germany to pay in reparation. This idea was, however, finally postponed by consent. But an urgent effort will be made to hasten the decision; and I hope that before the end of this year the amount will be fixed and all these indeterminate, and therefore unsatisfactory, factors in this problematical reparation situation will be cleared up.

We may, perhaps, assume that the amount for reparation determined upon will not exceed forty billion dollars. It may prove as low as twenty-five billion, to be paid out in the form of annual installments, covering interest and sinking-fund, over a long period of years. It goes without saying that the annual payments will be so large as to have an effect upon all the European exchanges. In fact, I look to see the Reparation Commission that is to be established wield an extraordinary power over the financial markets of Europe, affecting materially even those of America. For this reason the Reparation Commission must be made up of men of the highest capacity and wisdom, working together with a view, not simply to the interests of the particular governments they represent, but to the situation of the world as a whole. Only in that way can this matter of German reparation be so handled as not to menace the credit structure of the whole world. If so handled, and with due regard for Germany's domestic and economic life, there is no reason, in my opinion, why Germany should not bring about a satisfactory discharge of her obligations within a period considerably shorter than that arranged for in the Treaty of Peace.

Difficulty of changing from economic control to economic liberty. Under the forced draft of war it has been necessary to socialize industry, to swing almost everything to government control, in order to mobilize the whole community to the one great end of war. Such a control has manifestly all the disadvantages of bureaucracy. It means loss of initiative. It spells paralysis for new enterprise. A change back to the normal life of industry and commerce must be brought about. To make this change without serious dislocation and loss will be difficult.

Several months ago the French representatives on the Supreme Economic Council submitted a memorandum to emphasize their idea that the change in industry from state control back to private control should be brought about at the earliest possible moment. The British expressed themselves as in accord with this view. Certainly America is strongly in favor of this principle, and has already undertaken to act upon it by the abolition of all sorts of war-boards, the abandonment of price-fixing, the early turning back of the wire lines and of the railroads to private ownership, leaving only the handling of wheat to be kept under government control for another year.

These changes from public to private control have up to date been handled in America with a minimum of friction and dislocation; but in the case of the railroads we at once discover a problem of the greatest complexity and magnitude. Just how the roads are to be turned back, and with what, if any, fresh liabilities incurred during the time that government control attached to them, is a grave question. Just how they are to be financed, following the end of government management, is a collateral problem of great gravity. To what extent shall they finally remain under government supervision? The wise solution

of these questions is likely to bring prosperity to the whole country, just as a faulty working-out means distress for American commerce and industry; for the railroads seem to be the backbone of the country's business. They must continue to furnish quick and reasonable transportation, or else we shall fall into a bad way.

In other countries the change from public to private control of industry will be much more difficult than in America, by reason of the fact that those countries across the Atlantic, having been three years longer in the war than we, were obliged to undertake a much more thoroughgoing plan of government centralization. They had to cook the eggs very thoroughly. Now it is going to be correspondingly difficult to unscramble them. In some instances they will undoubtedly leave them scrambled. It looks in Great Britain as if the railroads would remain permanently under government control, and as if all the coal-mines might be nationalized.

Heavy taxation. In the countries on both sides of the Atlantic taxes are already heavily burdensome; and in certain countries, such as France and Italy, they must become even heavier if the governments are to remain solvent.

My general belief is that, while taxation is bound to remain heavy for a long time to come, especially in the countries of Europe, nevertheless it can be so regulated as to avoid an intolerable burden, or a menace to permanently stable business conditions.

A spirit of imperialism. Despite the lessons which one might think all nations had gained from the war, the spirit of imperialism is not completely dead, especially in southern and southeastern Europe. Remnants of this spirit are one of those evil symptoms that still handicap the convalescent patient. Fortunately in the Treaty of Peace there has been set up an instrument which, if properly developed, is capable of curbing this spirit, or of diverting it to wiser ends. That is the League of Nations.

Those statesmen at Paris who drew up the Covenant of the League of Nations regarded it, and regard it to-day, not as a perfect instrument by any means, but as a mechanism which, as the years go by, can be improved and perfected so as to serve as a real force in bringing the nations together and in making them understand each the others' aims. A mutual understanding of this kind is the only factor that will prevent future wars. The great virtue which the present League of Nations Covenant possesses is that it establishes machinery by which mutual understandings can be reached. It is the world's only safeguard for the future. Under its workings I look to see this evil symptom of imperialism cleared up in due course.

Russia — the great gaping wound of the world. The Russian question is perhaps the largest single one in the whole list. Certainly it is the symptom most impossible to find a prompt specific for. We continue to receive frequent reports from the interior of Russia, many of them differing as to statement of actual conditions, and almost all as to the remedy to be applied to such conditions. I have talked with representatives of almost all the factions in Russia, ranging from the class of Grand Dukes down through the Milyukoffs, the Cadets, the Kerensky group, and even the Bolsheviki, and I came no nearer the answer. Therefore, I shall not attempt to say how this wound in the patient's body shall be made whole, but I must confess that I have a

very confident hope that, as these other bad symptoms disappear, as I am sure they will, and as the patient recovers his general health, we shall find this open wound of Russia beginning gradually to heal up. It will be an exceedingly slow and very painful healing. It will leave an angry and terrible-looking scar for perhaps generations to come; but one day in the future, be it ever so far away, we shall see a strong and intelligent, a productive and a well-ordered United States of Russia.

Assuming then, that the diagnosis of even so incompetent an observer as myself is correct; assuming that the patient, even though handicapped by all these bad symptoms, is going to get rid of them one by one along the lines that I have discussed — what is in store for American industry and business in the next few years?

Take first our export trade. In the last five years it has risen to almost undreamed-of figures. Our total exports in the five years ending June 30 last have amounted to $26,000,000,000. Our whole export trade in the period referred to has not only been unprecedented in actual volume, but has of course been carried on at inflated prices. Just as sure as the sun rises and sets, this volume of exports is bound to diminish in the next few years, even in the face of the undoubted demand for food and raw materials which we shall have from Europe.

There are several reasons why our exports must decline. One is that the impoverished European countries will, very sensibly, import only the bare necessities of their domestic and industrial existence. American luxuries they will do without. Even though by such curtailment we forego profits, we should be glad to witness such an exhibition of frugality.

Prices in our own country for materials for construction, — which has been postponed during the period of war, — and for many other commodities are likely to remain high for a year or more yet. But I should almost look for a decided tendency toward lower prices in America at the end of a twelvemonth, within which time we shall also face a decline in the volume and value of our export trade. With this falling off, and with this lowering of prices, will come a period of readjustment and slower business. How long this lessened activity will continue, it is idle to speculate. America has within herself such stores of resource, energy, high spirit, and optimism, that here no business depression, unless it is an integral part of the world-situation, will long continue.

Therefore my own guess would be that, after a few months or a year of such depression, — in other words, by the middle of 1921 or the beginning of 1922, — we shall witness a new period of business activity and prosperity in America. We shall again see wages and prices rise here. As the prices for our commodities rise, such goods obviously become less attractive to foreign purchasers and our exports will again fall off.

It is equally manifest that the higher prices that we are willing to pay — at any rate, for certain manufactured goods — will attract foreign sellers, and as our exports fall off our imports will increase. The two tendencies working together will swing cash balances against us and will thus reduce, happily enough, the sums which are owing to us from abroad.

The whole situation that I have described will in all probability be stimulated by the working-out of Germany's situation, especially with respect to her payments for reparation. I figure that, if the present plans for reparation (as provided in the treaty) are carried out,

Germany may very probably be obliged to find $1,000,000,000 or upwards every year in foreign exchange. Of course, her only possible means of obtaining this great volume of exchange is to stimulate her exports and to hold down her imports to bare necessities. The German government, which must in the last analysis be charged with the task of remitting the annual reparation payments, will always be a buyer of foreign exchange. Exchange in Germany will always be at the gold-export point, but there will be no gold to export.

In the same manner, in the other European countries, and even possibly in Great Britain, exchange on America will be always at the gold-export point, by reason of the fact that the annual obligations due us will continue to be so heavy. However, our own situation, as has been pointed out so many times in the last year or two, has undergone a vast change during the war. Annual interest, instead of running against us to the extent of at least $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 a year, is actually in our favor to the extent of $500,000,000 per year. Ocean freights, which formerly cost us another $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 per year, are now at least a stand-off, because of our own greatly increased merchant fleet.

On the other hand, however, before another year has gone by our tourist expenditures in Europe are likely to increase, even over the heavy pre-war figures. There will be a great flocking of Americans to Europe. That annual exodus will be made up, not only of the comparatively well-to-do, as in the pre-war days, but of many people of exceedingly moderate incomes, who will be drawn to Europe to visit the graves of their soldiers or to scan the scenes of the Great War.

I look to see material increase also in remittances by immigrants in America to their native countries across the sea. Before the war these remittances amounted to about $250,000,000 per annum — $100,000,000 of this to Italy, $30,000,000 to Poland, and so on. The large total of these remittances has not, I believe, been fully appreciated; and they will increase, because, in my opinion, immigrants will be more saving than ever before, and more anxious to contribute generously to the assistance of their relatives and friends across the water.

Even, however, with these remittances to Europe, there will remain a heavy annual balance in our favor, amounting, I should judge, to upwards of $500,000,000, which cannot be remitted in cash. For a long time to come it cannot be covered with imports. Therefore, it becomes for Americans a matter of the greatest importance to study what forms of payment we shall accept for the balances due us from Europe. Shall they be in the form of the securities of foreign governments, of municipalities in England, France, and Italy; of the obligations of public-utility corporations in the countries just named; or of purchases by us of actual shares in foreign enterprises? Shall we become business partners in a world that will, I believe, be made, under the League of Nations, more secure than ever before — partners of the British, the French, the Belgians, the Italians and the rest?

I am no more competent than anyone else to answer this question. America herself is an enormous field of endeavor, and for a long time to come must furnish us with great opportunities for investment. But we must remember that America is already involved in world-affairs, both political and financial, and she cannot withdraw; rather, she must take a lead in generous thought and in action. Moreover, even private enterprise, which during the

period of the war has learned to have a far wider and more enlightened outlook upon affairs in general, must continue to keep in mind the great common interests involved, and must endeavor to regulate the flow of capital and production according to the legitimate urgency of the respective needs, as they show themselves in various parts of the world.

These are the considerations that I would point out as being those necessary to be borne in mind, if we are to solve all these questions with an intent to help along on its way, not America alone, but the whole world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ACCIDENTAL SALVATION

In the interest of conserving needless waste of energy, one does not trouble to encase the predicate in quotes when observing that before his accident Parker was a damned old sorehead.

For, literally, everybody postulated this of Parker — his wife, his son William, his daughter Susie, his office-staff, his business associates, his clients, his man-servant, and his maid-servant; and doubtless, if the Parkers had maintained an ox and an ass, even they would have refused to speak in his defense.

As for the naughty word predicated of Parker, it is to be doubted if such thin insulation as the quotation marks which this magazine affects would materially decrease the dangers incident to the use of a word carrying so high a voltage. The zippy little adjective no longer shocks us, however, now that our minister is back from France. Indeed, his frequent homiletic use of it has almost ruined it for such pursuits as golf, furnace-tending, and the U-chiffonier campaign for the lost collar-button.

Parker then, was a sorehead — sullen at breakfast, surly at dinner, quarrelsome in the office, crusty on the street, a bear at the party, a hog on the road, a fly in the ointment.

His wife was afraid of him, the children were afraid of him, his clerks were afraid of him; the very porter on the Pullman was afraid of him. Why, he was so mean that he even refused, on Thanksgiving Day, to hold one end of the dining-table for Patsy, the maid, when she asked him if he would help her insert the guest-board. Parker was a grouch.

One night, about 2 A.M., Parker rose, grumblingly, to fasten a flapping shutter. *En route* to the window, he emitted a yelp of distress that brought all hands on deck. When they turned on the lights, Parker was discovered sitting on the floor, tugging at something imbedded in the sole of his left foot. Presently, it let go; and Parker held up *half of a needle!* It was a pretty clear case that the other half had remained in his system.

The family was drowsily sympathetic, but confident that the doctor would find the broken needle in the morning with a magnet. Parker slept but little during the remainder of the night, fearing blood-poisoning. Immediately after breakfast he sought the family physician, who, after patient investigation,

assured him that he must have stepped on an already broken needle, for there was no fragment of the steel to be found.

But, Parker knew that he was carrying in his body a deadly thing that undoubtedly had started upon its fatal mission. He left the office early that afternoon, and went home, surprising Mrs. Parker with a display of more tenderness than she had observed in him since their honeymoon, which had long ago passed into total eclipse. At dinner he appeared greatly interested in the conversation of Bill and Susie about the High-School party. He patted Rags, the dog, who surveyed him for some moments with an open-mouthed expression of undisguised incredulity, before retiring to the hearth to reflect upon the mysteries of the relationship of humanity and caninity.

All that night Parker lay awake, preparing for the speedy wind-up of his terrestrial affairs. He reviewed the stories he had heard and read of similar cases — how the needle traveled through the whole body of its victim till the heart was reached, and — *pouff!* — just like that! He saw himself sitting about the house, in dressing-gown and slippers, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, waiting for the fatal moment. Before the dawn, however, he had resolved to face the uncertainty of the future like a gentleman, a decision which brought him a warm glow of pride.

At breakfast he bewildered the household by encouraging a conversation concerning other interests than his own. Whenever he had condescended to have speech with them, previously, it was always about himself, his plans, his problems. Just now his plans seemed very foolish and futile. He began to find a new interest in the plans of other people who, because they had no needles in them, might reasonably speak of their future with some assurance. Indeed, he deported himself at breakfast with such attentive interest in the welfare and happiness of the family, that Susie even dared to kiss him good-bye when she started to school.

At the office curiosity reigned supreme, and unsated. The rabbit-faced clerks asked each other what the deuce had come over the Old Man. Jones, on leaving the private quarters of the erstwhile sorehead, remarked to his partner, 'Bob, we've misjudged old Parker. Why, he has a heart in him as big as an ox!'

When he went out for lunch, Parker gave a blind man a quarter, and bought a *War Cry* of a Salvation Army lassie. In the afternoon, he called up one of the trustees of the Children's Hospital, and inquired how they were getting on with the fund for the new ward. It appeared that he had decided to add a cipher to his previous subscription. In spite of the needle, it was a fine day. And that evening the whole Parker family went to the show.

Within six months, all the people who knew the old chap had recovered from their bewilderment about him; that is, they had ceased to make their curiosity articulate. Parker had found himself; his business was doubled, his home was a temple of affection and contentment, the local papers were speaking of him as 'one of our leading citizens,' and he had been asked to respond to a toast at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, which invitation he declined on the ground that he might not be in town that day.

The shadow never lifted, but it was not an unpleasant shadow: its cast did not make him morbid, but forced him to generate more light. Every night, when he went to sleep, he bade himself good-bye, for the chances of his being alive in the morning were just as remote as they would ever be. In the morning, he rose, saying to himself,

'Perhaps this is the last day. I must pack it brimful of the things that are most worth doing.' Parker had accidentally achieved salvation.

Sometimes his eyes grew moist and his throat ached when he reflected upon the deeply sympathetic understanding of his wife, who studiously avoided any reference to his impending tragedy, and who, in spite of her secret sorrow, acted up to the situation in manner heroic. Whenever she pressed his hand, or patted him on the cheek, it was her way of saying, 'It's better we should n't talk about it, dear!' She was a good sport, mused Parker.

The fact that Mrs. Parker, while moving the rug in her husband's room on the Friday morning following the accident, discovered half of a needle — the point driven firmly into the floor — may also have vouchsafed her courage to see the terrible thing through with cheerful resignation.

THE OTHER FELLOW

Authors, artists, the whole tribe of those engaged in creative work, are often accused of excessive vanity. Superficially, it must be admitted, the imputation is, on the whole, justified. However discreetly veiled, a sort of exultant wonder at their own achievement now and again betrays itself. Out of the innumerable instances which might be cited, one may, at random, recall Stevenson's unabashed ecstasies over his own happy efforts, Thackeray's almost awe-stricken rapture over the just-completed great scene in *Vanity Fair*, of Rawdon Crawley confronting his guilty wife and the Marquis of Steyne, Tennyson's intense unfailing delight in reading his own poems — to say nothing of Shakespeare's boundless exaltation of his own 'verse' even amid the almost painful humilities and self-abasements of the Sonnets.

'A poor thing — but mine own' does not in fact sum up the attitude of any real artist toward 'fire-new' work. It does not seem to him poor — nor quite his own. For the latter half of that proposition one might again multiply attesting instances. The recent life of Joel Chandler Harris furnishes a striking one, in the strong sense he confesses of an inner 'other fellow' who 'came forward and took charge' whenever he did his best writing.

It is not mere persiflage, however playfully expressed; but manifestly represents something of real psychical experience, not by any means limited to him.

'She told me,' Mr. Cross says in his life of George Eliot, 'that in all she considered her best writing there was a "not herself" which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which the spirit, as it were, was acting.'

'Fiona Macleod' was not to William Sharpe a mere figment, but a psychical fact. Nor need we shrug our shoulders at the alleged dictations of Elizabethan ghosts, even though these products may not be convincingly Elizabethan or ghostly. Some 'other fellow,' at any rate, may be in good faith at work; though, for divers reasons, the literature of the ouija board does not promise much.

Sense of 'the other fellow' may become pathological. It very often does so become, needless to say, in the madness to genius so near allied. But from genius most sane — and there is no sanity so complete as the sanity of supreme genius — it is, at the same time, inseparable.

From even the slightest touch of genius it is inseparable; and from those exaltations which may come to those most devoid of genius. Witness honest Joe Gargery in *Great Expectations*, and

his single poetic flight in honor of his peccant parent's memory: —

> 'Whatsume'er the failings on his part,
> Remember, Reader, he were that good
> in his hart!'

'I made it,' said Joe, 'by my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe, complete, in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life — could n't credit my own 'ed — to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *were* my own 'ed.'

'Hardly believed it were my own 'ed.' There it is, the true mark of top-notch achievement — whether of wise or of simple.

How often Dickens himself must have felt the thrill of that same exquisite surprise at his own creations — his as through sheer gratuity of some beneficent inner power. Almost one can guess which of his scenes and characters were intended, and which 'just growed' — sprang from no deliberate planting. Joe himself, I think, 'just growed'; as surely as Estella and Miss Haversham were constructed according to strict plans and specifications.

It is among his minor characters, one remembers now, that one finds Dickens's really delicious figures; among the characters which 'the other fellow,' doubtless, in careless bounty contributed — shirking participation, meanwhile, in the evolution of the somewhat wooden dummies appointed to bear the burden of the plot.

'The other fellow' — what Maeterlinck calls 'our mysterious guest' — does our best work. Often what seems the vanity of authors and the like is really modesty. It is an ecstasy of astonishment at the extent to which they have surpassed themselves.

It is, one cannot but suspect, 'the other fellow' who does most of the great things of life; the self which lurks below the level of consciousness. Many and many a man who has proved himself the bravest of the brave has carried about with him a sickening fear of being a coward. He has been afraid: afraid of wounds and death; afraid, above all, of some shameful paralysis of fear. And then, at the pinch, 'the other fellow' comes to the front, gay as a bridegroom, and achieves glory.

'The other fellow,' after all, is our 'realist' self; although it is not one cabined, cribbed, confined within the bounds of our self-definition, nor one which will come at our bidding. It is good to remember that reserve self — and not too easily be discouraged. 'The other fellow' has been to the fore in the recent past as never previously, it is safe to say, in the history of the world — 'the other fellow' who can do, and endure, great things. We never should have known or suspected what our boys were, if the stress and strain of war had not summoned forth those high heroic selves of theirs, of which they themselves probably had never dreamed.

'The other fellow' has been a very real factor in life during these last few years. Will he now go into hiding again, I wonder? The problem of keeping him in the open is the master-problem of human society.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS

BY VISCOUNT HALDANE

[It must be borne in mind by American readers that Lord Haldane, then Mr. Haldane, joined the Cabinet of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Secretary of State for War, in 1905, and continued to hold that portfolio under Mr. Asquith, after Sir Henry's death, until 1912, having been raised to the peerage in 1911 in recognition of his eminent services. In 1912 he became Lord Chancellor, retiring from that high office on the formation of the first Coalition Ministry in 1915.

— THE EDITORS.]

I

MANY things that happened in the years just before 1914, as well as the events of the Great War itself, are still too close to permit of our studying them in their full context. But before much time has passed the historians will have accumulated material that will overflow their libraries, and their hands will remain occupied for generations to come. At this moment all that can safely be attempted is that actual observers should set down what they have themselves observed. For there has rarely been a time when the juridical maxim that 'hearsay is not evidence' ought to be more sternly insisted on.

If I now venture to set down what follows in these pages, it is because I had certain opportunities for forming a judgment at first hand for myself. I am not referring to the circumstance that for a brief period I once, long ago, lived the life of a student at a German university, or that I was frequently in Germany in the years that followed. Nor do I mean that I have tried to explore German habits of reflection, as they may be studied in the literature of Germany. Other people have done all these things more thoroughly and more extensively than I. What I do mean is that from the end of 1905 to the summer of 1912 I had special opportunities for direct observation of quite another kind. During that period I was Secretary of State for War in Great Britain, and from 1912 to April, 1915, I was the holder of another office and a member of the British Cabinet. During the first of these periods it fell to me to work out the military organization that would be required to ensure, as far as was practicable, against risk, should those strenuous efforts fail into which Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, had thrown his strength. He was endeavoring with all his might to guard the peace of Europe from danger. As he and I had for many years been on terms of close intimacy, it was not unnatural that he should ask me to do what I could by helping in some of the diplo-

matic work which was his, as well as by engaging in my own special task. Indeed, the two phases of activity could hardly be wholly separable.

I was not in Germany after May, 1912, for the duties of Lord Chancellor, which office I then entered on, made it unconstitutional for me to leave the United Kingdom, save under such exceptional conditions as were conceded by the King and the Cabinet when, in the autumn of 1913, I made a brief, yet to me ever-memorable, visit to the United States and Canada. But in 1906, while War Minister, I paid, on the invitation of the German Emperor, a visit to him at Berlin, to which city I went on after previously staying with King Edward at Marienbad, where he and the then Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, were resting.

While at Berlin I saw much of the Emperor, and I also saw certain of his ministers, notably Prince von Bülow, Herr von Tchirsky, and General von Einem, the first being at that time Chancellor, and the last two being respectively the Foreign and War Ministers. I was invited to look over for myself the organization of the German War Office, which I wished to study for purposes of reform at home; and this I did in some detail, in company with an expert adviser from my personal staff, Colonel Ellison, my military private secretary, who accompanied me on this journey. There the authorities explained to us the general nature of the organization for rapid mobilization which had been developed under the great von Moltke, and subsequently carried further. The character of this organization was, in its general features, no secret in Germany, although it was somewhat unfamiliar in Anglo-Saxon countries; and it interested my adviser and myself intensely.

At that time there was an active militarist party in Germany, which of course was not wholly pleased at the friendly reception which we met with from the Emperor and from crowds in the streets of Berlin. We were well aware of the activity of this party. But it stood then unmistakably for a minority, and I formed the opinion that those who wanted Germany to remain at peace, quite as much as to be strong, had at least an excellent chance of keeping their feet. I realized, and had done so for years past, that it was not merely because of the *beaux yeux* of foreign peoples that Germany desired to maintain good relations all round. She had become fully conscious of a growing superiority in the application to industry of scientific knowledge, and in power founded on it to organize her resources; and her rulers hoped, and not without good ground, to succeed by these means in the peaceful penetration of the world.

I had personally for some time been busy in pushing the then somewhat coldly received claims for a better system of education, higher and technical as well as elementary, among my own countrymen, and had met with some success in pressing the establishment of teaching universities and of technical colleges, such as the new Imperial College of Science and Technology, at South Kensington. Of these we had very substantially increased the number during the eight years which preceded my visit to Berlin; but I had learned from visits of inspection to Germany that much more remained to be done before we could secure our commercial and industrial position against the unhasting but unresting efforts of our formidable competitor.

As to the German people outside of official circles and the universities, I thought of them what I think of them now. They were very much like our own people, except in one thing. This was that they were trained simply to

obey, and to carry out whatever they were told by their rulers. I used, during numerous unofficial tours in Germany, to wander about *incognito*, and to smoke and drink beer with the peasants and the people whenever I could get the chance. What impressed me was the small part they had in directing their own government, and the little they knew about what it was doing. There was a general disposition to accept, as a definition of duty which must not be questioned, whatever they were told to do by the *Vorstand*. It is this habit of mind, dating back to the days of Frederick the Great, with only occasional and brief interruptions, which has led many people to think that the German people at large have in them 'a double dose of original sin.' Even when their soldiers have been exceptionally brutal in methods of warfare, I do not think that this is so. The habit of mind which prevails is that of always looking to the rulers for orders, and the brutality has been that enjoined — in accordance with its own military policy of shortening war by making it terrible to the enemy — by the General Staff of Germany, a body before whose injunctions even the Emperor, so far as my observation goes, has always bowed.

II

But I must now return to my formal visit to Berlin in the autumn of 1906. I was, as I have already said, everywhere cordially welcomed, and at the end the heads of the German army entertained me at a dinner in the War Office, at which the War Minister presided, and there was present, among others, the chief of the German General Staff. They were all friendly. I do not think that my impression was wrong that even the responsible heads of the army were then looking almost entirely to 'peaceful penetration,' with only moral assistance from the prestige attaching to the possession of great armed forces in reserve. Our business in the United Kingdom was, therefore, to see that we were prepared for perils which might unexpectedly arise out of this policy, and not less, by developing our educational and industrial organization, to make ourselves fit to meet the greater likelihood of a coming keen competition in peaceful arts.

One thing that seemed to me essential for the preservation of good relations was that cordial and frequent intercourse between the people of the two countries should be encouraged and developed. I set myself in my speeches to avoid all expressions which might be construed as suggesting a critical attitude on our part, or a failure to recognize the existence of peaceful ideas among what was then, as I still think, a large majority of the people of Germany. The attitude of some newspapers in England, and still more that of the Chauvinist minority in Germany itself, made this a somewhat difficult task. But there were good people in those days in Germany as well as in England, and the United States might be counted on as likely to coöperate in discouraging friction.

Meanwhile there was the chance that the course of this policy might be interrupted by some event which we could not control. A conversation with the then chief of the German General Staff, General von Moltke, the nephew of the great man of that name, satisfied me that he did not really look with any pleasurable military expectation to the results of a war with the United Kingdom alone. It would, he observed to me, be in his opinion a long and possibly indecisive war, and must result in much of the overseas trade of both countries passing to a *tertius gaudens*, by which he meant the United States.

I had little doubt that what he said

to me on this occasion represented his real opinion. But I had in my mind the apprehension of an emergency of a different nature. Germany was more likely to attack France than ourselves. The Emperor had told me that, although he was trying to develop good relations with France, he was finding it difficult. This seemed to me ominous. The paradox presented itself that a war with Germany in which we were alone would be easier than a war in which France was attacked along with us; for if Germany succeeded in overrunning France, she might establish naval bases on the northern Channel ports of that country, quite close to our shores, and so, with the possible aid of the submarines, long-range guns, and air-machines of the future, interfere materially with our naval position in the Channel and our naval defenses against invasion.

I knew, too, that the French Government was apprehensive. In the historical speech which Sir Edward Grey made on August 3, 1914, the day before the British Government directed Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador in Berlin, to ask for his passports, he informed the House of Commons that as early as January, 1906, the French Government, after the Morocco difficulty, had drawn his attention to the international situation. It had informed him that it considered the danger of an attack on France by Germany to be a real one, and had inquired whether, in the event of an unprovoked attack, Great Britain would think that she had so much at stake as to make her willing to join in resisting it. If this were to be even a possible attitude for Great Britain, the French Government had intimated to him that it was in its opinion desirable that conversations should take place between the General Staff of France and the newly created General Staff of Great Britain, as to the form which military coöperation in resisting invasion of the northern portions of France might best assume. We had a great navy and the French had a great army. But our navy could not operate on land, and the French army, although large, was not so large as that which Germany, with her superior resources in population, commanded. Could we then reconsider our military organization, so that we might be able rapidly to dispatch, if we ever thought it necessary in our own interests, say, 100,000 men in a well-formed army, not to invade Belgium, which no one thought of doing, but to guard the French frontier of Belgium in case the German army should seek to enter France in that way. If the German attack were made farther south, where the French chain of modern fortresses had rendered their defensive positions strong, the French army would then be able, being set free from the difficulty of mustering in full strength opposite Belgium, to guard the southern frontier.

Sir Edward Grey consulted the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, and myself as War Minister, and I was instructed, in January, 1906, a month after assuming office, to take the examination of the question in hand. This occurred in the middle of the general election which was then in progress. I went at once to London and summoned the heads of the British General Staff and saw the French military attaché, Colonel Huguet, a man of sense and ability. I became aware at once that there was a new army problem. It was, how to mobilize and concentrate at a place of assembly to be opposite the Belgian frontier, a force calculated as adequate (with the assistance of Russian pressure in the East) to make up for the inadequacy of the French armies for their great task of defending the entire French frontier from

Dunkirk down to Belfort — or even farther south, if Italy should join the Triple Alliance in an attack.

But an investigation of a searching character presently revealed great deficiencies in the British military organization of those days. We had never contemplated the preparation of armies for warfare of the Continental type. The older generals had not been trained to this problem. We had, it was true, excellent troops in India and elsewhere. These were required as outposts for Imperial defense. As they had to serve for long periods and to be thoroughly trained, they had to be professional soldiers, engaged to serve in most cases for seven years with the colors and afterwards for five in the reserve. They were highly trained men, and there was a good reserve of them at home. But that reserve was not organized in the great self-contained divisions which would be required for fighting against armies organized for rapid action on modern Continental principles. Its formations in peacetime were not those which would be required in such a war. There was in addition a serious defect in the artillery organization which would have prevented more than a comparatively small number of batteries (about forty-two only in point of fact) being quickly placed on a war footing. The transport and supply and the medical services were as deficient as the artillery.

In short, the close investigation we made at that time disclosed that it was, under the then existing circumstances, not possible to put in the field more than about 80,000 men, and even these only after an interval of over two months, which would be required for conversion of our isolated units into the new war-formations of an army fit to take the field against the German first line of active corps. The French naturally thought that a machine so slow-moving would be of little use to them. They might have been destroyed before it could begin to operate effectively. Both she and Germany had organized on the basis that modern Continental warfare had become a high science. Hitherto we had not, and it was only our younger generals who had even studied this science.

There was therefore nothing for it but to attempt a complete revolution in the organization of the British army at home. The nascent General Staff was finally organized in September, 1906, and its organization was shortly afterwards developed so as to extend to the entire Empire, as soon as a conference had taken place with the ministers of the Dominions early in the following year. The outcome was a complete recasting, which, after three years' work, made it practicable rapidly to mobilize, not only 100,000, but 160,000 men; to transport them, with the aid of the navy, to a place of concentration which had been settled between the staffs of France and Britain; and to have them at their appointed place within twelve days, an interval based on what the Germany army required on its side for a corresponding concentration.

All the arrangements for this were worked out by the end of 1910. Both Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig took an active part in the work. Behind the first-line army so organized, a second-line army of larger size, though far less trained, and so designed that it could be expanded, was organized. This was the citizen, or 'Territorial,' army, consisting in time of peace of fourteen divisions of infantry and artillery and fourteen brigades of cavalry, with the appropriate medical, sanitary, transport, and other auxiliary services. Those serving in this second-line army were civilians, and of course much less disciplined than the officers and men of

the first line. Its primary function was home defense, but its members were encouraged to undertake for service abroad, if necessary; and in point of fact a large part of this army fought in France, Flanders, and the East soon after the beginning of the war, in great measure making up by their intelligence for the shortness of their training.

To say, therefore, that we were caught unprepared is not accurate. Compulsory service in a period of peace was out of the question for us. Moreover, it would have taken at least thirty years to organize, and meanwhile we should have been weaker than without it. We had studied the situation and had done the only thing that, after full deliberation, we thought we could do. Our main strength was in our navy and its tradition. Our secondary contribution was a small army fashioned to fulfil a scientifically measured function. It was of course a very small army, but it had a scientific organization, on the basis of which a great expansion was possible. After all, what we set ourselves to accomplish we did accomplish. If the margin by which a just sufficient success was attained in the early days of the war seems to-day narrow, the reason of the narrow margin lay largely in the unprepared condition of the armies of Russia, on which we and France had reckoned for rapid coöperation. Anyhow, we fulfilled our contract, for at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, August 3, 1914, we mobilized without a hitch the whole of the Expeditionary Force, amounting to six divisions and nearly two cavalry divisions, and began its transport over the Channel when war was declared thirty-six hours later. We also at the same time successfully mobilized the Territorial force and other units, the whole amounting to over half a million men. The navy was already in its war stations, and there was no delay at all in putting what we had prepared into operation.

I speak of this with direct knowledge, for as the Prime Minister, who was holding temporarily the seals of the War Department, was overwhelmed with business, he asked me, though Lord Chancellor, to go to the War Office and give directions for the mobilization of the machinery with which I was so familiar; and I did so on the morning of Monday, August 3, and a day later handed it over, in working order, to Lord Kitchener.

III

I now return to what was the main object of British foreign policy between 1905 and 1914, the prevention of the danger of any outbreak with Germany. Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, worked strenuously with this object. If France was overrun, our island security would be at least diminished, and he had therefore, in addition to his anxiety to avert a general war, a direct national interest to strive for, in the preservation of peace between Germany and France. Ever since the mutilation which the latter country had suffered, as the outcome of the War of 1870, she had felt sore, and her relations with Germany were not easy. But she did not seek a war of revenge. It would have been too full of risk even if she had not desired peace, the Franco-Russian Dual Alliance notwithstanding. The notion of an encirclement of Germany, excepting in defense against aggression by Germany herself, existed only in the minds of nervous Germans. Still, there was suspicion, and the question was, how to get rid of it.

I have already referred to the visit I paid to the Emperor at Berlin in the autumn of 1906. He invited me to a review which he held of his troops there, and in the course of it rode up to the carriage in which I was seated and

said, 'A splendid machine I have in this army, Mr. Haldane; now is n't it so? And what could I do without it, situated as I am between the Russians and the French? But the French are your allies — are they not? so I beg pardon.'

I shook my head and smiled deprecatingly, and replied that, were I in His Majesty's place, I should in any case feel safe from attack with the possession of this machine, and that for my own part I enjoyed being behind it much more than if I had to be in front of it.

Next day at the Schloss he talked to me fully and cordially. What follows I extract from the record I made after the conversation in my diaries, which were kept by desire of King Edward, and which were printed by the government on my return to London.

He spoke of the Anglo-French Entente. He said that it would be wrong to infer that he had any critical thought about our entente with France. On the contrary he believed that it might even facilitate good relations between France and Germany. He wished for these good relations, and was taking steps through gentlemen of high position in France to obtain them. Not one inch more of French territory would he ever covet. Alsace and Lorraine originally had been German, and now even the least German of the two, Lorraine, because it preferred a monarchy to a republic, was welcoming him enthusiastically whenever he went there. That he should have gone to Tangier, where both English and French welcomed him, was quite natural. He desired no quarrel, and the whole fault was Delcassé's, who had wanted to pick a quarrel and bring England into it.

I told the Emperor that, if he would allow me to speak my mind freely, I would do so. He assented, and I said to him that his attitude had caused great uneasiness in England, and that this, and not any notion of forming a tripartite alliance of France, Russia, and England against him, was the reason of the feeling there had been. We were bound by no military alliance. As for our entente, some time since we had had difficulties with France over Newfoundland and Egypt, and we had made a good business arrangement (*gutes Geschäft*) about these complicated matters of detail, and had simply carried out our word to France.

He said that he had no criticism to make on this, except that, if we had told him so early, there would have been no misunderstanding. Things were better now, but we had not always been pleasant to him and ready to meet him. His army was for defense, not for offense. As to Russia, he had no Himalayas between him and Russia, more was the pity. Now what about our Two-Power standard? (All this was said with earnestness, but in a friendly way, the Emperor laying his finger on my shoulder as he spoke. Sometimes the conversation was in German, but more often in English.)

I said that our fleet was like His Majesty's army. It was of the *Wesen* of the nation, and the Two-Power standard, while it might be rigid and so awkward, was a way of maintaining a deep-seated national tradition, and a Liberal government must hold to it as firmly as a Conservative. Both countries were increasing in wealth, — ours, like Germany, very rapidly, — and if Germany built, we must build. But, I added, there was an excellent opportunity for coöperation in other things. I instanced international free-trade developments, which would smooth other relations.

The Emperor agreed. He was convinced that free trade was the true policy for Germany also, but Germany could not go so quickly here as England had gone.

I referred to Friedrich List's great

book as illustrating how military and geographical considerations had affected matters for Germany in this connection.

The Emperor then spoke of Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform, and said that it had caused him anxiety.

I replied that with care we might avoid any real bad feeling over trade. The undeveloped markets of the world were enormous, and we wanted no more of the surface of the globe than we had got.

The Emperor's reply was that what he sought after was not territory but trade-expansion. He quoted Goethe to the effect that if a nation wanted anything it must concentrate and act from within the sphere of its concentration.

We then spoke of the fifty millions sterling per annum of chemical trade which Germany had got away from us. I said that this was thoroughly justified as the result of the practical application of high German science.

'That,' said he, 'I delight to think, because it is legitimate and to the credit of my people.'

I agreed, and said that similarly we had got the best of the world's shipbuilding. Each nation had something to learn.

The Emperor then passed to the topic of the Hague Conference, trusting that disarmament would not be proposed. If so, he could not go in.

I observed that the word 'disarmament' was perhaps unfortunately chosen.

'The best testimony,' said the Emperor, 'to my earnest desire for peace is that I have had no war, though I should have had war if I had not earnestly striven to avoid it.'

Throughout the conversation, which was as animated as it was long, the Emperor was cordial and agreeable. He expressed the wish that more English ministers would visit Berlin, and that he might see more of our Royal Family. I left the palace at 3.30 P.M., having gone there at one.

On another day during this visit Prince von Bülow, who was then Chancellor, called on me. I was out, but found him later at the Schloss and had a conversation with him. He said to me that both the Emperor and himself were thoroughly aware of the desire of King Edward and his government to maintain the new relations with France in their integrity, and that, in the best German opinion, this was no obstacle to building up close relations with Germany also.

I said that this was the view held on our side, too, and that the only danger lay in trying to force everything at once. Too great haste was to be deprecated.

He said that he entirely agreed, and quoted Prince Bismarck, who had laid it down that you cannot make a flower grow any sooner by putting fire to heat it.

I said that, none the less, frequent and cordial interchanges of view were very important, and that not even the smallest matters should be neglected.

He alluded with satisfaction to my personal relations with the German Ambassador in London, Count Metternich.

I begged him, if there were any small matters which were too minute to take up officially, but which seemed unsatisfactory, to let me know of them in a private capacity through Count Metternich. This I did because I had discovered some soreness at restrictions which had been placed on the attendance of German military officers at manœuvres in England, and I had found that there had been some reprisals. I did not refer to these, but said that I had the authority of the sovereign to give assistance to German officers who were sent over to the manœuvres to study them. I said that

while our army was small, compared with theirs, it had had great experience in the conduct of small expeditions, and that there were in consequence some things worth seeing.

He then spoke of the navy. It was natural that with the increase of German commerce Germany should wish to increase her fleet, — from a sea-police point of view, — but that they had neither the wish, nor, having regard to the strain their great army put on their resources, the power to build against Great Britain.

I said that the best opinion in England fully understood this attitude, and that we did not in the least misinterpret their recent progress, nor would he misinterpret our resolve to maintain, for purely defensive purposes, our navy at a Two-Power standard. Some day, I said, there might be rivalry, but I thought that we might assume that, if it ever happened, it would not be for many years, and that our policy for the present was strongly for Free Trade, so that, the more Germany exported to Great Britain and British possessions, the more we should export in exchange to her.

He expressed himself pleased that I should say this, and added that he was confident that a couple of years' interchange of friendly communications in this spirit would produce a great development, and perhaps lead for both of us to pleasant relations with other powers also.

There were during this visit in 1906 other conversations of which a record was preserved, but I have referred to the most important, and I will only mention, in concluding my account of these days in Berlin in September, 1906, the talk I had with the Foreign Minister, Herr von Tchirsky, afterwards the German Ambassador at Vienna before the war, and reported as having been a fomenter of the Austrian outbreak against Serbia. He may have been anti-Slav and anti-Russian, but I did not find him, in the long conversation we had in 1906, otherwise than sensible as regards France.

I explained that my business in Berlin was merely with War-Office matters, and, even as regards these, quite unofficial.

He said that there had been much tendency to misinterpret in both countries, but that things were now better. I might take it that our precision about the entente with France, and our desire to rest firmly on the arrangement we had made, were understood in Germany, and that it was realized that we were not likely to be able to build up anything with his own country which did not rest on this basis. But he thought, and the Emperor agreed, that the entente was no hindrance to all that was necessary between Germany and England, which was not an alliance but a thoroughly good business understanding. Some day we might come into conflict, if care was not taken; but if care was taken, there was no need of it.

I said that I believed this to be Sir Edward Grey's view also, and that he was anxious to communicate with the German Government beforehand whenever there was a chance of German interests being touched.

He went on to speak of the approaching Hague Conference, and of the difficulty Germany would have if asked to alter the proportion of her army to her population, a proportion which rested on a fundamental law. For Germany to stand alone would be to put herself in a hole, and it would be a friendly act if we could devise some way out of a definite vote on reduction. Germany might well enter a conference to record and emphasize the improvement all round in international relations, the desirability of further developing this improvement, and the hope that with it the

growth of armaments would cease. But he was afraid of the kind of initiative which was likely to come from America. The United States had no sympathy with European military and naval difficulties.

I said that I thought that we too, as a government, were pledged to try to bring about something more definite than what he suggested as a limit, but that I would report what he had told me.

He then passed to general topics. He was emphatic in his assurance that what Germany wanted was increase of commercial development. Let the nations avoid inflicting pin-pricks, and leave each other free to breathe the air. He said that he thought we might have opportunities of helping them to get the French into an easier mood. They were difficult and suspicious, he observed, and it was hard to transact business with them, for they made trouble over small points.

On my return to London I sent to Herr von Tchirsky some English newspapers containing articles of a friendly tone, so far as the preservation of good relations was concerned. He replied in a letter from which I translate the material portion.

'I see with pleasure from the articles which Your Excellency has sent me for His Majesty, and from other expressions of public opinion in English newspapers, that in the leading Liberal papers of England a more friendly tone toward Germany is making itself apparent. You would have been able to derive the same impression from reading our newspapers, with the exception of a few Pan-German prints. Alas, papers like the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *Standard* cannot bring themselves to refrain from their attitude of dislike, and are always rejoicing in being suspicious of every action of the Imperial Government. They contribute in this fashion appreciably to render weak the new tone of diminishing misunderstanding which has arisen between the two countries. If I fear that, under these circumstances, it will be a long time before mutual understanding has grown up to the point at which it stood more than a century ago, and as you and I desire it in the well-understood interests of England and Germany, still I hope and am persuaded that the relations of the two governments will remain good.'

IV

A year after the visit I had paid to Berlin, the Emperor came over to stay with King Edward at Windsor. This was in November, 1907. The visit lasted several days, and I was present most of the time. The Emperor was accompanied by Baron von Schoen, who had become Foreign Minister of Prussia after having been Ambassador to the Court of Russia, and by General von Einem, the War Minister, whose inclusion in the invitation I had ventured to suggest to the King, as an acknowledgment of his civility to myself as War Minister when in Berlin. There were also at Windsor Count Metternich and several high military officers of the Emperor's personal staff and military cabinet. To these officers and to the War Minister I showed all the hospitality I could in London, and I received them officially at the War Office.

But the really interesting incident of this visit, so far as I was concerned, took place at Windsor. The first evening of my visit there, just after his arrival in November, the Emperor took me aside, and said he was sorry that there was a good deal of friction over the Bagdad Railway, and that he did not know what we wanted as a basis for coöperation.

I said that I could not answer for the Foreign Office, but that, speaking as

War Minister, one thing I knew we wanted was a 'gate' to protect India from troops coming down the new railway. He asked me what I meant by a 'gate,' and I said that meant the control of the section which would come near to the Persian Gulf. 'I will give you the "gate,"' replied the Emperor.

I had no opportunity at the moment, which was just before dinner, for pursuing the conversation further, but I thought the answer too important not to be followed up. There were private theatricals after dinner, which lasted till nearly one o'clock in the morning. I was seated in the theatre of the Castle just behind the Emperor, and, as the company broke up, I went forward and asked him whether he really meant seriously that he was willing to give us the 'gate'; because, if he did mean it, I would go to London early, and see Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office.

Next morning, about 7.30 o'clock, a helmeted guardsman, one of those whom the Emperor had brought over with him from Berlin, knocked loudly at the door and came into my bedroom, and said that he had a message from the Emperor. It was that he did mean what he had said the night before. I at once got up and caught a train for London. There I saw the Foreign Secretary, who, after taking time to think things over, gave me a memorandum he had drawn up. The substance of it was that the British Government would be very glad to discuss the Emperor's suggestion, but that it would be necessary, before making a settlement, to bring into the discussion France and Russia, whose interests also were involved. I was requested to sound the Emperor further.

After telling King Edward of what was happening, I had a further conversation in Windsor Castle with the Emperor, who said that he feared that the bringing in of Russia particularly, not to speak of France, would cause difficulty; but he asked me to come that night, after a performance that was to take place in the Castle theatre had ended, to his apartments, to a meeting to which he would summon the ministers he had brought with him. He took the memorandum which I had brought from London, a copy of which I had made for him in my own handwriting, so as to present it as the informal document it was intended to be. Just before dinner Baron von Schoen spoke to me, and told me that he had heard from the Emperor what had happened, and that the Emperor was wrong in thinking that the attempt to bring in Russia would lead to difficulty, because he, Baron von Schoen, when he was Ambassador to Russia, had already discussed the general question with its government, and had virtually come to an understanding. At the meeting that night we could therefore go on to negotiate.

I attended the Emperor in his state rooms at the Castle at one o'clock in the morning, and sat smoking with him and his ministers for over two hours. His Foreign Minister and Count Metternich and the War Minister, von Einem, were present. I said that I felt myself an intruder, because it was very much like being present at a sitting of his Cabinet. He replied, 'Be a member of my Cabinet for the evening.' I said that I was quite agreeable.

They then engaged in a very animated conversation, some of them challenging the proposal of the Emperor to accept the British suggestions, with an outspokenness which would have astonished the outside world, with its notions of Teutonic autocracy. Count Metternich did not at all like what I suggested, that there should be a conference in Berlin on the subject of the Bagdad Railway between England, France, Russia, and Germany.

In the end, but not until after much keen argument, the idea was accepted, and the Emperor directed von Schoen to go next morning to London and make an official proposal to Sir Edward Grey. This was carried out, and the preliminary details were discussed between von Schoen and Sir Edward at the Foreign Office.

Some weeks afterward difficulties were raised from Berlin. Germany said that she was ready to discuss with the British Government the question of the terminal portion of the railway, but she did not desire to bring the other two powers into that discussion, because the conference would probably fail and accentuate the differences between her and the other powers.

The matter thus came to an end. It was, I think, a great pity, because I have reason to believe that the French view was that, if the Bagdad Railway question could have been settled, one great obstacle in the way of reconciling German with French and English interests would have disappeared. I came to the conclusion afterward that it was due to Prince von Bülow that the proposal had come to an untimely end. Whether he did not wish for an expanded entente; whether the feeling was strong in Germany that the Bagdad Railway had become a specially German concern and should not be shared; or what other reason he may have had, I do not know; but it was from Berlin, after the Emperor's return there at the end of November, 1907, that the negotiations were finally blocked.

V

Although these negotiations had no definite result, they assisted in promoting increasing frankness between the two Foreign Offices, and other things went with more smoothness. Sir Edward Grey kept France and Russia informed of all we did, and he was also very open with the Germans. Until well on in 1911 all went satisfactorily. In the early part of that year the Emperor came to London to visit the present King, who had by that time succeeded to the throne. I had ventured to propose to the King that during the Emperor's visit I should, as War Minister, give a luncheon to the generals who were on his staff. But when the Emperor heard of this, he sent a message that he would like to come and lunch with me himself, and to meet people whom otherwise he might not see.

I acted on my own discretion, and when he came to luncheon at my house in Queen Anne's Gate, I had a somewhat widely selected party of about a dozen to meet him. For it included not only Lord Morley, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Curzon, whom he was sure to meet elsewhere, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who was then leading the Labor Party, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, our greatest naval commander, Lord Moulton, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminister Gazette*, and others representing varied types of British opinion. The Emperor engaged in conversation with everyone, and all went with smoothness.

He had a great reception in London. But enthusiasm about him was somewhat damped when, in July, 1911, not long after his return to Germany, he sent the afterwards famous warship Panther to Agadir. The French were naturally alarmed, and the situation which had become so promising was overcast. Our naval arrangements and our new military organization were ready, and our mobilization plans were fairly complete, as the German General Staff knew from their military attaché. But the point was, how to avoid an outbreak, and to get rid of the feeling and

friction to which the Agadir crisis was giving rise. Our growing good relations were temporarily clouded.

In the winter, after the actual crisis had been got over, there was evidence of continuing ill-feeling in Germany, and the suspicion in London did not diminish. In January, 1912, an informal message was given by the Emperor to Sir Ernest Cassel, for transmission, if possible, through one of my colleagues to the Foreign Office. I knew nothing of this at the time, but learned shortly afterward that it was to the effect that the Emperor was concerned at the state of feeling that had arisen in both countries, and thought that the most hopeful method of improving matters would be that the Cabinet of St. James's should exchange views directly with the Cabinet of Berlin.

For this course there was a good deal to be said. The peace had indeed been preserved, but, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg told me later on, not without effort. Germany's attitude toward France had seemed menacing. The British Government had done its utmost to avert a breach, but its sympathy was naturally opposed to the language used in Germany, the spirit of which seemed to us to have in it an aggressive element; and we did not hesitate to say what we thought about this.

Even after the Agadir incident was quite closed, the tension between Germany and England had not passed away. The military party in the former country began to talk of a 'preventive' war pretty loudly. Even so moderate an organ in Berlin as the *Post* wrote of German opinion that 'we all know that blood is assuredly about to be shed, and the longer we wait the more there will be. Few, however, have the courage to imitate Frederick the Great, and not one dares the deed.'

The Emperor therefore sent his message in the beginning of 1912, to the effect that feeling had become so much excited that it was not enough to rely on the ordinary diplomatic intercourse for softening it, and that he was anxious for an exchange of views between the Cabinets of Berlin and London, of a personal and direct kind. As the result of this intimation, the British Cabinet decided to send one of its members to Berlin to hold 'conversations,' with a view to exploring and, if practicable, softening the causes of tension, and I was requested by the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey and my other colleagues, to go to Berlin and undertake the task. Our Ambassador there came over to London specially to discuss arrangements, and he returned to Berlin to make them, before I started.

I arrived in the German capital on February 8, 1912, and spent some days in interviews with the Emperor, the Imperial Chancellor, the Naval Minister (Admiral von Tirpitz), and others of the Emperor's ministry. The narrative of my conversations I have extracted from the records I made after each interview, for the preservation, so far as possible, of the words used at it.

My first interview was one with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor. We met in the British Embassy, and the conversation, which was quite informal, was a full and agreeable one. My impression — and I still retain it — was that Bethmann-Hollweg was then as sincerely desirous of avoiding war as I was myself. I told him of certain dangers quite frankly, and he listened and replied with what seemed to me to be a full understanding of our position. I said that the increasing action of Prussia in piling up magnificent armaments was of course within the unfettered rights of the German people. But the policy had an inevitable consequence in the drawing together of other nations in the interests of their own security. This

was what was happening. I told him frankly that we had made naval and military preparations, but only such as defense required, and as would be considered in Germany matter of routine. I went on to observe that our faces were set against aggression by any nation, and I told him, what seemed to relieve his mind, that we had no secret military treaties. But, I added, if France were attacked and an attempt made to occupy her territory, our neutrality must not be reckoned on by Germany. For one thing, it was obvious that our position as an island protected by the sea would be affected seriously if Germany has possession of the Channel ports on the northern shores of France. Again, we were under treaty obligation to come to the aid of Belgium in case of invasion, just as we were bound to defend Portugal and Japan in certain eventualities. In the third place, owing to our dependence on freedom of sea-communications for food and raw materials, we could not sit still if Germany elected to develop her fleet to such an extent as to imperil our naval protection. She might build more ships, but we should in that case lay down two keels for each one she laid down.

The Chancellor said that he did not take my observations at all in bad part, but I must understand that his admirals and generals were pretty difficult.

I replied that the difficulty would be felt at least as much with the admirals and generals in my own country.

The Chancellor, in the course of our talk, proposed a formula of neutrality to which I will refer later on.

VI

I left the Chancellor with the sense that I had been talking with an honest man struggling somewhat with adversity. However, next day I was summoned to luncheon with the Emperor and Empress at the Schloss, and afterward had a long interview, which lasted nearly three hours, with the Emperor and Admiral von Tirpitz in the Emperor's cabinet room. The conversation was in German, and was confined to naval questions. My reception by the Emperor was very agreeable; that by Tirpitz seemed to me a little strained. The question was, whether Germany must not continue her programme for expanding her fleet. What that programme really amounted to, we had not known in London, except that it included an increase in battleships; but the Emperor handed me at this meeting a confidential copy of the draft of the proposed new Fleet Law, with an intimation that he had no objection to my communicating it privately to my colleagues. I was careful to abstain even from looking at it then, for I saw that, from its complexity and bulk, it would require careful study. So I simply put it in my pocket. But I repeated what I had said to the Chancellor, that the necessity for secure sea-communications rendered it necessary for us to be able to protect ourselves on the seas. Germany was quite free to do as she pleased, but so were we, and we should probably lay down two keels for every one which she added to her programme. The initiative in slackening competition was really not with us but with Germany. Any agreement for settling our differences and introducing a new spirit into the relations of the two nations would be bones without flesh if Germany began by fresh shipbuilding, and so forced us to do twice as much. Indeed, the world would laugh at such an agreement, and our people would think that we had been fooled. I did not myself take that view, because I thought that the mere fact of an agreement was valuable. But the Emperor would see that the public would attach little importance to his action unless the agree-

ment largely modified what it believed to be his shipbuilding programme.

We then discussed the proposal of the German Admiralty concerning a new programme. Von Tirpitz struggled for it. I insisted that fundamental modification was essential if better relations were to ensue. The tone was friendly, but I felt that I was up against the crucial part of my task. The admiral wanted us to enter into some understanding about our own shipbuilding. He thought the Two-Power standard a hard one for Germany, and indeed Germany could not make any admission about it.

I said it was not matter for admissions. They were free and so were we, and we must for the sake of our safety remain so. The idea then occurred to us that, as we should never agree about it, we should avoid defining a standard proportion in any general agreement that we might come to, and indeed say nothing in it about shipbuilding; but that the Emperor should announce to the German public that the agreement on general questions, if we should have concluded one, had entirely modified his wish for the new Fleet Law, as originally conceived, and that it should be delayed, and future shipbuilding should at least be spread over a longer period.

The Emperor thought such an agreement would certainly make a great difference, and he informed me that his Chancellor would propose a formula as a basis for it. I said that I would see the Chancellor and discuss a possible formula, as well as territorial and other questions with him, and would then return to London and report to the King (from whom I had brought him a special and friendly message) and to my colleagues the good disposition I had found, and leave the difficulties about shipbuilding, and indeed all other matters, to their judgment. For I had come to Berlin, not to make an actual agreement, but only to explore the ground for one, with the Emperor and his ministers. I had been struck with the friendly disposition in Berlin, and a not less friendly disposition would be found in London.

The evening after my interview with the Emperor I dined with the Chancellor. I met there and talked with several prominent politicians, soldiers, and men of letters, including Kiderlen-Waechter (the then Foreign Secretary), the afterwards famous General von Hindenburg, Zimmermann of the Foreign Office, and Professor Harnack.

Later on, after dinner, I went off to meet the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, at the British Embassy, for I wished to keep him informed of our object, which was simply to improve the state of feeling between London and Berlin, but on the basis, and only on the basis, of complete loyalty to our entente with France. It was, to use a phrase which he himself suggested in our conversation, a *détente* rather than an *entente* that I had in view, with possible developments to follow it which might assume a form which would be advantageous to France and Russia, as well as to ourselves and Germany. He showed me next day the report of our talk which he had prepared in order to telegraph it to Paris.

I had other interviews the next day, but the only one which is important for the purposes of the present narrative was that at my final meeting with the German Chancellor on the Saturday (February 10). I pressed on him how important it was for public opinion and the peace of the world that Germany should not force us into a shipbuilding competition with her, a competition in which it was certain that we should have to spare no effort to preserve our margin of safety by greater increases.

He did not controvert my suggestion. I could see that personally he was of the

same mind. But he said that the forces he had to contend with were almost insuperable. The question of a retardation of building under the proposed Fleet Law was not susceptible of being treated apart from that of the formula of which he and the Emperor had both spoken. He suggested that we might agree on the following formula: —

(1) The High Contracting Powers assure each other mutually of their desire for peace and friendship.

(2) They will not, either of them, make any combination, or join in any combination, which is directed against the other. They expressly declare that they are not bound by any such combination.

(3) If either of the High Contracting Parties becomes entangled in a war with one or more other powers, the other of the High Contracting Parties will at least observe toward the power so entangled a benevolent neutrality, and use its utmost endeavor for the localization of the conflict.

(4) The duty of neutrality which arises from the preceding article has no application, in so far as it may not be reconcilable with existing agreements which the High Contracting Parties have already made. The making of new agreements which make it impossible for either of the Contracting Parties to observe neutrality toward the other beyond what is provided by the preceding limitations is excluded in conformity with the provisions contained in Article 2.

Anxious as I was to agree with the Chancellor, who seemed as keen as I was to meet me with words which I might take back to England for friendly consideration, I was unable to hold out to him the least prospect that we could accept the draft formula which he had just proposed. Under Article 2, for example, we should find ourselves, were it accepted, precluded from coming to the assistance of France should Germany attack her and aim at getting possession of such ports as Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, a friendly occupation of which was so important for our island security. Difficulties might also arise which would hamper us in discharging our existing treaty obligations to Belgium, Portugal, and Japan. The most hopeful way out was to revise the draft fundamentally by confining its terms to an undertaking by each power not to make any unprovoked attack upon the other, or join in any combination or design against the other for purposes of aggression, or become party to any plan or naval or military combination, alone or in conjunction with any other power, directed to such an end.

He and I then sat down and redrafted what he had prepared, on this basis, but without his committing himself to the view that it would be sufficient. We also had a satisfactory conversation about the Bagdad Railway and other things in Turkey connected with the Persian Gulf, and we discussed possibilities of the rearrangement of certain interests of both powers in Africa. He said to me that he was not there to make any immediate bargain, but that we should look at the African question on both sides from a high point of view, and that if we had any difficulties we should tell him, and he would see whether he could get round them for us.

I replied that I also was not there to make a bargain, but only to explore the ground, and that I much appreciated the tone of his conversation with me, and the good feeling he had shown. I should go back to London and without delay report to my colleagues all that had passed.

VII

I entertain no doubt that the German Chancellor was sincerely in earn-

est in what he said to me on these occasions, and in his desire to improve relations with us and keep the peace. So I think was the Emperor; but he was pulled at by his naval and military advisers, and by the powerful, if then small, chauvinist party in Germany. In 1912, when the conversation recorded took place, this party was less potent, I think a good deal less, than it appears to have become a year and a half later when Germany had increased her army still further. But I formed the opinion even then that the power of the Emperor in Germany was a good deal misinterpreted and overestimated. My impression was that the really decisive influence was that of the minister who had managed to secure the strongest following throughout Germany; and it was obvious to me that Admiral von Tirpitz had a powerful and growing following, due to the backing of the naval party, from many directions.

Moreover, sensible as a large number of Germans were, there was a certain tendency to swelled-headedness in the nation. It had had an extraordinarily rapid development, based on principles of organization in every sphere of activity — principles derived from the lesson of the necessity of thinking before acting enjoined by the great teachers of the beginning of the nineteenth century. The period down to about 1832 seems to me to correspond, in the intellectual prodigies it produced, to our Elizabethan period. It came no doubt to an end in its old and distinctive aspect. But its spirit assumed, later on, a new form: that of organization for material ends based on careful reflection and calculation. In industry and commerce, in the army, and in the navy, the work of mind was everywhere apparent. 'Aus einem Lernvolk wollen wir ein Thatvolk werden,' was the new watchword.

No doubt there was much that was defective. When it came to actual war in 1914, it turned out that Germany had not adequately thought out her military problems. If she had done so, she would have used her fleet at the very outset, and particularly her destroyers and submarines, to try to hinder the transport of the British Expeditionary Force to France, and, having secured the absence of this force, she would have sought to seize the northern ports of France. Small as the Expeditionary Force was, it was enough, when added to the French, to make them so formidable as to render the success of von Klück uncertain if the troops could be concentrated to resist him swiftly enough. Again, Germany never really grasped the implications of our command of the sea. Had she done so, I do not think she would have adventured war. She may have counted on England not coming in, owing to entanglements in Irish difficulties. If so, this was just another instance of her bad judgment about the internal affairs of other nations.

In fine, Germany had not adequately thought out or prepared for the perils which she undertook when she assumed the risks of the War of 1914. No doubt she knew more about the shortcomings of the Russian army than did the French or the British. On these, pretty exact knowledge of the Russian shortages enabled her to reckon. There we miscalculated more than she did. But she was not strong enough to make sure work of a brief but conclusive campaign in the West, which was all she could afford while Russia was organizing. Then, later on, she ought to have seen that, if the submarine campaign which she undertook should bring the United States into the war, her ultimate fate would be sealed by blockade. In the end she no doubt fought magnificently. But she made these mistakes, which were mainly due to that swelled-head-

edness which deflected her reasoning and prevented her from calculating consequences aright.

There was a good deal of this apparent, even in 1912. It had led to the Agadir business in the previous summer, and the absence of wise prevision was still apparent. I believed that this phase of militarism would pass when Imperial Germany became a more mature nation. Indeed, it was passing under the growing influence of Social Democracy, which was greatly increased by the elections which took place while I was in Berlin in 1912. But still there was the possibility of an explosion; and when I returned to London, although I was hopeful that relations between the two countries were going to be improved, and told my colleagues so, I also reported that there were three matters about which I was uneasy.

The first was my strong impression that the new Fleet Law would be insisted on.

The second was the possibility that von Tirpitz might be made Chancellor of the Empire in place of von Bethmann-Hollweg. This was being talked of as possible when I was in Berlin.

The third was the want of continuity in the supreme direction of German policy. Foreign policy especially was under divided control. Von Tchirsky observed to me in 1906 that what he had been saying about a question that we were discussing represented his view as Foreign Minister of Prussia, but that next door was the Chancellor, who might express quite a different view to me if I asked him; and that if, later on, I should go to the end of Wilhelm Strasse and turn down Unter den Linden I would come to the Schloss, where I might derive from the Emperor's lips an impression quite different from that given either by himself or by the Chancellor. This made me feel that, desirous as Bethmann-Hollweg had shown himself to establish and preserve good relations, we could not count on his influence being maintained or prevailing. As an eminent foreign diplomatist observed, 'In this highly organized nation, when you have ascended to the very top story you find not only confusion but chaos.'

However, after I had reported fully on all the details to the Cabinet, which I did on the day of my return to London, and after the Foreign Office had received my written report, matters were taken in hand by Sir Edward Grey, and by him I was kept informed. Presently it became apparent that there were those in Berlin who were interfering with the Chancellor in his efforts for good relations. A dispatch came which was inconsistent with the line he had pursued with me, and it became evident that the German Government was likely to insist on proceeding with the new Fleet Law. When we looked closely into the copy of the draft which the Emperor had given to me, we found very large increases contemplated, of which we had no notion earlier, not only in the battleships, about which we did know before, but in small craft and submarines and personnel. As these increases were to proceed further, discussion about the terms of a formula became rather futile, and we had only one course left open to us — to respond by quietly increasing our navy and concentrating its strength in northern seas. This was done with great energy by Mr. Churchill, the result being that, as the outcome of the successive administrations of the fleet by Mr. McKenna and himself, the estimates were raised by over twenty millions sterling to fifty-one millions.

VIII

In the summer of 1912 I became Lord Chancellor, and the engrossing duties,

judicial as well as administrative, of that office cut me off from any direct participation in the carrying on of our efforts for better relations with Germany. But these relations continued to be extended in the various ways practicable and left open to Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor. The discussions which had been begun when I was in Berlin, about Africa and the Bagdad Railway, were continued between them through the ambassadors; and just before the war the draft of an extensive treaty had been agreed on.

Then, after an interval of two years, came a time of extreme anxiety. No one had better opportunities than I of watching Sir Edward's concentration of effort to avoid the calamity which threatened. For he was living with me in my house in Queen Anne's Gate through the whole of these weeks, and he was devoting himself, with passionate earnestness of purpose, to inducing the German Government to use its influence with Austria for a peaceful settlement. But it presently became evident that the Emperor and his ministers had made up their minds that they were going to grasp the opportunity that appeared to have come. As I have already said, I think their calculations were framed on a wholly erroneous basis. It is clear that their military advisers had failed to take account, in their estimates of probabilities, of the tremendous moral forces that might be brought into action against them.

The ultimate result we all know. May the lesson taught the world by the determined entry of the United States into the conflict between right and wrong never be forgotten by the world!

Why Germany acted as she did then is a matter that still requires careful investigation. My own feeling is that she has demonstrated the extreme risk of confiding great political decisions to military advisers. It is not their business to have the last word in deciding between peace and war. The problem is too far-reaching for their training. Bismarck knew this well, and often said it, as students of his life and reflections are aware. Had he been at the helm I do not believe that he would have allowed his country to drift into a disastrous course. He was far from perfect in his ethical standards, but he had something of that quality which Mommsen, in his history, attributes to Julius Cæsar. Him the historian describes as one of those

> mighty ones who have preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and have not broken down in the task which for greatly gifted natures is the most difficult of all — the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed, and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better; never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes. Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine, and thought of carrying into effect, even at the Danube and the Euphrates, not unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely well-considered frontier regulations.

If only Germany, whose great historian thus explained these things, had remembered them, how different might have been her position to-day. But it may be that she had carried her policy too far to be left free. With her certainly rests the whole responsibility for what has happened; for apart from her Austria would not have acted as she did, nor would Turkey, nor Bulgaria. The fascinating glitter of her armies, and the assurances given by her General Staff, were too much for the minor

nations whom she had induced to accept her guidance, and too much I think also for her own people. No doubt the ignorance of these about the ways of their own government counted for a great deal. There has never been such a justification of the principle of democratic control as this war affords. But a nation must be held responsible for the action of its own rulers, however much it has simply submitted itself to them. I have the impression that even to-day in its misery the German public does not fully understand, and still believes that Germany was the victim of a plot to entrap and encircle her, and that with this in view Russia mobilized on a great scale for war. It is difficult for us to understand how real the Slav peril appeared to Germany and to Austria, and there is little doubt that to the latter Serbia was an unquiet neighbor. But these considerations must be taken in their context — a context of which the German public ought to have made itself fully aware. The leaders of its opinion were bent on domination of the Near East. No wonder that the Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula became progressively alarmed, and looked to Russia more and more for protection. For it had become plain that moral considerations would not be allowed by the authorities at Berlin to weigh in the balance against material advantages to be gained by power of domination.

If there is room for reproach to us Anglo-Saxons, it is reproach of a very different kind. Germany was quite intelligent enough to listen to reason, and, besides, she had the prospect of becoming the dominating industrial and commercial power in the world by dint merely of peaceful penetration. It is possible that, if her relations with her Western neighbors, including Great Britain, had been more intimate than they actually were, she might have been saved from a great blunder, and might have come to understand that the English-speaking races were not really so inferior to herself as she took them to be. Her *hubris* was in part, at all events, the result of ignorance. Speaking for my own countrymen, I think that neither did we know enough about the Germans, nor did the Germans know enough about us. They were ignorant of the innate capacity for fighting, in industrial and military conflicts alike, which our history shows that we have always hitherto brought to light in great emergencies. And they realized little how tremendously great moral issues could stir and unite democracies. We, on the other hand, knew almost nothing of their tradition, their literature, or their philosophy. Our statesmen did not read their newspapers, and rarely visited their country. We were deficient in that quality which President Murray Butler has spoken of as the 'international mind.'

I do not know whether, had it been otherwise, we could have brought about the better state of things in Europe for which I tried to express the hope, although not without misgiving, in the address on 'Higher Nationality' which I was privileged to deliver before distinguished representatives of the United States and Canada at Montreal September 1, 1913. I spoke then of the possibility of a larger entente, an entente which might become a real concert of the Great Powers of the world; and I quoted the great prayer with which Grotius concludes his book on *War and Peace*. There was at least the chance, if we strove hard enough, that we might find a response from the best in other countries, and in the end attain to a new and a real *Sittlichkeit* which should provide a firmer basis for International Law and reverence for international obligations. But for the realization of this dream a sustained

and strenuous search after fuller mutual knowledge was required.

After this address had been published, I received a letter from the German Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, in which (writing in German and as late as September 26, 1913) he expressed himself to me as follows: —

> If I had the happiness of finding myself of one mind with you in these thoughts in February, 1912, it has been to me a still greater satisfaction that our two countries have since then had a number of opportunities of working together in this spirit. Like you, I hold the optimistic view that the great nations will be able to progress further on this path, and will do so. Anyhow, I shall, in so far as it is within my power, devote my energies to this cause, and I am happy in the certainty of finding in you an openly declared fellow worker.

But events swept him from a course which, so far as I know, he at least individually desired to follow. The great increase of armaments took place that year in Germany, and, when events were too strong for him, he elected, not to resign, but to throw in his lot with his country. His position was one of great difficulty. He took a course for which many would applaud him. But it was inherently a wrong course. What he said when Belgium was invaded in breach of solemn treaty shows that he felt this. He let himself be swept into devoting his energies to bolstering up his country's cause, instead of resigning. His career only proves that, given the political conditions that obtained in Germany shortly before the war, it was almost impossible for a German statesman to keep his feet, or to avoid being untrue to himself. And yet there were many others there in the same frame of mind, and one asks one's self whether, had they had more material to work with, they might not have been able to present a more attractive alternative than the notion of military domination which in the end took possession of all, from the Emperor downwards.

It is, however, useless to speculate at present on these things. We know too little of the facts. The historians of another generation will know more. But of one thing I feel sure. The Germans think that Great Britain declared war of preconceived purpose and her own initiative. There is a sense in which she did. The opinion of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and of those of us who were by their side, was unhesitating. She could not have taken any other course than she did without the prospect of ruin and failure to enter on the only path of honor. For honor and policy alike necessitated that she should take, without the delay which would have been fatal, the step she did take without delay and unswervingly. The responsibility for her entry comes back wholly to Germany herself, who would not have brought it about had she not plunged into war. And to-day Germany lies prostrate.

But she is not dead. I do not think that for generations to come she will dream of building again on military foundations. Her people have had a lesson in the overwhelming forces which are inevitably called into action where there is brutal indifference to the moral rights of others. What remains to her is that which she has inherited and preserved of the results of the great advancement in knowledge which began under the inspiration of Lessing and Kant, and culminated in the teaching of Goethe and Schiller and of the thinkers who were their contemporaries. That movement only came to a partial end in 1832. No doubt its character changed after that. The idealists in poetry, music, and philosophy gave place to great men of science, to figures such as those of Ludwig and Liebig, of Gauss, Riemann, and Helmholz. There

came also historians like Ranke and Mommsen, musicians like Wagner, philosophers like Schopenhauer and Lotze, statesmen like Bismarck. To-day there are few men of great stature in Germany; there are indeed few men of genius anywhere in the world. But Germany still has a high average level in science, and of recent years she has produced great captains of industry. The gift for organization founded on principle and for applying science to practical uses was there before the war, and it is very unsafe to assume that it is not there in a latent form to-day. If it is, Germany will be heard of again, with a field of activity that probably will not include devotion to military affairs in the old way. Against her competition of this other kind, formidable as soon as she has recovered from her misery, we must prepare ourselves in the only way that can succeed in the long run. We too must study and organize on the basis of widely diffused exact knowledge and high ethical standards. I think, if I read the signs of the times aright, that people are coming to realize this, both in the United States and throughout the British Empire.

THE HOME TOWN OF THE ARMY ANTS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

FROM uniform to civilian clothes is a change transcending mere alteration of stuffs and buttons. It is scarcely less sweeping than the shift from civilian clothes to bathing-suit, which so often compels us to concentrate on remembered mental attributes, to avoid demanding a renewed introduction to estranged personality. In the home life of the average soldier, the relaxation from sustained tension and conscious routine results in a gentleness and quietness of mood for which warrior nations are especially remembered.

Army ants have no insignia to lay aside, and their swords are too firmly hafted in their own beings to be hung up as post-bellum mural decorations, or — as is done only in poster-land — metamorphosed into pruning-hooks and ploughshares.

I sat at my laboratory table at Kartabo, our new and permanent Research Station, and looked down river to the pink roof of Kalacoon, and my mind went back to the shambles of Pit Number Five. I was wondering whether I should ever see the army ants in any guise other than that of scouting, battling searchers for living prey, when a voice of the jungle seemed to hear my unexpressed wish. The sharp, high notes of white-fronted antbirds — those white-crested watchers of the ants — came to my ears, and I left my table and followed up the sound. Physically I merely walked around the bungalow and approached the edge of the jungle at a point where we had erected a small outhouse a day or two before. But this two hundred feet might just as well have been a single step through quicksilver, hand in hand with Alice, for it took me from a world

of hyoids and syrinxes, of vials and lenses and clean-smelling xylol, to the home of the army ants.

The antbirds were chirping and hopping about on the very edge of the jungle, but I did not have to go that far. As I passed the doorless entrance of the outhouse I looked up, and there was an immense mass of some strange material suspended in the upper corner. It looked like stringy, chocolate-colored tow, studded with hundreds of tiny ivory buttons. I came closer and looked carefully at this mushroom growth which had appeared in a single night, and it was then that my eyes began to perceive, and my mind to record, things that my reason besought me to reject. Such phenomena were all right in a dream, or one might imagine them and tell them to children on one's knee, with wind in the eaves — wild tales to be laughed at and forgotten. But this was daylight and I was a scientist; my eyes were in excellent order, and my mind rested after a dreamless sleep; so I had to record what I saw in that little outhouse.

This chocolate-colored mass with its myriad ivory dots was the home, the nest, the hearth, the nursery, the bridal suite, the kitchen, the bed and board of the army ants. It was the focus of all the lines and files which ravaged the jungle for food, of the battalions which attacked every living creature in their path, of the unnumbered rank and file which made them known to every Indian, to every inhabitant of these vast jungles.

Louis Quatorze once said, '*L'État, c'est moi!*' but this figure of speech becomes an empty, meaningless phrase beside what an army ant could boast — '*La maison, c'est moi!*' Every rafter, beam, stringer, window-frame and door-frame, hall-way, room, ceiling, wall and floor, foundation, superstructure and roof, all were ants — living, motionless ants, distorted by stress, crowded into the dense walls, spread out to widest stretch across tie-spaces. I had thought it marvelous when I saw them arrange themselves as bridges, walks, hand-rails, buttresses, and sign-boards along the columns; but this new absorption of environment, this usurpation of wood and stone, this insinuation of themselves into the province of the inorganic world, was almost too astounding to credit.

All along the upper rim the sustaining structure was more distinctly visible than elsewhere. Here was a maze of taut brown threads stretching in places across a span of six inches, with here and there a tiny knot. These were actually tie-strings of living ants, their legs stretched almost to the breaking-point, their bodies the inconspicuous knots or nodes. Even at rest and at home, the army ants are always prepared, for every quiescent individual in the swarm was standing as erect as possible, with jaws widespread and ready, whether the great curved mahogany scimitars of the soldiers, or the little black daggers of the smaller workers. And with no eyelids to close, and eyes which were themselves a mockery, the nerve shriveling and never reaching the brain, what could sleep mean to them? Wrapped ever in an impenetrable cloak of darkness and silence, life was yet one great activity, directed, ordered, commanded by scent and odor alone. Hour after hour, as I sat close to the nest, I was aware of this odor, sometimes subtle, again wafted in strong successive waves. It was musty, like something sweet which had begun to mould; not unpleasant, but very difficult to describe; and in vain I strove to realize the importance of this faint essence — taking the place of sound, of language, of color, of motion, of form.

I recovered quickly from my first rapt realization, for a dozen ants had

lost no time in ascending my shoes, and, as if at a preconcerted signal, all simultaneously sank their jaws into my person. Thus strongly recalled to the realities of life, I realized the opportunity that was offered and planned for my observation. No living thing could long remain motionless within the sphere of influence of these six-legged Boches, and yet I intended to spend days in close proximity. There was no place to hang a hammock, no overhanging tree from which I might suspend myself spider-wise. So I sent Sam for an ordinary chair, four tin cans, and a bottle of disinfectant. I filled the tins with the tarry fluid, and in four carefully timed rushes I placed the tins in a chair-leg square. The fifth time I put the chair in place beneath the nest, but I had misjudged my distances and had to retreat with only two tins in place. Another effort, with Spartan-like disregard of the fiery bites, and my haven was ready. I hung a bag of vials, notebook, and lens on the chair-back, and with a final rush climbed on the seat, and curled up as comfortably as possible.

All around the tins, swarming to the very edge of the liquid, were the angry hosts. Close to my face were the lines ascending and descending, while just above me were hundreds of thousands, a bushel-basket of army ants, with only the strength of their thread-like legs as suspension cables. It took some time to get used to my environment, and from first to last I was never wholly relaxed, or quite unconscious of what would happen if a chair-leg broke, or a bamboo fell across the outhouse.

I swiveled round on the chair-seat and counted eight lines of army ants on the ground, converging to the post at my elbow. Each was four or five ranks wide, and the eight lines occasionally divided or coalesced, like a nexus of capillaries. There was a wide expanse of sand and clay, and no apparent reason why the various lines of foragers should not approach the nest in a single large column. The dividing and redividing showed well how completely free were the columns from any individual dominance. There was no control by specific individuals or soldiers, but, the general route once established, the governing factor was the odor of contact.

II

The law to pass where others have passed is immutable, but freedom of action or individual desire dies with the malleable, plastic ends of the foraging columns. Again and again came to mind the comparison of the entire colony or army with a single organism; and now the home, the nesting swarm, the focus of central control, seemed like the body of this strange amorphous organism — housing the spirit of the army. One thinks of a column of foragers as a tendril with only the tip sensitive and growing and moving, while the corpuscle-like individual ants are driven in the current of blind instinct to and fro, on their chemical errands. And then this whole theory, this most vivid simile, is quite upset by the sights that I watch in the suburbs of this ant home!

The columns were most excellent barometers, and their reaction to passing showers was invariable. The clay surface held water, and after each downfall the pools would be higher, and the contour of the little region altered. At the first few drops, all the ants would hasten, the throbbing corpuscles speeding up. Then, as the rain came down heavier, the column melted away, those near each end hurrying to shelter and those in the centre crawling beneath fallen leaves and bits of clod and sticks. A moment before, hundreds

of ants were trudging around a tiny pool, the water lined with ant hand-rails, and in shallow places, veritable formicine pontoons, — large ants which stood up to their bodies in water, with the booty-laden host passing over them. Now, all had vanished, leaving only a bare expanse of splashing drops and wet clay. The sun broke through and the residue rain tinkled from the bamboos.

As gradually as the growth of the rainbow above the jungle, the lines reformed themselves. Scouts crept from the jungle-edge at one side, and from the post at my end, and felt their way, fan-wise, over the rain-scoured surface; for the odor, which was both sight and sound to these ants, had been washed away — a more serious handicap than mere change in contour. Swiftly the wandering individuals found their bearings again. There was deep water where dry land had been, but, as if by long-planned study of the work of sappers and engineers, new pontoon bridges were thrown across, washouts filled in, new cliffs explored, and easy grades established; and by the time the bamboos ceased their own private after-shower, the columns were again running smoothly, battalions of eager light infantry hastening out to battle, and equal hosts of loot-laden warriors hurrying toward the home nest. Four minutes was the average time taken to reform a column across the ten feet of open clay, with all the road-making and engineering feats which I have mentioned, on the part of ants who had never been over this new route before.

Leaning forward within a few inches of the post, I lost all sense of proportion, forgot my awkward human size, and with a new perspective became an equal of the ants, looking on, watching every passer-by with interest, straining with the bearers of the heavy loads, and breathing more easily when the last obstacle was overcome and home attained. For a period I plucked out every bit of good-sized booty and found that almost all were portions of scorpions from far-distant dead logs in the jungle, creatures whose strength and poisonous stings availed nothing against the attacks of these fierce ants. The loads were adjusted equably, the larger pieces carried by the big, white-headed workers, while the smaller ants transported small eggs and larvæ. Often, when a great mandibled soldier had hold of some insect, he would have five or six tiny workers surrounding him, each grasping any projecting part of the loot, as if they did not trust him in this menial capacity — as an anxious mother would watch with doubtful confidence a big policeman wheeling her baby across a crowded street. These workers were often diminutive Marcelines, hindering rather than aiding in the progress. But in every phase of activity of these ants there was not an ounce of intentionally lost power, or a moment of time willfully gone to waste. What a commentary on Bolshevism!

Now that I had the opportunity of quietly watching the long, hurrying columns, I came hour by hour to feel a greater intimacy, a deeper enthusiasm for their vigor of existence, their unfailing life at the highest point of possibility of achievement. In every direction my former desultory observations were discounted by still greater accomplishments. Elsewhere[1] I have recorded the average speed as two and a half feet in ten seconds, estimating this as a mile in three and a half hours. An observant colonel in the American army has laid bare my congenitally hopeless mathematical inaccuracy, and corrected this to five hours and fifty-two seconds. Now, however, I established a wholly new record for the straight-away dash for home of the

[1] *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1917, p. 520.

army ants. With the handicap of gravity pulling them down, the ants, both laden and unburdened, averaged ten feet in twenty seconds, as they raced up the post. I have now called in an artist and an astronomer to verify my results, these two being the only living beings within hailing distance as I write, except a howling red baby monkey curled up in my lap, and a toucan, sloth, and green boa beyond my laboratory table. Our results are identical and I can safely announce that the amateur record for speed of army ants is equivalent to a mile in two hours and fifty-six seconds; and this when handicapped by gravity and burdens of food, but with the incentive of approaching the end of their long journey.

As once before, I accidentally disabled a big worker that I was robbing of his load, and his entire abdomen rolled down a slope and disappeared. Hours later in the afternoon, I was summoned to view the same soldier, unconcernedly making his way along an outward-bound column, guarding it as carefully as if he had not lost the major part of his anatomy. His mandibles were ready, and the only difference that I could see was that he could make better speed than others of his caste. That night he joined the general assemblage of cripples quietly awaiting death, halfway up to the nest.

I know of no highway in the world which surpasses that of a big column of army ants in exciting happenings, although I usually had the feeling which inspired Kim as he watched the Great White Road, of understanding so little of all that was going on. Early in the morning there were only outgoing hosts; but soon eddies were seen in the swift current, vortexes made by a single ant here and there forcing its way against the stream. Unlike penguins and human beings, army ants have no rule of the road as to right and left, and there is no lessening of pace or turning aside for a heavily laden drogher. Their blindness caused them to bump squarely into every individual, often sending load and carrier tumbling to the bottom of a vertical path. Another constant loss of energy was a large cockroach leg or scorpion segment carried by several ants. Their insistence on trying to carry everything beneath their bodies caused all sorts of comical mishaps. When such a large piece of booty appeared, it was too much of a temptation, and a dozen outgoing ants would rush up and seize hold for a moment, the consequent pulling in all directions reducing progress at once to zero.

Until late afternoon few ants returned without carrying their bit. The exceptions were the cripples, which were numerous and very pitiful. From such fierce strenuousness, such virile activity, as unending as elemental processes, it seemed a very terrible drop to disability, to the utilizing of every atom of remaining strength to return to the temporary home nest — that instinct which drives so many creatures to the same homing, at the approach of death.

Even in their helplessness they were wonderful. To see a big black-headed worker struggling up a post with five short stumps and only one good hind leg was a lesson in achieving the impossible. I have never seen even a suspicion of aid given to any cripple, no matter how slight or how complete the disability; but frequently an inexplicable thing occurred, which I have often noticed but can never explain. One army ant would carry another, perhaps of its own size and caste, just as if it were a bit of dead provender; and I always wondered if cannibalism was to be added to their habits. I would capture both, and the minute they were in the vial, the dead ant would come to life, and with equal vigor and fury both

would rush about their prison, seeking to escape, becoming indistinguishable in the twinkling of an eye.

Very rarely an ant stopped and attempted to clean another which had become partly disabled through an accumulation of gummy sap or other encumbering substance. But when a leg or other organ was broken or missing, the odor of the ant-blood seemed to arouse only suspicion and to banish sympathy, and after a few casual wavings of antennæ, all passed by on the other side. Not only this, but the unfortunates were actually in danger of attack within the very lines of traffic of the legionaries. Several times I noticed small rove-beetles accompanying the ants, who paid little attention to them. Whenever an ant became suspicious, and approached with a raised-eyebrow gesture of antennæ, the beetles turned their backs quickly and raised threatening tails. But I did not suspect the vampire or thug-like character of these guests — tolerated where any other insect would have been torn to pieces at once. A large crippled worker, hobbling along, had slipped a little away from the main line, when I was astonished to see two rove-beetles rush at him and bite him viciously, a third coming up at once and joining in. The poor worker had no possible chance against this combination, and he went down after a short, futile struggle. Two small army ants now happened to pass, and after a preliminary whiffing with waving antennæ rushed joyously into the *mêlée*. The beetles had a cowardly weapon, and raising their tails, ejected a drop or two of liquid, utterly confusing the ants which turned and hastened back to the column. For the next few minutes, until the scent wore off, they aroused suspicion wherever they went. Meanwhile the hyena-like rove-beetles, having hedged themselves within a barricade of their malodor, proceeded to feast, quarreling with one another as such cowards are wont to do.

Thus I thought, having identified myself with the army ants. From a broader, less biased point of view, I realized that credit should be given to the rove-beetles for having established themselves in a zone of such constant danger, and for being able to live and thrive in it.

The columns converged at the foot of the post, and up its surface ran the main artery of the nest. Halfway up, a flat board projected, and here the column divided for the last time, half going on directly into the nest, and the other half turning aside, skirting the board, ascending a bit of perpendicular canvas, and entering the nest from the rear. The entrance was well guarded by a veritable moat and drawbridge of living ants. A foot away, a flat mat of ants, mandibles outward, was spread, over which every passing individual stepped. Six inches farther, and the sides of the mat thickened, and in the last three inches these sides met overhead, forming a short tunnel at the end of which the nest began.

And here I noticed an interesting thing. Into this organic moat or tunnel, this living mouth of an inferno, passed all the booty-laden foragers, or those who for some reason had returned empty-mouthed. But the outgoing host seeped gradually from the outermost nest-layer — a gradual but fundamental circulation, like that of ocean currents. Scorpions, eggs, caterpillars, glass-like wasp pupæ, roaches, spiders, crickets, all were drawn into the nest by a mælstrom of hunger, funneling into the narrow tunnel; while from over all the surface of the swarm there crept forth layer after layer of invigorated, implacable seekers after food.

The mass of ants composing the nest appeared so loosely connected that it seemed as if a touch would tear a hole,

a light wind rend the supports. It was suspended in the upper corner of the doorway, rounded on the free sides, and measured roughly two feet in diameter — an unnumbered host of ants. Those on the surface were in very slow but constant motion, with legs shifting and antennæ waving continually. This quivering on the surface of the swarm gave it the appearance of the fur of some terrible animal — fur blowing in the wind from some unknown, deadly desert. Yet so cohesive was the entire mass that I sat close beneath it for the best part of two days and not more than a dozen ants fell upon me. There was, however, a constant rain of egg-cases and pupa-skins and the remains of scorpions and grasshoppers, the residue of the booty which was being poured in. These wrappings and inedible casing were all brought to the surface and dropped. This was reasonable, but what I could not comprehend was a constant falling of small living larvæ. How anything except army ants could emerge alive from such a sinister swarm was inconceivable. It took some resolution to stand up under the nest, with my face only a foot away from this slowly seething mass of widespread jaws. But I had to discover where the falling larvæ came from, and after a time I found that they were immature army ants. Here and there a small worker would appear, carrying in its mandibles a young larva; and while most made their way through the maze of mural legs and bodies, and ultimately disappeared again, once in a while the burden was dropped and fell to the floor of the outhouse. I can account for this only by presuming that a certain percentage of the nurses were very young and inexperienced workers and dropped their burdens inadvertently. There was certainly no intentional casting out of these offspring, as was so obviously the case with the débris from the food of the colony. The eleven or twelve ants which fell upon me during my watch were all small workers, no larger ones losing their grip.

III

While recording some of these facts, I dropped my pencil, and it was fully ten minutes before the black mass of enraged insects cleared away, and I could pick it up. Leaning far over to secure it, I was surprised by the cleanliness of the floor around my chair. My clothes and notepaper had been covered with loose wings, dry skeletons of insects, and the other débris, while hundreds of other fragments had sifted down past me. Yet now that I looked seeingly, the whole area was perfectly clean. I had to assume a perfect jackknife pose to get my face near enough to the floor; but, achieving it, I found about five hundred ants serving as a street-cleaning squad. They roamed aimlessly about over the whole floor, ready at once to attack anything of mine or any part of my anatomy which might come close enough, but otherwise stimulated to activity only when they came across a bit of rubbish from the nest high overhead. This was at once seized and carried off to one of two neat piles in far corners. Before night these kitchen middens were an inch or two deep and nearly a foot in length, composed literally of thousands of skins, wings, and insect armor. There was not a scrap of dirt of any kind which had not been gathered into one of the two piles. The nest was nine feet above the floor, a distance (magnifying ant height to our own) of nearly a mile, and yet the care lavished on the cleanliness of the earth so far below was as thorough and well done as the actual provisioning of the colony.

As I watched the columns and the swarm-nest hour after hour, several

things impressed me. The absolute silence in which the ants worked: such ceaseless activity without sound one associates only with a cinema film; all around me was tremendous energy, marvelous feats of achievement, superhuman instincts, the ceaseless movement of tens of thousands of legionaries; yet no tramp of feet, no shouts, no curses, no welcomes, no chanties. It was uncanny to think of a race of creatures such as these, dreaded by every living being, wholly dominant in their continent-wide sphere of action, yet born, living out their lives, and dying, dumb and blind, with no possibility of comment on life and its fulness, of censure or of applause.

The sweeping squad on the floor was interesting because of its limited field of work at such a distance from the nest; but close to my chair were a number of other specialized zones of activity, any one of which would have afforded a fertile field for concentrated study. Beneath the swarm on the white canvas I noticed two large spots of dirt and moisture, where very small flies were collected. An examination showed that this was a second, nearer dumping-ground for all the garbage and refuse of the swarm which could not be thrown down on the kitchen middens far below. And here were tiny flies and other insects acting as scavengers, just as the hosts of vultures gather about the slaughter-house of Georgetown.

The most interesting of all the phases of life of the ants' home town were those on the horizontal board which projected from the beam, and stretched for several feet to one side of the swarm. This platform was almost on a level with my eyes, and by leaning slightly forward on the chair, I was as close as I dared go. Here many ants came from the incoming columns, and others were constantly arriving from the nest itself. It was here that I realized my good fortune and the achievement of my desires, when I first saw an army ant at rest. One of the first arrivals after I had squatted to my post was a big soldier with a heavy load of roach meat. Instead of keeping on straight up the post, he turned abruptly and dropped his load. It was instantly picked up by two smaller workers and carried on and upward toward the nest. Two other big fellows arrived in quick succession, one with a load which he relinquished to a drogher-in-waiting. Then the three weary warriors stretched their legs one after another, and commenced to clean their antennæ. This lasted only for a moment, for three or four tiny ants rushed at each of the larger ones and began as thorough a cleaning as masseurs or Turkish-bath attendants. The three arrivals were at once hustled away to a distant part of the board and there cleaned from end to end. I found that the focal length of my 8-diameter lens was just out of reach of the ants, so I focused carefully on one of the soldiers and watched the entire process. The small ants scrubbed and scraped him with their jaws, licking him and removing every particle of dirt. One even crawled under him and worked away at his upper leg-joints, for all the world as a mechanic will creep under a car. Finally, I was delighted to see him do what no car ever does, turn completely over and lie quietly on his back with his legs in air, while his diminutive helpers overran him, and gradually got him into shape for future battles and foraging expeditions.

On this resting-stage, within well-defined limits, were dozens of groups of two cleaning one another, and less numerous parties of the tiny professionals working their hearts out on battle-worn soldiers. It became more and more apparent that in the creed of the army ants cleanliness comes next to military effectiveness.

Here and there I saw independent individuals cleaning themselves and going through the most un-ant-like movements. They scraped their jaws along the board, pushing forward like a dog trying to get rid of his muzzle; then they turned on one side and passed the opposite legs again and again through the mandibles; while the last performance was to turn over on their backs and roll from side to side, exactly as a horse or donkey loves to do.

One ant, I remember, seemed to have something seriously wrong. It sat up on its bent-under abdomen in a most comical fashion, and was the object of solicitude of every passing ant. Sometimes there were thirty in a dense group, pushing and jostling; and, like most of our city crowds, many seemed to stop only long enough to have a moment's morbid sight, or to ask some silly question as to the trouble, then to hurry on. Others remained, and licked and twiddled him with their antennæ for a long time. He was in this position for at least twenty minutes. My curiosity was so aroused that I gathered him up in a vial, whereat he became wildly excited and promptly regained full use of his legs and faculties. Later, when I examined him under the lens, I could find nothing whatever wrong.

Off at one side of the general cleaning and reconstruction areas was a pitiful assemblage of cripples which had had enough energy to crawl back, but which did not attempt, or were not allowed, to enter the nest proper. Some had one or two legs gone, others had lost an antenna or had an injured body. They seemed not to know what to do — wandering around, now and then giving one another a half-hearted lick. In the midst was one which had died, and two others, each badly injured, were trying to tug the body along to the edge of the board. This they succeeded in doing after a long series of efforts, and down and down fell the dead ant. It was promptly picked up by several kitchen-middenites and unceremoniously thrown on the pile of nest-débris. A load of booty had been dumped among the cripples, and as each wandered close to it, he seemed to regain strength for a moment, picked up the load, and then dropped it. The sight of that which symbolized almost all their life-activity aroused them to a momentary forgetfulness of their disabilities. There was no longer any place for them in the home or in the columns of the legionaries. They had been court-martialed under the most implacable, the most impartial law in the world — the survival of the fit, the elimination of the unfit.

IV

The time came when we had to get at our stored supplies, over which the army ants were such an effective guard. I experimented on a running column with a spray of ammonia and found that it created merely temporary inconvenience, the ants running back and forming a new trail. Formaline was more effective, so I sprayed the nest-swarm with a fifty-per-cent solution, strong enough, one would think, to harden the very boards. It certainly created a terrible commotion, and strings of the ants two feet long hung dangling from the nest. The heart of the colony came into view, with thousands of eggs and larvæ, looking like heaps of white rice-grains. Every ant seized one or the other, and sought escape by the nearest way, while the soldiers still defied the world. The gradual disintegration revealed an interior meshed like a wasp's nest, chambered and honeycombed with living tubes and walls. Little by little the taut guy-ropes, lathes, braces, joists, all sagged and melted together, each

cell-wall becoming dynamic, now expanding, now contracting, the ceilings vibrant with waving legs, the floors a seething mass of jaws and antennæ. By the time it was dark, the swarm was dropping in sections to the floor.

On the following morning new surprises awaited me. The great mass of the ants had moved in the night, vanishing with every egg and immature larva; but there was left in the corner of the flat board a swarm of about one quarter of the entire number, enshrouding a host of older larvæ. The cleaning zones, the cripples' gathering-room, all had given way to new activities, on the flat board, down near the kitchen middens, and in every horizontal crack.

The cause of all this strange excitement, this braving of the terrible dangers of fumes which had threatened to destroy the entire colony the night before, suddenly was made plain as I watched. A critical time was at hand in the lives of the all-precious larvæ, when they could not be moved — the period of spinning, of beginning the transformation from larvæ to pupæ. This evidently was an operation which had to take place outside the nest, and demanded some sort of light covering. On the flat board were several thousand ants and a dozen or more groups of full-grown larvæ. Workers of all sizes were searching everywhere for some covering for the tender immature creatures. They had chewed up all available loose splinters of wood, and near the rotten, termite-eaten ends, the sound of dozens of jaws gnawing all at once was plainly audible. This unaccustomed, unmilitary labor produced a quantity of fine sawdust which was sprinkled over the larvæ. I had made a partition of a bit of a British officer's tent which I had used in India and China, made of several layers of colored canvas and cloth. The ants found a loose end of this, teased it out, and unraveled it, so that all the larvæ near by were blanketed with a gay, parti-colored covering of fuzz.

All this strange work was hurried and carried on under great excitement. The scores of big soldiers on guard appeared rather ill at ease, as if they had wandered by mistake into the wrong department. They sauntered about, bumped into larvæ, turned, and fled. A constant stream of workers from the nest brought hundreds more larvæ, and no sooner had they been planted and débris of sorts sifted over them, than they began spinning. A few had already swathed themselves in cocoons — exceedingly thin coverings of pinkish silk. As this took place out of the nest, in the jungle they must be covered with wood and leaves. The vital necessity for this was not apparent, for none of this débris was incorporated into the silk of the cocoons, which were clean and homogeneous. Yet the hundreds of ants gnawed and tore and labored to gather this little dust, as if their very lives depended upon it.

With my hand-lens focused just beyond mandible reach of the biggest soldier, I leaned forward from my insulated chair, hovering like a great astral eye looking down at this marvelously important business of little lives. Here were thousands of army ants, not killing, not carrying booty, nor even suspended quiescent as organic molecules in the structure of the home, yet in feverish activity equaled only by battle, making ready for the great change of their foster offspring. I watched the very first thread of silk drawn between the larva and the outside world, and in an incredibly short time the cocoon was outlined in a tissue-thin, transparent aura within which the tenant could be seen skillfully weaving its own shroud.

When first brought from the nest,

the larvæ lay quite straight and still; but almost at once they bent far over in the spinning position. Then some officious worker would come along, and the unfortunate larva would be snatched up, carried off, and jammed down in some neighboring empty space, like a bolt of cloth rearranged upon a shelf. Then another ant would approach, antennæ the larva, disapprove, and again shift its position. It was a real survival of the lucky, as to who should avoid being exhausted by kindness and over-solicitude. I uttered many a chuckle at the half-ensilked unfortunates being toted about like mummies, and occasionally giving a sturdy, impatient kick which upset their tormentors and for a moment created a little swirl of mild excitement.

There was no order of packing. The larvæ were fitted together anyway, and meagrely covered with dust of wood and shreds of cloth. One big tissue of wood nearly an inch square was too great a temptation to be let alone, and during the course of my observation it covered in turn almost every group of larvæ in sight, ending by being accidentally shunted over the edge and killing a worker near the kitchen middens. There was only a single layer of larvæ; in no case were they piled up, and when the platform became crowded, a new column was formed and hundreds taken outside. To the casual eye there was no difference between these legionaries and a column bringing in booty of insects, eggs, and pupæ; yet here all was solicitude, never a bite too severe, or a blunder of undue force.

The sights I saw in this second day's accessible nest-swarm would warrant a season's meditation and study, but one thing impressed me above all others. Sometimes, when I carefully pried open one section and looked deep within, I could see large chambers with the larvæ in piles, besides being held in the mandibles of the components of the walls and ceilings. Now and then a curious little ghost-like form would flit across the chamber, coming to rest gnome-like on larva or ant. Again and again I saw these little springtails skip through the very scimitar mandibles of a soldier, while the workers paid no attention to them. I wondered if they were not quite odorless, intangible; to the ants, invisible guests which lived close to them, going where, doing what they willed, yet never perceived by the thousands of inhabitants. They seemed to live in a kind of fourth dimensional state, a realm comparable to that which we people with ghosts and spirits. It was a most uncanny, altogether absorbing, intensely interesting relationship; and sometimes, when I ponder on some general aspect of the great jungle, a forest of greenheart, a mighty rushing river, a crashing, blasting thunderstorm, my mind suddenly reverts by way of contrast to the tiny ghosts of springtails flitting silently among the terrible living chambers of the army ants.

On the following morning I expected to achieve still greater intimacy in the lives of the mummy soldier embryos, but at dawn every trace of nesting swarm, larvæ, pupæ, and soldiers was gone. A few dead workers were being already carried off by small ants which never would have dared approach them in life. A big blue morpho butterfly flapped slowly past out of the jungle, and in its wake came the distant notes — high and sharp — of the white-fronted antbirds, and I knew that the legionaries were again abroad, radiating on their silent, dynamic paths of life from some new temporary nest deep in the jungle.

A KANSAN AT LARGE. I

BY CLYDE L. DAVIS

I

THE wretched drama of one spring day in Kansas overshadows all else in my early recollections. I, a very little boy, sat in our spring wagon and held the lines. A hay-frame, loaded with jarring, clattering farm implements, passed slowly out of the gate. A load of household goods followed; then came another, piled very high, the legs of dining-room chairs sticking up, and a recalcitrant yellow cow trudging along behind. As the last load of goods left the porch of our comfortable, neatly painted house, trundled between the flower-beds where petunias grew, on past our fine young orchard, and then turned into the big road, my mother came out, took the seat beside me, and, lifting the lines, spoke to the horses.

At that moment the grim meaning of these unusual proceedings, which had been affording me so much amusement, suddenly flooded my little brain, 'Oh, mother,' I wailed, 'I don't want to go.'

Her kind, tired, handsome face twitched painfully; then without a word she jerked the lines nervously, and the old team walked slowly away in wake of the straddling, tugging cow, out to the road, past the shade trees, and on and on, until I, who kept looking and looking back, could no longer see the barn, or even the big tree that stood on the hill above the bridge, where the crippled rabbit lived.

Seven lean years followed. Your renter of the Middle West is not to be classed with the one-horse cotton tenant who gives an advancing merchant a lien on his all every year, and scarce allows himself to hope to own land. The weather-beaten Western helot is full of what the college boys call 'pep.' He proposes to get on top of the pile, and to have and to hold with 'his heirs and assigns forever.'

We were down, but we proposed to get up. To accomplish this, we chose the only course open to the generality of mankind. A few can make money by shrewd trading, or by improving some unusual opportunity, but the majority of men can hope to amass wealth only by self-denial and hard, persistent toil. 'Me and my wife,' said an aged farmer, 'got ahead by working hard and getting along without everything we just naturally had to have.' The royal roads to wealth are few and too narrow for very many to walk in.

Five miles northeast of Topeka we found a hundred and sixty acres of land, most of which was capable of producing pretty good corn. The farm was in a sorry plight. Many of the rotting fence-posts had fallen over so that the two rusty barbed wires sagged and swung in the dusty winds of spring. Erosion was intrenching his forces on every slope. The fields were foul with countless weeds. A few trees, that bore either apples or little leather-covered peaches, still stood staggering in one corner of the place. There was no barn. The two little cribs with the buggy-shed between leaned more than the tower of Pisa; but one of the sturdy

old cottonwood trees held the whole building from falling. The house had never been painted or plastered. It consisted of but two rooms and a shed-kitchen. There was no chimney, and the roof leaked badly, especially where the stove-pipe escaped from the dark, sooty loft.

We found that the water in the well was positively too nasty to use. To dig another well near the house was useless, for the water in it would be of the same soapstone flavor; so we had to fetch in barrels all the water we used, from a well which we made in the swale nearly half a mile away. We dug in that place because a neighbor assured us that an excellent well had once been there.

After the first rain we asked the landlord to furnish us a bunch of shingles with which to patch the roof; but he replied that he could not do it. This landlord was a preacher who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. Like us, he was a victim of progress.

About 1870 the community had been 'developed' by 'enterprising real-estate men,' — to borrow the phraseology of obituaries and wedding write-ups; and two of these bringers-of-things-to-pass had persuaded the Reverend Dr. Andis to invest his meagre patrimony in Kansas land. Later, his holiness found that the farm, even as the widow's cruse of oil, *had been sold for much.* The promised rise in value did not come; the rent he received could not cope with the mortgage; and so, while he pointed men to heaven in Cincinnati, things went to destruction in Kansas. He could not afford to improve the place and neither could we, for by the laws of the state any improvements put on the farm belonged to the landlord. However, we bought two bundles of shingles, and that fall stretched our Presbyterianism enough to take a few bushels of his corn with which to square the account.

With the little money that they had saved while in the employ of the Utah silver mines, my brothers bought several good horses and a few necessary tools. All summer long we worked and anxiously watched the clouds. There was rain enough, and in the fall we had grain to sell and to keep.

So far so good; but winter was coming, and shelter must be provided for the horse and cows, and for the pigs which we bought to eat the corn. With small elm-poles, a rude rectangular pen was constructed; inside of this we built another, leaving a two-foot space between. By filling this space with old grass and corn-fodder, blizzard-proof walls were made. The roof was of slough grass, of course. When these were done, we knew that snow and cold could not harm our stock.

That winter I looked at the pictures of straw huts in my school geography and, utterly forgetting to look at home, marveled that any people would make such grotesque shelters.

Heaven rest the bones of the inventor of wall-paper! When his memorial is erected, may I be allowed to contribute a part. Our stock was provided for, but the walls that must protect us from the galloping winter storms were less than an inch in thickness, and here and there were cracks. We plugged the cracks, put on one thickness of heavy brown paper, and then covered all with wall-paper. Marauding blizzards from Dakota screamed and whined about the house that winter; but paper is a non-conductor, and while the little 'Samson' heater had corn-cobs and coal in his red belly we were comfortable.

We were well nourished. I have since sat at meat with many a financial king and dined to the music of many an orchestra, but the best meals I ever ate were the ones that mother served. The Southern cotton tenant may live on fried pork and heavy corn-bread

because his wife must work in the fields and never learn the household arts, such as cooking and preserving. Not so with the Middle-Western farmer — his dame does not help cultivate the money-crop, but in summer she raises in her garden beans, tomatoes, peas, beets, onions, *et cetera ad infinitum*, and in winter her cave is full of potatoes, meat, apple-butter, peach-butter, jelly, pickles, preserves, and incomparable canned fruit. The ebullient energy of Kansas grows in its gardens and hibernates in its caves. I challenge the world on that statement.

Sundays excepted, we worked practically every day in the year from before sun-up until after dark. The more our herds increased and the more we prospered, the more brain and muscle it took to carry on operations. For the most part the labor-problem was solved by our speeding ourselves up and, at the same time, often increasing the hours from twelve to fourteen or more. But finally we had to have help, especially in summer. Various hands came and went before the advent of George — and now, I beg you to notice George.

He was a true representative of a type made exclusively in America, which, like the cowboy and the itinerant preacher, seems to be going off the stage. Unlike the town boys we were sometimes forced to employ, George knew how to do farm-work. He would kill weeds with a cultivator; there was no danger of his ruining the team that he used, and all in all he was pretty satisfactory help. He was twenty-four years old, genial, had part of a 'common-school education,' and was not bad-looking. His wages were fourteen dollars a month and the keep of his driving horse — George could trade any horse for any other and make a few dollars by so doing. He was always more or less regarded as company at our house — that is, at table we always passed things to him first, and he was exempted from all domestic altercations. His cheeks and lips were tanned and burned, but his hands were soft and white, for he always wore gloves when in the field. He never worked on holidays and special occasions. Saturday evenings he quit work a little early, repaired to the stable with a wash-tub, and bathed. Then he dressed in his Sunday clothes and, with a red ribbon fluttering on his buggy-whip, drove off to town, or to take some neighbor girl for a ride.

'When I start,' he used to say, 'I am going to start for the high dollar.' As years ran on, most of us tacitly concluded that he never would start; but, finally, one day he inadvertently married our pretty schoolma'am and then he had to start. He traded for a team of little jack-rabbit mules, farmed a year, went West, kept on trading, and is to-day making a fair living and raising his share of future presidents.

II

The last winter that the family spent together was a happy one. Instead of getting mail once a week when someone went to town, we could now have a daily paper, for the Rural Free Delivery had come. We read the Topeka *Mail*, with Tom McNeill's readable, worthwhile editorials, and a magazine club offer gave us *Success*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and turgid Talmage's *Christian Herald*. Moreover, now that we did not have to milk cows and care for livestock after supper, we sent the following order to Sears, Roebuck & Company: —

One set complete works of Flavius Josephus; *Chambers's Universal Encyclopædia*, in twenty neatly bound volumes; *Pictorial History of the World* in two volumes, large and handsome; and, that we and these authors might understand each other better, we added

Webster's *American Dictionary*, 'leather, only $2.45.'

All winter long we read far into the nights; and although the *Encyclopædia* proved to be coeval with the 'Crime of '73,' I gained from it a store of information that has served me well these many years.

I spent a great deal of time studying what to do next. Land was high and rising, so ownership seemed impossible. Moreover, I wanted to get beyond the little thirty-mile horizon which had always rimmed me in, and see such things as Josephus and the *Encyclopædia* told about. I thought long and seriously of enlisting in the regular army, as neighbor boys had done. Each year a few fine regiments marched by from Fort Leavenworth; and in the post-office there hung a picture of a firm, but friendly-looking general writing under a palm tree, while a private, on a fine horse, eagerly waited to carry that message o'er bloodless fields of living green.

But this path of glory was not to be mine, for the next whiff of fortune left me a squatter on a claim in Caddo County, southwestern Oklahoma, where the old American pioneer movement, if I may use Othello's phrase, finally reached its butt, bowed, and went off the stage forever.

As soon as word came that my sister had got a farm in a government opening of Indian lands, I went south to stay with her, for the law required that she live on it a certain number of months.

I transferred at Chickasha. The wind was blowing simooms of sand and dirt among the rude new buildings. There had been a shooting the day before, and the rough-looking, sun-parched men who were walking about with guns made me long for the flesh-pots of Kansas. The little accommodation train finally jiggled away up the new branch road. The two old coaches were full of farm-folks from Missouri and environs, most of them young and obviously poor. Men talked loudly, while dusty, half-roasting babies fretted and howled.

My sister, elated and sunburned, met me at the station, and together we rode away from the dozen unpainted shacks that made up the new town, followed the trail across the open prairie, forded the deep, narrow Washita, and reached her homestead a little after dark.

Her house was one room, eight by twelve feet. In one corner was a home-made table, in another a bed, in the third pine shelves for food and dishes, and in the other a little monkey stove with a drum oven. 'Where am I to sleep?' I asked. She pointed to some planks laid across overhead, and on scrambling up I found a comfortable bed immediately under the board roof.

Next morning, when she began frying bacon for breakfast, I rose and made haste to come down, for the heat quickly became unendurable. Outside I saw an expanse of rolling prairie, broken only by a drift of oak timber. Here and there were other tiny, unpainted shacks, each with its curling queue of breakfast smoke. Black strips here and there showed that the sod-plough was already busy. New wire fences stretched away, and yonder, three or four hundred paces off, lay the emaciated carcass of an Indian pony that had died ere new grass could come. Wolves had gnawed a great hole in the paunch. The soil was sandy and the grass grew in bunches about two feet in diameter.

Suddenly an old Apache, sitting very straight on a little yellow pony, rode out of the woods and cantered along the ridge where the prairie chickens were congregating and courting. I was still looking when the lady of the house announced breakfast. On the table were bread, bacon, fried potatoes, water-

gravy, canned peaches, coffee, sugar, and a can of condensed milk. I was amused — but the amusement gradually wore off in the weeks that followed.

Very few settlers brought any milch cows, and most of those they did bring soon became dry from want of proper feeding; fever ticks killed the rest. Eggs were lacking, for the coyotes had quickly caught the few chickens that had been carried in. Water-gravy soon drove me to gardening assiduously on a plot of new-turned sod where snakes abounded.

That summer we gathered and canned a good supply of wild berries and plums. In a small wolf-proof inclosure we raised chickens that we hatched in a rude but ingenious incubator, which was made for us by Brother Culver, the rock on whom the Lord had decided to build his church in this new community.

Of course, we organized a Sunday school. Phidippides may go to Athens, and Phidippides may come back from Athens; higher critics and patent eucharists may write and rant, but the rural districts will still be the home of dogmatism and orthodoxy, when Egypt's pyramids are crumbled and forgotten. However eat-drink-and-sufficient-unto-the-day the city pleb, with his hustling work and moving-picture recreation, may be, the countryman, driving his slow team afield, or scattering bug-dust on his potato-vines, has ample time for what Carlyle called 'silence.'

The basis of all religion is mystery, and all about yon isolated farm toiler is the mystery growth. Above his head the great sun, a disk of flaming brass, rolls up and down the lonely heavens, and, like the judgment eye of God, glares down at him. But yesterday that sky was loud with fire, — ripped thunder-clouds, — and the man who faces all this *is* religious, and will be, though for him there be no God but Jehovah and Calvin be his prophet.

At Brother Culver's suggestion, we met in the one big floorless room that was the home of a neighbor's family, and organized a Sunday school. When the schoolhouse was finally built, the Reverend Mr. Davy came to help the local workers hold a protracted meeting. He was an ignorant man, but recently converted and full of the belief that he was called of the Lord to preach. He first announced his plan of campaign: 'First, to arrest you, that is, to arrest your attention; second, to convict you, and then, third, to "git" you pardoned.'

With the mental stock that years of Sunday-schooling and listening to doctrinal sermons had given me, the meetings soon made me feel like a convict; so I sought pardon. The local workers gathered round, expressing their joy and promising help, and finally I trotted home, whimpering and half hysterical, and alone in the cabin prayed fervently, while a pack of skulking wolves yelped and howled outside in the light of the cold, distant, yellow moon.

At the close of the meeting a church was organized. A few days later Brother Culver made a trip to our cabin to see how I was getting on. I told him that, while I felt a good deal better, I must confess that I had not yet entertained any angels, nor had I gone through as deep an experience as testifying meetings had led me to anticipate.

He diagnosed me with a few questions. 'What you need,' he said, 'is the Second Blessing.'

'What's that?' I asked; 'I never heard of it before.'

He explained at length. I grew puzzled and uncomfortable. I felt that I had been tricked — as a country boy feels, when he pays to get into the fair ground, and then finds that he must pay again, to see the performances.

'Brother Culver,' I said, recalcitrantly, 'my folks *was* all good Presbyterians and I never heard of your Second Blessing, and — I don't believe in it.'

He took his red-letter rule-book from his pocket and proved to me that St. Paul taught it. I ran *Chambers's Complete Encyclopædia* through my mind in ten seconds, but it was no use. It afforded nothing with which to combat the logic of this quick-eyed, fat-bellied laborer in the Vineyard. By inquiry and discussion I found that not more than half of our community believed in the Second Blessing, and so our newborn church, a true child of Protestanism, was like to die of internal trouble before the silver nitrate was well out of its eyes.

Nor was there any delay in the organization of a day school. These young couples who had left friends and native haunts to create homes on this niggardly sand-sod were determined that their children should have an 'education,' although they had no well-defined ideas of what education is or of what it should do for one, except make an easier livelihood possible. The teacher they employed grew weary of the locality and left before we had the schoolhouse quite completed, so I was asked to try teaching, and was offered four months' work at thirty dollars per month, provided I would take most of my pay in scrip. The four-foot encyclopædia in my head gave me about three feet and eleven inches more of general information than the country teacher can generally boast; but in arithmetic, grammar, and the other humdrum branches, it is needless to say that I taught up to the very edge of what I knew.

The community pronounced the school a success, and since I was too young to take government land, and too poor to buy the necessary equipment for farming, I decided to 'go off' to school. There was very little money in the new country, so I went to Kansas and worked as a farmhand, saved practically every dollar of my wages, sold my mule and my four cattle, and prepared to 'go off.'

Then I found that the wise men who make school systems all live in town. Kansas is an agricultural state, pure and simple; yet when I, a typical rural product, a boy of eighteen who had grown up like a weed, finally awoke to the need of an education, I found that no provision had been made for me. I must go to the Topeka graded schools, among children, a year or two before I could get into the high school; then the high school took four years and college four more — total, ten years! Who at eighteen would have had the courage to undertake it, even if he had had a tenth of the money it would require?

In those days there still remained one narrow and already closing avenue of escape for a full-grown man with an awakened and hungry mind which could sop up instruction at no ordinary rate. The State Normal School at Emporia then offered a 'sub-normal course,' which allowed one to enter the school proper as soon as one could master the sub-work — and hope rekindled with the knowledge that a normal graduate could finish the State University in two years. Thanks to this arrangement, which professional, perfecting educators have long since abolished, I am to-day a college graduate.

III

A normal school is a teacher-factory surrounded by widows. Each widow has one or two more or less impossible daughters whom she wishes to 'graduate' in the 'regular certificate course.' If a daughter is especially gifted, a way

may also be found for her to 'take voice.' In order to finance all this, the mother runs a club, that is, a meagre boarding-house. Each of these establishments needs a flunky, whose duties are numerous and varied — to collect board weekly, to chase after the ice-wagon, new mealers, and absconding board-bills; to fetch fuel, turn the freezer, and to do whatsoever else *her* hands find for *his* to do. This flunky is called a steward. For these services he gets his board. I soon had one of these jobs, and it surely helped, for the board-bill is the poor student's biggest problem.

With another student I lived in a little upstairs room; and while we studied Methods of Teaching, Rhetoric, and so forth, the girl who 'took voice' sat in a room below us and shouted, 'Oh-o-o-o-o-o,' or sang about the rain being on the river. Afterward she appeared in a chorus, made good, and married the manager; and the last I heard of her, she was making her costumes into baby dresses. After long trying, for competition was sharp, I got enough other menial labor, such as sweeping classrooms, to enable me to subsist.

Most of the students were girls. Their ages ranged from sixteen to forty or more. It was rather unusual for a student to attend three or four years consecutively, without dropping out to earn money. For these reasons, if a young man of any ability attended regularly for any considerable time, he had greatness thrust upon him. He would be president of a literary society, captain of a team, toastmaster at a banquet, and be asked to accept a place on the staff of the school paper. In short, he would be urged into all that a student in an Eastern college works hard indeed to win. Moreover, most of the teachers were women.

These noble, overworked, unmarried dames trudged alone the thankless road of pedagogy, a strange combination of erudition, schoolgirl sentiment, and dormant mother-love. Each informally (or, rather, inadvertently) adopted some of the struggling young men whom she taught. In joy, in discouragement, in perplexity, they turned to her as naturally as the helianthus turns to the sun. Fortune gave me five of these foster-mothers, and if she had given me even more of 'em, I'd probably be a better man to-day. But like wine, song, and all other good things, women are not an unmixed blessing.

Because I could write fair verses, I was a poet; because I helped win a debate, I was destined to go high. My beautiful wavy auburn hair also helped me. And when the Livingstone-Damien propensities that are in almost every young man developed in me, it was promptly conceded that with me a surgeon in Central China, John Calvin could quickly vanquish sage Confucius, great Mohammed, and also the gentle Buddha. There was probably more good than bad in all this, for the hopes it kindled gave one courage to fight on against odds that might well have appalled an archangel. The inordinate conceit and vapid egoism that it all created, however, caused me misery enough when the non-sentimental East got me in the hopper of its efficiency machine.

(*To be concluded*)

IN DIOCLETIAN'S DAY

A SCENE IN SPOLETO

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

'So the old man wants to return to power,' said Diocletian, rolling up a letter and speaking rather to himself than to the officer who brought it.

It was a cool autumn morning, and they were walking side by side along an arcade or corridor which ran the whole length of the front of the new palace, looking west across the sea. For more than two hundred yards the corridor ran, and at either end it was flanked with massive towers. Sixteen of them protected the fortress walls of the huge quadrangle within which the palace was constructed. In the centre of the colonnade stood a spacious entrance-gate, with steps leading down to the water, which lapped gently against them. For the bay was never rough, the storms of the Adriatic being warded off by low outlying islands.

Beside the entrance-gate a heavy barge lay at anchor. It had come at great speed from the Riviera, bringing the messenger of Maximian, ex-Emperor like Diocletian himself. Tied to their pivots, the banks of oars still rested on the surface; the crews who had worked the ships were busy with breakfast, or lay sleeping in the newly risen sun.

'So the old man wants to return to power, and asks me to join with him,' said Diocletian again; and he stopped in his walk to look meditatively over the sea between the columns. 'For twenty-one years I ruled the world — I, Diocletian, the slave boy from those Dalmatian hills down yonder. I saved the world — saved it from savages — Goths, Germans, Persians, Parthians, and the rest. Continually, like clouds in storm, they kept pressing down over the sunlit prospect of the Empire, and I drove them back to the dismal regions which they inhabit. All that is worth preserving in mankind I preserved. The mists and obscurities which threatened to envelop the clearest reason of the world I also swept away, as with a health-giving breeze. And now the old man wants me to return and begin all over again! You must rest here, Julianus, for a few days, and I will give Maximian an answer.'

'All your commands I obey,' answered the officer; 'to me you are always Emperor.'

'Please don't talk like a courtier,' said Diocletian, though he bowed with a gratified smile; 'I'm only a private citizen now — a self-made man enjoying well-earned repose, like any army contractor. And, like most retired speculators, I spend my declining years in planting trees I shall never see grow up, and in building a house I shall not long enjoy. At the best, I can feel the spring return only ten times more. For I suppose I am mortal, although I have long been declared divine.'

He smiled again, and led his guest

through a vaulted vestibule, on one side of which stood a great dining-hall, and on the other a library, guest-chambers, baths, and the ex-Emperor's bedroom and private apartments. The vestibule opened into a broad causeway or street, crossed at the centre by another street running at right angles to it, so that the two divided the quadrangle of the palace inside the surrounding walls into four interior quadrangles of about equal size.

Turning to the right, Diocletian led the way up some steps to a large octagonal building, like a tower with a pointed roof, and pushed open the lofty doors of decorated bronze. In the centre of an empty floor stood a large stone sarcophagus, carved in deep relief with historic scenes — legionaries hewing shaggy ill-armed barbarians in pieces, executioners beheading prisoners like poppies in a row, and on one side an emperor entering Rome in triumph, the standards and the lictors' rods and axes preceding his chariot, the spoils and long lines of captive kings and queens dragged behind, amid an applauding populace. It represented Diocletian's own triumph of 303 A.D. — the last triumph ever to climb the Capitoline with the silent Virgin along the Sacred Way.

'As we were talking of mortality,' Diocletian said, 'I thought I would show you the tomb in which my carcass will lie forever when, in the poet's words, my palsied head descends to heaven.'

Again he smiled, and after contemplating the empty stone box for a while in silence, they turned to go.

'Observe the architect's skill,' said Diocletian. 'Outside, the mausoleum is octagonal; inside, it is circular. That is thought a clever piece of construction, and you can make what symbol you like of it — the circle of eternity at rest within the points of this angular life, or what you will. But these mysteries have no attraction for a rough old soldier like me. Look rather at the frieze running round the exterior — a divine creature, you see, hunting boars and wild goats. That's more to my taste. I hold by the ancient gods as much as possible — partly, I suppose, because I am one.'

He expected his companion to laugh, but Julianus only bowed, as if at a commonly acknowledged truth.

'I can't quite say why I had such a lot of stuff brought from Egypt,' Diocletian continued. 'All those granite and marble columns are Egyptian, and so are those sphinxes on each side of the doors, all covered with incomprehensible writing! They are said to be twice as old as Rome. A woman's face and breasts on a lion's body with eagle's wings! I suppose it all meant something to those old fellows. A queer country is Egypt! Like a huge coffin! And the priests worship queer gods with the heads of hawks, cats, dogs, calves, crocodiles, and heaven knows what! I'd like to ask them a question or two. But it's my belief that men and women will believe anything, provided it is ridiculous or impossible.

'You see those two statues in the pediment over the door,' he went on; 'one is myself, the other is my wife Prisca, the ex-Empress. When I married her she was a beautiful woman, complacent and devout; born just to worship the genial goddess of production, the joy of gods and men. But now she is wrapped in fantastic superstitions, — a kind of Jewess, they tell me, — and has carried off our daughter Valeria with her. Heaven knows to what fate they are wandering through the world, now that I can no longer protect them. They are too distinguished to be fortunate.'

'When last I heard of them, they were in the East,' said Julianus.

'Howling over the crumbling ruins

of Jerusalem, probably,' Diocletian replied, with regretful bitterness. 'Men are idiotic and swinish, but for real mania you must look to women. Notice that sarcophagus there, too. I had it brought here because of the beautiful workmanship: the story of Hippolytus and Phædra — another instance of feminine madness! The thing is over a century old. I've forgotten whose bones moulder inside; someone who was happy enough to live under the Antonines, I suppose, and saw the Empire complete and calm and uncorrupted. And there's a bust of Nero on that pedestal. What a fantastic man he was! And yet attractive, and capable of religious zeal. But now I should like to show you the temple of more genuine gods.'

He led the way across a peristyle or roofless colonnade of elegant arches, up the approach to an oblong temple, Corinthian in design, where they were met by a white-robed priest. He bowed profoundly to the ex-Emperor, extending his arms with hands turned down, and Diocletian answered the salutation with similar precision. The great doors were thrown open by acolytes who served the temple — sweeping the floor, shaking out the curtains, and keeping the altar-fires alight.

In the obscurity of the interior, into which a dubious light penetrated only through thin slabs of marble in the roof, the visitor perceived a reduced imitation of the seated Zeus of Olympia, and the statue of a man in ancient Greek clothing, holding a scroll in one hand and a staff entwined with serpents in the other.

'As this is my only temple,' Diocletian said, speaking low, 'I chose to dedicate it to the gods of Heaven and Health combined — the greatest and the most useful of gods. My title of Jovius almost compelled me to select the one; and indeed what greater god could one worship than him who rules the sky and directs the course of the firmaments revolving round the earth and the Empire? But my personal adoration is especially due to Æsculapius; for though I am divine and immortal, where should I be now but for his aid when terrible sickness befell me a few years ago? People who saw me even when I was recovering did not recognize the soldier and savior of the world in the shrunken and enfeebled figure to which sickness had reduced me. I vowed at that time daily to worship the Healing God, and indeed I was engaged in his service as I walked the cool length of the esplanade when your ship put in. Other exercises I perform in his honor, as you shall presently see. For what is life — what is the life even of Divine Being — without the blessedness of health?'

Taking a little incense from the priest, Diocletian raised both hands before the statues in turn and dropped it upon the smouldering fires of each altar. Tiny orange flames shot up from each, and a thin column of blue smoke arose. Julianus repeated the action before the statue of Jove alone, and as the ex-Emperor waited for him to perform the other sacrifice, he said, 'I have no need of healing, being well already.'

'Oh, youth, youth!' laughed Diocletian as he turned to leave the temple; and then he sighed and said little more as he conducted his guest around the rest of the palace buildings — the stables, the galleries of cells for slaves, the apartments of the stewards and cooks. Only when they reached the northwest quadrangle, which was built as barracks for the bodyguard, he said in his tone of sardonic irony, —

'Yes, a thousand lusty men-at-arms are still required to preserve one life for a few years more. How many of the Cæsars have died except by violence? Hardly half a dozen since Augustus, three centuries ago. Conquest has not

saved a Cæsar; public service has not saved; still less has virtue. Good or evil, they have shared the same hideous fate. Slaughtered, murdered, stabbed, poisoned, torn in pieces, one after another they have gone — they have gone. Nor is abdication a defense. Fear lurks in ambush always; and yet, though life is none too sweet, we cling to it.'

Ashamed of an emotion thus revealed, he turned smilingly to Julianus and said, 'Now you have seen the pleasant resting-place I have constructed for the peace of old age. The sun is growing hot in spite of autumn. The midday meal will be served you, and you must rest for a few hours. This afternoon we will drive round the neighborhood. There is a festival at Salona to-day. There will be the usual games and some necessary executions — no spectacle such as you young men-about-town are accustomed to in the city, but just a simple entertainment good enough for us country folk.'

II

Through the breathless hours of noon the palace lay silent, basking in sunlight. Even the vast gray blocks of the outer walls glared in the heat, and the newly wrought marble of the colonnades and temple steps shone with dazzling whiteness. Except for the sentries at the four gates and on the corner towers, all the soldiers, household servants, and slaves slept or lay prostrate in the shade — all but two of Diocletian's secretaries, who, under his own direction, were cutting upon the marble wall of his inmost chamber a map of the Empire, the parts of which were variously colored according to the dates of their acquisition or recent recovery. The regions which he had himself rescued from the barbarians were dyed with brilliant purple.

But toward four o'clock there was a stir throughout the palace. The guard was changed, servants moved to and fro on the streets, and presently a covered carriage drawn by six horses stood waiting before the ex-Emperor's portico. Diocletian entered it with his guest and drove slowly down the carefully paved causeway to the Golden Gate in the centre of the northern wall. Passing through the tunnel of its deep and vaulted entrance, the carriage emerged upon a broad road, lined with young cypress trees on either side; and directly the barriers of the fortress palace were left, an open country lay extended far in front, till rough lines of bare and rocky mountains closed the view.

Like one escaping into free air, Diocletian leaned back with a deep breath of relief, and with eyes fixed on the mountains he said, 'I am getting on fairly well with my map, but have little satisfaction in it. We talk about the Empire of the World, but what do we know of the world? Look at those mountains. I was reared among them, only a few days' journey farther south. They are my native country, but what do I know of the lands behind them? They stretch away to the Danube and the Euxine; ridge after ridge of stony mountains, line after line of watercourses opening upon slips of plain, where outlandish people build little huts or pitch tents of skin, always on the move, always robbing and killing each other, speaking unintelligible and inhuman languages, and called by idle names which mean nothing at all. How shall I entitle that country on a map? One is tired of writing "Land Unknown" all round the limits of our world.'

'I once traveled along the great road which Rome built from Dyrrachium through such an unknown region,' said Julianus. 'We crossed terrible mountains and passed two big lakes. All was

savage till we escaped through the ruined home of ancient Alexander to Thessalonica, and so to the city of the Bosphorus.'

'And beyond that,' Diocletian continued, 'stood Nicomedia, where I once thought of erecting a new capital for the Empire. But the superstitious natives twice set fire to my palace after I destroyed their temple there, and I used that splendid site only to abdicate in despair. And beyond Asia lies Mesopotamia and Persia and the gates of India, which your ancient Alexander actually reached. But beyond those frontiers, what do we know? I have stood on mountain heights and looking eastward have seen again range after range of giant mountains, breadths of desert interminable, and unknown waters. You remember what some old Greek poet told about the wanderers of Asia, and people who pitch beside the lake at the edge of the world, and spearmen watching like eagles from peaks above the gulf of nothingness. But as I stood there, I saw the world's edge was not reached, and there was no gulf of nothingness before me, but always land, and land, and lands unknown.'

'No doubt the surrounding world is larger than people used to think,' said Julianus. 'But, after all, our world gathered about this lovely sea, so full of glorious memories, is the only world that counts. We need n't trouble ourselves with those dwellers in outer Cimmerian darkness.'

'Yes, but we must trouble ourselves,' Diocletian replied impatiently, 'or they will trouble us. I've seen them out there upon the Eastern confines — tall brown men with faces like hawks; tall brown women too, large-eyed and athletic as Zenobia. And I've seen hordes of hideous creatures — dwarfish, having slits for eyes, and long arms like apes. And who knows what strange monsters Africa may beget — ludicrous, black, inhuman? No one has yet penetrated the farthest wilds of Britain, or the islands west of it. But I have seen shaggy Germans beyond the Rhine, shaggy Scythians beyond the Danube. Innumerable they seemed. Mow them down by thousands, and next year there are thousands more, waiting for the sword. And beyond cold and misty seas dwell the Hyperboreans, from among whom the Goths descended upon us like a deluge of ice, devastating those bright cities of Asia, pillaging Thessalonica, Ephesus, and even Athens — Athens herself.'

He paused, overwhelmed by the vision of those countless hordes.

'Little more than a century ago,' he continued, 'how secure and quiet the Empire lay! If peace was broken, it was usually broken by civil war. At the worst Rome then fought Rome. The victory was Roman, and it did not matter to the Empire who was Cæsar. Men went unconcernedly about their business, hardly conscious of laws which stood firm and unquestioned behind them, the stronger because unnoticed. The inland sea was winged with merchant ships, always passing to and fro. Life passed in beautiful cities, or among the isolated villas which gladdened the shores of the province, and of Egypt, Asia, and Greece; to say nothing of pleasant Italy with her bays and rivers sliding under ancient walls. "Glory to thee, Saturnian land, great mother of fruits, great mother of men!" as the old poet sang. Then decent people could lay out their course of years as they pleased, beautifying their homes, pursuing the arts, and cultivating their minds or their gardens without thought or care. Under time-honored forms, the established gods were reasonably worshiped. New-fangled notions were regarded with smiling incredulity or tolerant contempt, and from birth to acquiescent old age no sensible being suffered a dis-

turbing thought, or aimed at greater happiness than the hope of a to-morrow repeating to-day.

'But, my dear Julianus, how appalling has been the change! From every side an ignorant barbarism threatens to engulf that calm and placid world. Close beyond every frontier those huge clouds of savages are gathered, waiting to burst with inundation over all that Romans mean by the State, Civility, and Manners. For a few years I kept them back as Æolus once restrained the hurricanes of storm. For a few years I redeemed the world and renewed the Empire's life. But our peace cannot last. Close before us I see an age of tumult and unceasing war. Not an age, but ages following ages, during which Roman public life and civilized daily existence will disappear, perhaps, even from memory.

'Was it not time, then, that I turned from a ruining world to build my palace, and for my final years to be still? You remember what the old Persian said: "The worst torture man can suffer is to have many thoughts and no power." I was unable to avert the evil I foresaw. We stand at the end of an age — the age of Rome. It has been a noble and beneficent age, blessing the heart and summit of the world. Egypt was not so great, nor was Assyria. Their ages passed; the age of Rome is passing now, and before mankind lies a whirlpool of savage obscurity.'

'It is to save mankind,' said Julianus, 'that my master Maximian calls on you to return.'

Diocletian made no answer. The carriage was entering the streets of a large and beautiful town, built beside a deep inlet of the Adriatic.

'Here we are in Salona,' he said, rousing himself. 'Is n't it a splendid situation? I intend to make it the capital of Dalmatia. You observe that I am strengthening the fortifications. Look at that mighty new wall! I am building that against the barbarians. Barbarians! as if walls could keep out either barbarians or care or death!'

III

Diocletian descended at the gate of the large amphitheatre, from which the shouts of the audience could be heard. As he and Julianus entered the imperial seats, the noise was hushed, and the spectators rose in silent reverence to the savior of civilization. Even the gladiators paused in a mock engagement and saluted. Diocletian settled himself with deliberation upon a kind of throne, and placed on his head a diadem, retained for public occasions as a memorial of former greatness. He signaled with his hand, and the games proceeded.

There was nothing unusual in the programme. The amphitheatre was small — barely seventy yards long and barely fifty yards across. Within this narrow space trained athletes exhibited their strength and skill; gladiators contested with blunted swords, or with nets and tridents; wild bulls were incited to gore each other; strange animals imported from Africa at Diocletian's own expense — giraffes, hippopotami, zebras, and apes — were crowded together in a terrified herd, while the audience screamed to increase their panic, and were convulsed with laughter at their awkward movements, their bewildered faces, and wild efforts to escape. When negroes with long whips had driven them back to their stalls, there was an interval during which slaves cleaned the arena and covered it with fresh sand, while the spectators drank from wine-flasks and devoured the provisions they had brought with them in bags.

'The populace is awaiting the top of the climax,' said Diocletian, looking

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round upon the crowded tiers with amused toleration. 'After all, death gives the common mind its keenest emotion; you might almost say its one touch of poetry. To-day they celebrate a special sacrifice to Mars, and there are military executions in his honor. I take no pleasure in such things; I have seen too many deaths. No death can interest me now — except perhaps my own,' he added, with his characteristic smile.

'Let us go then,' said Julianus.

'Oh, no! I must see the end,' Diocletian answered wearily. 'The people would be hurt if we went. They are only carrying out one of my own decrees, and "who wishes the end, wishes the means," as the jurists say. Besides, you know old Martial's epigram — "Cato goes out from the theatre. Why, then, did he come? Was it that he might go out?" But here come the criminals. First there is a pack of deserters, murderers, brigands, and malefactors in general, caught in this neighborhood or threatening the highways through the mountains.'

From one end of the arena a squadron of ten men, armed as Roman legionaries, entered. They halted in single rank opposite the ex-Emperor, raised their short swords in salute, and clashed them upon their iron shields. The gate at the other end of the arena opened, and out swarmed a mob of thirty beings, leaping and shouting and brandishing stout spears and gleaming knives. They were decked like savages, with wigs of long fair hair, all matted and tangled, tunics and kilts of cowhide, bare legs, and oval shields of cowhide too. Without a pause, they rushed in a confused mass upon the supposed legionaries, who rapidly wheeled right and stood shoulder to shoulder in line to confront them. At the clash of the meeting forces the amphitheatre stood up and gasped with excitement.

At once the work of killing began. Swords struck with edge and point. Spears were thrust into the joints of armor. Daggers stabbed at throats. Within a few seconds, dead and wounded fell. Arms and hands were sliced off. The sinews of bare legs were severed. One head and then another and another rolled to the edge of the sanded oval. Screams of anguish mingled with the applause. The sand was stained with great patches of blood, bright red, crimson, and brown. The criminals who remained standing tripped over the bodies of the fallen.

Within ten minutes only four of the legionaries and one burlesque barbarian survived. Slowly the four edged him back to one end of the arena, until they held him surrounded at the gate. Leaping upon him from right and left they clung to his arms while one quietly cut his throat, and the spectacle was over. The triumphant four saluted Diocletian, and received their pardon.

'This form of execution' the ex-Emperor observed to his guest, 'is a device of my own. It gives the worst criminal some small chance of his life. Besides, it encourages recruiting, for the legionaries always come off better than the barbarians, and some save their lives. The sight of blood and conflict is wholesome, too. It checks enervation and effeminacy. And, after all, it is pleasanter to fight for one's life than be slaughtered like a sheep.

'But now,' he added, looking down on the arena again, 'we shall be compelled to witness another execution. These are traitors who refuse to fight and actually prefer being slaughtered without resistance.'

Two grown men, a youth of about eighteen, and a woman were pushed out from one of the doors, the keepers of the arena thrusting at them from behind with long poles tipped with iron points.

They were dressed in the ordinary summer clothes of the respectable middle-class. The woman wore a girdle of yellow silk, and her black hair was tied with a fillet of the same color. The youth held her by the hand, and all four walked slowly into the midst of the arena, with eyes uplifted to the open sky. Attendants followed, carrying a wooden statue of Mars, which they placed in the centre of the arena, and withdrew.

Straining their heads forward, the spectators watched what was about to happen. Taking one step toward the statue, the elder of the two men spat in its face, and in a loud voice uttered the words, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

A yell of execration rose from the crowded amphitheatre. All sprang to their feet, gesticulating, and shouting for death.

'I feared the experiment would be useless,' Diocletian said, regretfully. 'The obstinacy of superstition surpasses reason. The offense is a crime against the Mars of Rome. Those two men are centurions who threw down their arms refusing to fight for the Empire's safety. The youth refused the military oath because his superstition commanded its followers not to bind themselves by swearing nor to resist evil. The woman has been added for propagating the same treason to the State.'

Amid the storm of clamor, Julianus could hardly hear the words. His eyes were fixed on the heavy barrier of the opposite gate. It was raised. Two young lions and a leopard bounded upon the sand, and then stood still, bewildered by the light and noise. The two lions stooped to sniff the corpses still stretched in uncouth attitudes upon the scene of death. But the leopard, fixing his eyes upon the woman, cautiously advanced and crouched down for the spring. Instantly the youth snatched a bloody sword from the hand of a dead legionary and plunged it into her body low between her breasts. With a cry she fell. At the sight of the spouting blood, the leopard sprang, tore open her garment with one scratch of his claws, fastened his teeth in her side and with half-closed eyes drank in ecstasy. Absorbed in the pleasure, he was an easy prey. With the dripping sword the youth struck once more, and the wild beast rolled over dead beside the naked form.

The spectators rocked with laughter. They yelled the obscenities common to mankind. They shouted admiration, too. Some called upon Diocletian to pardon the youth.

But it was too late for pardon. A lion sprang. The youth, still grasping the sword, made no resistance, and by one blow of a terrible paw his throat was torn out. One of the older men fell to the onslaught of the other lion, and the second centurion remained standing alone. 'Depart in peace, most Christian souls!' he cried, raising his hands. But while he spoke, a daring gladiator crept stealthily across the arena, seized him from behind, bowed his body down as if in mock obeisance to the gods, and struck off his head so that it fell at the statue's feet. Again the audience shouted with pleasure and applause.

'That is the end of our humble festivity,' said Diocletian, rising. 'Now we may go without offense.'

The delighted crowd rose and cheered the ex-Emperor as he withdrew, saluting him with the title of Divus and Jovius. Looking back from the gateway, Julianus saw the bloodstained arena littered with dead bodies, and the two lions snarling with jealous satisfaction over their unwonted and delightful food.

IV

The air was now pleasantly cool, and the sun was setting in lines of orange

and crimson clouds over the Adriatic.

'Drive slowly round by the garden,' Diocletian said to the coachman; and as the heavy carriage began to move, he turned again to Julianus. 'Such performances add variety to provincial life,' he observed, 'and prevent the agriculturists from flocking to the city. The female prisoner was condemned also for persistently preaching the rites of an inhuman love likely to undermine our legitimate matrimony and hinder natural procreation. These heated and orgiastic mysteries are continually sprouting in the East, like poisonous growths on steaming dunghills. In olden times those Asiatics worshiped Astarte and Cybele. Mythras came more recently to delude emotional minds, and now there is this.

'However, as I told you, it was merely for refusing to serve, or to continue service, in the army that the youth and the two deserters were executed. No more unpardonable treason to Rome could be imagined than a refusal to fight in her defense. These pitiful wretches enjoy the peace and splendor of Rome, but will not move a finger to protect or extend either. The City, the State, the Empire, are nothing to them. Such people brood only over their own condition and the preservation of their souls. They undertake no public duties. They refuse to act as judges or magistrates, and even their pleasures are private and selfishly concealed. They appear to live in a kind of ecstatic hysteria, scorning reason, avoiding social life, and looking forward with joyous expectation to the speedy destruction, not only of our Roman world, but of the whole human race. For the protection of humanity, I resolved some five or six years ago to extirpate their desperate superstition, and in that, at all events, I shall succeed.'

'You are right,' said Julianus; 'if such treasonable opinions spread, no state — not even the smallest city — could survive in this world of perpetual conflict. And the best way of silencing pernicious opinions is to silence those who hold them.'

'If those unhappy criminals had but shown a little reasonable compliance,' Diocletian continued, 'they need not have suffered. They might, for instance, have displayed a becoming reverence for myself,' he added, smiling once more. 'I make no pretensions to extraordinary virtue, but my private record compares well with my namesake Jove's.

'As you know,' he went on, 'I think it best to maintain the ancient public gods. These new religions are too much occupied with personal states of mind, or else with oracles and soothsayers and the movements of stars and planets. What do the stars know about us, or what do they care? Solemn old philosophers used to say the stars twinkled in their pity for mankind, and the music of the spheres could actually be heard if we listened long enough. My friend, it is all childish folly. Not even Jews believe it.

'Then there was worthy old Marcus — divine, but still worthy; he always kept one eye turned inward upon what he called his soul. As though his soul mattered! He helped to build some decent towns, like this of Salona here; and he cleared the frontiers beyond the Danube. But all the time he kept grubbing into his own state of mind, his conduct and thoughts, calling them up daily for examination. That is not the way to greatness. He felt a kind of sympathy for all the world. He used to quote young Pliny's saying that, when one poor mortal assists another poor mortal, there is God. My dear Julianus, the gods are not pitiful and tender and effeminate. The gods are soldierly and civic powers. It was they who built the walls of Rome, and ex-

tended the empire of law and reason into the realms of barbarous and obscene night.'

The carriage stopped at a large square enclosure surrounded by stone walls.

'Enough of these solemn abstractions,' said Diocletian, with relief. 'Here we are at my garden. Now I can show you something genuine — a real public service to the State.'

Within the walls a vegetable and fruit garden was spread out in ordered rows and rectangular patches. Slaves were digging the rows and watering the roots by a system of channels arranged with sluices and locks.

'Is n't it magnificent?' Diocletian cried. 'Look at those fennels, those onion-beds and cabbages, all in line! Just like cohorts drawn up for battle. And there are apple trees and plums, and a good big patch of vineyard for my special wine which I drink for fear of gout. I come here to dig and prune nearly every day. It is healthy exercise, and much more delightful than ruling the Empire. You can tell your master Maximian that! And by the way, when I write my answer, remind me to put in a word of congratulation upon the marriage of Maximian's daughter to Constantine, son of my old friend and successor Constantius. He seems a promising youth. They tell me that he is one of the Cæsars already. But how many emperors exactly are there now? Do you suppose I care to become just one more among the number — I, who saved the Empire once?'

The carriage bore them to the Western or Iron Gate, and when they reentered the palace the evening was almost dark, and the larger stars were already shining.

The town of Spoleto is now built inside Diocletian's palace and extends beyond the walls. His mausoleum was converted into a cathedral dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin about three hundred years after Diocletian's death. The High Altar marks the spot where his sarcophagus stood, and side altars sanctify the relics of Salona's first martyr and of her first bishop. The temple of Jove and Æsculapius is now the baptistry, and the font, designed in the Lombardic style, has for six centuries served for the christening of the city's babies.

If you pass out through the Iron Gate and climb the steep and rocky height west of the town, you will discover a large stone cross on the summit, and may read an inscription cut on the base in fine Roman characters: 'JESUS CHRISTUS DEUS HOMO VIVIT REGNAT IMPERAT.'

THE BELLS OF PEACE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Lilies are here, tall in the garden bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here — and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in their Springtime went?
The young, the brave dead, leaving all behind,
All of their home, love, laughter, and content,
The village sweetness and the Western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees and the cattle red,
The Southern soft mist over granite tor —
Whispered from life, by secret valor led
To face the horror that their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to the owl's 'To-whoo!'
They wandered once — they wander still, maybe,
Dreaming of home, clinging the long night through
To sound and sight fastened in memory.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green —
Wild happy roses starring every lane —
Eager to reach the good that might have been,
They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!

CÆSAR'S GHOST

BY MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

I

It will be remembered by the earlier readers of the great explorer, Emmet Franklin, that the first and second edition of his *Brahmaputran Journal* has no preface. One plunges into the text at the date of his setting out from Peking, with not even a preliminary word to introduce the narrative of that terrible and wonderful three years.

Perhaps this accounts in part for the interest that both reviewers and general public have taken in the preface to the third edition of the *Journal*, lately come from the press. Yet the preface itself is a document to intrigue the interest. It covers three pages, and consists of a catalogue of the various animals that served Franklin on the expedition, the virtues they displayed, and the deaths they met, each in turn, upon the lonely Himalayan trails.

The whole tone of the preface, say the reviewers, is in striking contrast to Franklin's attitude toward animals displayed in the *Journal*. There he seems to regard them as mere instruments for the attainment of his goal, and their sufferings and mortality are mentioned only when their loss threatens to delay the expedition. Attention is called more than once to the bald entry in the second volume where the death of Franklin's collie is recorded.

'Have lost my collie,' Franklin writes. 'It fell into the lake as we were landing last evening at sundown; and as I did not want it in my tent with its wet fur, I tied it to the pole outside. Found it this morning standing as if straining to get inside the flap, frozen stiff. A nuisance, as it was faithful in guarding my belongings.'

Not a word of regret, you see, except for the inconvenience to himself. But the collie gets his meticulous tribute in the preface, along with horses and yaks and shaggy little Chinese ponies. Only, what prompted this late atonement? Had the ghosts of his dumb and faithful servitors returned to haunt Franklin in his leisure hours? The reviews all close with much the same refrain.

How near the mark their chance shots come, only we who lived near to Franklin during the year that elapsed between the second and third edition of his *Journal* can tell. During that year the explorer was our nearest neighbor; and though our intimacy could scarcely be said to have attained the warmth of friendship, we were familiar with the activities and influences of his life as is possible only in an isolated community like ours. Moreover, we saw the beginning and end of Franklin's relations to Cæsar; and there, I am convinced, lies the key to that astonishing preface.

We live in a little valley on the edge of the California desert. Our ranch is the last in the irrigated belt, and between us and neighbors there is a terraced olive grove whose deep-eaved cottage has stood tenantless for years. The owner lived there just long enough to regain his health, then abandoned his ranch and went back to his New York home; since when the gophers and

ground-squirrels have had things pretty much their own way on its weed-grown terraces.

We were pleased, of course, when a letter from the owner informed us that the cottage was to have a tenant at last; pleased and excited as well, when we learned, further, that the prospective tenant was none other than Emmet Franklin, the great explorer.

We are a simple community and take people pretty much as we find them; but the name of Emmet Franklin was just then on everyone's lips. Kings had delighted to honor him for his achievements in a part of Asia hitherto jealously guarded against European exploration. We had read of his travels in the daily news, and now my father sent to Los Angeles for a copy of the *Brahmaputran Journal*, and our neighbors borrowed the two thick volumes and read them so thoroughly that the frontispiece portrait of Franklin came loose and had to be pasted into volume one at least half a dozen times.

I wondered what our neighbors made of Franklin's portrait: the long jaw, the close lips, the cold steady eyes with the sharp angle of the lids, the forehead, intellectual but lacking in benevolence. Whatever they thought, they kept a loyal silence, only Ed Ryan, the mail-carrier, venturing a comment. He had returned the *Journal* for Widow Dixon, and he as stooped to recover Franklin's portrait, loose again, he held it for a moment in his huge paw.

'Say, but that's a frozen eye!' he observed.

'From gazing long upon Himalayan snows,' my father quoted.

'Maybe so, maybe so,' said Ed doubtfully. 'It looks to me like the ice came from inside, not out. I'd hate to be his horse.'

We smiled at this characteristic speech. Ed Ryan was foolish about animals, and he judged every man by his attitude toward his horse or his dog. His own sleek sorrel mare was almost useless from overfeeding and petting.

Franklin arrived, and my first impression was that he was chillingly like his portrait. He had a dry emotionless voice, and he looked at each new acquaintance as if summing up his possibilities for usefulness in furthering some secret purposes of his own. It may have been merely an unfortunate manner, but it checked the friendly impulse.

Yet, when he made it known that he needed a horse, we were all ready to be helpful again.

'He does n't care for anything young and fancy,' said Mason the hotel-keeper, a little proud of being Franklin's spokesman in the matter. 'He's only here for a few months to rest. An old horse will do. I thought of Cæsar.'

'Cæsar!' said Ryan.

'Well, why not? Mr. Franklin would n't use him much, and I think Cæsar would enjoy the change. It must be dull for him, sticking around in pasture all the the time. What's your objection, Ed?'

Ed Ryan was not ready with his objections; and when one man after another indorsed the plan of offering Cæsar to the great man in our midst, he finally gave in, and even promised to fetch the old horse from pasture and take him out to Franklin.

To understand how much the offer of Cæsar meant, one must know something of the horse's history. He had originally belonged to Elder Thompson, who for the few years he spent among us was the idol of the community. Elder Thompson was what is called a 'lunger' in our bald Western slang. He was a thin, stooped man, with gentle brown eyes, and a curling beard such as one sees in the old paintings of the Beloved Disciple. What obscure sect he belonged to, I do not remember now; and it does not matter in any case, for

his pure and charitable spirit knew no divisions of creed or name. Weak as he was, he carried on his work of preaching and comforting the sick and the sad to the very last day of his life.

And Elder Thompson's Cæsar grew to be almost as dear to the valley as the elder himself. Cæsar's ribs were like barrel-staves, and no amount of feeding could hide them. His shoulders were misshapen from a too-early wearing of the collar, and his long, solemn black face, with its pendulous lower lip, had almost the effect of caricature. But for all his ugliness he was a saint among his kind. Never had horse combined such gentleness of disposition with so indomitable a spirit. He drew the elder's shabby buggy up and down the desert roads through rain and shine; and when the elder died, the community raised a purse and put Cæsar to spend his old age in the luscious salt pastures about John Cochrane's sulphur spring.

Now he was to be lent to Franklin as a special token of the valley's regard.

Franklin's manner of receiving the loan was not particularly gracious. He told Ed Ryan in his dry impassive voice that he would much prefer buying the horse, and that he would pay thirty-five dollars for him.

'I can get that much use out of him,' Franklin added.

'He is n't a young horse, you understand,' Ryan protested, taking alarm. 'You 'll have to go easy with him.'

'He will serve my purpose,' said Franklin dryly. 'He is not for sale? How very quaint. Be so kind as to turn him into the paddock for me.'

'He meant the corral,' the carrier explained in telling us the story. 'I pretty near brought Cæsar away with me on the spot, I was so mad. Mr. Franklin may be a great explorer, but I say again what I said before, I'd hate to be his horse.'

'It will be all right,' said my father reassuringly. 'Mr. Franklin's manner is misleading. We find he improves on acquaintance.'

We were already yielding to the explorer's charm. He had come to the house that morning on an errand, and catching sight of a swastika design on one of our Indian baskets, had stopped to discuss its origin.

'It is the sacred design of the Asiatic Buddhists,' he told us, his cold blue eyes taking fire. 'Even the figures on the arms — why, I have seen that exact pattern in the monastery at Gompu, up in the Himalayas.'

Then for an hour he held us spellbound with tales of the Buddhist monastery by its enchanted sapphire lake. 'I could not finish my exploration of the lake,' he concluded, his face clouding. 'I froze my hands in a blizzard and inflammation set in. While I was delirious, my men took me down to a lower altitude, and it was impossible to return.'

'You see,' said my father afterward, 'that explains his apparent heartlessness. Even his own life is a light matter to him compared to his work.'

I heard my father repeating this incident to Ed Ryan a day or two later. Already we were assuming the rôle of Franklin's defenders and interpreters.

Nevertheless, we kept an eye on Cæsar, and whenever we saw the faithful old horse trotting down the road, we would involuntarily register the hour of his departure and would be conscious of his absence until we saw him coming home again.

'Franklin lets him hurry too much,' said my father, as Cæsar was returning rather stumblingly one evening, his coat streaked with foam. 'I don't think he uses the whip, but Cæsar always looks overheated. I must drop him a hint.'

The hint was not dropped, however,

for Franklin forestalled it. He dined with us a few evenings later, and as we drank our coffee by the fire he observed with his faintly sarcastic smile, —

'This seems to be a community of sentimentalists. The chap who brings the mail is really worth taking notes on when he gets started on the subject of animals.'

'He is very humane,' said my father with a touch of stiffness.

'So?' Franklin's accent had an irritating foreign cadence when he pronounced this little word. 'I am not foolish about animals myself. Some forms of life are important, some less important. The less must be sacrificed to the greater.'

'The form of life is not always the measure of its importance,' retorted my father. 'Nobility of spirit has its claims whether in animal or man. There are many men who could easier be spared from the world than a horse like Cæsar, for example.'

'So you too make a fetish of Cæsar. Yes, yes, I know. He was the property of a worthy man, and a certain sentimental value attaches to him on that account. But otherwise the horse is not remarkable.'

'Good heavens, Franklin, where are your eyes?' my father protested warmly. 'Try studying Cæsar with the care you would put upon a Buddhist inscription. The horse is worth it.'

Franklin gave my father a quick look, as if the suggestion had struck him. But he only repeated his exasperating 'So?' and after a little began to talk of other things.

A few days later he informed us that he was going to take over the cultivation of the olives. He said he needed the definite incentive to exercise.

'How about a team and cultivator?' my father asked.

'There is a single cultivator on the place, and I shall use Cæsar.'

My father hesitated. 'But you drive Cæsar to town every day. Is n't fourteen miles enough for the old horse?'

'I've ridden old horses three times fourteen miles in a day, and that over mountain passes,' said Franklin quietly; adding as an afterthought, 'They soon wore out, of course.'

By a visible effort my father held his peace. Franklin began to follow out his plan of exercise, and observed with a good deal of satisfaction that he already felt the benefit to his system of the regular work, and found himself in better form for the revision of his *Journal*.

But the valley had ceased to take a deep interest in the *Journal*, so indignant were they at Franklin's cool interpretation of his rights over Cæsar. Ed Ryan remonstrated with Franklin, but was routed.

'He's got the gift of words,' he said bitterly. 'He made me feel as if I was poking my nose into his private affairs. But Asia or no Asia, I'm not going to have Cæsar wearing his heart out. You tackle Franklin, Mr. Eaton. You can talk.'

'Why not simply withdraw the horse?' suggested my father, ignoring the doubtful compliment. 'We have the right to do that.'

'The right, yes,' said the carrier pessimistically. 'But just try standing up to that icicle gaze and saying you 've come to take the horse away — the horse *he* wants to use. No! He means to keep him to turn up those soothin' furrows that make the great brain work so well. Not that he does n't make a good fist of the cultivating too,' Ryan added, as though bound to give the devil his due. 'Well, I guess you 'll have to settle Mr. Franklin.'

My father declined the responsibility, and I think he meant to stick to his resolution. But when one evening he saw Franklin starting off to town

with Cæsar after a hard day's work on the terraces, his resolve fled to the winds. Franklin unconsciously invited an outburst by turning in our drive and asking for a whip.

'The horse seems to need urging tonight,' he observed.

'To need urging!' my father exclaimed. 'Surely, Franklin, you don't mean to drive the poor beast to town after working him hard all day!'

'Why not?' asked Franklin, lifting his brows.

'Your conscience ought to tell you that. What will people think if you come into the village with that poor old fellow in such a state of exhaustion?'

'He can make the trip, I think.'

'Can make the trip!' my father stormed. 'Well, you may have been able to treat animals like this in the Orient, and God pity the poor creatures you sacrificed to your selfish desires —'

'To my selfish desires!' Franklin interrupted in a tone that showed that shaft had hit home.

'I have said it,' said my father stoutly. But he evidently began to be ashamed of his vehemence, for he added more mildly, 'I'm going to the village this evening. If you will leave Cæsar here I should be glad to drive you down.'

I expected a flat refusal from Franklin, but he climbed out at once. 'Thank you,' he said quietly. 'I am looking for important mail. It is immaterial to me how I get there.'

And while the gray colt was being harnessed, Franklin took Cæsar from the shafts and led him to our stable. I saw him look more than once at the old horse's legs, which were trembling a little.

He returned restlessly to the subject during the drive, as I learned afterward.

'When a man has a large end in view,' he said, 'he must be ruthless or fail. I have accomplished the impossible only because I have no sentimental weaknesses.'

'I know what tremendous things you've done,' said my father; 'but honestly, Franklin, do you think any end justifies the suffering and sacrifice of those lesser existences, as you called them the other day?'

'Take my word for it, yes!' was Franklin's swift reply, and his eyes kindled to an almost fanatical brightness.

'But I think he will be more careful of Cæsar after this,' my father concluded. 'He showed that his conscience was not altogether easy about the old horse.'

II

Yet Franklin was at his cultivating again next morning. At noon he appeared at our door to say that Cæsar had lain down and would not get up.

'Whether from disinclination or something more serious, I cannot tell. I should like Mr. Eaton to look at the horse, if he will.'

'He is in Los Angeles,' I said. And then, as Franklin still lingered, 'Shall I come over? I don't know that I can be of any help —'

'If you will be so good,' said Franklin in his dryest voice.

Cæsar did not seem to be in pain. He was lying in a corner of the corral, his head on a little hummock of hay. He twisted his neck and looked at us with an inquiring eye, then touched his nose to his twitching flank, as if asking the meaning of the strange impotence that had seized him.

'He does that all the time,' said Franklin in a subdued voice. 'I fancy the trouble is in his hindquarters.'

'Was he at his hay when he fell?' I asked looking at Cæsar's pillow.

'No, I merely put that there to keep

his head out of the muck,' said Franklin gruffly.

I picked a sprig of fresh alfalfa and offered it to Cæsar. He took it between his long teeth and chewed reflectively, then whinnied softly for more.

'He is n't very ill or he would n't eat,' I said. 'Maybe he's only a little stiff and needs help to get up. Have you a rope?'

Franklin fetched a rope and we put it around Cæsar's neck and began coaxing him and encouraging him to get on his feet. I secretly admired Franklin's skill. Those long strong hands of his were so sure in every movement, and he pulled and coaxed, until at last the old horse scrambled to his feet again. One could see that all was not well, however. Cæsar's legs trembled as if they might give way any minute.

'Ed Ryan is a veterinary,' I said at last. 'Why not send for him?'

'As you please,' said Franklin, with a slight grimace.

Ryan was restrained in his criticism, softened perhaps by my story of the pillow of hay. But he pronounced Cæsar's ailment a sort of paralysis from overwork and age.

'Incurable?' Franklin asked curtly.

'Well, he'll not be able to work again, but with real good care he'll last quite a spell yet. I'd stake him out in the young grass among the olives. He'll get that far all right, if you go easy.'

'Surely, my good man, you are not proposing that I nurse up an absolutely useless horse!' Franklin exclaimed with a cold smile.

Ryan bristled. 'You've worked the horse to death and now I s'pose you want to knock him on the head. Well, it can't be done. Cæsar, he's earned a rest and he's going to have it. He'll be com'table out there in the sun, and as long as he's com'table he stays.'

'As you choose,' said Franklin with a shrug. 'But you will have to look after him. I have more important matters on hand.'

'Him and his matters,' growled Ryan as he drove me home. 'Always makes us look like fools, just because we're human toward dumb brutes. I wish you'd spoken up, Miss Vera, he might have listened to you. One thing's certain, you'll have to see that he feeds and waters Cæsar properly.'

'But I can't be running over to Mr. Franklin's place and looking after his horse,' I protested.

Ed's round face took on a look of unutterable reproach.

'His horse! It's Cæsar, and if you don't care to do that for Cæsar, then I must, though it will mean toting all this way out.'

Of course, I promised that I would see to Cæsar's comfort. As I did not care to brave Franklin's ironic smile, I waited until toward sundown and then strolled along the wild hillside above the olive terraces, gathering wild buckwheat blossoms and sprays of artemisia so that on a chance encounter it might appear that I was merely out for a walk.

But as I rounded the shoulder of the hill, I came face to face with Franklin. I think I was the less self-conscious of the two, for he was surprised bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, pulling handsful of grass and feeding them to Cæsar.

'You see I have caught the infection,' he observed to me with a sour smile. 'The presence of the horse on my place disturbs me. Ryan must take him away to-morrow.'

'We'll take him,' I said quietly. 'He can pasture on our alfalfa.'

Franklin ignored this. He dusted his hands of the clinging green leaves and thrust them into his pockets. Then he turned his cold stare on me.

'It's absurd. I have but a few months in which to finish the revision

of my *Journal*, and my valuable time is being wasted by this childish fuss about a horse.'

'I have said that we will take him.'

'I find he has difficulty in chewing alfalfa,' said Franklin irritably. 'And that is n't the question. He should be put out of the way. You know that as well as I.'

Cæsar thrust his long nose against Franklin's arm and whinnied softly. I was struck by the man's strange, impulsive gesture as he stooped and began pulling grass again.

The worst of it was, we knew that Franklin was right about Cæsar. The old horse himself was not happy. He had that trick of turning his nose inquiringly upon his trembling flank, and his kind old eyes followed our movements with a look of settled sadness. Ed Ryan avoided coming out at all — I think because he felt the reproach of Cæsar's eyes.

Then came a day when even Franklin's strong hands could not help the old horse to his feet again. He still nibbled gently at the tender grass we offered him and took slow sips from the dripping pail, but it was plain that he would never rise. Franklin sent word to Ryan, and became grimly sarcastic when Friday and Saturday went by and Ryan did not appear.

'Ed is n't doing right. He should put the old horse away instead of letting him die by inches,' said my father. 'I shall speak to him myself.'

'He's in a sunny com'table place,' said Ryan when my father took him to task in the post-office that evening. 'Maybe he'll get better in a day or two. I'm waiting to see.'

'He goes to one extreme and Franklin to the other,' remarked my father as we drove home. 'Well, let them settle it between them. Franklin will take good care of Cæsar until Ed appears; of that I am sure.'

We did not see Franklin on Sunday, but on Monday morning he appeared at the door and asked if he might borrow our Indian for an hour or two. I called Tortes, and then rather awkwardly asked after Cæsar.

I did not get an immediate reply. Then Franklin said in his dryest voice, 'The horse is dead.'

'Dead!' I repeated.

'I shot him last night,' jerked out Franklin. 'It was time to end this impossible situation. And now, if I may have Tortes to help me dig a pit for the carcass, we shall be done with the whole matter.'

Tortes appeared. Franklin lifted his hat to me and without another word marched off as if he were leading a troop, Tortes following meekly after.

My judgment told me that Franklin had done the sensible thing, but I did not love him the better for it. And when I remembered the cold tone in which he had announced his deed, I felt an actual repulsion toward the man. I hoped Ryan and the rest of the village would give him a bad time when they heard of Cæsar's death.

The weather had turned suddenly warm and springlike, and that evening we sat late on the veranda, listening to the frogs singing in the weir and enjoying the fragrance of orange-blossoms and wild sage from the hill. We were just going in when there was a step on the gravel and Franklin appeared in the strip of moonlight below us.

My greeting was anything but cordial, but I doubt if he noticed it. So monosyllabic were his replies to our efforts at conversation, that I wondered why he had chosen to inflict himself on us in so unsociable a mood.

'I am going away to-morrow,' he said abruptly, breaking a silence that threatened to be endless. 'My work has ceased to be satisfactory here, and I must make a change.'

My father murmured polite regrets. They met with no response from Franklin. He jumped up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and after a few rapid steps stopped, facing us, looking down at us with eyes that the moonlight made colder.

'As to Cæsar,' he said, just as if we had brought up the subject, 'Ryan should have put him out of the way. He — he was interfering with my work.

'And so you shot him,' I put in.

'I shot him,' Franklin admitted quietly. He paused. 'Would it interest you to know why I shot him? I will tell you, then. Yesterday afternoon I happened to go out to the terrace where the horse was, and seeing that the cultivator was still in the furrow, I started to pull it out of the way of the man who was coming to finish the work this morning. I pulled it aside quite easily, but as I passed Cæsar he struggled to rise. He tried again and again, and he whinnied to me, asking me to help him. The cultivator, you see — his job — he wanted to be of help. But it was in vain. He fell back with a long sigh. I did not think so much of it at the time. But in the night I waked and could think of nothing but that sigh. I thought it over, and having reached a conclusion I lighted the lantern, took my revolver and went out. The horse whinnied when he heard me,' Franklin continued after clearing his throat; 'and when I bent over him and put the revolver to his temple, he touched my hand with his nose — curiously soft — curiously soft — Where was I?'

Franklin jerked out the question with a swift, furtive glance at us. He recovered himself and went on in his emotionless voice.

'He never stirred. I thought I had finished with him then. But he has a personality that one cannot forget. However, that may be the illusion of overwrought nerves. After all, I was kind to your Cæsar. There was a gray horse we left dying in the snow at Poodla Pass — that was a different matter.'

He pulled himself up, bade us an abrupt good-night, and was gone. It was the last we saw of Franklin, and so foreign was this *apologia*, delivered in the mysterious light of a dying moon, to all that we had seen of the man before, that my father and I sometimes wondered if we had dreamed it. But when the third edition of the *Brahmaputran Journal* was announced by the publishers, my father sent for it, excusing the extravagance on the ground that it was probably enlarged.

There were but few changes in the text, but my father read the preface aloud.

'Well,' he said when he had finished, 'what do you make of it?'

'It sounds haunted,' I exclaimed.

My father nodded. 'Cæsar!' he said.

THE INFLUENCE OF FREE VERSE ON PROSE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I HAVE seen it stated that, when Tennyson's *Princess* was published in the United States, two generations ago, it was the best-selling book in the country, and that Patmore's *The Angel in the House*, issued anonymously at about the same time, ran it a close second. This certainly argues a much wider interest in poetry than prevailed, let us say, a decade ago. But with the publication of Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy*, Frost's *North of Boston*, and Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, the 'new poetry' ushered in, almost simultaneously with the war, a revival of poetic interest, the unquestioned power, especially dramatic power, of those three books serving to crash over the barriers of indifference that a languishing prettiness in poetry had gradually erected between the poets and the public. Certainly there is no languishing prettiness in Spoon River!

The new poetry, however, while it has conquered indifference, rapidly made converts, and rendered tame or artificial, even to the unconverted, much of the once admired minor poetry of the past (as that of Francis Thompson, for example), has not as yet ceased to bewilder readers by its forms, or freed itself from its own bewilderment regarding them. Reduced to its simplest terms, the bewilderment of the public asks the question, 'What is the difference between free verse and prose?' while the poets, endeavoring to answer, give various and often contradictory replies, themselves seemingly not knowing. Only there is a faith within them that they are *not* writing prose. Anyone who has written verse both in the older and the newer forms can testify that, while he may be in the dark as to the technical philosophy of his *vers libre*, there is no question of a fundamental difference of *impulse*. He is as surely, in his own consciousness, writing poetry, as if it were falling in four-foot iambics, like *The Lady of the Lake*.

But the fact still remains, to puzzle poet and public, that prose often falls into iambics, also, and into other metres as well, though not so often. The experiments of Dr. William Morrison Patterson at Columbia have clearly shown the tendency of men and women to break up any group of sounds into rhythms, and the English language, strongly accented as it is, peculiarly invites rhythmic arrangement. Moreover, it is predominantly iambic, or the iambic pentameter would not have become so naturally our blank-verse measure, however great the influence of Chaucer. Standing in a crowd the other day, I heard a man declare, 'He says he would n't take his old job back for twice his former wages.' That this man was talking anything but conversational prose is absurd; he was not even emotionally in the least excited. Yet he produced a sentence of almost pure iambics, which caught my ear like a tune, or, rather, a series of drum-taps.

Given, then, a language so easily falling into rhythmic groupings, and readers or listeners prone always to find order if possible in successive sounds,

the process of consciously organizing speech into 'harmonious numbers' becomes both fascinating and perplexing. So long, however, as verse deliberately sets itself apart from prose by means of a metronomic regularity, by definite metres which return upon themselves, with or without the adornment and aid of rhyme, no confusion results between the two forms of prose and poetry. Our parents or grandparents were in no doubt as to *The Princess*, nor are we to-day as to the poems of Vachel Lindsay, for example, or of Masefield, or of any of the new poets who have clung to the older forms. But when the new poetry organizes itself, not on the basis of regularly recurrent metres but on the basis of those seemingly haphazard metres into which English speech is forever falling, — on rhythm, that is to say, — the bewilderment arises.

It is perfectly easy to take certain passages of rhythmic prose and, by setting them up in the manner of free verse, produce something which the average reader could hardly distinguish, if at all, from genuine *vers libre*.

> How beautiful
> Upon the mountains
> Are the feet
> Of him who bringeth good tidings,
> Who publisheth peace,
> Who saith unto Zion,
> Thy God reigneth.

It may, perhaps, be urged that this was never prose, but Hebrew poetry. I can only reply that it has been considered English prose — of a very choice sort — for some three hundred years. Yet how each 'line' swings out its individual rhythm; how beautiful upon the ear are those rhythms; how lines 5 and 6, practically repeating a swing, mount to the climax of the final proclamation!

Contrast this passage with a bit of free verse by the Imagist poet, 'H.D.,' who, Miss Lowell assures us, is careful never to permit a formal metre in her verse, though many other practitioners of *vers libre* let regular metre enter when it fits a rhythm.

> Whirl up, sea —
> Whirl your pointed pines,
> Splash your great pines
> On our rocks,
> Hurl your green over us,
> Cover us with your pools of fir.

Except that the Biblical passage has a sustained melody, holding its separate rhythms more closely together, it would be hard, I think, to convince the ordinary reader that, technically, these poems belong to a different *genre*. Moreover, a sustained melody, uniting to a climax a series of separate rhythms, or even metres, is by no means peculiar to prose. It is inherent in the best poetry, in the eloquence of Shakespeare or a sonnet by Rossetti. One of the supreme tests of a sonnet is that its fourteen individual lines of jeweled beauty shall yet seem to flow as one stream to the climax, with a still pool between the octet and the sestet.

> Hers is the head
> Upon which 'all the ends of the world are come,'
> And the eyelids
> Are a little weary.
> It is a beauty
> Wrought out from within upon the flesh,
> The deposit,
> Little cell by cell,
> Of strange thoughts,
> And fantastic reveries,
> And exquisite passions.
> Set it for a moment
> Beside one of those white Greek goddesses
> Or beautiful women of antiquity,
> And how they would be troubled
> By this beauty,
> Into which the soul,
> With all its maladies,
> Has passed! . . .
> And, as Leda,
> Was the mother of Helen of Troy,
> And, as Saint Anne,
> The mother of Mary.

This passage from Walter Pater, whose work, if not the most rhythmic, was certainly the most consciously

wrought, of nineteenth-century English prose, not even excepting Poe's, is a part of one of his most ornate and famous 'purple passages.' Yet, as free verse, it is curiously pale, vague, monotonous, and jerky. I have experimented with it in various linear divisions, but without being able to make it less so, nor can any free-verse arrangement rob the last four lines of their perilous suggestion of metred song, which in *vers libre* seems so out of place, yet, in the complete prose passage, is merely a delicious musical whisper to the ear.

Now, on the other hand, let us set up the following as prose: —

> Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo, shovel them under and let me work — I am the grass; I cover all. And pile them high at Gettysburg and pile them high at Ypres and Verdun, shovel them under and let me work. Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor: What place is this? Where are we now? I am the grass, let me work.

If it was fairly obvious from our first two examples that, when they are set up in the same linear fashion, making the same appeal to the eye, rhythmic prose and free verse can be almost indistinguishable, I think it is also obvious from these second and longer examples that there can also be a pronounced, if perhaps at first intangible, difference between them. If Pater's passage loses effectiveness by being set up as free verse, and yet Mr. Sandburg's 'Grass' also loses effectiveness by being set up as prose, we can hardly accept the statement of some critics (it is even Dr. Patterson's direct implication), that free verse has nothing but its physical conformation to differentiate it from cadenced prose.

I am myself much less concerned to find out what this difference is as an occasional and, I fear, very stumbling, writer of free verse, than as a writer of prose. The most ardent champions can hardly deny, in the face of laboratory experiment, oral recitation to general audiences, and the plain evidences of common sense, that prose often swings into rhythms indistinguishable from *vers libre* (just as it even swings, in Ruskin, for example, or Dryden, actually into measured iambics); and that *vers libre*, when it is not handled with considerable skill, — which *does* happen now and then! — often achieves the rhythmic disjointedness of prose. This does ot nnecessarily mean that genuine *vers libre* is prose; it may even mean that prose is sometimes poetry! But the new poets have shown themselves quite able to look after their own defence, particularly with Miss Lowell as advocate; and, moreover, their technique is still admittedly in an experimental stage.

Prose, however, is not experimental, and has not been for two centuries. The question which the new poetry has forced upon prose — a question which, so far as I am aware, has hardly been considered, so busy have we been discussing the upstart verse-forms — is almost Nietzschean, a revaluation of its freedoms; one might well say, in light of such prose as Newman's 'Idea of a University,' or Pater's 'Renaissance,' or the plays of Synge and Dunsany, of its poetic graces and its eloquence. Wordsworth, who chose to create in metre, and Pater, who chose to create in prose, alike affirmed the right and glory of prose to rise into rhythm, to leave behind the mere pedestrian virtues of bald communication of ideas, and alike affirmed the broad similarity of the creative impulse behind both imaginative prose and true poetry — the search for truth and for the most fitting and beautiful garment in which to clothe it.

If, then, the line was after all so shadowy between prose and verse in the nineteenth century, and if, quite

apart from its content, its matter, 'Riders to the Sea,' at the dawn of the twentieth century could seem far more poetic than many a drama written in pseudo-Shakespearean metre, what are we to say now of the distinction between prose and verse, when verse itself adopts the irregular rhythms of speech, and some poets regard measured metre in their work with as much abhorrence as Pater would have done in his? Does this mean that the author must hereafter reduce his prose to plodding pedestrianism, or be accused of trying to write poetry? Will a conscious rhythm in prose hereafter affect our ears as a conscious metre does now — as unpleasant, that is, and out of place? Will Newman have to write a new *Apologia* — for his style — against Amy Lowell?

I do not anticipate any such effect. Quite on the contrary, it seems to me that the achievement of free verse in waking the public interest in poetry, by handling the subjects of contemporary life in contemporary language, and in the natural rhythms of the speaking voice, will rather make for an enriching of prose, a renewed appreciation of its finer beauties and capacities, an appreciation greatly dimmed in these latter years by the decadent prose of our daily press, the sloppiness of our 'popular' magazines, the lack of style in our popular fiction. To justify and explain this faith, I must go back to an earlier statement — namely, that the writer of free verse is, in its composition, inwardly conscious that he is not writing prose, that he is not in the prose mood, as it were. Let us once more set up Sandburg's 'Grass,' this time in its correct arrangement: —

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work —
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

Thus visualized, the eye alone, without oral aid, tells you that the rhythms here are carefully ordered, that they follow one another without any break, that is, without any passages where the ear must strain to make a rhythm; and even that they are deliberately recurrent, hardly less recurrent in this case than metre might be. Add to the visual testimony the oral: read this suggestive lyric aloud and it distinctly sings. I make no mention of its content, its essentially lyrical subject-matter, and its figurative nature, meaning much more than it says. Quite aside from content, its form is distinctly not that of prose, though each separate rhythm might occur in a prose sentence, or, if read separately, might record itself in Dr. Patterson's laboratory machine as a prose rhythm.

The rhythms follow one another without any break — there is a key to the secret. In writing free verse, verse based on rhythm, not metre, the poet nevertheless remains under the dominant necessity of keeping up the musical flow; he is still a musician, and in proportion as he does maintain, unbroken and harmonious, the musical flow, his poem becomes transfused with that curious beauty which tempts the lips to song and adds to the record of facts and the magic of images, the grace of a unified melody; which makes the whole complete, eternal. John Gould Fletcher, I think, acknowledges this when he maintains that free verse is, like the older forms, based on a metred regularity, with the strophe instead of the line as the unit. It has not, at any rate, broken free from music. Whatever their theories, all the skilled practi-

tioners of *vers libre* are aware of their bondage to melody, their need to keep their rhythms so in hand that the rhythms set the tune for the reader and do not allow him to drop it.

In prose, on the contrary, in even the most rhythmical of passages, such as Pater's hymn to the Lady Lisa, it has always been regarded by careful writers as a cardinal test of merit that the song should not sing itself unbroken; that so complete a welding of music and sense as this would destroy the very effect aimed at, namely, the heightening of a heightened mood in order to surcharge the sense, the intellectual message, with feeling. It would destroy it by injecting an artificial element. Prose, in other words, must always preserve the 'homely virtue' of recording facts or opinions; it must be pedestrian and plodding at least with one foot; and if feeling, emotion, so prevails in any idea the writer wishes to communicate that it spontaneously demands the sustaining breath of song, then there is no more excuse — perhaps less — now than ever for the writer to refrain from verse. In reading prose, any prose, good, bad, or indifferent, the ear, to be sure, more or less unconsciously selects a certain time-unit pulse (as Dr. Patterson calls it), and fits the words to this beat, now compressing many syllables into one beat, again prolonging, it may be, an exclamation into an entire beat of its own; but always striving, by a law of the human sensory make-up, to keep what is being read roughly organized into rhythm. You do it even when listening to the ticks of a clock. But, bear in mind, it is the reader, not the writer, who sets the tune; and this tune is not melodic, but rather an unvaried drum-tap. If prose falls with too great difficulty into correlation with our time-beat, we say it is rough and hard to read. If it falls too easily, it becomes sing-song, facile, without any nervous force, or any muscle. It is when the author so alternates, or, rather, weaves, the plodding elements of his prose, the balder communications of fact, which are merely smooth enough not to put too great a strain upon the reader to organize them into regularity, with passages in which he himself sets the tune, creates a conscious rhythm that compels the reader to follow it, to fall into step — it is then that we recognize prose at its characteristic flower; for it is then that the musical rhythms, rising above the mere time-beat which has been the tune supplied by the reader, croon out with sudden, startling sweetness, or swell with a gush of emotion, or are sombre with a dusking flash of memory; and the author's intellectual idea which we have been following becomes surcharged with feeling, enriching our own response, without obtruding upon us any sense of artifice.

To revert again to Pater's purple passage, read this aloud: —

> She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

This reads easily, but not too easily. Except in certain spots, probably no two readers would phrase it, that is,

organize it over their unit-pulse, in the same way. Only with 'and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary,' does Pater himself dominantly set the tune, a brief phrase which rises like sudden incense. For the rest, there are rhythmic, cadenced phrases, but they swell and break and disappear again rather at the will of the reader than of the writer, so happily woven are they in the firm, humble texture of words spoken to communicate fact. That is why, when we tried to set each apart, after the manner of free verse, all the charm evaporated, and we seemed jerked along.

The writer of verse, whether free verse or in rhythm and metre, sets the tune from the start, and the worse for him if he lets it slip. You have no individual choice of the time-beat for

> The stag at eve had drunk his fill
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill.

But neither have you for

> Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
> Shovel them under and let me work.

The time is marked at the opening of the bar, as it were; and that the time changes frequently in free verse, as the time and key change in modern music, does not alter the fundamental fact. You are listening to music, not yourself compelling — sometimes even torturing — a rhythmic regularity or conformity out of a sequence of syllables, as in prose. Dispense with the eye, trust only to the ear, and the essential difference between free verse and prose will paradoxically become apparent, although it is the eye alone which the scoffers say differentiates them.

But because free verse bases its music on the more natural and colloquial rhythms of human speech, rather than on artificial metre, and because, in subject-matter, it has tended to keep close to our daily life, it seems to me at least not unlikely that the ear of the public, trained to appreciate and enjoy those rhythms, and to associate them with records of reality, will be the more ready to listen for them when they rise in prose, to appreciate and enjoy prose-writing which is not entirely pedestrian, which, when it approaches — as it often must — the passions and visions of poetry, can clothe itself with a wisp of their garments (as the beggars in Dunsany's play put on beneath their rags each a bit of green silk), to symbolize that it, too, stems from the divine.

The prose of the nineteenth century differed from that of the eighteenth — Pater or Newman or Emerson from Addison, let us say — no less surely than Wordsworth and Shelley differed from Pope, and under the same influences. If free verse is to release the poetry that is in daily speech, it may well follow that our prose, too, will feel a quickening breath of beauty; and a glint of the glory from the wings of song will flash down to touch the hair of the humble plodder who has too long walked with head bowed low, bidding him lift his face again.

SOUTH OF WALL STREET

BY ROBERT M. GAY

To say that romance resides in the old, the unusual, and the remote will do well enough for young people; for them it does so. When we are young, somewhere east of Suez is about as near as we think of looking for it; but as we grow older, supposing that we have not given up the search for it as unprofitable, we come more and more, I think, to seek it in the near, the present, and the familiar. And sometimes we discover it in the most unlikely places.

If you desire a taste of romantic isolation, for instance, you need to go no farther than to New York on a Sunday afternoon, preferably in midsummer, and stroll through the business district, from Fourteenth Street to the Battery. I do not believe that the Desert of Gobi is more desolate; certainly it is not so haunted by the ghosts of footsteps. Where yesterday thousands of eager creatures ran hither and thither as if their lives depended on their speed, to-day are miles and miles of empty streets, myriads of closed windows and locked doors. Not a horse or a motor-car, no roar of traffic, no murmur of voices, nothing. If you are alone, the noise of your heels embarrasses you, and it is with a feeling of relief that you emerge upon Broadway and the green of Trinity churchyard, where there are people, even on Sunday.

These reflections have brought to my mind one Sunday afternoon, in a midsummer many years ago, which I spent wandering about these streets in company with a figure of comedy who had delicately suggested that I accommodate him with a small loan. I had two hours to kill before train time, and was standing in the hot sunshine outside the Wall Street ferry-house, debating whether to visit the Aquarium or to look at the shipping on the water-front, when this piece of decayed gentility, tipping his hat and leaning elegantly on his cane of yellow bamboo, made up my mind for me. Persons are much more interesting than places, or even fishes; and this person — a complex of cast-off clothes, frayed sleeves, cuffs, and trouser-legs, dirty linen, cracked shoes, unshaven chin, and a nose and a breath which suggested that he was not an advocate of prohibition — wore gray suede gloves and carried a cane. After an instant of puritanical disapproval, I wanted only to be with him, to hear him talk, to listen to his somewhat alcoholic tones of voice, and to observe his somewhat beery elegance of manner.

I find it hard to believe that, after I had 'accommodated' him with ten cents, I spent nearly two hours in his company, promenading the environs of the Stock Exchange. It must be nearly twenty years ago. There are few trivial memories that remain brighter after such a lapse of time, and this memory has still the specious sharpness of line and color of some dreams. Perhaps it was a dream. Yet I remember clearly that I contributed ten cents to my companion's support while we were standing in front of the ferry-house, and ten cents more while we were on Broad Street looking up at a window on the

fifth floor of a building there, within which he assured me he had many times, in his high and palmy days, played poker after the Exchange had closed, his opponents being three financiers of international fame. On the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, too, just after he had disclosed to me some secrets concerning the Sub-Treasury, and had quoted a remark which Mr. Pierpont Morgan had once made to him, his mind evidently running upon finance, he made it very clear to me, but with considerable elegance of phrasing, that another addition of ten cents to my loan would render it possible for him, not only to obtain luncheon, but to fortify his spirits with a glass of beer. I expressed some doubt, I remember, that beer was his favorite tipple; and in a burst of confidence he admitted that he much preferred whiskey as a gentleman's drink. Twenty cents more, he insinuated, would permit him to drink my health in his customary beverage, and, if I could see my way to a total loan of fifty cents, he would be under eternal obligations to me. While I debated this proposition in my mind, he pointed out the signs of several diamond merchants with whom he had formerly had dealings, and mentioned three prominent clubmen whom he had once been accustomed to address as Tom, Jim, and Roger. When I ended by giving him a half-dollar, he drew forth a shabby little notebook and a stub of pencil and made a careful note of the fictitious name and address I gave him, in order that he might send me a remittance as soon as he should be in a position to do so.

The completion of this sordid transaction gave such support to his somewhat unstable self-esteem that, while we sauntered westward toward the river, he confided to me several slightly scandalous love-affairs in which he had once been involved, with Mrs. X, Miss Y, Mrs. Z, and others, modestly hinting that I would recognize the names if, as a gentleman, he were not precluded from divulging them. His present attire might make these amours difficult to credit, — the cracks in his patent-leather shoes were especially devastating to his susceptibilities, — but his embarrassments were only temporary: a turn of fortune, and he would — and so forth and so forth. Meanwhile, I watched the cracks in his shoes opening and shutting like hungry mouths as he walked, and caught side glimpses of the lining of his coat showing brown at the ends of his sleeves; and I saw his yellow cane swinging jauntily in a hand incased in a gray glove that was split at the seams.

It was a spectacle to pity; and yet I did not pity him at all, nor did I despise him or loathe him or condemn him. I simply enjoyed him. I have called him a figure of comedy; John Synge would have called him a playboy, and he had acted his part until he probably believed most of it. At any rate, he played it through to the end, and left me at the Lackawanna Ferry with an *au revoir* and a sporting salute of such buoyancy, that I stood in the darkness of the ferry-house and watched him airily crossing West Street until he disappeared.

I never saw him again, but in his flourishing and decline he was so typical of New York that he has become for me a kind of symbol of its mingled comedy, pathos, and romance. I think of him as still haunting the streets that he loved so much. Without him the district would seem, as it must to the eyes of most people, merely cold, hard, stony; but for me, because of him, the streets which we traversed in our itinerary can never be without some overtones.

I suppose that of all parts of the great city the last which most people would

choose for its romantic associations is that lying south of Wall Street, and especially that east of Broadway. It is the point of the island, the site of the Dutch settlements, and its somewhat tortuous streets, as I remember them, — for I have not walked them for a long time, — are narrow, paved with cobbles, lined with drab and dusty warehouses and loft-buildings. Passing by, one thinks of rats and stray cats and dark hallways and steep bare stairs and unwashed windows and garrets hung with cobwebs. A place of strange smells and odd corners, but otherwise, to the unillusioned eye, commonplace enough.

For me, nevertheless, this is the best part of the city. Reason can suggest a dozen other places in the city more worthy of affection, but true love is said to be always irrational.

With that curious faculty that we all have of using certain unimportant and otherwise forgotten people as radiant points around which we assemble our associations, I never think of this district without calling to mind a certain boy, just as I never think of the Wall Street section to the west without recalling my impecunious acquaintance. This boy, a schoolmate, applied for a position to the same man twice within ten minutes, entering the front door of a building on Water Street and the rear door on Pearl Street. I came upon him as I went my rounds delivering bills in the neighborhood, — for I was an office-boy that summer, — and I can hear yet his puzzled questions concerning the geography of that building and his disgust over the impoliteness of the man, who had threatened to kick him out. We went to lunch together at Dennett's, I remember, where Scripture texts still hung on the walls, offering subjects of easy witticism for the irreverent.

This boy felt no fascination in lower New York, but I was already under its spell. That was my second summer there, and I was to spend another some years later. At present I was employed in an office on Cliff Street — a long sombre office up a flight of twenty-one steps from the street, where the partners had desks quite family-fashion among their clerks, and where I, as the sultry weeks rolled along, occupied one high stool after another, taking the places of the men who left for their vacations.

Upstairs again was a vacant loft, the dustiest place I have ever seen. There was not the slightest doubt that it had never been swept since the Civil War; at least, so Malone, the head truckman, told me; but I knew better. It had been swept once when I was a very small boy, because, one glorious night, we — our family, I mean — had all come over from across the river and sat in this rat-and-bat-haunted eyrie to watch the illumination of the Brooklyn Bridge. What this ceremony celebrated I have not the slightest idea; but I can still see very plainly the cascades of yellow and red fire that fell from the roadway of the bridge into the river, and the fountains of rockets that spouted from the tops of the towers. It was with a sense of supreme daring that I had left the windows now and then, and the glare that filled the street, and had raced my brother to the rear wall and back, through the ghostly murk where lines of great chests made a roadway. These chests I later — in fact, during the two summers of my employment — ransacked for postage-stamps, and made some rich discoveries; in particular, three one-shilling New South Wales, 1860, I think, with an error in the water-mark, and two old Madeiras, and some rare Civil-War revenues — enough, indeed, to set me up for a time in a very lucrative business.

Malone, another of my luminous

points, I was associated with while I was acting as shipping-clerk in a kind of vault or cavern in the basement. Here, open to two of the winds of heaven, lay great orderly piles of sheet metal, boxes of tin, pigs of iron, all of which Malone and his mates threw about as if they had been pasteboard. At the front, in a corner, was my office, a cubicle containing a high walnut desk and stool, a dozen letter-files, some shelves of discount books, and a little pot-bellied stove which had to be lighted for a while some days, even in summer. On three sides the walls were all windows, through which I could watch the four Cyclops under my direction, of whom Malone could well have impersonated both Polyphemus and Vulcan, for he had only one eye and was lame. He was a terrifying object, but had the heart of a girl.

It was his custom every morning to lean in at my front window and pass the time of day and prattle guilelessly about me and himself and my family, and especially about the red ants, which it was the prime object of his life to exterminate in my office. I never saw any there, but they must have been there, for I was continually stepping over or on or into Malone's cunningly devised saucers and boxes arranged as traps. These were always wet, and usually sticky.

After hearing him talk about these microscopic varmints, it was most impressive to watch him sling a box of tin on to his truck and to mark the play of his tremendous shoulder-muscles under his shirt. It was still more thrilling to watch him climb to his seat and guide the great big-footed horses, his pets, out of the cavern into the street, with a clang over the curb and a rattling roar over the cobbles. If his way was obstructed — and it usually was — by the trucks of our neighbors, there was no one who could hold his own with him in innuendo, persiflage, and threat; and the clerks upstairs used to hang out of the windows to hear him cast aspersions upon the birth, rearing, family, religion, appearance, and prospects of the offender. And this was the same man who used to let me ride across the bridge with him on his truck when I was a mere baby, and who used to bring baskets of cherries to 'the firm' in spring.

I felt very old as I shouted in my best voice to the truckmen, and handed out way-bills and received bills of lading at my little window with a sliding panel. My duties were not heavy and left me many hours to spend as I pleased. These I occupied in studying two books which I had unearthed, covered with dust, on a mantelshelf in the office upstairs. They were the *History of the New York Police Department* and the *History of the Volunteer Firemen of New York.* They were beyond all praise. I gloated over their archaic vignettes and woodcuts, depicting the violent and heroic deeds — hold-ups, raids, rescues, pistol duels, running fights — of men who all appeared to wear heavy black beards and to dress in unlimited quantities of clothes and who always assumed theatrical postures under the most trying circumstances.

I cannot remember where I ate my lunches, and therefore suppose that I ate them afoot, buying buns and apples and milk as I went. Life was too full to waste it indoors among a crowd of feeders. There was, however, a restaurant on Fulton Street, down near the ferry, where I ate now and then with a friend. It was conducted by a man appropriately named Treat. His prices were far beyond my pocket, but once or twice I managed to be invited to go, and his shortcake has remained an ideal toward which other restaurateurs can only struggle. Somewhere on the same street, too, near Broadway, there was a French restaurant of

such magnificence that I never dreamed of entering. A sign announced that imported wines and cheeses were a specialty, and I remember how often I lingered near the door, to catch glimpses of the shadowy interior with its little lamps glowing like roses on the tables. 'Imported Wines and Cheeses' — the very sign suggested French mysteries of a somewhat forbidden character, such as I later came to associate with the names of Baudelaire and Verlaine.

When the real shipping-clerk returned, I continued my kaleidoscopic career upstairs, making entries in the day-book, squeezing letters in a letter-press, filling ink-wells, renewing pens, sharpening pencils, and, above all, running errands. It was the habit of the firm to hand me a hundred or so letters, circulars, and bills, and to tell me to deliver them. It was said in the most off-hand manner, as if the peregrination of a network of streets extending from Chinatown to Greenwich Village and thence south to Bowling Green, not three of which streets were known to me by name, was nothing worth mentioning. On the first occasion I was gone most of the day, and on my return was asked with gentle irony whether I had enjoyed my vacation; but I soon reduced my task to a system, going first to the nearest drug-store and consulting the directory, and then to a policeman with whom I was on excellent terms, and procuring his advice. I was able by these means, before long, to deliver my missives so rapidly that I had time to loiter about Peck Slip and watch the sailors and the ships, or to linger over the window of a Chinese merchant or a ship-chandler.

My rambles were curiously circumscribed, probably because of restrictions imposed by the bills I carried. I never entered the Wall Street district except once, when a relative, who was on the Exchange, took me into the gallery to see the brokers smashing the hats of new members; and I very seldom went as far north as the City Hall. Most of the time I was bolting in and out of doors along Cliff, John, Water, Front, Fulton, and Pearl streets, climbing innumerable stairs, and exchanging the time of day with innumerable clerks whom I visualize as all wearing alpaca coats and carrying pens behind their ears.

There was an old-fashioned informality about these officers; for this was in the days before the Steel Trust sent most of them out of business and modernized the rest. In those days we took life easily and never let business interfere too much with pleasure. The summer days flowed by gently. It was always cool in these lofty buildings of three stories. The windows were always open to the breezes from the Bay and the busy hum of the streets. There was no clatter of typewriters and adding-machines: only the scratch of pens and an occasional muffled clang from the basement broke the stillness within doors. Over all was an air of quiet and dust. The antique high desks, the high stools, the black mantelpieces, the drab walls on which hung portraits of deceased partners, the bald heads of the book-keepers, all spoke of age.

I grew to know in which streets to expect certain smells — coffee, pitch, paint, and all the volatile essences of the drug district. Now and then, I found ten minutes to watch the gulls off the Battery, and the steamers and schooners coming up from the Lower Bay, and the immigrants flocking in from Castle Garden; and I may as well admit that, much as I loved the woods and fields of the country, I loved these drab streets teeming with life even better. No woodland alley could take my fancy more than the shady arcade of the Elevated, with its files of pillars converging to a point in the distance;

and no green field could be more attractive than Battery Park, with its swarms of dirty children, its tramps, its foreign women, hatless and earringed, and its worldly-wise curs and sparrows picking up a precarious living from the crumbs which fell from lunch-boxes.

The city can cast such a spell upon those early habituated to its ugliness. We of the city-born cannot help it if a cat slinking at nightfall into an alley, or a tramp slouching on a park bench in the sun, are more interesting natural objects than a bison or a deer; if a dandelion growing in a gutter or a tuft of grass struggling through a crack in the flagging sings more loudly of the coming of spring than the hepaticas and bloodroots and anemones of the open woods. It is not a matter of beauty, nor merely a matter of becoming habituated to ugliness. If poetry, as someone has said, is one's childhood remembered in maturity, the appeal of the city to the city-born is poetry. It certainly is not rational; it may not even be comprehensible to the country-born; but it is very real.

The trouble is that I am doubtful as to how far the appeal of that Downtown which Henry James declined to visit is real, and how far it is due to the rose-colored lenses which, according to the poets, are peculiar to the eyeglasses of memory. I began these reminiscences with the idea that the commonplace is romantic to the adult and not to the boy, and I seem to have ended by proving just the opposite. Through the rosy glasses I see those streets suffused with the light of sentiment; but to the clear eyes of boyhood they were romantic. Whatever the truth may be, if I ever go back south of Wall Street, I must be sure to take my spectacles.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF MEXICO

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

An old Mexican was speaking, a gray-haired laborer who had worked for twelve years in California. He was on his way to a village in Sonora.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am going home; I have been here long enough. It is true that wages are better, but money is not everything: to be content a man needs some esteem. Here I can never be more than a Mexican who must be watched to see that he does an honest day's work. I do not believe that I am lazy, — I have done my best for my employers, — but it is hard for us to please the Americans.

'One of my friends tells of a Mexican who was traveling through Arizona with his grandson. They had a donkey which the old man rode while the boy walked behind. After a time they passed some Americans on the road. "Look at that man," said one, "riding his burro while the little boy walks — just like a lazy Mexican!" The old man understood a little English, so he dismounted and made the boy ride. Pres-

ently a party of cowboys cantered by. "Mexicans are a shameless people," they said; "see how that lazy boy rides, while the old man walks behind in the dust." Hearing this, the Mexican mounted behind his grandson, and the donkey went on, carrying double. At the foot of a hill they met a stage. "Lazy Mexicans," exclaimed the passengers scornfully, "both riding that poor little burro!"

There is a germ of truth in this view of our attitude toward the Mexicans. We are inclined to believe that difference from ourselves implies inferiority — an insular weakness which has been the chief obstacle to cordial relations with the Latin-American republics. Whatever the outcome of the present situation, a little tolerance will do no harm — a little effort to see the good in a race we do not at present understand.

The Mexican may be described as an Indian with a dash of Iberian blood. No statistics are available, but it is doubtful whether the proportion of Spanish blood exceeds one eighth — possibly it is less. Except in the case of a few tribes like the Yaquis of Sonora and the Mayas of Yucatan, Mexico has absorbed, or is rapidly absorbing, all her aborigines; unlike ourselves, she has been confronted with no Indian problem. The native blood predominating in the mixture is that of the ancient Nahua race, which included all the ruling tribes from the Rio Grande to Tehuantepec — a group of which the Aztecs were the most famous and powerful members. In an admirable characterization of the Aztec, Mr. Lewis Spence describes him as 'grave, taciturn, and melancholic, with a deeply rooted love of the mysterious; slow to anger, yet almost inhuman in the violence of his passions when aroused. He is usually gifted with a logical mind, quickness of apprehension and an ability to regard the subtle side of things with great nicety. . . . He has a real affection for the beautiful in nature and a passion for flowers; but the Aztec music lacked gayety, and the national amusements were too often of a gloomy and ferocious character.' My own experience among the remnants of the race leads only to increased respect for Mr. Spence's insight, although he has failed to give credit for a fine domesticity and love of children.

The philosophy of the modern Mexican is as foreign to us as the customs of ancient Mexico. The chief incentive which drives the European races on to struggle and progress is the desire for material gain, but in the life of the Mexican this motive plays only a secondary part. Some years ago I was visiting a cane plantation in the state of Vera Cruz. It was time to cut the sugar-cane, and as usual there was a shortage of labor. Ordinary wages were the equivalent of forty cents a day. The manager made calculations and found that he could double the rate for cane-cutting and still be ahead, because the running-time of his mill would be cut in half. At least, he believed, in his ignorance of the people, that it could be cut in half. So announcement of double pay was made, and long lines of peons came trudging in — *but they worked only half time!*

An old woman in the market-place of Córdoba gave me further enlightenment. I used to buy fruit of her, and one morning I found that she had nothing to sell except a basket of particularly fine mangoes — Manila mangoes, not the ordinary resinous kind. I inquired the price: to a friend they were worth a penny each.

'How many are there, Doña Ignacia?' I asked.

She counted them laboriously, twice over; there were thirty. I took thirty

cents from my pocket, handed her the money and reached for the basket.

'But no, señor,' she protested; 'if you take them all I must charge forty cents.'

'Why so?' I asked, not a little puzzled at her logic; 'you can get no more if you sell them one by one, and by selling them all to me you will have the rest of the day to yourself.'

She shook her head in vehement denial. 'No, no,' she explained; 'you do not understand. Take half a dozen if you like at a penny each, but I cannot let you have all at that price. If I sell them all at once, I lose the pleasure of a day's market.'

This attitude of mind is difficult for us to comprehend. Mexico is a wonderfully fertile land, where crops seem to grow almost without attention; Humboldt declared it the richest in the world. Long ago the country Mexican discovered that he could live with a minimum of effort. There is food in the house, the sun is warm overhead, there are amusing neighbors with whom to gossip — why overdo the business of work? It is a pleasant philosophy, fit for a pleasant land.

If you share the American idea that the Mexican is lazy, go to the cities and watch the Mexican craftsmen working at the arts in which they excel. See how the leather-worker leans over his bench all day, carving out flowers and scrolls with exquisite skill. Ask him the price of an embossed pistol-holster, and the chances are that he will scratch his head distractedly before he can recall the amount — it is not fair to interrupt one's work for a little thing like money.

On several occasions I have employed Mexicans side by side with Americans at the same work, against the advice of friends, who predicted racial feeling and the demoralization of the regular men. The Americans were fine fellows, such as exist by millions in our country, and the Mexicans relatively the same. What was the result? Miguel became Mike; Pedro, Pete; Juan, Johnny. They held up their end manfully, so that more than one of my countrymen came to tell me privately that he had changed his opinion of Mexicans. They grew to understand the good-nature of our rougher ways, and worked well because it seemed the thing to do, where a man was measured by what he could accomplish. I even fancied at times that the Mexicans were not the only ones to profit by the mixture of races. No good American would confess that he had learned manners from a foreigner, but one felt vaguely an atmosphere of quieter courtesy and greater consideration.

Both the Spanish and the Indians with whom they have intermarried are people of inherent good manners and of thoughtfulness for the feelings of others. Traveling in Mexico one drifts into conversation with a chance acquaintance and asks him where he lives. 'In Guadalajara,' he replies, 'on the street of Zaragoza; there you have your home.' Perhaps one is walking with a Mexican and passes his place. 'Is that your house?' one asks; and he answers, 'No, it is yours.'

These are set forms, of course, mechanically spoken and not meant to be taken literally; but I should hesitate to say that they are entirely without a basis of sincerity. We are too apt to sneer at such amenities, not realizing that to the Mexican there is no duty more sacred than that of hospitality. The poorest peon, with only a handful of corn in his grass hut, will share it with a belated traveler who asks for shelter, and will sleep on the floor while the stranger enjoys the comfort of a bed. In such cases money is neither offered nor expected; if it is desired to tender a small gift in return for some

unusual service, one is often obliged to invent diplomatic means of disguising the idea of compensation.

A few years ago, in southern Mexico, I set out on a forty-mile ride to get money for the plantation pay-roll. The east was brightening as I passed the quarters; lights were appearing in one hut after another as the women began to work at their charcoal braziers and I heard the patting of *tortillas* and a sleepy hum of talk. Drowsy chickens were waking, to flutter down from the trees. Beyond the pasture the trail led straight into the blank wall of the jungle, above which the morning mist was rising in slow wreaths.

Hour after hour I penetrated deeper into this tropical forest — the trail a tunnel, with soft decaying vegetation underfoot, and a dim roof of green. The enormous trunks of trees, shrouded in creepers and pale orchids, stood like columns seen by twilight in some ruined temple. My horse's feet made no sound. Strange little animals — sloths, anteaters, and coatis — walked slowly and noiselessly along the branches; small gray birds flitted silently from tree to tree, always just ahead. There was a sense of veiled watching, oppressive and unreal as the atmosphere of a dream — one felt that it would be dangerous to whistle, even to speak above a whisper.

At last, as I reached the edge of a forgotten clearing, I realized that something more than imagination was at fault, for my head was throbbing painfully and I felt the cold touch of a malarial chill.

I got off my horse and spent a bad thirty minutes beside the trail, shivering and half delirious, until an old woman came hobbling up in great concern. There were no men at her hut, but she would lead the horse if I could walk — Come, it was only five minutes away.

My chill developed into a brisk attack of pernicious fever; for two weeks I lay on a mat under kind old María's grass-thatched roof. There was no quinine, but she took delight in compounding certain doubtful brews which I was too weak to refuse. She was poor: there was not even a dog about the place, for dogs must eat. Her one possession was a pig, the very apple of her eye, christened Narciso after a departed son. Had he looked in a pool, Narciso would scarcely have fallen in love with his own image, but in the eyes of his mistress he was perfect. His mate, she informed me, had been killed by a jaguar.

As I grew stronger, I began to think of my departure. Knowing that she would take no pay for what was a common duty, I cast about for a way to save her face and yet make fair recompense for all that she had done. The idea came one morning as I lay on my mat, watching Narciso trot pensively from the jungle in answer to María's shrill summons.

'I have a favor to ask of you,' I said, when the day of parting came. 'It is evident, to one in sympathy with pigs, that Narciso feels the absence of his companion. It would relieve my mind to know that he was not lonely, so please take these twenty pesos and provide him with a fitting mate.'

II

In Latin-America these little courtesies have their part in business — the Mexican will often pay a greater price in order to deal with a man whose manners and personality inspire confidence. Our salesmen complain of the slowness of doing business in Mexico, not realizing that it is because the native likes to have a thorough knowledge of the man with whom he is dealing. The type we call 'a good talker,' or 'a quick

closer,' is out of place in the southern republics, where the quiet and well-bred man, who conforms to native customs, mails home the largest orders.

In the past, we have taken as little pains to understand the character and customs of the Mexicans, as to study their commercial needs. I shall not forget the case of a Mexican neighbor who had been considering the installation of a large plant for the treatment of coffee, and finally placed his order with the representative of an American manufacturer. Of the various bids received, the successful one was by no means the lowest: it was accepted mainly because of the good-breeding and pleasant manners of the young American who had often visited the home of Don Enrique.

The planter had been careful to explain that no single piece or casting must weigh over three hundred pounds — the old story of mule transport. It was a sad day for him when the machinery was unloaded at the nearest railway point: the packing was wretched, with several cases broken, and a number of parts weighed far in excess of the limit. The planter was almost too patient and good-natured over the affair. Gangs of peons succeeded in carrying everything except the steam-engine to the plantation. The engine had a fly-wheel weighing twelve hundred pounds, and even this, by superhuman efforts, they managed to roll fifteen miles over the mountain trails. Finally, at the top of one of the huge misty gorges which scar the flanks of Orizaba, it broke away and went bounding and crashing down two thousand feet, to lie forever in the bed of a mountain stream.

The Mexican is a lover of formality, both in manners and in dress. Eccentricity is not understood where one is judged largely by external things. Each man dresses according to his station: it is unthinkable that a well-to-do man should wear a straw *sombrero* or carry a *sarape;* the peons would be the first to jeer at him.

In the state of Oaxaca there used to be an Englishman who had married a Mexican lady of the upper class — a charming woman, educated abroad and very popular among the foreign residents. He was an excellent fellow, a hard worker who did not believe in riding to the cane-fields dressed as a *boulevardier.* It was one of our amusements to hear his wife upbraid him for looking like a cane-cutter; she could never understand his hatred of good clothes in the daytime.

This couple illustrated another difference in point of view, a small thing, but curiously indicative of the mental gulf which separates us from Latin-America. Doña Lola, in common with most of her countrywomen, was a great lover of pets, on which she lavished an almost foolish amount of tenderness and care. Her husband used to curse softly as he unclamped a parrot from the hat-rack, or discovered a tame oscelot asleep in his chair. A genuine horseman and lover of horses, he found it impossible to comprehend her tenderness for pets, coupled with a complete indifference to the feelings of domestic animals. On our rides together I have seen him bite his lip to keep down angry words at sight of the blood dripping from the flanks of his wife's horse.

The Mexican inherits this cruelty to domestic beasts from both the Spaniard and the Indian, and his superstitions may be traced to the same double source. Few countries are richer in strange beliefs than Mexico, where witches assume the eyes of cats and flit through the night on vampire's wings, where a brisk business is done in love-potions, and where candle-flames still point the way to buried treasure.

Religion and superstition are closely linked, as is shown in the fear of the ghosts of unbaptized children, who wail along the fence that bars the way to consecrated ground. To the Mexican, religion is very real; heaven and hell actual places to be avoided or attained according to one's life. His is not an intellectual creed, but a thing of pure faith, which answers the purpose just as well. There is a Celtic tinge in this attitude toward religion and the supernatural — the same faith, the same melancholy, the same half-heathen superstition. Perhaps there are other affinities between the races: certainly no one can fail to remark how well an Irishman gets on in Mexico.

A prospector I used to know was camped on the Gulf coast of Lower California, and one night a ragged white man appeared at the fireside, asking for water. Announcing in a rich brogue that he was a deserter from a whaling vessel, he inquired the way to the nearest village. My friend told him there was a little plaza forty miles inland, and offered to show him the way if he would wait two or three days. The Irishman was impatient, however, and in spite of the other's warning that it was almost certain death to attempt the trip without water, he started off at daybreak. Three days later the prospector rode into Rosarito, mildly sorry for the poor madman who traveled Mexico without a word of Spanish, and was probably dead of thirst, somewhere in the sandhills. The village had a gala air; from the *cantina* came the scraping of fiddles and the shuffle of dancers' feet. Troops of people were passing in and out of the largest house in town, and as the prospector drew near, who should appear in the doorway but the Irish wanderer, gorgeously arrayed, and leading a dusky but blushing young woman.

'It's welcome you are,' he said proudly, 'and glad I am to see you on me weddin' day. Let me introduce you to me wife.'

III

In the human qualities which all civilizations have admired, I do not believe the Mexican will be found wanting. He has plenty of physical courage: given the right leader, he makes a very passable soldier. His moral courage is not yet equal to that of the European races, for men fear the things they do not understand, and only education brings understanding. In commercial dealings I have found the Mexican, with few exceptions, honorable. This applies to the more educated classes; the others are upright in important matters, but inclined to small prevarication and thievery. Your house servant — a faithful fellow, perhaps, who would risk his life for you in an emergency — is apt to make raids on your cigars. If you catch him red-handed, you will be wise to scold him half-laughingly, for the privilege of outwitting you in small ways is one of his compensations for being a servant — almost a servant's prerogative. The Mexican conception of personal honor differs oddly from ours. Strike an American, and he will fight, but you may be friends again; call him a liar or by any opprobrious name, and you have made an enemy. Almost any verbal offense can be patched up with a Mexican, but strike him in a moment of anger, and he will never forget.

The quality of charity is nowhere more universal than in Mexico. In the peon's hut, when the family sits down to the scanty meal, there is always room for one more at the table — the thought of turning away the needy never enters their minds. Tramps are unknown; there is always a relative or *compadre* who will help out in time of trouble. Like charity, love and respect

for parents are inherent in the race: the Mexican who has received a mortal wound does not call upon God: he whispers pathetically, 'Mama!'

There is good in the Mexican people, in spite of nine years of turmoil and excess. In the old days the country was in the hands of a few hereditary aristocrats, many of them thoughtful men, who realized their responsibilities and cared for the people by whose labor they profited. Then came Diaz. He established a few schools, and his political system gave birth to a middle class from which it became possible to step into the class of landlords. Such *parvenus*, with no conception of the responsibilities their position entailed, spent their time at the capital, leaving the management of their estates to men who were paid in proportion to the income they were able to wring from the unfortunate tenants and laborers. It is an old story, and the result was inevitable; the Mexicans are struggling blindly, but they are struggling to remedy conditions which had become intolerable.

I shall always remember a visit I paid my friend Don Blas, a few weeks before the outbreak of the Madero revolution. His plantation, the Hacienda Tlalocan, lies among the tropical foothills of Orizaba, and was in those days a charming example of the old benevolent paternalism — now gone forever. Six generations of the family had lived like kings among the full-blooded Aztecs, speaking their language, and knowing them as few educated men will again. The house was built of plastered stone, with roofs of tile. Gates of native wrought-iron work gave on the cobbled *patio*, three hundred feet long and a hundred wide, where a fountain played and girls poured water into jars, lingering to laugh and pass the time of day. Near the gate was the general store and canteen, and along the arched galleries one found representatives of the useful trades: saddler, blacksmith, butcher, baker, and dipper of tallow candles.

It was Saturday evening. The book-keeper had moved his desk out into the court and was paying off. Don Blas and I stood nearby, watching the people file in. The book-keeper spoke Aztec with fascinating ease, reading to each man the total of his earnings for the week as well as the amount of his purchases at the store, and handing him the balance in silver coin. Mutual trust made the transaction perfunctory; the Indians were as little likely to suspect Don Blas as he to take advantage of their confidence. Each worker, before he turned to the canteen for his *aguardiente*, took off his hat, bowed, and raised Don Blas's hand to his lips. Smile if you will; I assure you there was nothing servile in what was simply the greeting of friends — one small, the other great, but friends nevertheless.

When the last Indian had been paid, a young woman came and stood before us, awaiting permission to speak. Two men were lounging near the gate, one holding a rope which bound the other's arms; they chatted together pleasantly, the guard helping his prisoner to light a corn-husk cigarette. Don Blas nodded and the woman broke into a flood of swift speech, the words merging sibilantly, musical with lingual sounds. Strange to think that here in the twentieth century one heard the old *Nahuatlatolli* — the language of Montezuma — scarcely changed in the long years since Cortez first marched inland from the coast! The woman grew more vehement, made motions of tearing off her cotton *huipil*, and pointed to her back and shoulders. Finally, with a stamp of her foot, she turned accusingly toward the prisoner, who shifted about uneasily and did not meet her eyes. Don Blas spoke soothingly in Aztec.

'This woman,' he said to me with a chuckle, 'is the wife of Juan Elotlan yonder — he has been beating her. You have heard how she talks; one can scarcely blame him, eh? She had the *alguazil* tie him up and wants me to punish him. What shall I do?'

I shook my head; I am no Solomon. Don Blas thought for a moment.

'Listen, thou,' he told the guard in Spanish; 'give the woman a strap and let her beat Juan until she is content.'

Half an hour later I saw the pair shuffling homeward: it was evident that neither bore a grudge.

We dined that night in the family dining-room. The furniture of native mahogany, hand-carved a century or two before, was beautiful beyond price. Don Blas sat at the head of the table, a clear-eyed man of sixty, straight and slender, bearded like a caliph of the Moors. Felipe, the superintendent, came in after we were seated and slipped into a chair opposite my host. Once or twice during the meal I spoke to him, but got no answer save a courteous yes or no. When he had finished, he rose, stood behind his chair, and bowed. Don Blas glanced up with a careless nod; Felipe bowed again and left the room.

When I expressed interest in the old-time customs of the place, my host shook his head a little sadly.

'In a few years it will be gone,' he said; 'the old life ends with my generation. My son does not care to live here — he prefers the animation of the capital. There he has his horses, his motors, his friends at the Jockey Club. There is money enough; why should he not live the life he enjoys? As for me, I am a countryman, I like to hear the birds sing, to ride through the damp forest at sunrise. But sometimes I fear for my people; the little Indians need one who understands, to look after them. On any street-corner in Mexico one may hear whispers of the change to come. Our future depends on you Americans of the north, and all Latin-America will be watching. Let us hope that in those trying days you will deal with us tolerantly — making an effort to see the good which exists in the Mexican people.'

Don Blas was an educated and a thoughtful man. As I think of his words, a more recent incident comes to mind. It was at the ranch of a border cattleman. We had come in at dusk, leaving our horses in the corral. Walking toward the house, we met the Mexican chore-boy, a pleasant-faced lad, fresh from Sonora. The cattleman stopped him and pointed to the corral.

'You *vamos* down yonder,' he ordered, 'and drive them *caballos* over to the creek for a drink. *Pronto* now!'

The boy listened respectfully, his intelligent eyes bright with the striving to understand. Finally he shook his head.

'No entiendo, señor,' he said.

The American looked at me in disgust.

'Can you beat it?' he remarked; 'that Mexican don't even understand his own language!'

COMPANIONS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

The bread that's broken when we eat together
Tastes sweet. A sunbeam stealing to your hand
Seems as if spilled from something brimming over
In my heart, wanting no word, or itself
The word if wanted! Find we not our own
Language in winds, fresh from a golden place,
When, breasting the high down, at last we turn
To each other, bright with rapturous escape,
And the hills sing together, like our hearts,
Lost in the light! Between us, as we walk
Green roadsides, under hedgerow homely elms
Of summer leaf, silences are as water
Smooth for the sail and shining to the verge,
But intimate as a hand's touch when we pace
Long crowded pavements amber-lamped in dusk
That holds its dark breath over the gay talk,
Bright eyes, and grief buried in moving sound.
There is a secret color that has dyed
The world within our hearts: none knows it else,
No more than that which thickens the flushed light
Deep in the foxglove's honey-throat; it is there
In the midst of light speech and forgetfulness,
In the empty house of absence, where the walls
Echo other voices; it is in the midst
Of the unsaid fears the mind plots forts against,
In the dragging thought and drizzle of blank care,
The daily doing of what must be done;
Then suddenly it glows and bathes us like the sun.

THE CRUSADERS. II

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

It is a quarter to four next morning when the ward-room steward on night-duty brings me a cup of tea and a bloater-paste sandwich.

'Anything doing?' I inquire, rolling over to reach the cup.

He murmurs that he thinks we're going half-speed, and the airmen are all dressing.

'See anything yet?'

'Oh, yes, you can see artillery at it ashore,' he observes casually.

I sit up. It has not been my lot to behold artillery at it ashore, so I swallow the tea, dress hurriedly, and go out on deck. It is still dark, but away to starboard hangs a peculiar faint glow. At intervals this glow brightens and quivers, and the brightening and quivering is followed by a sound like the distant closing of a heavy door. Ahead and astern of us are ships keeping station, black blots in the indeterminate mingling of sky and sea. At intervals one can make out smaller blots moving restlessly hither and yon, passing and repassing, turning and gliding with silent and enigmatic persistence toward unknown goals.

I yawn, conclude that these small craft are saving us the fatigue of zigzagging, and go below. Mr. Ferguson is descending the ladder just in front of me. Mr. de Courcy, a slender wraith in white overalls, appears at the other door of the engine-room, and follows. Eight faint strokes sound on the bell-bar below, very faint, out of consideration for enemy underwater-craft who may be, and in fact are, listening in tense vigilance not far away. It is four o'clock.

The engineer going off watch hands me a chit from the Chief to the effect that the planes will be launched at daybreak, when I am to call him. Good enough! We carry on, and presently the revolution-gongs begin to clatter, now more, now less, and through the skylight one can see the sky beginning to lighten.

Mr. Ferguson lounges to and fro, as I stand by the manœuvring-valve, and whistles 'I wanter go back, I wanter go back, to the place where I was born.' It occurs to me that this is an engaging fiction. I doubt very much if he would care to go back there — somewhere on the western edge of Ulster. He once said his adventures might go into a book. What he ought to have said was that his adventures might have come out of a book; for, though he is communicative, he says very little about himself. It is the adventure which interests him, not the biography of the adventurer. He has the happy love of *incognito* which is the mark of your true romantic. It happened to him, certainly. Well, it was this way — And off he goes.

Off he went as I inquired where he walked when he started away through England. Well, his boots wore out first, being his thin patents, and he bought a pair of heavy country shoes, with soles all hobnails and great horse-shoe-shaped flangings on the heels.

Once he had suppled them, they were fine walking-gear. And he went on into Yorkshire and down through Lincolnshire, doing a job of work here and a chore or two there for the country-folk, and marveling how empty England seemed. Almost as empty as the sea, he remarks. But of course he was taking a line that took him past the big cities. He slept in sheds and under hay-ricks.

Once he strolled into the huge garage of a hunting-hotel in Leicestershire, and got into a palatial limousine in a far corner, and slept like a duke. Note the metaphor. Your true romantic preserves the faith in fairyland, for all his gross ineptitudes and tawdry sociological taradiddles. Mr. Ferguson slept like a duke. Don't imagine, however, that he is unfamiliar with dukes. He knows more of them than either you or I, who have never seen one, and who are unfamiliar with the habits of the species.

Mr. Ferguson has told me the pathetic story of his efforts to make a fresh start in life when he had exhausted the resources and the patience of his native hamlet. As usual, he was vague at points, but I imagine it was the old poaching business that induced the irate bench to lock him up. And when he emerged, a pale, lathy emblem of repentance, it was decreed by an outraged parent that he should emigrate to England, said parent having a brother who was a locomotive-driver on a branch line. The idea was to interest Master Ferguson in locomotives, and in the sylvan loveliness of East Anglia set his feet in the paths of virtue.

So it fell out, and Mr. Ferguson found himself cleaning freight-engines in a barn at the end of a branch line. It was a branch on a branch — almost a twig-line in fact, he implies whimsically. It seems that his uncle was a driver distinguished far above other drivers, inasmuch as he hauled the train which was appointed to stop on occasion at the duke's private station on the twig-line. And the duke in question often availed himself of the well-known eccentricity of the ducal classes by riding on the foot-plate instead of in his reserved compartment. This sounds far-fetched, no doubt, to democrats, but it is quite credible. Dukes have more sense than many people give them credit for. Possibly, too, this particular duke was a true romantic himself, and was only realizing in his maturity what every boy desires — to ride on the foot-plate. And hence it turned out that Mr. Ferguson found himself in possession of a relative who knew a duke.

The pity of it was that Mr. Ferguson could not be induced to display any particular aptitude or mark of genius which would justify anyone in bringing him to the notice of the family liege-lord.

One gets a glimpse of feudal England while listening to Mr. Ferguson's account of that happy valley, with its twig-line of railway, rabbits and hares and pheasants visible on the single track during the long hours between the twig-trains, the vast ducal seat showing its high turrets and gold-leaf window-frames among the ancestral trees, the little village snuggled along the ducal fence, owned lock, stock, and barrel by the romantic foot-plate rider, and wrapped in immemorial quiet. All except Mr. Ferguson. He was lively when he was young, he admits, and apt to be a bit wild. A game-keeper spoke with unwonted feeling to the uncle one evening at the Cow-Roast Inn on the subject of slaying game-birds with stones. Mr. Ferguson, attacked by *ennui*, had sauntered down the track one day and done this frightful deed, visible to an indignant game-keeper concealed in a neighboring copse. A lad

with an eye good enough to hit a bird with a stone at thirty yards or so ought to be playing county cricket or serving in the army, he observed, wiping his mouth.

His lordship was n't as stern as he might be on the subject of preserving. Indeed, I have a notion, born of Mr. Ferguson's fugitive hints, that this particular lordship had certain rudimentary views on the importance of preserving other things besides game — humanity, for instance, and kindliness and Christian charity and a sense of humor. Anyhow, when the incident came to his ears, he expressed a desire to do something for the youth beyond sending him to jail. Riding up the twig-line on the foot-plate to join the express for London, he ordered his henchman to bring the guilty nephew before him for interrogation. So it was done, and one day Mr. Ferguson, a gawky hobbledehoy with wild red hair standing every which-way on his turbulent head, was ushered into one of the vast chambers of the ducal mansion — ushered in and left alone. His acute misery was rendered almost unendurable by the fact that an expanse of shimmering parquetry separated him from the nearest chair. For a moment he had a wild notion of crossing this precarious floor on his hands and knees. For yet another moment he thought of flight. Even the marble steps up which he had ascended from the side entrance were preferable to this dark shining mirror in which he could see the room upside down and his own scared face.

And then a door opened on the other side of the room, and a majestic butler appeared, followed by his Grace himself in a smoking-jacket of peacock-blue silk with old-gold frogs and piping. The butler beckoned sternly. The duke, going to a desk in the corner and sitting down, beckoned amiably. The perspiration broke from Mr. Ferguson's scalp, and the tickling of his hair nearly drove him distracted. He essayed a step, quailed, and drew back to the friendly bear-skin. The majestic butler made an imperious gesture that brooked no delay. The duke looked round in innocent surprise. Mr. Ferguson, clutching at his cap, flaming in hair and visage, and nursing in his heart a new-born hatred of the governing classes and their insane luxury, started hastily across the glassy surface, slipped, recovered by a miracle that left a deep scratch and a heel-dent on the floor, wavered, stumbled, deployed sideways, and finally, in one last desperate grasp at equilibrium, threw himself backward, whereupon his heels both shot forward from under him, he fell with a terrible thud full length, and lay still, waiting for death with closed eyes.

But of course the days when he would have been taken out and beheaded were long gone by. Life is more complicated now. The majestic seneschal, instead of clapping his hands and summoning men-at-arms to remove the clumsy varlet, rushed forward and assisted the unfortunate to his feet, looking horror-stricken at the scratches, and supporting him to the small but priceless Armenian carpet where sat the duke, at his desk, laughing heartily.

A good sort of duke I surmise; but Mr. Ferguson will not admit it. He hates the whole race of 'popinjays,' as he calls them. Even the beneficence which followed — a complete colonial kit and fifty pounds to start life in the great Northwest — does not soften his asperity. He thinks as little of the great Northwest as of the House of Lords or the Royal Navy. It was the beginning of his odyssey, at all events. How he sold his colonial kit in Manitoba and got a job as a bar-tender, and later a job as a trolley-driver, and later a job as something else, cannot be set out at length. Mr. Ferguson

may some day amplify his tantalizing allusions, just as I hope to learn more of his matrimonial adventures in the Argentine.

In the meantime I must return to the tale he told me as we worked the engines to and fro, and the ship worked in close to the shore of the Holy Land, off Askalon, and the monitors and cruisers took up their positions around us, and the planes were swung out and soared away over the enemy's lines round Gaza. It was a long hot day for all of us; longer and hotter for the Turks, I fancy, for our guns broke their great stone bridges and blew up their dumps, and destroyed their batteries, and they fell back and back and back until they had lost horse, foot, and guns, and tortured Syria was free from them for ever.

Mr. Ferguson and I have to take a good deal of this for granted. We hear the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but in our breasts flames no martial ardor. We are preoccupied with certain defects in our ancient engines, and fill up the intervals with an idle tale.

II

Sleeping like a duke in a palatial limousine and like a tramp under a hedge, after the fashion of the true romantics, Mr. Ferguson fared southward. It was a pleasant life withal, he observes, and he marvels that, as it is so easy, so few, comparatively speaking, adopt it. Perhaps for the same reason that he abandoned it, which was that he came to a town, and was lured once more into industry, unable to escape the wage-system, as he calls it, and then was blown by the winds of fortune out to sea once more. It must not be supposed that he is opposed *in toto* to the economic principle of wages. Indeed, one of his most attractive theories is that every man ought to have enough to live on without doing very much for it. 'Twelve to one and an hour for lunch,' as he phrases it in his picturesque way. Nor did he, as I have noted, object to an occasional diversion as a wage-slave, providing always that he could, at a moment's notice, move on. It was when the industrial octopus reached out its steel tentacles and began feeling for his free wild spirit, to hold it forever, that he began to squirm and wriggle. Would have squirmed and wriggled in vain, probably, but for a fantastic *dénouement*, as you shall see.

As he talks, we become aware of events taking place outside. Mr. de Courcy, who has been up to call the Chief, reports our planes over the lines and Turkish machines making for us as we lie on the motionless blue water under the blazing forenoon sun. And presently, as we stand by, engines moving dead-slow, destroyers and motor-boats rushing in swift interweaving circles about us, a terrific concussion makes our old ship quiver to her iron keel, and the lights dance, and the boiler-casing trembles visibly, shaking a cloud of soot from the skirting and making us sneeze. A moment, and another tremendous explosion follows. Our planes are sending back the range, and the next ship, a monitor with fourteen-inch guns, is sending her shells eight miles inland upon the bridges over which the enemy must retreat. At intervals six-inch guns from British cruisers and ten-inch guns on French ships join in the game, and a continuous fog of soot is maintained in my clean engine-room.

Mr. Ferguson is not concerned very much with this. Your true romantic has but small interest in the domestic virtues, and he considers that I worry unnecessarily about dirt in the engine-room. With a passing sneer at capitalists, he deprecates worrying about

anything; quotes a song which is very popular just now, and which clinches his argument neatly enough, and permits him to resume.

For as he wandered here and there through England, it so chanced that he came upon a quiet valley through which ran a little river and a little railway very much like the twig-line, reminding him of it and leading him to digress into that episode of the duke and the dead-beat, which I have already narrated. And standing at the head of this valley, some little way from the hamlet, was a factory of sorts, with a red-brick smoke-stack sending out a lazy dark-blue trail of smoke to mingle with the pale-blue mist of an autumn evening.

Mr. Ferguson marveled afresh at this anomalous affair, for the country was rural and for miles he had plodded among the fair fields of the 'nook-shotten isle of Albion.' He was unfamiliar with southern and midland England, where you may come suddenly upon a boiler-shop or a dynamo-factory far from the coal and iron fields, where flowers grow along the foundry-wall and the manager sits by a window screened with geraniums.

It was some such place as this Mr. Ferguson had found when he realized that he had no money and that it was necessary, at any rate, to truckle to capitalists long enough to earn the price of a meal. Standing on the bridge over the little river, he decided to 'see how the land lay up there.' Quite apart from his bodily needs, he had the true romantic curiosity to know what they manufactured in this idyllic corner of an empty land. Indeed, that was his first question to the anxious-eyed foreman whom he found in deep converse with a manager on the gravel-path outside an office covered with honeysuckle. They turned upon him and sized him up; asked him what he wanted to know for. What could he do? Did he want a job? Had he ever worked a lathe? Could he work a big one?

Almost before he realized it, these supposedly sleepy denizens of a forgotten fairyland had pushed him along the flower-beds, through big sliding doors, past a trumpeting steam-hammer and a tempestuous rotary-blower, into a machine-shop whose farther end was chiefly occupied by a face-lathe to which was bolted an immense fly-wheel. And all those other machines, Mr. Ferguson assures me, were manned by boys from school, who leaned over their slide-rests and regarded the dusty way-worn newcomer with pop-eyed interest. The manager and foreman deployed on either side of their captive, and besought him to turn to and finish the fly-wheel, which was a rush-job for a factory fifty miles away, and their only experienced machinist was ill in bed with pneumonia.

Mr. Ferguson was intrigued. It was a dream, he imagined. Never in all his varied experience of a world darkened by capitalists had he ever heard the like of this: a capitalists' minion imploring a toiler to toil, offering him a bonus if finished in three days, and time-and-a-half overtime for night-work. He started to remove his coat, for the fever of action was infectious, and the foreman almost tore it from his back. Remarking that it was 'a week's work, in a general way,' he found himself examining the rim, which was still rough, and sorting out the tools. Evidently regarding him as an angel sent from heaven to assist them in their extremity, foreman and manager backed away and watched him with shining eyes. And Mr. Ferguson, for once blinded to the madness of his action in trusting himself to the tender mercies of a hated industrialism, turned to.

And he worked. As Mr. de Courcy comes down and reports that enemy

planes are overhead, and the telegraph gong rings sharply 'Full Ahead,' and our twelve-pounder anti-aircraft guns explode with full-throated bangs that astonish us with their unaccustomed anger, Mr. Ferguson assures me that he worked like a galley-slave. He ignores Mr. de Courcy's delicate insinuation that the enemy is trying to sink us with bombs, and inquires passionately if I have ever turned a fourteen-foot fly-wheel in an old lathe. I never have, and he commands me never to try, especially if the lathe is too small and I am inexperienced at turning compound castings.

Our three guns, keeping up a deafening fusillade of twelve-pounder shells into the blue sky, overpower even the fourteen-inch monsters on the next ship. We go 'Full Ahead' for a few minutes, the steering-engine clattering like a mad thing as the helm is put to and fro. Mr. Ferguson resigns the telegraph to Mr. de Courcy and comes over to where I stand at the manœuvring-valve. There is a smile on his reddish, freckled features, and the ridge of his twisted nose glistens in the swift, glancing reflections of the shining rods.

'Pneumonia!' he whispers, with a far look in his eyes. That old machine was enough to give a man heart-disease and brain-fever, let alone pneumonia. More than once, just as he was finishing a cut, the wheel suddenly appeared out of truth, and he had to invoke the aid of the boys-from-school and hydraulic jacks from the store and a partially demented foreman from his office, who was in terror lest he, Mr. Ferguson, should throw up the billet. Mr. Ferguson was assured that, if he liked, he could have permanent employment there, if he only made out successfully.

Mr. Ferguson snorts at this. Imagine the fatuous idiocy of offering *him* a permanency, the one thing from which he eternally flies! And so he goes on hour after hour, struggling with the old machine, with the bubbly casting, with his own inexperience, with the greasy belts and poorly tempered tools. For this was in the old days, when much good work was done on worn-out machinery, when precision instruments were looked at askance, and a man had to have a certain dexterity of touch and experience of eye to evolve accuracy out of the rough material of a country shop. Mr. Ferguson has a great contempt for those old days in the abstract, though he forgives them because of their romantic distance from him.

But at length it came to pass, on the third evening, that he seemed about to achieve success, all that remained to be done to the outer rim being a finishing cut to give a fine smooth surface that would assume in time the silvery polish proper to well-bred fly-wheels. That was at tea-time, and when he returned from the cottage where an old woman was providing him with his meals and a bed for his scanty hours of sleep, he found the works deserted save for the elderly engine-man who was to keep the shafting going during the night. It was understood that Mr. Ferguson was to keep at it for this last night until he had completely finished, so that the wheel might be slotted and shipped off first thing in the morning. A big naphtha flare hissing over his head, Mr. Ferguson leaned negligently on the narrow bench that ran along the wall behind him, and watched the tool gnawing softly at the slowly revolving wheel. What a life! he was thinking. The life of a cog in a wheel, a deadly dull round of grinding toil, for a mere 'beggarly pittance' — which is another of Mr. Ferguson's favorite phrases. Ninepence an hour, forsooth! And heaven only knows what this little sawed-off firm would make out of the transaction — hundreds of pounds, very likely. It

was true that they had magnanimously advanced him three pounds on account, two of which reposed in his jeans at the moment; but that was only the devilish cunning of the capitalist class, to hold him in their clutches a little longer.

However, it would soon be over. In the morning, after a good sleep at old Mrs. Thingummy's, he would step out once more and seek fresh woods and pastures new.

What was that? He opened his eyes and noted that his much-vaunted finishing cut had revealed yet another blow-hole in the rim of the wheel — a big one too, darn it! Well, that was the capitalists' look-out. With folded arms he watched the blunt-nosed tool gnawing softly away at the gray powdery surface and then relapsed into gloomy introspection. He was bored. He was also tired. And when a man is both bored and tired, he tends to relinquish his hold upon the realities. The shop was full of mysterious shadows and pale glimmers as the belts flapped in listless agitation on the idler-pulleys. At the far end a wheel squeaked, and he could hear the leisurely rumble and cough of the steam-engine in its corrugated house outside. Life? It was a living grave, cooped up here in a sort of iron mortuary, an imprisoned spirit toiling in the service of a sinister genie. *Bump* again! That blow-hole must be quite a big affair. It would need another cut to clean it out of the wheel. More work. More ninepences. More truckling to the mercenary spirit of the age.

But the soft murmur of the lathe was very soothing, and in spite of his bitterness of spirit, Mr. Ferguson grew drowsy. His head nodded over his folded arms. He grew more than drowsy. He slept.

Mr. Ferguson does not know how long or how often he slept and awakened. He remembers vaguely that time and again he did something or other to the slide-rest, or perhaps adjusted the tool for another cut. It must have been past two in the morning anyway, when the grand catastrophe overtook him; for soon after came daylight in the little wood where he slept till noon. But as he stood there, nodding over his folded arms, he became aware of a great noise in his ears and a stertorous rumble of disintegrating material; and straightening up, he was horrified at what he thought at first was a nightmare woven out of his long toil and trouble. There was a spatter of sparks from the tool as it broke and flew asunder, and the whole fourteen-foot wheel was caught on the rest and was rising, rising, like some dreadful destiny, and hovering over him.

He stood in an ecstasy of expectation, petrified with an unearthly desire to know what would happen next. It rose and rose until balanced above him, pausing while the last holding bolt was sheared from the face-plate and fell into the heap of turnings below. And then, in a sublime epicycloid curve, it descended, crashed lightly through the brick wall behind the bench, smothering him in broken mortar and plaster-dust, trundled leisurely across the yard, and striking a prostrate cement-grinder that lay up-ended awaiting repair, fell with a hollow boom among the débris.

Mr. Ferguson reached for his coat in a sort of trance. The thing was unbelievable, but it is your true romantic who takes advantage of the unbelievable. With one look round at the ghostly shadows of the little shop, he leaped upon the bench and out through the hole in the wall. And in a few minutes he was on the road leading up out of the valley, breasting the hill in the small hours, seeking afresh the adventures he craved, and musing with a meditative eye upon the scene at which he regret-

fully relinquished all idea of being present when day broke and the result of his labors was discovered.

III

Mr. Ferguson pauses as a couple of crashes resound nearby. We look at each other in some trepidation. The Chief runs lightly half-way down the ladder, waves his hand in a complicated manner, and rapidly ascends out of sight. Another crash — or perhaps crash does not convey the meaning. At the risk of appearing meticulous, one may say that those Turkish bombs now dropping around the ship sound to us below as if several thousand waiters, each with a tray of glasses, had fallen down some immense marble staircase in one grand débâcle.

'Good Heavens! what's that?' says Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. de Courcy mentions what it is, in his opinion.

'Fancy!' says Mr. Ferguson, staring hard at the young gentleman.

I don't think these two have ever made each other out yet. As a true romantic, Mr. Ferguson is doubtful of Mr. de Courcy's credentials. He suspects him of being one of those whom he calls 'popinjays,' and a conventional popinjay at that.

What Mr. de Courcy suspects, no man has ever discovered. I sometimes think he is one of those people who have no real existence of their own, who are evoked only by a conventional necessity, and who, if you were to go to them as you go to those whom you love or hate, would be found to have vanished. I am always prepared, when I open Mr. de Courcy's cabin door, to find it empty, swept and garnished, the bed neat, untouched, the washstand closed, and a faint musty smell in the air. I cannot believe in his existence save when I behold him; and even then the long elegant fingers manipulating the gold-tipped cigarette, the tolerantly benignant smile, the jaunty pose, the mincing gait, suddenly assail me without any corresponding conviction that there is a human being concealed anywhere behind them. He is uncanny that way, and Mr. Ferguson feels it without understanding it.

As we climb the ladder, the Chief and Third Engineer having relieved us until the bombs have ceased dropping, Mr. Ferguson admits that the young fellow 'makes him afraid to live, sometimes' — a cryptic phrase. We lean on the bulwarks and watch the performances of our airmen chasing the Turks. Or is it the Turks chasing ours? We are not sufficiently versed in these warlike matters to decide. Ashore, on the long strip of yellow sand, we see the British Army on the march. We see the shrapnel bursting into black plumes ahead of them, and the sharp darts of flame from the ruins to the northward, where the Turks are working a battery to cover their retreat. We see the shrapnel, and the quick wink of heliographs from inland beyond the dunes. Someone points, and at length, after much searching, we descry one of our machines, a mere dot in the blue, over the Turkish fort.

This, mark you, is war. It has the precision of clockwork. It *is* clockwork. The huge squat monitor next us slowly swivels her turret toward the fort. One of the fourteen-inch muzzles rears, moves up and down and to and fro, as a man moves his neck in his collar.

'Now then,' breathes Mr. Ferguson, 'here we go gathering nuts and may, nuts and may, nuts and — Gee! Now, I ask you,' he says, after a pause between the explosion and the sudden rise of a tall plume of yellow smoke over the Turkish fort, 'Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what is the

use of all this? Think of those men in that —'

A shrapnel shell fired by a methodical and business-like Turkish gunner drops between us and a racing motor-launch, bursts with a damp thump, and spatters one or two fragments against the ship's sides.

Mr. Ferguson stops short, and looks offended. 'No, but is it?' he insists, not sparing me his oratory. 'Here we are, wasting precious lives and money and so on, all at the bidding of the capitalistic classes. Is n't it silly? Is n't it sickening? Is n't it wicked? Why should n't the workers —'

'Below there! Stand by to hoist in planes!' sings out the C.P.O.; and instantly we are thrust aside as a swarm of men range themselves along the rail. A plane flutters slowly over the water, one float smashed, wings slit, observer looking rather sick with a bullet in his thigh.

Well, he will get a medal, never fear. According to Mr. Ferguson, every airman receives three medals a week, just as he receives three meals a day. He is so bitter about it, you would think it was a personal grievance. That is his way. He thrives on grievances, as no dull realist could ever thrive on good fortune. The whole war is one gigantic grievance. Society is a festering sore and humanity a bad joke, posterity a bad dream. So he tells me.

Yet I have my own view. I have set it out here in a way. I see Mr. Ferguson away ahead, at peace let us hope, in some Home for Aged and Deserving Seamen, and I hear him telling the children round his wheel-chair how the Great War was fought, and how he too was there, as witness the medal with the faded ribbon on his breast. There is no bitterness in his voice, nor any talk of Capitalism (children not knowing such long words) or 'popinjays' or 'grinding toil.' He has long since seen these things in a new light. But he is faithful in this, that he paints the irrevocable in all colors of fairyland. He will speak of the ship and the crew — even of me — with fond regret. He will lapse into silence as these memories overwhelm him. The sharp ridge of his twisted nose will glisten as it droops over his white beard, and he will mumble that those were heroic days.

It may be that they are. It may be that, while we plodding realists go on, forever preoccupied with our daily chores, abstracting a microscopic pleasure from each microscopic duty, your true romantic has the truer vision, and beholds, afar off, in all its lurid splendor and terrible proportion, the piquant adventure we call life.

(*The End*)

YOUNG AMERICA

LETTERS OF MARY LEE

First Air Dépôt, A.E.F.,
October 3, 1918.

Dearest Mother, —

Was there ever an army where a girl could live alone in a tent in the middle of an enormous Aviation Camp and feel as safe as a church, and be treated with the utmost respect and consideration by everyone? I think not. And I think it is the greatest of proofs of what we are fighting for. Sometimes I get a little discouraged with men and their ways over here, but when I see how they treat American girls, I can see that we are a lap ahead of the others in civilization.

I am the only white woman among thousands of soldiers. Which need not worry you, as R—— McC—— and R—— R—— are in the town, and we are surrounded at a radius of ten to twenty miles by hospitals. The swell Philadelphians, when I arrived, started leaving one by one. So I am here alone, to keep house for one thousand soldiers, two Y.M.C.A. men, and fifty officers, all of whom have to be cocoaed and sandwiched three times daily, and a household consisting of two headstrong French girls, and a little boy, who moves slower than anything I ever saw in my life. You'd laugh if you could see me get up and get breakfast for the two Y men.

Then there is a series of soldiers who come in and want breakfast, having just come from the front, or forgotten to get up, or 'feeling a little sick this morning.' Then millions of sandwiches to be made, and cocoa — a barrel of it! Then I walk in town for my mail, or try to barter sugar for eggs in the village. The hens generally do not lay when you offer money, but when you say, 'J'ai du sucre,' one can usually find nine or ten of them. Then I rush back and cocoa and sandwich the soldiers till twelve, when I rush to the officers' mess. There I eat, either alone with thirty lieutenants, or sometimes with the C.O. and his majors and captains.

The colonel is a great old cavalry officer. Every time he starts to tell a story, the major and the captain on each side of him kick him violently under the table, and he either 'shifts the story' or shouts, 'Can that! This one's all right!' Every now and then he gets mad and starts off and then stops with a '*Ah-hmmmm!*' and everyone howls and says, 'We are glad you're here.' They are all awfully nice and polite to me, really. It all seems to be quite natural and decent, one girl and fifty men; and it is rather nice to think one lives in a country where it is possible.

There is another lady coming right away. I hate to think what she'll be like. The evenings are terrible and diverting.

On the Train to Metz,
January 31, 1919.

I've had the most awful two days getting off, you ever knew. Last evening I took a cab at six, to take my trunk to the station before dinner. We went by all sorts of back streets, and in the middle of the backest and blackest of them, the front wheel suddenly rolled off the taxi, and we coasted on the axle for a while and stopped. The taxi man

thereon bawled me out for being an American, and said that's what a good honest man got for taking Americans about. I ran about the dark streets, looking for a taxi. Finally one came along. He did n't want to take me, but I got in and said, 'Pas compris,' and pointed to my busted chariot, shouting, 'Cherchez la malle là.' At last we marched, after much swearing and cursing and shifting of baggage.

At the Gare de L'Est it was 'necessary to form a tail' — which means getting at the end of a line a mile long. I formed a tail, and after half an hour arrived at the window. When I took out the yards of pink and yellow comic sheet we travel on, they said I had formed the wrong tail, and must form the other one. So I went to the end of another line, full of trucks covered with beds, bird-cages, and baby-carriages, all being checked, ahead of me. Now in France, being checked is a matter of being weighed, of making out a separate *fiche* in triplicate of each article, of carefully placing a tin ruler on the *fiche*, tearing it in two, and slowly pasting, with a little pail and brush, one half of each *fiche* on each article.

Again I waited half an hour. At last my little wagon with my trunk got on the scales, and they began *parlez-vooing* about my comic sheet. A man stepped up behind me and paid the official two francs to put his stuff on first. He had a truck with all his household goods on it, a great mattress standing up at the head of it. The baggage-man shoved my trunk off and put the traveling circus on. I could see it would mean at least thirty pastings, and I am afraid I lost my temper. 'Darn you!' said I, and rushed my shoulder into the mattress, and pushed the truck off the scales, knocking down two men who were standing behind it. They all started howling and brandishing paste-brushes in my face. When angry I cannot speak French, so I just said, white with rage, 'Put that trunk on there again, you old fool!'

At this point two American captains, who had seen the affair over a pile of luggage, jumped over the pile, placed their backs firmly against the traveling circus, saying, 'Damn these frogs! we'll show 'em how to behave with a lady. *Put* her trunk on there! *Put* it on, damn you!' And he put it on, and enregistered it, and it was over.

STRASSENHAUS, GERMANY,
March 9, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Such a hectic two days! Yesterday I got so fed up with this place that I decided to go A W O L, and accepted the colonel's invitation to go to the horse show in Neurvied. It was a corps horse show — winners of all the classes in the different division shows. There were *beaucoup* generals and such in attendance, and altogether it was very sporty. Swell white grandstand and white-bordered ring, hung with hemlocks and flags at the corners, and across it the Rhine, with the steamers going up and down. There was a band, and everybody was very sporty. Some rather good jumping horses, except that most of the officers who rode them did n't know how to ride.

I went down with the colonel and lieutenant-colonel from here, and some veterinary. Shook them at about 11.30 and went to do some shopping. Went back to show, and this time got a six-foot marine, who lugged coat and bundles. Then I found the show had evolved into races, which were about two miles down the river. I started to walk, and was getting frightfully cross and weary. About a dozen generals went by, with Y girls and nurses safely stowed into their limousines. Finally I saw a boy in a Dodge, waved madly at him, and ran up to get in, when a major-

general pulled up and sent a gallant young aide up to ask me to go to the races with him. So in I piled, coat, disreputable-looking bundles and all. Aide turned out to be an Eli, one Captain J—— S——, in T—— E——'s class. General was General H—— of the —th Division. He was very genial, and when we got to the race-course, made one of his men follow us all about with my junk. We walked right out in the middle of the course and stood there, a timid M.P. not daring to police us off, everybody else staring considerably, and all our lieutenants from here walking past and being vastly amused at me.

Finally the general called the M.P. over. 'Which end of the course is this?' says the general.

'The start, sir,' says the M.P. saluting.

'Where is the finish?' says the general.

'At the other end of the course, sir,' says the M.P.

Whereupon I and the crowd and the general all roared and we got out of the way just as we were about to be run over by the horses.

The general left soon after this. He was a nice old gentleman, but I was just as glad he went. Somehow, there is an awful responsibility about giving a general a good time. God save the King!

STRASSENHAUS, GERMANY,
323 F.A., *March* 15, 1919.

DEAR DAD, —

Yesterday was another Red Letter Day in my A.E.F. career. Pershing reviewed the Division (the 32nd) preparatory to its leaving for the U.S., and it was all very thrilling and interesting and never-to-be-forgotten.

All week, of course, everyone was scrubbing and painting and grooming and in a state, getting ready for it — officers ranking horses away from each other, Medical Department salvaging turpentine to be put on gun-carriages, people stealing spearheads off the top of regimental colors for some other regiment's colors, etc., etc.

Saturday I went to Coblenz with Lieutenant-Colonel K—— in the colonel's limousine, to get new spearheads, varnish, enamel, and so forth. That day the C.-in-C. was reviewing the 2nd Division, and we met him on our way in. There was a sort of a thrill about it. It was along a long flat space by the Rhine, and the chauffeur suddenly said, 'Here comes General Pershing, sir'; and there sure enough was the great old Locomobile, with its four stars, and two sets of wheels on behind, zooming up the road at us. The colonel came to a snappy salute, and then they sped by, about sixty miles an hour, followed by three staff-cars.

The day of the review was perfect. We'd had the chaplain working on the weather for a week, and he assured us it would be perfect; but as the three days before were good, we naturally thought that day would be poor. But it was n't. Everything went well. Everyone even had eggs for breakfast, which took place at 6 A.M. They talked ham and eggs the night before, and I thought it was a myth, but sure enough, there they were, for men and officers alike.

I was out at 7.15 to see them pull out. Stood on the fence of the P.C. and watched A Battery winding up out of a white, frosty valley from Jahrsfeldt, with the morning sun behind them, shining on their oily tin hats, and the horses' breaths rising in little puffs of mist. They halted right at the fork of the road opposite me, and then we all stood about waiting a moment, stamping our feet with cold and exulting over the weather. B Battery presently appeared out of the woods on the other road, and the captain reported to the major, and the major reported to the

colonel, and it was all very military and thrilling to me. It was all beautiful, too. The horses looked wonderfully, — groomed within an inch of their lives, — and the men were cleaner and spicker and spanner than anything you ever saw. I never realized there was such a crowd of orderlies and horses and things connected with the administration of a regiment. Even lieutenants have an orderly scampering at their heels, and bringing their horses back and forth when they dismount. It was great seeing them all mount, and get in order, and then to hear the colonel give the order to march, and see the batteries pull up, and pass, and roll off up the road through the frosty fields and the pink sunlight. I stood in the road and wished like anything that I was a part of it, and was going along with them.

But I had to take it out in comfortable ham and eggs!

Of course, we policed up the canteen that morning until we were all blue in the face. And of course he never came up this road, and would n't have stopped if he had. I had lovely spring flowers on all the tables, and new green blotters neatly thumb-tacked down, and we washed the mud off all the chairs and benches with hot water!

At about 10.50 I got a belated message from G-1 that a car would arrive to pick me up at 11. It came, with a colonel inside, and I sent word I was n't ready and would go over myself. Major H—— took me over from here, and of course he had a horrible time getting there — chauffeur was lost, differential was busted, etc., etc. We got there an hour late, after pushing the car mentally all the way; and, as usual in the army, the thing did n't start for an hour after that.

The review field was most beautiful — a great, long field on the top of a high bit of land, from which one looked out and down over acres of rolling woods and fields. The field itself sloped just a little away from a row of thick spruce woods, in front of which was the reviewing stand, with its flags, and a row of benches for the Y.M.C.A. ladies! The sun clouded over while we waited; but just as a wave of excitement thrilled the crowd, and the doughboys came to attention, and the Commander-in-Chief rode out from behind the spruce trees, the sun came out and shone beautifully on his white horse. He stood up there, like a statue, against the green, at salute, while the band played the Star-Spangled Banner. It made you cry a little.

Then he inspected very quickly on horseback, going at a surprising gallop, with all the generals, and chiefs of staff, etc., etc., and a perfect army of orderlies after them. After this he made a detailed inspection on foot, which took about an hour and a half, and would have been a bore, except that the day was so pretty, and it was so remarkable to see all these long brown rows of men spread out before you, and the German countryside rolling peaceably away beyond. It is nice, after you have been thinking about divisions so long, and seeing only scattered units, actually to see a whole one there before your eyes.

I went over to see my outfit while the inspection was away off at the other end. They were all very much bored and very glad to see me, even though I could n't possibly recognize them in their tin hats. The 75's were beautiful, in their new paint, and the horses were in great shape, and not a mangy one among them. One would have said that the whole regiment had never done anything but parade in new paint, if one did n't know they had been on the front for six months. My old friends the 'heavies' (324th F.A.) were drawn up alongside, looking very classy with their new tractors. They had camped there all night and actually painted the

whole blooming business after they had got 'em there through the mud. The paint was still sticky.

After the inspection there was a presentation of D.S.C.'s, which was good. We were right up close, so we could see and hear everything. The C.-in-C. made a little speech, and then pinned the crosses on, while somebody read the citations. He shook hands with each man, very warmly and cordially, and had a few words for each. A cute little Indian boy, who comes to the canteen, got one. I asked him what General Pershing said, and he said he congratulated him and asked him where he lived.

The actual review was wonderful. I got a place right down beside the reviewing stand, where I could see the faces of all the high officials and also the parade. General Pershing has a very nice smile. His face is stern while at rest, but when he smiles it is no half-way affair, but a good one. Once he told a moving-picture man to get back, and a moment later I found myself stepping forward a little, and it just happened that when I looked up I caught the general's eye. I backed back hastily, and he smiled most delightfully then!

I never saw a regimental front march past before. It was great. These grand old doughboys, who are the real thing, in their tin hats and with fixed bayonets, coming row on row. There is a seriousness about our army that all the others lack, I think. You get a tremendous feeling of youth and strength and determined unity of purpose from seeing them march by. They are individual men, and yet they are soldiers, too. They double-timed off over the field below the reviewing stand, the whole regiment at a time.

My regiment went by last, so when the colonel from G-1 tried to make me start home, I did n't go, but stuck on the line until the last man was past, so the others got quite a way off from me. When I began to cast an eye around, I saw a tall figure coming down the steps of the reviewing stand and walking straight toward me, with his hand out. I gave a little gasp.

'How do you do,' said General Pershing, shaking hands with me. 'I am glad to see you here.'

'How do you do, General Pershing,' said I, wondering like Alice in Wonderland, if I ought to say, 'Your Majesty,' or anything like that.

After that, it was all very genial and quite as if he had been anybody.

'Was n't it fine?' said I.

'It certainly was,' said he. 'They are a fine division. I am proud of them. And they are the real thing, too. They fought as well as they look to-day.'

We conversed a bit, and then he asked me if I would come down and hear him speak to the men, and we started across the field to where the automobiles were. I told him my name, and that I was from Boston, and he said he knew all about me! That is a habit of great men, is n't it?

'Let me see,' he said; 'where were you in France? Oh, yes, you were at Colombey-les-Belles. Yes, I know all about you.'

'But how?' said I.

'I have reports on all you people. I remember about you very well.'

Interesting, if true!

By this time we had hit Colonel F—— and the other eight Y.M.C.A. ladies, and he shook hands with each one and said a good many nice things to us. He is really somewhat of an idealist, I think, and he believes firmly that we do a good job here, and that the whole game is of value to the army, and he told us so and thanked us. Which was nice. In the daily routine, you get to thinking that you are having a good deal of fun and giving very

little, and that it is all perhaps foolish. So it is nice to have someone — especially the head boss — tell you that the job is worth while.

After this he made them a speech. All the men clustered in a field by the road, which ran across a high sort of embankment, so that they were about fifteen feet below us. We, as usual, had box-seats, being up on the road with all the generals and the staffs. It was a most remarkable sight — a solid sea of men, with their green-brown uniforms, and their red-brown faces, and their brown-brown helmets. Never was a crowd so uniform, yet with such a feeling of individual personalities under their tin hats.

General Pershing made quite a good speech, very genuine and very heartfelt and very straight from the shoulder. He told about our part in the war, and the division's particular part, and he thanked them for their individual part, without which the rest could not have been. He told them he wanted them to carry the spirit of the A.E.F. home.

After it General Lassiter stepped out, and they gave three cheers. And after this, somebody from somewhere called out the perpetual question of the Army of Occupation, 'When are we going home?' at which Pershing laughed, and they all laughed, and the great day was over.

I was standing about twenty feet away from General Pershing at that time, and thought he looked a bit lonely, as no one in the army can quite rush up and clap the C.-in-C. on the back and tell him he made a good speech. So I stepped up and shook hands with him this time, and told him it was a good speech; and he grinned and said, 'Thank you; you cheer me up immensely.'

I said, 'You speak much better than you used to,' and he roared. I told him I heard him speak in Washington just before he left, and he laughed again, and said, 'That was a rotten speech, was n't it?' 'Well,' I said, 'I must admit that after it I said to myself, "That man's a soldier." 'I am,' he said. 'But now,' I said, 'you are a soldier and an orator, too.' He is, too, — not because he speaks well, for he does n't, specially, but because he has something real to say, and says it as if he meant it.

We then had quite a pow-wow with all the generals — General Hinds of the Corps and General Lassiter of the Division, and all the chiefs of staff and things. They all looked so funny in their tin hats that I had an awful time to recognize them. Tin hats look wonderful on the young, but I must say on an old gentleman of 55 or 60, they are a bit quaint. After a little talk, General Pershing started to go. He shook hands again with all of us and said to me, 'I am glad to have met you at last.' What the deuce anyone told him about Colombey, I'd like to know.

The boys say they got a movie of me all the time I was talking to the C.-in-C., so be on the lookout for it.

STRASSENHAUS, *April* 19, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

I certainly never thought that any place in Germany could get to be home; but this undoubtedly has. Suddenly, since they heard they were going home, the regiment has all swung around so that they are strong for me, instead of strong against, and the ones that were the worst are now the best. Two or three have even gone so far as to say they are sorry. 'Say, Miss Lee, I certainly am ashamed of myself for bein' drunk that night. You did n't hear me say nothin' dirty, did you?' Or another: 'Your stock has gone up three hundred per cent in A Battery in the last two weeks. For the first two months the boys did n't *compris*. But now they do.'

The first of the week A Battery marched up here in force, banging tin pans and playing two accordions, crashed into the Y, and gave me speeches, songs, more speeches, and a song which went something to this effect: —

'Mary Lee, we roll along, roll along, etc.
Across the deep blue sea.
We want cocoa
" " "
" " "
And cocoa we will have.'

There was more to it, but I forget it. Anyway it took away the feeling of being a complete failure quite effectively.

A Battery is Captain C——'s outfit, and they hang out in Jahlsfeldt, a tiny town down the hill from Strassenhaus. I've sent some pictures, which please keep carefully for me. They were awful at first, but at the last they fell quite heavily for the Y, and I never saw a nicer or a more humorous bunch. They howled when I came in the mess-hall and gave me the best of good times all through the meal — most terrific fire of jokes and repartee I've ever heard. After dinner we went out to see the cute little white goat they had just purchased for a mascot. They are awfully funny with it. Just happens they are all six-footers and giants, and the goat is very small and white, with a pink nose and ears like a rabbit, and they treat it with the utmost gentleness, using curses that they used to on the horses in the quietest, most gentle voice. It is a funny sight to see a great tough soldier called McGovern 'grooming' the goat.

We spent a great deal of time cutting out a blanket for the goat, and red arrows to put on it, and a red binding to go around the edge, and explaining to a German dame how to sew it. Then we went to the top of the hill, — where the wind was cold, but the view most glorious, — where I was to umpire a soccer game between the 'Micks' and the A.P.A.'s — four Catholic and Protestant tables at the mess. It was great fun. Everyone was on the crest of the wave, all playing for all they were worth and kidding each other. Before it started Sergeant Leith, a charming Scotch character, held up his hand and said, 'No profanity! First man that swears will be fined five francs.' And not a swear did I hear all afternoon. Which was going some for A Battery, and for soccer, which is usually an orgy of all the bad language in the army.

After the game (the Micks won, of course!) we all adjourned and drank up more cocoa. The 23rd Infantry Machine-Gun Company pulled in in the middle of it, having marched up to take our places. They all came in for cocoa, too, and we went strong till about four-thirty, when we locked up and cleaned up and packed up till five-thirty — Julia, the maid, and I and Drummond, the K.P. Julia wept off and on all last week. I think she was in love with the K.P. Whenever I asked him what was the matter with her, he'd say, 'Well, I don't know. Prob'ly she's got somethin' on her mind.'

That evening the chaplain held his final service in the ex-Y, while the 2nd Division men got drunk in the saloon across the hall, and threw beer glasses through the windows until their officers came in and cleaned 'em out, to the great delight of our men, who said, 'Say, ain't those guys hard?' Ours usually threw their glasses at the barmaid, so that the racket was not audible from without.

COBLENZ, *April* 27, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Yesterday I went to Cologne. Cologne is a swell city. There is a very beautiful cathedral, and really wonderful shops. It has an atmosphere of age, yet chic, like Paris and Nancy, — good clothes, good food, good wine, and good

art, — a perfect good breeding about it that this town lacks sadly. Also the Britishers lend a tone to it. They certainly do beat everything for style. Their officers are the smartest, and their men the bone-headedest of any army in the world. I stopped and asked at least ten Tommies questions about well-known things about the town, and the answer was always and invariably and identically, 'I don't know, miss,' in that strange cockney brogue. They never know anything, and they *never* think. You can bet I fell on the neck of two perfectly good Americans, when I saw them on the corner. 'Where's the Rathaus at, anyway?' I said.

'I ain't sure,' says the Yank, 'but I *think* it 's this way, 32nd. Come on anyway, and we'll find it.'

So they got on either side of me and we went on down the street. Stopped and ate ice-cream, and coffee and some kind of German pudding in a store, they making awfully funny remarks to the barmaid, causing the silent Tommies about to crack surreptitious smiles under their mustachios. They insisted on paying for all the eats, too, and the British could n't make us out at all.

We then proceeded to the Art Museum, where we hired a guide, and crashed full speed all over the paintings, the guide jabbering as fast as he could in English, and we getting off awful, disrespectful remarks and howling with laughter. I guess there were some good paintings there, only we did n't have time to stop over them. The only ones I liked were a couple of Rubenses and Richter's picture of Queen Louise (Queen Quality, of shoe fame). Just as we said we had to go, we found there was a collection of Roman stuff, so we decided to do another lap. One of the soldiers was awfully strong on both Biblical and ancient knowledge, and though he knew nothing about the pictures, he knew all about the subjects, and got very excited over them. When the man called our attention to the paint on the old ones, he remarked, 'Well, say, if they'd 'a' had to use that there O.D. paint we put on them wagons, he'd 'a' been out o' luck.'

There was a most wonderful collection of Roman things, which thrilled me to the core. The Museum itself is built on the ruins of a Roman church, and in the cellar there is an ancient tomb, left exactly as it was, with the little vases still in it — a little square stone-lined hole in the ground, with a few little shelves, and you in a lovely glass bowl, and a couple of chickens or something in two others for you to eat in Hades, or some such notion. Then there were wonderful gold rings and bracelets, and the neatest set of doctor's instruments — tiny knives, tweezers, etc. — and from a child's tomb a tiny set of rakes, shovels, hammers, etc., that make the tools the French use now look foolish. Also, the original safety-pin, built on the same model as ours, only slightly more cumbersome. There was a model of the ancient town, with its nice white houses, and its baths and aqueduct and walls. Two towers of the wall still stand.

It is a little discouraging, really, to think of those old birds coming away up here, and living in a clean city, and writing with a silver penholder, and having lovely mosaic floors, and being altogether more near our civilization than anything since, — and that back in the one hundreds, — and then being wiped up and a dirty mediæval city built on top of their remains. I would have stayed in that cellar all day, only I'd decided to get a three-thirty train to Bonn, and catch the six-thirty from there back. Of course, I missed the three-thirty train, and lost my two soldiers in my attempt to catch it.

I then tried to go up the Cathedral towers, but the Boches refused to take

me, for some reason that I did n't *verstehe*. So I took a car-ride down the river, in a vain attempt to find the ancient Roman tower. Did n't find it, so I walked about a bit, and got another car-line to go back. The British don't pay 'the Hun,' as they call him, any carfare when they ride, the way we do, and the conductor honestly gave me back my three cents. Two beautiful young officers standing on the platform with me laughed like anything when I told them we always paid. I got to talking to them. They are even worse subjects of the 'have n't-spoken-to-an-English-speaking-lady-for —' disease than our soldiers, who are quite used to seeing us about. One of them immediately invited me to the Officers' Club for tea, which I as immediately accepted, being very cold and hungry. Incidentally, the car-line passed the gate of the old mediæval town, and we walked past the Roman tower — sort of sticking out of the side of a store — on our way back to the Club. Also passed the blooming Rathaus and all the other things I'd been reading about in the Bædeker and had not found. I was able to point them out to the British officer, who was mildly interested.

We had a very delightful tea in a chic English club, with music, and swell English officers all about. They look like the huntingest kind of hunting speeds in our country. *All* Englishmen seem to correspond to Grotties in our country. They are very charming and take you awfully sportingly and are most delightful. It really *is* nice to get back with gentlemen once in a while. We ate bread and butter and jam, and plum-cake, and drank strong tea, and talked about Woodrow Wilson and imperial government, and then I got up and said I'd have to go, and they escorted me out and round the corner, and we shook hands and parted. There were two French nurses in the club, but otherwise, I was the only lady, and for once in their lives the English *did* look around when I came in. They don't have ladies in the British army at all. You never go anywhere here in Coblenz that there are n't droves of them. Britishers are n't so dependent on women as Americans are, somehow. They don't do this fraternizing business either, and are more dignified. Nor do they continually have to have movies and dances and things to go to. All of which is perhaps the reason they lack pep.

I spent the rest of the time buying cologne for dad and pricing furs. I pretty nearly bought a red fox because, with money at the present rate, everything is cheap. I did buy some gloves for ten francs. You can't touch 'em in France under twenty-five. The Germans either don't understand or don't care that the mark is only worth ten cents.

Got on the six-thirty train, in a compartment with a wonderful British lieutenant with a glass eye, a British major, an American captain, a Y girl, and an American lieutenant (sitting very close to her). We all talked madly. The Britishers kept saying we really ought to see Bonn, which got my goat more and more at having missed it. Finally we got to Bonn.

'*Really*, you should have seen it, you know,' said the major, just as the train was pulling out.

'I'd almost get off now,' said the American captain.

'I'll get off with you,' said I. (I knew there was a train about eleven.)

Like a flash we seized my hat and rubber coat and Bædeker, opened the door, jumped out, and before we had time to consider, the train was pulling out and leaving us. The captain had been in the same compartment going over to Cologne, and I had sized him up as a good scout. I am getting pretty

kippy at that by now. He was youngish and from Missouri, and has risen from a sergeant last July to being about to be a major now. He had a nice way with him, and a nice smile.

We proceeded to do circles around Bonn, trying to see it before the light failed. The Tommies patrolling the campus of course did n't know whether that was the University or not, but we finally interrogated enough 'Huns' to get the lay of the land. A British M.P., even, does n't know a damn thing. All he can say is that he advises you 'to follow the rileway,' pointing to the train line. Heavens! How our soldiers have got it over every other soldier in the world!

Bonn *is* a lovely spot. It has the quiet, nondescript, don't-care-about-the-world atmosphere of a college town, and you can feel it the minute you get off the railway. It is partly in the trees, and partly in the faces of the people, and partly in the students. I guess it 's the same in any University town anywhere. Professors don't care a darn about anything but their stuff, and students don't care a darn about anything, and they all take their time.

Well, we saw all we could of Bonn before darkness swallowed it up. Then we found a poor lone American soldier down on the river-bank, and asked him where we'd better eat. He led us to a swell hotel, and tried to find his chief (who is liaison officer with the British), but with no success, so we ate in the restaurant of the hotel. It was a very chic place, and the first time I've ever eaten German food. (We are n't allowed to.) We started off with plover's eggs, which were green and speckled and hard boiled. The rest of the dinner was good, but not remarkably like French. Better than Q.M. food, though.

After dinner we walked out to see the palace of the Kaiser's sister, where a British general lives. It looked — in the dark — about like the Sprague's', or any big place in Brookline. A Tommy was guarding the gate, but seemed inclined to talk to us. Said the old lady was very genial, and talked perfect English. Her mother was English, if I remember, so that 's not so awfully smart of her. The British won't let her ride horseback, which is her favorite form of sport. Otherwise they treat her as becomes a princess.

Monday.

We were much amused at the relief of the guard, which came strolling up as we were talking to the sentry. I expected he 'd get bawled out for talking to us. Not at all. The man ahead of the new guards merely said in a casual way, 'Well, ye can go now, Mr. ——.'

'Right-o,' said Mr. So-and-So, and took his place behind the old guard.

Gosh! If 't were our army, things would go quite differently.

Also, we were halted on the way home, which was quaint, too. The British make everybody get off the streets at eight, so, as we went by some building with soldiers in front, one of them casually shouted across the street, 'Halt who-are-you?' Thinking he was merely trying to be fresh, we paid no attention. Whereupon he yelled again, 'Halt-who-are-you?' as if it was all one word.

'Are you trying to halt us?' says the captain.

'Yes, sir,' says the sentry, not even starting to come across the street.

'Americans,' said the captain; and on we went. They never put a light on us or anything. Again, in the American army 't would have been a little differently managed. I guess one of those Tommies would die in a fit if he could hear one of our sentries yell, 'Halt!' and come up in front of you with a bayonet out of the darkness.

The town was as dark and deserted as a French town in an air-raid when

we walked back to the station. We got there at ten-thirty, and found the train did n't get there till seven minutes of one! Good-night. I was weary, and my feet were soaked. We sat on a bench on the platform and shivered for a while, and then the captain went and got the British R.T.O., a very sporty old major, who came and asked us to 'sit in my office,' which was a place with gray broadcloth armchairs for the Kaiser to wait for the train in. The major told his ten-year-old sergeant that 'this American officer, and this lady will wait here for the train. You will see that they get their train and will make them comfortable.' We slept in two armchairs till the train came.

Train had apparently all doors locked. We banged and banged on one, and an English officer finally opened it, with many apologies, saying, 'We have 'em all locked so as to keep out the Huns. We won't travel with Huns.' They did keep two or three Huns out, too, and made 'em go third class. There were two officers in there, and they were very nice. I don't think they quite got my number, as one of them kept looking and looking at me all the time when the light was covered and he thought I thought he was asleep. At 3 A.M. we arrived at Coblenz, and had to walk all the way from the station to my billet, and Lord knows where the captain had to go afterwards. I may say, I felt a little bit low by that time.

May 28, 1919.

A year ago to-day was Cantigny. 'We'd oughter get a holiday,' the boys said, and laughed. They laugh at the whole thing now, and are most awfully cheerful and don't-care-a-darn about everything. It is nice to be with a good crowd again and the country is lovely, lovely. How could they *want* Lorraine?

Love to you all,

M. L.

SCHENCKELBERG, *May* 30, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

To-day is Memorial Day, which seems to mean more than it used, and which somehow seems highly inappropriate to horse shows and such-like things. It had sort of lost its meaning before, had n't it?

We had a wonderful service to-day at Hartenfels, a town half a mile from here, on the top of the hill in the middle of the town where the ancient tower of Hartenfels Castle still stands. The castle was built on a high, steep rock — very hard to scale, and very flat and grassy on top, like a great table in the middle of a sloping valley of little squares of green field, with the town of Hartenfels snuggling at its feet. On top of the grassy table stands the grand old round tower, about a hundred and fifty feet high, with no entrance save a window halfway up, and holes all around to shoot arrows from. On top is a brand-new white flag-pole, with, to-day, a great garrison flag floating at half-mast. It was a still, sunny summer day, and the flag fell down against the old gray stones, and billowed gently about over us.

The service was on the flat, grassy top of the hill, at the foot of the tower, where there is a beautiful view, off and down, of all the country for miles about. It was really pretty thrilling. E Company marched down with fixed bayonets, and me tagging along. Then I found the chaplain and a Y.M.C.A. parson, and dragged the latter old top up the precipice to the tower. I thought he'd fall and break his neck several times, but finally he got there. Then the soldiers came up the side of the hill, puffing and panting and yelling killing remarks at me and each other and everyone else. They lined up in a hollow square, and stacked arms.

The service was simple and rather good. The Y man put on a little too

much soft pedal, and the chaplain — a Polish priest—prayed that the seventy thousand fallen heroes may get out of purgatory as quick as practicable. Of course, the soldiers would n't sing when we sang hymns, either. But altogether, it was good just the same. To me it was the rows of bronzed faces of men who had been through it all, and with whom the soft pedal did n't make a dint, and the stacked arms, and the robber barons' stalwart tower with our flag floating on it, and the beautiful green country stretching for miles about us, and just the fact that we were there, was what was good about it, and the service and the purgatory didn't matter. They blew taps at the end, and that was lovely, as it always is, and a little sad — and it was over.

I made and served lots of lemonade this afternoon, it being a holiday. All my favorites are on K.P. this week, and as the kitchen is just above the Y, they have been dropping in in their blue jeans to cool off between doses of work. So the captain said he'd court-martial anyone found in the Y in blue jeans. So the K.P.'s now come down, pull off their trousers, tuck them under their arms, enter triumphantly, and consume buckets of whatever cold drink is handy. They are a nice crowd — one long lanky Texan, name 'Slim' James, with a brown face and wild eyes. Last night we played checkers rather late, and then got talking about the war. I asked them all how many Germans they'd killed. Some of them would n't tell, and just shook their heads when it came to them. Slim gave me a funny look and said, 'I did kill one, but it was behind the lines. I was wounded, and I found him a-lyin' there. He was terrible bad — insides all a-blowed out. I tried to carry him in — I carried him a little way. But I could n't do it, so I laid him down again and then I killed him to get him out of his misery. I figured it was best.'

Afterwards Slim walked home with me, and he never said a word, except that now and then he'd shake his head and say, 'Oh dear, oh dear!'

'You were right,' I said.

'Maybe,' he'd say, and then again, 'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!'

Slim is only twenty-one, but I feel as if he, and all of these, were years older than me. All the ones who have really fought seem much older than boys of their age used to be at home. I guess you skip ten years of youth if you live through a war.

I wish something would *happen*. This is the last little gasp of war, and it *is* fun. Whatever anyone may think, war *is* fun if you are right up where things are happening. I suppose the Germans will sign peace to-morrow, and life will start again on the dull slothfulness of another era of peace and prosperity. But to-night there is the possibility of a fight. M. L.

P.S. Last letter that has to be censored. Censor goes out of business June first! *Finie la guerre!*

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

It all began with our discovery of the Dawn. Of course, we had known all along that there was a sunrise — a mechanical sort of affair that started things going like clockwork. But Dawn was a bird of another feather.

If we had had our parents with us, they would have, in all likelihood, unfolded the mystery of it in some bedtime visit; but our governess, Mrs. Handsomebody, if she ever thought about the Dawn at all, probably looked on it with suspicion, and some disfavor, as a weak, feeble thing — a nebulous period, fit neither for honest folk nor for cut-throats.

So it came about that we heard of it from our good friend the Bishop.

Mrs. Handsomebody had given a grudging permission for us to take tea with him. In hot July weather her voice and eyes always seemed frostier than usual. The closely shut windows and drawn blinds made the house a prison, and the glare of the planked back-yard was even more intolerable. Therefore when Rawlins, the Bishop's butler, told us that we were to have tea in the garden, it was hard for us to remember Mrs. Handsomebody's injunction to walk sedately and to bear in mind that our host was a bishop.

But as we crossed the cool lawn, our spirits, which had drooped all day, like flags at half-mast, rose and fluttered in the summer breeze, and we could not resist a caper or two as we approached the tea-table.

The Bishop did not even see us. His fine grave face was buried in a book he had on his knees, and his gaitered legs were bent so that he toed in.

When we drew up before him, Angel and I in stiff Eton collars, and The Seraph fresh as a daisy, in a clean white sailor blouse, he raised his eyes and gave us a vague smile, and a wave of the hand toward three low wicker chairs. We were not a bit abashed by this reception, for we knew the Bishop's ways, and it was joy enough that we were safe in his garden, staring up at the blue sky through flickering leaves, and listening to the splash of a little fountain that lived in the middle of the cool grass-plot.

Surely, I thought, there never was such another garden — never another with such a rosy red brick wall, half-hidden by hollyhocks and larkspur — such springy, tender grass — such a great guardian cathedral, that towered above and threw its deep beneficent shade! Here the timorous cathedral pigeons strutted unafraid, and dipped their heads to drink of the fountain, raising them heavenward, as they swallowed — thanking God, so the Bishop said, for its refreshment.

It was hard to believe that next door, beyond the wall, stood Mrs. Handsomebody's planked back-yard. Yet even at that moment I could see the tall, narrow house, and fancied that a blind moved as Mrs. Handsomebody peered down into the Bishop's garden, to see how we behaved.

Rawlins brought a tray and set it on

the wicker table beside the Bishop's elbow. We discovered a silver muffin-dish, a plate of cakes, and a glass pot of honey, to say nothing of the tea.

Still the Bishop kept his gaze buried in his book, marking his progress with a blade of grass. Rawlins stole away without speaking, and we three were left alone to stare in mute desire at the tea-things. A bee was buzzing noisily about the honey-jar. It was The Seraph who spoke at last.

'Bishop,' he said, politely, but firmly, 'I would like a little nushment.'

'Bless me!' cried the Bishop. 'Wherever are my manners?' And he closed the book sharply on the grass-blade, and dropped it under the table. 'John, will you pour tea for us?'

We finished the muffins and cake, all talking with our mouths full, in the most sociable and sensible way; and, after the honey-pot was almost empty, we made the bee a prisoner in it, so that, like that Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, he got enough of what he liked, at last.

I think it was Angel who put the question that was to lead to so much that was exciting and mysterious. He said, leaning against the Bishop's shoulder, 'What do you think is the most beautiful thing in the world, Bishop?'

Our friend had The Seraph between his knees, and was gazing at the back of his head.

'Well,' he replied, 'since you ask me seriously, I should say this little curl on The Seraph's nape.'

The Seraph felt for it.

'I yike it,' he said, 'but I yike my wart better.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the Bishop. 'Don't tell me *you've* a wart!'

'Yes, a weal one,' chuckled The Seraph. 'It's little, but its gwowing. I fink some day it'll be as big as the one on Mrs. Handsomebody's chin. *It* can *wiggle*.'

'You don't say so!' said the Bishop, rather hastily. 'And where do you suppose you got it?'

The Seraph smiled mischievously. 'I fink I got it off a toad we had. He was an awful dear ole toad, but he died, 'cos we —'

'Oh, I say, don't bother about the old toad, Seraph!' put in Angel hastily, feeling as I did that the manner of the toad's demise was best left to conjecture. 'We want to hear about the most beautiful thing in the world. Please tell it, Bishop!'

'Well — since you corner me,' said the Bishop, his eyes on the larkspur, 'I should say it is the wing of that pale-blue butterfly, hovering above those deep-blue flowers.'

Angel's face fell. 'Oh, I did n't mean a little thing like that,' he said. 'I meant a 'normous, wonderful thing. Something that you could n't *ever* forget.'

'Well — if you will have it,' said the Bishop, 'come close and I'll whisper.' Instantly three heads hedged him in, and he said in a sonorous undertone, '*It's the Dawn.*'

'The Dawn.' We three repeated the magic words on the same note of secrecy. 'But what is it like? How can we get to it? Is it like the sunset?'

'I won't explain a bit of it,' he replied. 'You've got to seek it out for yourselves. It's a pity, though, you can't see it first in the country.'

'Must we get up in the dark?'

'Yes. I think your tallest attic-window faces the East. You must steal up there while it's still gray daylight. Have the windows open, so that you can hear and smell, as well as see it. But I'm afraid the dear Seraph's too little.'

'Not me,' asserted The Seraph, stoutly. 'I'm stwong as two ephelants.'

'You must n't be frightened when you hear its wings,' said the Bishop, 'nor be abashed at the splendor of it,

for it was designed for just such little fellows as you. You will come and tell me then what happens, won't you? I shall probably never waken early enough to see it again.'

Though we played games after this, and the Bishop made a very satisfactory lion prowling about in a jungle of wicker chairs and table-legs, we none of us quite lost sight of the adventure in store for us. Somewhere in the back of our heads lurked the thought of the Dawn, with its suggestion of splendid mystery.

We were no sooner at home again than we set about discussing ways and means.

'The chief thing,' said Angel, 'is to waken about four. We have no alarm-clock, so I s'pose we'll just have to take turns in keeping watch all night. The hall clock strikes so we can watch hour about.'

'I'll take first watch!' put in The Seraph, eagerly.

'You'll take just what's given to you, and no questions, young man,' said Angel, out of the side of his mouth; and The Seraph subsided, crushed.

II

Came bedtime at last, and the three of us in the big four-poster; the door shut upon the world of Mrs. Handsomebody, and the windows firmly barred against burglars and night air.

Angel announced, 'First watch for me! You go right to sleep, John, and I'll wake you when the clock strikes ten.'

But I was n't at all sleepy, and we lay in the dusk and talked till the familiar harsh voice of the hall clock rasped out nine o'clock.

'You go to sleep, please, John,' whispered Angel in a drowsy voice, and I'll watch till ten.'

I felt drowsy, too; so I put my arm about the slumbering Seraph and soon fell fast asleep.

It seemed to me but a moment when Angel roused me. I know I had barely settled down to an enjoyable dream, in which I was the only customer in an ice-cream parlor, where there were seven waitresses, each one obsequiously proffering a different flavor.

'Second watch on deck!' whispered Angel, hoarsely — 'and look lively!'

'But I'd only just put my spoon in the strawberry ice,' I moaned. 'Can't be ten minutes yet.'

'Oh, I say,' complained Angel, 'don't you s'pose I know when the old clock strikes ten? You've been sleepin' like a drunken pirate, and no mistake. Must be near eleven by now.'

'I'll just see for myself,' I declared. 'I'll go and look at the schoolroom clock.' And I began to scramble over him.

'You will not then,' muttered Angel, clutching me. 'I shan't let you!'

'You won't, eh? If it's really ten, you need n't care, need you?'

'Course it's ten — it's nearer eleven; but you're going to do what I say.'

At that we came to grips, and fought and floundered till the bed rocked, and the poor little Seraph clung to his pillow as a shipwrecked sailor to a raft in a stormy sea. Exhaustion alone made us stop for breath; still we clung desperately to each other, our small bodies pressed hotly together, Angel's nose flattened against my ear. The Seraph snuggled up to us.

'Just you wait!' breathed Angel; his hands tightened on me, then relaxed — his legs twitched —

'Strawberry or pineapple, sir?' came the dulcet tones of the waitress. I was in my ice-cream parlor again! Seven flavors were laid before me. I fell to, for I was hot and thirsty.

I was disturbed by The Seraph, singing his morning song. It was a tuneless

drone, yet not unmusical. Always the first to open his eyes in the morning, he began his day with a sort of saga of his exploits of the day before, usually meaningless to us, but fraught with color from his own peculiar sphere. At last he laughed outright, a Jovian laugh, at some remembered prank — and I rubbed my eyes and came to full consciousness. The sun was slanting through the shutters. Where, oh where, was the Dawn?

I turned to look at Angel. He was staring at the slanting beam and swearing softly, as he well knew how.

'We'll simply have to try again,' I said. 'But however are we going to put in to-day?'

The problem solved itself as all problems will, and the day passed, following the usual landmarks of porridge, arithmetic, spelling, scoldings, mutton, a walk with our governess, bread and butter, prayers, and the (for once, longed for!) *bed*.

That night we decided to lie awake together, passing the time with stories, and speculation about the mystery so soon to be explored by us.

I told the first story, a long-drawn adventure of shipwreck, mutiny, and coral caves, with a fair sprinkling of skeletons to keep us broad awake.

'It was a first-rate tale,' sighed Angel, contentedly, when I had done; 'an' you told it awfully well, John. If you like, you just tell another 'stead o' me. Or The Seraph can tell one. Go ahead, Seraph, and make up the best story you know how.'

The Seraph, important, but sleepy, climbed over me, so that he might be in the middle, and then began, in a husky little voice.

'Once upon a time there was fwee bwothers, all vewy nice, but the youngest was the bwavest an' stwongest of the fwee. He was as stwong as two bulls, an' he'd kill a dwagon before bweakfast, an' never be cocky about it —'

Angel and I groaned in unison. We could not tolerate this sort of self-adulation from our junior. 'Don't be such a little beast,' we admonished, and covered his head with a pillow. The Seraph was wont to accept such discipline at our hands philosophically, with no unseemly outcries or struggles; as a matter of fact, when we uncovered his head, we could tell by his even, reposeful breathing that he was fast asleep. It was too dark to see his face, but I could imagine his complacent smile.

The night sped quickly after that. There was some desultory talk; then Angel, too, slept. I resolved to keep the watch alone. I heard the sound of footsteps in the street below, echoing with a lonely sound; the rattle of a loose shutter in a sudden gust of wind; then, dead silence, followed after an interval by the scampering and angry squeak of mice in the wall. The mice disturbed me again. There was a shattering of loose plaster; and, suddenly opening my eyes, I saw the ghost of gray daylight stealing underneath the blind. The time had come!

III

Silently the three of us stole up the uncarpeted attic-stair. It was unknown territory to us, having been forbidden from the first by Mrs. Handsomebody, and all we had ever seen from the hall below was a cramped passage, guarded by three closed doors. Time and again we had been tempted to explore it, but there was a sinister aloofness about it that had hitherto repelled us. Now, however, it had become but a pathway to the Dawn, and, as we clutched the banisters, we imagined ourselves three pilgrims fearfully climbing toward light and beauty.

Angel stood first at the top. Gently he tried two doors in succession, which were locked. The third gave, harshly — it seemed to me, grudgingly. The Seraph and I pressed close behind Angel, glad of the warm contact of each other's bodies.

In the large attic-room, the air was stifling, and the sloping roof, from which dim cobwebs were draped, seemed to press toward the dark shapes of discarded furniture, as if to guard some fearful secret. It took all our courage to grope our way to the low casement, and it was a struggle to dislodge the rusty bolt, and press the window out on its unused hinges. It creaked so loudly that we held our breath for a moment, but we drew it again with a sharp sensation of relief, as thirsty young animals drink, for fresh night air, sweet, stinging to the nostrils, had surged in upon us, sweeping away fear and loneliness and the hot depression of the attic-room.

Mrs. Handsomebody's house was tall, and we could look down upon many roofs and chimneys. They huddled together in the soft gray light as if waiting for some great happening, which they expected, but did not understand. They wore an air of expectancy and humility. Little low-roofed outhouses pressed close to high walls for shelter, and a frosty white skylight stared upward fearfully.

'Is this the Dawn?' came from The Seraph, in a tiny voice.

'Only the beginning of it,' I whispered back. 'There 's two stars left over from the night — see! that big blue one in the East, and the little white one just above the cobbler's chimney.'

'Will they be afwaid of the Dawn, when it comes?'

'Rather. I should n't be surprised if the big fellow bolted right across the sky, and the little one will p'raps fall down the cobbler's chimney into his workroom.'

The Seraph was enchanted. 'Then the cobb'r'll sew him wight up in the sole of a shoe, an' the boy who wears the shoe will twinkle when he wuns, won't he? Oh, it 's coming now! I hear it. I'm afwaid.'

'That 's not the Dawn,' said Angel, 'That 's the night flying away.'

It was true that there came to us then a rushing sound, as of strong wings; our hair was lifted from our hot foreheads, and the casement rattled on its hinges.

This wind, that came from the wings of night, was sharp with the fragrance of heather and the sea. One fancied how it would surge through the dim aisles of cathedral-like forests, ruffling the plumage of drowsy birds, stirring the surface of some dark pool where the trout still slept, and making sibilant music among the drooping reeds.

The sky had now become delicately luminous, and a streak of saffron showed above the farthest roofs; a flock of little clouds huddled together above this, like timorous sheep at gaze. The white star hung just above the cobbler's chimney; dangerously near, it seemed to us who watched.

There were only two of us at the window now, for Angel had stolen away to explore every corner of the new environment, as was his custom. I could hear the soft opening and shutting of bureau drawers, and once, a grunting and straining, as of one engaged in severe manual labor.

A low whistle drew me to his side.

'What 's up?' I demanded.

'Got this little old trunk open at last,' he muttered; 'full of women's junk. Look.'

Our heads touched as we bent curiously over the contents. It was a dingy and insignificant box on the outside, but it was lined with a gayly-colored paper, on which nosegays of spring flowers bent beneath the weight of sil-

ver butterflies and sad-eyed cockatoos. The trays were full, as Angel had said, of women's things: delicate, ruffly frocks of pink and lilac, and under-garments edged with yellowing lace. A sweet scent rose from them, as of some gentle presence that strove to reach the light and air once more. A pair of little white kid slippers looked as if they longed to twinkle in and out beneath a soft silk skirt.

Angel's mischievous brown hands dove among the light folds, discovering opera-glasses (treasures to be secured, if possible, against some future South Sea expedition), an inlaid box of old-fashioned trinkets, gold-tasseled earrings, a coral necklace, and a brooch of tortured locks of hair. His eyes were dancing above a gauze fan held coquettishly against his mouth; but I gave no heed to him; I was busy with a velvet work-box that promised a solution of the mystery: for, hidden away with thimble and scissors, as one would secrete a treasure, was a fat little book, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Someone had drawn on the fly-leaf, very beautifully, I thought, a ribbed sea-shell, and on it had printed the words, 'Lucy from Charles'; and on a scroll beneath the shell, in microscopic characters, 'Bide the Time!'

My brother was looking over my shoulder now. We were filled with conjecture.

'Lucy,' said Angel, 'owned all this stuff, and Charles was her lover, of course. But who was she? Mrs. Handsomebody never had a daughter, I know; and if she had, she'd never have allowed her to wear these things. Look how she jaws when Mary Ellen spends her wages on finery. I'll bet Lucy was a beauty. And she's dead too, you can bet; and Charles was her lover, and likely he's dead too. "Bide the time," eh? You see, they're waitin' around yet — *somewheres*. Is n't it queer?'

The Seraph's voice came from the window in a sort of chant, —

'The little white star has fallen down the cobbler's chimney!'

'It has fallen down, and the cobbler is sewing it into a shoe!'

'A milkman is wunning down the stweet!'

'Tell you what,' whispered Angel; 'I'll show you what Lucy was like — just a little. I'll make a picture of her.'

The space between two tall chests of drawers formed a sort of alcove, in which stood a pier-glass, whose tarnished frame was draped in white net. Before it Angel drew (without much caution) a high-backed chair, and on it he began his picture.

Over the seat and almost touching the floor, he draped a frilled petticoat, and against the back of the chair — with a foundation of formidable stays for support — he hung a garment which, even then, he seemed to know for a camisole. Over all he laid a charming lilac-silk gown, and under the hem, in the most natural attitude, peeped the little party slippers. A small lace and velvet bonnet, with streamers, was hung at the apex of the creation; and in her lap — for the time has come to use the feminine pronoun — he spread the gauzy fan. He hung over her tenderly, as an artist over his subject, — each fold must be in place, — the empty sleeves curved just so: one fancied a rounded chin beneath the velvet streamers, so artfully was it adjusted. Her reflection in the pier-glass was superb!

'It is here!' chanted The Seraph. 'Evwy bit of evwyfing is shinin'. Oh, Angel an' John, *please* look!'

We flew to the window and leaned across the sill.

It was a happy world that morning, glowing in the sweetest dawn that ever broke over roofs and chimney-pots. The earth sang as she danced her dewy way among the paling stars. The little

gray clouds blushed pink against the azure sky. Blossoming boughs of peach and apricot hung over the gates of heaven, and rosy spirals curled upward from two chimneys. Pink-footed pigeons strutted, rooketty-cooing along the roofs. They nodded their heads, as if to affirm the consummation of a miracle. 'It is so,' they seemed to say; 'it is indeed so.' One of them hopped up on the cobbler's chimney, peering earnestly into its depths.

'It sees the star!' shouted The Seraph. 'It sees the star and nods to it. "I am higher now than you," it says!'

Something — was it a breath? a sigh? — made me look back into the attic, where Lucy's clothes clung to the high-backed chair, like flower-petals blown against a wall. The pier-glass had caught all the glory of the morning, and was releasing it in quivering spears of light that dazzled me for a moment.

I rubbed my eyes, and stared, and shook a little, for in the midst of all this splendor I saw Lucy! No pallid, rigid ghost, but something warm, eager with life, spreading the folds of the lilac gown like a butterfly warming its new wings in the strength of the sun.

Her bosom rose and fell quickly, her eyes were fixed on me with a beseeching look, it seemed. I drew nearer, — near enough to smell the faint perfume of her, — and I saw then that she was not looking at me, but at the fat little book, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which I still held in my hands. The book that Charles had given her! 'Bide the time!' he had written, but she could bide the time no longer.

Proud as any knight before his lady, I strode forward, and pressed the book into her hands, — saw her slender fingers curl around it, — heard her little gasp of joy. I should not have been at all surprised had the door opened and Charles walked in.

IV

As a matter of fact, the door *did* open and — Mrs. Handsomebody walked in.

She gave a sort of gurgling cry, as if she were being strangled. Angel and The Seraph faced about to look at her, in consternation, their hair wild in the wind, and the rising sun making an aureole about them. The four of us stared at each other in silence for a space, while the attic-room, with its cobwebs, reeled, the sun rose and sank, like a foundering ship, and Mrs. Handsomebody — resembling in my fancy a hungry spider in curl-papers — considered which victim was ripest for slaughter.

'You — and you — and you!' she gobbled. 'Oh, to think of it! No place safe! What you need is a *strong* man. *We* shall see! The very windows — burst from their bolts!'

She slammed the casement and secured it, Angel and The Seraph darting from her path.

'Even a dead woman's clothes — to make a scarecrow of!'

She pounced upon them. I hid my face while she did it, but I heard a sinister rustling and the snap of a trunk-lid. It was over. 'Bide the time.'

Ignominiously she herded us down the stairs. The Seraph, making only one step at a time, led the way. Far down the drab vista of the back stairs that ended in the scullery, Mary Ellen's red round face was seen for a moment, like a second rising sun; but vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, at a shout from Mrs. Handsomebody.

We were in the schoolroom now, placed before her in a row, as was her wont in times of retribution. Seated behind her desk, she wore her purple dressing-gown with magisterial dignity; the wart upon her chin quivered as she prepared to speak.

'Now, David,' she said, addressing

Angel by his proper name as usual, 'can you say anything in explanation of this outrage upon my property? Hold your head up and toe out, please.'

Angel looked at his hands. 'Nuffin' to explain,' he said, sulkily. 'Just went an' did it.'

'Oh, I thought so,' said our governness. 'It was just one of those seemingly irresistible impulses that have so often proved disastrous for all concerned. If your father knew' — She bit off the words as if they had a pleasant, if acrid taste — 'If your poor father in South America knew your criminal proclivities, he would be a *crushed* man — a *crushed man!*'

The Seraph was staring at her chin.

Then, 'I have one too,' he said gently.

'One *what*?' Her tone should have warned him.

'One wart,' he went on, with easy modesty. 'It's just a little one. It can't wiggle — like yours — but it's gwowing nicely. Would you care to see it?'

Mrs. Handsomebody affected not to hear him. She stared sombrely at Angel and me, but I believe The Seraph sealed our fate, for, after a moment's deliberation, she said curtly, 'I shall have to beat you for this.'

She gave us six apiece, and I could not help noticing that, though The Seraph was the youngest and tenderest, his six were the most stinging.

When we had been sent to our bedroom to say our prayers, and change our pitifully inadequate night-clothes for day things, I put the question that was burning in my mind.

'Did either of you see *her?*'

'Who?'

'Lucy, sitting there in the chair.'

Angel's brown eyes were blank.

'I saw her *clothes*. What sickens me is that the dragon took that spy-glass. You see if I don't get it yet.' (Mrs. Handsomebody was 'the dragon' in our vernacular.)

'Did *you* see her, Seraph?'

The Seraph was sitting on the floor, his head on his kness. He raised a tear-flushed face.

'I'm 'most too cwushed to wemember,' he said, huskily. 'But I *fink* Lucy was fat. It's a vewy bad fing to be fat, 'cos the cane hurts worser.'

I turned from such infantile imbecility to the exhilarating reflection that I was the only one to whom Lucy had shown herself — her chosen knight!

I was burning to do her service, yet the passage that led to the attic stronghold was well guarded. Two days had passed before I made the attempt. I had been sent upstairs from the tea-table to wash my hands, — although they were only comfortably soiled, — and after I had dipped them in a basin of water that had done service for both Angel and The Seraph, I gave them a good rub on my trouser-legs, as I tiptoed to the foot of the attic stairs.

Cautiously, with fast-beating heart, I mounted, and tried the door. It was locked fast. I pressed my eye against the keyhole, and made out in the gloom the dark shape of the trunk, sinister, forbidding, inaccessible. No rustle of lilac silk, no faintest perfume, no appealing sigh from the gentle Lucy greeted me. All was dark and quiet. 'Bide the time!' Who knew but that some day I might set her free again?

Yet my throat ached as I slowly made my way back to the table, presented my hands for a rather skeptical inspection by Mrs. Handsomebody, and dropped languidly into my seat.

The Seraph gave me a look of sympathy — even understanding. Perhaps he had heard me mount the distant attic-stairs; his hearing was wonderfully acute. He chewed in silence for a moment, and then he made one of those seemingly irrelevant remarks of his

which, somehow, always set our little world a-rocking.

'One fing about Lucy,' he said, 'she was always sweet-tempud.'

'Who?' snapped Mrs. Handsomebody.

'Lucy,' repeated The Seraph. 'Such a sweet-tempud gell!'

Mrs. Handsomebody leaned over him, and gobbled and threatened. The Seraph preserved a remarkable calm, considering that he was the storm-centre. He even raised his small forefinger before his face and looked at it thoughtfully. His speculative gaze traveled from it to Mrs. Handsomebody's chin. I perceived then that he was comparing warts!

IS AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING A DISEASE?

BY BURGES JOHNSON

It has been said of the prophet Daniel that he went with the greater willingness to the den of lions because he knew that he would not be called upon for an after-dinner speech. This is merely an inference. But I find, upon further consideration of the prophet's record, a more important indication, to wit, that even in his early day the custom of after-dinner speaking was already well established; for when, on a certain well-known occasion, he rose to address the company in Belshazzar's banquet-hall, he was introduced by the Queen of the realm, who, speaking undoubtedly without notes, began very simply (see Daniel, 5: 11), 'We have with us this evening one who needs no introduction.'

I wish that the account might go more into the details of that occasion: as to the nervousness of the Queen, for instance, and Daniel's air of studied indifference until he rose to address so distinguished a multitude. But it is indicated in the record that he illustrated his remarks with a number of anecdotes.

This whole matter interests me because, not only have I suffered under the vagaries of after-dinner speakers, but I too have presided at a feast; I have held the wand; I know the abracadabras and the eeny-meeny-miny-mos. '*We have with us this evening a citizen than whom . . . which reminds me of a story. . . . I know you are impatient . . . but a moment of your time . . . sure you are looking forward to . . . without further humble assistance from me . . . honor of presenting* — ' I too have trembled and perspired over the unforeseen emergency, or have risen panic-stricken, wondering just what the speaker's middle initial might be.

An experience on one such occasion may serve me well for a text. It was a small assemblage, with good-fellowship the keynote, and in my hands lay its post-prandial destinies.

A group waylaid me before the dinner began. 'Are you going to call on John Q. Robinson?' they inquired anxiously.

'I have been so instructed,' I answered, 'and his official position alone would seem to make it desirable.'

'Then, for our sakes, find some way to choke him off! We've all heard him — and we know,' they added darkly.

In those days I had all the confidence of youth. I went at once to John Q. Robinson, praying for tact on the way. But he was delightfully easy of approach.

'I wish to apportion the time,' said I. 'May I get an idea how much we are to expect from you?'

'Only a moment or two,' he replied cheerfully. 'I have positively nothing to say to them. They have heard me before, and I am sure they want to hear from the others.'

'Then shall I apportion you fifteen minutes?'

'Five will do,' he said with emphasis. 'Five or less.'

The testimony of those protesting ambassadors lingered in my mind, and I made assurance doubly sure. 'Will it offend you if I tap on a glass, or give some other indication of a time-limit?'

He was amused by my persistence. 'Of course it would not annoy me,' he said kindly, as to a child; 'but you will find no occasion.'

At the end of fifteen minutes his hearers were obviously restive, and I tapped on a glass. He would not hear it. At intervals I cleared my throat loudly. He was deaf to all but his own voice. After twenty-eight minutes I leaned so far forward that he saw me — and I saw that he saw. He deliberately turned his back toward me and addressed one side of the room. At the end of thirty-five minutes he sat down amid applause. But the nature of that applause he failed to comprehend.

All the time I was a coward, and I knew it. I should have crashed two dinner-plates together, and failing in that, I should have summoned the dinner committee and beaten him to the floor with chairs.

At intervals throughout several years my mind has recalled that experience and turned it over and over. It was not so flagrant an after-dinner crime as many that you may have known, and yet it is so bold in its outlines.

John Q. Robinson is a gentleman courteous in his ways — of that I am assured. On this occasion he knew how many were to speak, and that fifteen minutes was a liberal allotment to each speaker. His promise was solicited and given. Despite all that, he refused to heed the signals which he both heard and saw. There is only one possible explanation: while he spoke, John Q. Robinson ceased to be his normal self; he became, in fact, hypnotized. Doubtless this explanation is simple and obvious enough to men of science, but to me it came as a Columbian discovery. I sought at once an erudite and good-natured psychologist. 'Tell me,' I said, 'how does a man hypnotize himself?'

'Oh, in various ways,' was the reply: 'looking fixedly at a bright object, or something of that sort.'

'Listening to a sound?' I asked.

'Well, not so much that.'

'Must it be one bright object?'

'Why no, it does n't have to be bright, as a matter of fact, and it might be many objects.'

'Ha!' I said to myself, 'The eyes of his audience.' And I mulled over the matter for a time. But the idea had not assumed a comfortable completeness in my mind. I sought my friend again, and found him still good-natured.

'This auto-hypnosis,' I said, 'is it actually a trance? Is it as real as the hypnotic state induced by an operator, or whatever you call him?'

'Yes, indeed, it can be very real.'

'How real? How far can it go?'

'Oh, hysteria — all that sort of thing.'

I think that my psychologist, while still good-natured, was becoming bored. 'Here,' he said, 'read this. Then you 'll know all about it.' And he left me at the

mercy of a tome which fairly bristled with the technical terminology of his craft.

Yet the Fates were kind to me. Plunging into the very middle of the book, I read persistently along, much as I go at a Russian novel, remembering how the names of the characters appear on the page without pronouncing them. Suddenly I was jolted into an intense interest.

'The memory of a hypnotized subject has a wide range,' said the book, 'much wider than it has at other times. Frequent instances of this extraordinary memory have been given, so surprising as sometimes to lead to the belief that the subjects were endowed with a mysterious lucidity. Richet remarks that somnambulists describe in minute detail places which they have formerly visited or facts which they have witnessed. . . . We have been able to make a hypnotized subject give the *menus* of dinners she had eaten a week before. Her normal memory did not extend beyond three or four days.

I reread the page, and then in memory I sat again with a pleasant dinner-group on an occasion which may be mentioned here because it is historic, and listened while an eminent Senator wrecked his chances for the presidency by talking at us actually for hours, disregarding all consideration of those who were to follow him, blind to every evidence of unrest in the audience facing him, deaf to the poundings and shufflings that even their sense of courtesy could not repress. His friends explained the occurrence later by alleging a mental break-down. 'Sickness,' they said. Surely sickness was there, if a state of auto-hypnosis may be called sickness; and to my mind that is a sufficient explanation.

'Is it easier for a man who has once hypnotized himself to do it again?' I asked my kindly psychologist.

'Yes, indeed, easier each time.'

How satisfactorily this accounts for the legislator who can rise in the halls of Congress and talk for hours, recalling old addresses of his own, statistics, quotations from the Classics — a marvelous achievement when considered merely as an act of memory, and very often it is obviously nothing more.

Once on a time I attended one of those annual social occasions in New York City where the sons of some distant commonwealth get together for the sake of good-fellowship and the renewal of early associations. Both of the Senators who represented that state at Washington sat at the head table; both were to speak, and there were other speakers to be heard as well. One of the Senators talked for fifty minutes, and the other talked for an hour and twenty minutes, and the guests departed at intervals throughout the evening in a state of gloom and depression. Similarly, at a dinner in Washington, a Speaker of the House of Representatives held an obviously fidgetty audience of dinner-guests beneath his gaze, and used up the entire balance of the evening, so that other speakers whose names appeared upon the programme had to be omitted altogether.

These Senators, and his Honor the Speaker, and John Q. Robinson, all were undoubtedly well-intentioned, with no desire to spoil a pleasant evening for a roomful of guests, or to act discourteously toward fellow speakers. But they have hypnotized themselves so often by gazing into the upturned eyes of a waiting audience, that they pass under the spell with ever-increasing facility. Considerations of courtesy, sounds of warning — attention to any such disturbances as these is inhibited.

I have spoken frankly of Mr. Robinson, and I have told the true story of that evening, yet it does not disturb me to realize that these very words may

come under his eye. He will never know that he is the man. When his speech was over on that occasion of regrettable memory, and he mingled with his victims as they rose preparing to disperse, it was evident from his hand-clasp, his assured smile, his every word, that he felt himself the distinguished speaker of the evening. If he had heard muttered imprecations, it would still have been impossible for him to discover the truth. He was a friend to everyone there, and everyone was his friend. He had come out of his trance, and the deeds of the immediate past were as though they had not been.

'We have to thank Heidenhain,' continued my learned volume, 'for having first pointed out the importance of inhibitory processes in hypnosis. . . . We may then consider every hypnosis as a state in which the normal course of the ideas is inhibited. . . . When one idea among several gets the upper hand, through its intensity, or for some other reason, and represses other ideas — '

And my oracle tells me further that the hypnotized subject will show a definite antagonism to any of those influences which tend to oppose the actions upon which he is engaged. 'The hypnotized subject,' it continues, 'seldom remembers on awaking the events which occurred during his hypnotic sleep. On the other hand, when he is asleep his memory embraces all the facts of his sleep, of his waking state, and of previous hypnotic sleeps.'

The alarming truth forces itself upon my mind that the professional orator who rises to his feet to-morrow not only is able to deliver all of the speech that he has prepared for the occasion, but, if properly hypnotized, could add to it all other speeches that he has ever delivered on previous occasions. The thing is cumulative. He not only goes into this trance with constantly increasing ease whenever the eyes of many auditors are fixed upon him, but he can run longer. Truly, it is time we did something about this social custom of after-dinner speaking!

A strange custom it is, and one that has crystallized into curiously definite forms. Once upon a time a gifted after-dinner speaker told a funny story to illustrate the point he had in mind. His intentions were honorable, and the immediate result was all that he had hoped; but I wish that I knew that man's name. I would post it here in capital letters as a candidate for eternal obloquy.

'Do you know any funny stories?' says the harassed-looking individual; 'I have to make an after-dinner speech.' Anything will do. He will look up the stories first, and attach a speech to them. And it is another curious thing about this custom of post-prandial disturbance, that it is maintained even on occasions when no one desires it. At such times the Toastmaster is drafted under protest. The speaker would prefer to be among his friends; and the diners have attended the dinner with two dominant motives: they want to eat, and they want to chat with their associates.

'Shall I call on you now?' says the Toastmaster, apparently calm, but with betraying fingers nervously twiddling his coffee-spoon while he turns to the Distinguished Guest at his elbow, who is trying to appear unconcerned. 'Shall I call on you now, or shall I let them enjoy themselves a little longer?'

'I can't understand why those people in the far corner are so discourteously inattentive,' says the Toastmaster querulously to a Member-of-the-Dinner-Committee who has come busily up to confer with him. 'Could n't you get a hint to them?'

Can't understand! Merciful heavens! They are inattentive because they do not want to listen. Of course they will

conform to the proprieties if someone jolts their elbows; but they have a subconscious idea that they have come there to enjoy themselves — that this feast is a carnal occasion, where the head is to be subordinated to the stomach for a reasonable time. Their suppressed instincts have rebelled at the command that two digestive processes shall be carried on simultaneously within their mortal frames.

But I suppose there is as little use protesting against an established social custom such as this as against a fixed social costume like a dinner-coat with useless buttons on the sleeves. It is the fault of no one living; for surely I would not seem to blame that worthy creature, the Toastmaster, curiously spineless person that he is. It is his custom to weigh the happiness of a hundred diners aganst the possible injury to the feelings of a single speaker, and then to shirk the obvious duty incumbent upon him. Cowards, these toastmasters, and little wonder! For when by rare chance a truly courageous soul presides over the feast, and it falls to his lot to dam some stream of inexhaustible eloquence, he wins the hatred of one whose brain-child he so ruthlessly mutilated, and the indifference of many who never knew what they were spared. Out of any hundred toastmasters that you have known, will you not admit that at least ninety have failed to exercise courageously the authority invested in them? Not only have they not controlled the floods they were set to guard, but often they have themselves overflowed upon a surfeited, saturated meadow-land of hearers. Truly they are a by-product of an effete social machine; perhaps the war will prove to have burned them out — and yet I am no optimist. Think of the innumerable banquets to returning heroes!

Nor should I blame that other reputable citizen, the After-Dinner Speaker, because of what he does while in a hypnotic trance. He and his audience are the victims, not of any premeditated crime on his part, nor of any innate viciousness, but of his own good-nature. True, I have heard that there are in existence professional after-dinner speakers who seek opportunity, men who actually train themselves for such service, memorizing anecdotes, and, like trained newspaper reporters, have on tap a little of the professional patter of all trades and all schools. They are an inevitable product of the system; like the hired social organizers at summer hotels, they must formulate new recipes for spontaneity. Perhaps, since the thing is to be done at all, men should seriously study how to do it well. But I should like my son to choose some other profession.

A colleague of mine tells me that a young man once confessed to her an ambition in this direction. 'Do you think,' he asked, 'I might gain in fluency by practising, as Demosthenes did, with pebbles in my mouth?'

'Yes, indeed,' she answered enthusiastically; 'but don't use pebbles, use Portland cement.'

Probably the chief blame for maintaining the present system at its worst attaches to that securely established institution, the Dinner Committee; and with them it is often inexperience or ignorance rather than vicious natures. It might be better, indeed, if in their case the task had been studied as a profession. I remember that once upon a time the chairman of such a committee placed in the hands of one who was to preside a list of the names of those who were to be introduced. The affair, by the way, had a charitable excuse.

He glanced at the list, and asked her when the speaking was to begin.

'At nine,' she said firmly.

'Will any of your speakers and singers take less than fifteen minutes?'

'I should certainly hope not,' she said earnestly; 'they are all distinguished and most talented.'

He wrote fifteen after each name, added twenty minutes in all for combined intervals and delays, drew a line under the column, and silently handed her the paper for a bit of simple arithmetic.

She looked at him aghast. 'Why, that means that they won't be through until after midnight, and many of our guests live in the suburbs. What shall we do?'

'Leave some of them out,' he suggested simply.

'But that is impossible,' she said. 'They have all volunteered their services, and they are all so distinguished.'

There was nothing more to be said; and after all it was her party.

These rambling comments are worthless unless they are accompanied by some constructive suggestion. An assemblage of memories, pleasant and unpleasant, leads to the conclusion that there are two classes of after-dinner speech. One occurs on those occasions when people have assembled to hear certain speakers talk at length on subjects with which they are acquainted, and incidentally a meal is served. If the meal is a hearty one, and the audience dines heavily, it is unfair to the speaker. Such speeches should come first, and a light collation might be served afterward. This has many points in its favor. Audiences will be more likely to stay until the bitter end; and as even an expert sometimes talks too long, it may be that the gnawing pangs of hunger will set a limit to a talk that might otherwise lack it.

The second class includes those speeches which are properly responses to toasts. It is these that have been more abused by custom in such fashions as I have narrated. Yet the present autocracy of dinner-committee chairmen, the dynasty of toastmasters, and the tyranny of after-dinner speakers, will, like all tyrannies, perpetuate these abuses so long as there is an acquiescent majority. We have learned in these days that such is the fundamental cause of all anachronistic survivals. Education of the majority is the great solution. If, then, hypnotism is the key to this situation, it is in the science of hypnosis that the helpless majority must be educated, for it is, after all, their eyes that hypnotize the speaker. They have done it heretofore unconsciously. Let them become conscious and active factors in the game, and imagine the result. The after-dinner speaker finds himself facing, not an array of victims, but an array of masters. He will say whatever they will him to say, and stop exactly when they will. There are pleasant possibilities in the fancy. What may we not do, Svengali-wise, in days to come, to those high-seated individuals who stare back at us from the head table?

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PEACE

BY ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

I

To one who has looked outward from Paris upon the ex-Central Powers and who has looked inward toward Paris from the ex-Central Powers, two facts stand out in prominence. The war closed by armistice and not by surrender. Middle Europe, from the Baltic to the Black and Adriatic seas, is a pandemonium of nationalism.

To appreciate the meaning of the fact that the war ended by armistice and not by surrender, one must have visited Germany. The entire psychology of the German people would have been different with surrender instead of armistice; the history of their next generation would have been written against a totally different background. Granting an armistice was a military mistake — it was a political error. For weeks prior to October first the operations of each day were defeats for the German arms. The plea for an armistice was made for the purpose of avoiding a débâcle. There is no doubt that, had that plea been denied, the Germans would have surrendered unconditionally within a few weeks after the date of the armistice. Once the armistice had been applied for, this fact was accepted by the German soldier as an acknowledgment of military inferiority by his High Command. With this inferiority realized, nothing could have stayed the rapid development of revolution within the German army, and unconditional surrender would have been the early result.

The military leaders of the forces of the Allied and Associated governments knew this, of course; and if Foch did not actually burst into tears when the armistice was granted, as is so commonly stated in Paris, he might well have done so. It was of course evident to the statesmen of the Allied and Associated governments that an armistice might prove to be a political error. That an armistice was nevertheless granted, and granted, we may be sure, despite the ultimate best judgment of the military and political leaders, is to be explained as the result of the reflex reaction of the French and British peoples. Over four years of most intense warfare, involving immeasurable destruction of property, loss of life, and suffering, had produced a profound degree of exhaustion. Knowing that the Allied and Associated governments could dictate the terms of the armistice, the peoples on the home fronts in France and Great Britain could see no reason why the armistice should not be made tantamount to surrender. If the application were rejected, there was the frightful prospect of another winter at war, since no one could guarantee that the Germans would surrender. The collapse of the Germans had been predicted so often, especially in Great Britain, that the common man was skeptical. If an armistice could be secured in the autumn on the basis of terms dictated by the Allied and Associated governments, why fight through another winter?

This was the psychological reaction

in France and Great Britain, and it determined the granting of the German request for an armistice. Had the governments of Great Britain and France possessed a high degree of influence over the convictions of their masses, one may be sure that the armistice would not have been granted.

For the Germans peace after armistice meant a peace of negotiation and not a peace of surrender. It was immaterial whether the Germans were permitted to negotiate or not. The terms of peace might be identical with those imposed after surrender; but it remained, nevertheless, a peace of negotiation. Germany's deathbed recognition of the 'fourteen points' of Mr. Wilson was in itself a negotiation. In the very nature of the subject-matter, a Hegel or a Clausewitz (and most Germans think like one or the other) could interpret and dispute them *ad infinitum*. A wise pope once said that he cared not who conducted the arguments, so long as he framed the definitions. In like manner, no matter how the Peace Conference has laid down the conditions of peace for Germany, the result has been, from the beginning, and in its effects will always be, a peace by negotiation.

This fact colors every sentiment and movement in Germany. The Pangermanist does not regard his ambition as defeated: it is merely held in abeyance. The Royalist does not accept the peace as binding upon his party. The Majority Socialists blame their leaders for not having secured a better peace. The Militarists picture Germany as having extricated herself from a débâcle. The Intellectuals revel in the thought that Germany outmanœuvred her antagonists. Only the Independent Socialists and Bolsheviki regard the armistice as equivalent to surrender.

Of course there were enlightened individuals, like Eisner, Forster, Harden, and others, who recognized the truth of the situation; but they had little political influence. For the mass of the people it was a treaty of negotiation, which has turned out badly for them because their leaders were incompetent and because the Allied and Associated governments employed the moment of armistice as an occasion for force. The average German knew no argument but force. Force would have been expected and accepted after surrender; but negotiation and not force was expected after armistice. It is, therefore, for them a treaty of force and injustice. Even the fulfillment of the conditions of reparation, agreed to by Erzberger, are regarded by the Germans as forced when written into the peace treaty. The average German is being taught to feel himself outraged and humiliated; and this is the impressionistic background upon which the future history of Germany will be painted. Had the war been permitted to continue until the surrender of Germany, she would have accepted as natural and proper conditions far more severe than those contained in the present treaty of peace.

II

By a pandemonium of nationalism, I mean such excess of the impulse of national existence as to lead the numerous states of Central Europe to disregard economic and industrial conditions vital to their future. When the Hapsburg monarchy broke into fragments out of which arose, in conjunction with other acquired or preëxisting territory, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, and Greater Serbia, the political leaders in these countries, following the example of Lloyd George and Clemenceau, promised their peoples far more than could be secured for them. It was apparently assumed that economic conditions would remain the

same with the new boundaries as with the old. When it became clear that this was not to be the fact, each state attempted to protect itself at the expense of the others, the result being a complete disorganization of transportation, pitiful scarcity of coal, cruel starvation, industrial chaos, and ruinous depreciation of currency. Thinking men realize that the new boundaries cannot be eaten, burned, worn, or used as tools.

The definition of boundaries along ethnographic lines is by far the easiest part of the problem in Middle Europe. Considering the area as à unit, one third of the tangible national wealth was destroyed in war. The currencies have fallen to a plane incompatible with industrial existence. A correct definition of the equities of each state with respect to the others has not proved possible. With the transfer of Upper Silesia to Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland control the industrial coal of Central Europe. The coal output is much below the normal. It lies within the power of these two states to ruin the industries of Austria, Hungary, and the S.H.S. These states possess but minimal deposits of coal of poor grade, and unless they are supplied from the north or can utilize the oil of Roumania, industrial ruin is inevitable. There is no prospect of overseas coal coming to their relief.

And Germany, when she shall have fulfilled the conditions of the treaty, will have no coal to export to Central Europe. Czecho-Slovakia and Poland naturally wish to develop their industries. Coal is 'black money,' just as sugar is 'white money.' But if they allow their own industries to monopolize their coal, this will result in anarchy and Bolshevism among twenty or thirty million people to the southward. It will do Czecho-Slovakia and Poland no good to develop their industries if their neighbors flounder in anarchy. Thus, on the very threshold of their existence, these young and scarcely solvent states have to face a frightful choice between their own industries and their neighbors' destruction. In such a situation the possession of a boundary means little.

Six months of armistice has injured Central Europe as much as the last year of war. Through the developments of the past six months, however, the conflicts between ethnology on the one hand and economics, industry, and transportation on the other hand, have become painfully clear. In this area are now constituted, or in process of constitution, ten nations with a combined population of less than a hundred million. These states have to resist exploitation from the west and disintegration from the east. By an ethnographic boundary we mean the edge of migration of a people. Once made, a boundary is almost irreversible. Sometimes these migrations follow an industrial impulse, as in the case of Upper Silesia. But very frequently they proceed as a mere reaction of adaptation to surface conditions, as related to watershed, timber, and plain. The ethnographic boundaries of this type were determined to a large extent prior to the transformation of modern society by railways and the development of intensive industrialism by coal. When, at a critical moment, owing to tremendous loss of food, coal, and transport, it was clear that the *status quo ante bellum* could not be regained, to invoke nationalism as a refuge in the storm tended to intensify the struggle rather than to ameliorate it.

In this sense it is regrettably true that the principle of free determination of small peoples, enunciated by Mr. Wilson, has been used to excess in Central Europe. In order to visualize the situation by a comparison, let anyone, after reviewing the relations between Ireland

and England, contemplate what would happen in England if Wales should suddenly decide to exercise the right of free determination of a small nation.

The conditions in Central Europe have a large bearing upon developments in Germany, because if she still retains the concept of Mittel-Europa, it would lie within her power first to undermine and then to exploit these feeble nations.

Now that peace between the Allied and Associated nations and Germany has been ratified, what verdict is to be placed upon it? The verdict of the present may be different from that of the future. The peace must provide security for France and Belgium. The German Armistice Commission and the German Commission to Negotiate Peace recognized the obligation on Germany's part to make large financial reparation to France, Belgium, and the United Kingdom for acts committed confessedly in contravention of the rules of war. The treaty of peace must bring about the extermination of militarism in Germany. The treaty of peace must effect the establishment of a league of nations.

Does the treaty accomplish — or promise to accomplish — these ends? Widespread fear is felt in France that security against future German aggression is not made certain under the treaty. France is so insistent upon the reduction of German military capacity that her efforts have at times the appearance of aiming at the economic ruin of Germany. It is difficult for those who have not surveyed the devastated areas of France, who cannot count her dead or appreciate her suffering, to realize how intense is the French prayer for security against future German aggression. This passes in Germany for French imperialism, and the utterances of certain French politicians have given color to this imputation. But the heart of France is not imperialistic. The desire of France is for security, justice, and reparation, not for revenge or destruction.

III

Is the treaty too severe? Is it workable, practicable, expedient? These are the questions discussed every day in every capital in Europe. It is conceded by victor and vanquished alike that it will not lie within the economic power of Germany to make full reparation. The Germans have suggested a figure of $25,000,000,000. It will be the function of commissions provided for in the treaty to enforce the payment of damages by way of reparation. In view of the responsibility of Germany for the causation of the war, in measurement of the death and devastation entailed, and in consideration of the methods of warfare, it cannot be said that the treaty is too severe. Whether it is workable, is a question of technique in economics. Whether it is expedient, is a question of developments in politics. Certainly, in view of the enormous difficulties, the excellencies of the treaty, as compared with what might have been, constitute a monument to the idealism and sagacity of President Wilson. Whether the treaty works out in practice will depend to a large extent upon the quality of brains assigned to the execution of the economic and financial clauses. If the operations of the treaty, on both sides, are to be under the supervision of typical politicians, national and international, the chances of success will not be bright.

The industrial future of Germany is involved in her ability to carry out the terms of the treaty relating to coal. The highest production of coal yet attained in Germany was about 285,000,000 tons per annum. Of this approximately 100,000,000 tons were brown coal, 185,000,000 tons represented black

coal adapted to industrial uses. Before the war Germany produced 70,000,000 tons of brown coal and 180,000,000 of black; she exported some 18,000,000 tons of black coal and imported some 10,000,000. She used, therefore, about 170,000,000 tons of black coal per year.

The treaty turns over to France for a period of fifteen years the Saar basin, with an output of 17,000,000 tons, which, together with the 3,000,000 of Alsace-Lorraine, represents a subtraction of 20,000,000 tons of black coal. A portion of the Upper Silesian basin is to be turned over to a commission, the final disposition to be settled later by plebiscite. This district produced 40,000,000 tons of black coal per annum. Thus there would remain to Germany, at the old rate of production, 120,000,000 tons of black coal and 100,000,000 tons of brown. In addition to the withdrawal of the Saar basin and Upper Silesia, Germany has pledged herself to deliver, during the next ten years, 80,000,000 tons to Belgium, 70,000,000 to France and 77,000,000 to Italy, equal to 22,700,000 tons per annum. In addition she has pledged herself to make good the decreased output of the mines in Northern France, up to a maximum amount of 140,000,000 tons, in ten years.

The sum total of these commitments would therefore amount to 36,700,000 tons per annum on an average; or, to be exact, during the first five years 42,700,000 tons, and during the second five years 30,700,000 tons per annum. If Germany were compelled to deliver this entire sum in black coal, on the basis of pre-war production, she would have remaining for her industries during each of the next five years as little as 80,000,000 tons, as compared with 170,000,000 tons consumed in her industries in 1913. If the Allies were to accept half of the deliveries in black and half in brown coal, Germany would be left with not over 60 per cent of her pre-war black coal. Naturally, she will cease to be a commercial exporter of coal. Whether she will continue, as before the war, to import practically 10,000,000 tons from the United Kingdom remains to be seen. Poland would, in accordance with the treaty, export to Germany 20,000,000 tons from the Upper Silesian basin.

The figures of pre-war coal-production do not represent the maximum output of her mines, despite the fact that these do not lend themselves well to machine operations. The highest outputs of black and brown coal in a certain number of years were respectively 205,000,000 and 110,000,000 — a total of 315,000,000 tons. Subtracting 60,000,000 tons as representing the output of Upper Silesia, the Saar, and Alsace-Lorraine, and 35,000,000 tons more as representing the maximum commitments under the treaty, would leave 220,000,000 tons for consumption within Germany. This production can be expanded, particularly in brown coal; and the use of the latter variety in replacement of black coal may be easily enlarged.

The difference between 220,000,000 tons and the amount consumed before the war in the territory that now constitutes Germany is not a large figure. The gap that must be bridged by increased production is in no wise to be termed insuperable. There seems little doubt that, if the Germans work as they worked before the war, they can increase their coal-production to the point necessary to attain such industrial output as will be required to meet the contractual obligations for reparations. With the shorter work-day Germany would be compelled to increase largely the number of miners, of whom before the war many were non-Germans. It is a problem of the human fac-

tor. If the Germans will work under the new régime as they worked under the old, *if they will work in peace as they worked in war*, the treaty will prove to be workable in the economic and industrial senses. Success will be difficult, but it can be achieved. Life will be hard in Germany during the next decade; but life will be hard in France as well. Industrially, there is not much to choose between existing conditions in the uninvaded portions of France and in Germany.

Before the war Germany had a high peak of over-production. The physical element was coal. The human elements were organization and technical skill in the management, thrift and diligence in the workmen. This peak must be again attained if she is to pay large indemnities; if it is not attained, she cannot support her own population. This is the crux of the situation. In order to pay large indemnities, Germany must again become industrially strong. But will she then again become militaristic? Naturally, the French fear the future. Great Britain faced a similar dilemma. Replacement of ton for ton was once the British demand. But when the British realized that Germany, were she to replace the sunken tonnage, would possess the largest and most efficient shipbuilding plants in the world, replacement of ton for ton was abandoned. Of raw materials, Germany has only two to offer — coal and potash; and with these no large indemnity can be paid. The indemnities must be paid with commodities delivered to the Entente or sold to the outside world, the profits being devoted to reparation. The larger the task, and the harder Germany has to work in order to accomplish it, the stronger will she be when the task is completed. Any task that she can perform must have this result; any task she cannot perform would ruin her and yield no reparation.

IV

Whether the Germans will choose to carry out the terms of the treaty in spirit and letter will depend finally upon the internal evolution of Germany. Germany requires a moral regeneration. She has sought to attain it through revolution. If the present generation, and more particularly the oncoming generation, discards militarism, rejects the theory that might makes right, casts off Pangermanic imperialism and accepts the League of Nations in spirit, it lies within their power to carry out the terms of the treaty of peace. If she does none of these things, the terms of the treaty will not be carried out, and the nation will devote itself to internal reconstruction for the purpose of future war.

It is this factor of the internal evolution of Germany that makes many of the clauses of the peace treaty of secondary importance. One so often hears the statement that the loss of the Saar basin and the Upper Silesian fields, the return of Posen to Poland, the arrangement regarding Dantzig and the Vistula, and the loss of her colonies, will provoke another war. The writer is convinced that, if the internal evolution of Germany is accomplished in the positive direction, these things will not lead her toward war.

If, on the other hand, the internal evolution is not accomplished, then Germany would again prepare for war, even if the *status quo ante bellum* were restored. The future revolves about the moral regeneration, the internal evolution, and the development of pacifism in the people of Germany. This indicates at once the responsibility of the Social Democrat, the Centrist, the Intellectual, and the Junker; and there is no question that the Social Democrat is the most worthy of trust in this direction.

While the future of Europe is in the direct sense dependent upon Germany, the internal evolution of Germany may be profoundly modified by three circumstances.

The first is the League of Nations. If the League of Nations, which in the beginning must operate like a league against Germany, is so conducted as to bring Germany quickly within the fold, and so organized as to arouse and sustain in all the nations of Europe the spirit of idealism, this cannot fail to influence the development of public sentiment in Germany in the direction of international morality.

On the other hand, it is incumbent upon the nations which were opposed to Germany in the late war to encourage those elements in Germany whose influence is directed toward amity. The League of Nations is no place for chauvinists. In the League of Nations lies the hope of the successful execution of the treaty of peace.

The second external factor that may be expected to influence the internal evolution of Germany is International Socialism. The much-vaunted 'Internationale' became the much-despised 'Internationale,' owing to its utter failure at the beginning of the war to exert influence upon any government. The meeting of the International in Berne last winter was not a particularly edifying exhibition. But the appearance as one of the signers of peace for Germany of Hermann Müller, who visited France in July, 1914, to assure the French Socialists that the German Socialists would not vote war-credits, was indeed a tragic incident in the history of the International.

Nevertheless, International Socialism promises to be stronger than ever before. The Continental nations engaged in the recent war expended a third of their tangible national wealth in the enterprise. Labor is determined not to pay this bill; and this motive, common to Socialists in all countries, will furnish a new basis for Internationalism. This would not be important had the Central Powers retained their old form of government; but under present circumstances, International Socialism promises to exert upon Germany a strong influence in the direction of peace. Socialists everywhere in Europe must teach labor the necessity of forced production as the sole method of economic regeneration.

Europe has become a debtor continent. With the exception of the five small neutral nations contiguous to Germany, every nation in Europe is deeply in debt, and either is approaching or has attained bankruptcy according to pre-war definition. There has been enormous loss of man-power, and the working spirit of the men who remain is greatly reduced. There is demoralization in transportation, reduction in the output of coal, depreciation of currency, and palsy of industry.

Europe cannot be restored until a fair measure of productivity in agriculture and industry is regained. Europe requires of the world food, raw materials, and credit. For most of them she must look to the Western Hemisphere. When the hot blood of nationalism has been cooled in the chill atmosphere of the struggle for economic restitution, the erstwhile enemies will discover that their problems are very much alike; and this will draw them to one another in sheer self-defense, because they struggle under the same conditions of misfortune, and must aid one another. The debtor nations of Europe will almost unconsciously combine against the creditor nations of the world. In the struggle for the economic restitution of Europe, Germany and France will not be competitors, but must cooperate. Nationalism cannot save the impoverished nations from the results

of the war; internationalism alone can do that. This fact must not fail to receive adequate appreciation in the United States. With international diplomacy, international economics, and international labor all working in the direction of peace, a positive influence upon the evolution of Germany is certain. But the will to do must proceed from the consciousness of the German people.

In each country in Europe there is a pro-American and an anti-American party. The pro-American parties believe that we entered and fought the war under the impulses of idealism; the anti-American parties regard our conduct as based upon sordid materialism. In Central Europe we enjoy almost universal appreciation. The nationalists applaud President Wilson, and everybody has been helped by Mr. Hoover's management of the A.R.A.

The Germans are very bitter against us. The neutral nations blame us for breaking up a profitable war-trade with Germany. Large masses in the Entente countries, influenced by clever politicians, feel that we have not aided them in reconstruction to the full extent of our material ability. The Italians regard us as intruders in the century-old problem of the Adriatic. The French exhibit a warmer appreciation of us than the British, partly as the result of temperament, and partly owing to the fact that there were fewer points of friction in our relations.

The Americans and British are cousins; during the war we acted as brothers; we must not now separate so far as to become second cousins. One must distinguish between saving the war and winning it. It is generally conceded that we saved it, since, had we remained neutral, the Entente nations would have gone bankrupt in men and resources. Current European military opinion seems to be that our work in the war was more in the way of submarine control, blockade, food, resources, and credits, than on the field of battle. The Germans, following Ludendorff, are loudest in the expression of this opinion; but it is widely entertained and openly stated in Entente circles. Bethmann-Hollweg, on the other hand, states that the victory was won for the Entente by President Wilson.

Time will clarify opinion at home and abroad. Europe has suffered so deeply that she is not objective. But this must not be made the occasion for us to crawl into a chauvinistic shell. It is the occasion for wider tolerance and higher idealism.

THE HEART OF THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

In the flower-wreathed cemetery of the city of Tepic, capital of the newly made State of Nayarit, with the pine-covered summits of the Sierras as a background to the east, while to the west rich undulating country descends to the *tierra caliente*, the hot coast-land, and the ever blue Pacific with the islands of the Three Maries on the horizon, stands the weather-beaten tomb of one Manuel Lozado, bandit leader and local hero.

Manuel Lozado is notable because he waged war against three presidents of Mexico: Benito Juarez, Lerdo de Tejada, and Porfirio Diaz, and because he raised and equipped armies of peons strong enough to attack great cities like Tepic and Guadalajara in a struggle lasting from 1870 to 1877; he is even more notable, I think, because, quite unconsciously, he has given the key to the Mexican problem in one of his favorite pieces of strategy. It was his custom, when a new campaign against the central authorities was in contemplation, to send his bodyguard down from their lairs in the high Sierras, to the fertile plains, with orders to cut down all the banana plants, thus destroying the chief food-supply of the native villages. The peons starved for a while, and watched their women and children starve; then they came in a body up the mountains, and begged Lozado to enroll them in his army of bandits, to lead them forth to war and plunder, which, for them, meant simply food.

Here is the clue, the answer to the everlasting enigma of turbulent Mexico. Banditry and plunder are the last resource of hungry peons, always on the verge of starvation, and, when their meagre sustenance is cut off, immediately pressed beyond the verge.

Have we ever asked ourselves this simple question concerning Mexico — how does a bandit chief like the magnetic and hard-hitting Francisco Villa, year after year, gather and hold together armies of four or five thousand, to wage protracted war against the federal troops of President Carranza? How did Venustiano Carranza, in the days when he was himself a rebel, the fellow bandit and ally of Villa, assemble the troops with which he made headway against President Huerta? How was Emiliano Zapata able for years to maintain considerable armed bands in Morelos, and even to capture and occupy Mexico City? Or, to generalize, how did the hundred dictators of Mexico, in the years following the break with Spain, muster the forces that for generations made their country an armed camp? How did Hidalgo, in 1810, enroll his first followers in the earliest war of independence, fighting the battles that rank, in Mexican tradition, with Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill?

We may, if we choose, solve the problem in part by ascribing to these leaders — bandits or patriots or both — an innate love of strife and conflict, just as Bacon attributes to a certain portion of mankind a natural and cor-

rupt love of the lie itself; but what about the rank and file, the men who are ready, not only to enlist, but to be killed? Is your everyday Mexican so bloodthirsty, so enamored of fighting for fighting's sake, that the hard campaigns of banditry, the excitement of being killed, make to him an appeal that is irresistible?

Or — to put the question in an even simpler form — who are the men who actually supply the rank and file in the armies of the Villas, the Zapatas, the innumerable bandit leaders? Why are they, seemingly, at all times ready and eager to leave their peaceful livelihood, to abandon home and family, for the wild crusade of outlawry which holds so many chances of sudden death? For we must realize that the Villas, the Zapatas, however turbulent they may be on the one hand, however patriotic on the other, would be quite powerless to break the spell of Mexican peace if they went forth to battle single-handed. We have men of the same adventurous temper in our own country; but they are compelled to limit themselves to solitary hold-ups and train robberies. If every such knight of the road among us was able to enroll, almost overnight, an army of four or five thousand American citizens and voters, ready to die in the hills about Harrisburg or Colorado Springs, should we not have reason to seek for the explanation, not so much in human depravity, as in some enduring cause of discontent, some deep sense of wrong, which made men eager to dare and die for the least chance of liberation?

One has read, in the last few weeks, scores of columns concerning Mexico, including not a little invective; but one finds in all of it hardly a line that shows a fundamental understanding of the peoples of Mexico. Neither newspapers nor magazine writers nor Congressional committees have brought that side of the matter to the light. They seem barely conscious that there is any problem to be solved. And the odd thing is that, in the governing powers of Mexico in Mexico itself, there seems to be the same blindness, the willful blindness, perhaps, of a group of men who do not wish to see.

II

The new Mexican Constitution, adopted at Queretaro at the end of 1916, and in operation since the spring of 1917, declares that all who are born in Mexico are 'Mexicans' and citizens; if duly qualified, they are voters also. But there is in the country itself no such uniformity as this definition implies: Mexico has no citizenry qualified to make the new Constitution a genuine organ of government. The Constitution of 1917, just like the older Constitution of 1857, was made for an imaginary Mexico, not for the Mexico that really exists. And because it is built, not upon reality, but upon a fairy tale, the new Constitution has wholly failed to bring the blessings of peace and well-being which its sponsors promised.

The fundamental fact about Mexico appears to be this: if you take away the thin veneer of Latin civilization which came in the wake of the Conquistadores four hundred years ago; if you lift off the upper layer of two million Spanish Creoles, with their cathedrals and palaces and *haciendas*, and with the thin network of railroads and industries bestowed upon Mexico mainly by Americans, Britons, and Canadians, you will find the native Mexico of the days before Montezuma, to all intents untouched, unchanged. You will have a population of genuine Mexicans, — for the name itself is aboriginal, — either of pure race, or with a very small infusion of Spanish blood; a population as varied, of as many widely differing types and tongues, as are the nations of

Europe; with gifted and able races like the Quichés, the Mayas, the Zapotecs, the Aztecs at the one end of the scale; with tribes like the Tarahumare and Tepehuane at the other, still so primitive that they dwell in caves, yet deeply imbued with a devout pantheism. You will find this; but you will find nothing resembling the population of 'Mexicans,' the uniform and equally equipped citizenry postulated by the Mexican Constitution.

When we call the aborigines of Mexico Indians, perpetuating the geographical blunder of Columbus, we fall into a double error: first, we imagine them to be a uniform population; next, we think of them as close kin to the Indians of the United States. In reality, the great mass of the indigenous peoples of Mexico appear to be about as remote in race from our Cheyennes, let us say, and our Arapahoes, as they are from authentic Indians, like the Bengalis, or the Tamil and Telugu peoples of Madras. There are, in Northern Mexico, tribes like the valiant Yaqui, the huge pugnacious Seri of Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California, the fighting Apache, neighbors but not kindred of the Yaqui — tribes which appear to belong to the same great race-stock as the Arapaho and the Cheyenne; but Seri and Yaqui and Apache are alien in type to the great bulk of the Mexican population, and are quite distinct from them in the kind and degree of their civilization. From the standpoint of the above authentic Mexican peoples, Seri and Yaqui and Apache are foreigners of the northern desert country, not genuine children of Mexico at all. The true indigenous civilization of Mexico, the civilization of the real Mexicans, appears to have been developed, not in the northern desert country beyond the Rio Grande, but in the hot, teeming south, between Mexico City and the Guatemalan border; in all probability it included Guatemala and Honduras.

One may give this ancient civilization the name of Maya-Quiché, from two of its foremost peoples, still numerous and robust to-day. It has its authentic scripture in the Quiché tongue — the *Popol Vuh*, unearthed at Chichicastenango by the Dominion Padre Ximenez about 1675, and printed in full, with an interleaved French translation, by the Abbé Basseur de Bourbourg in 1865. To anyone acquainted with the *Vedas* and the *Puranas* of India, the *Popol Vuh* has a familiar ring. Its cosmogony begins with universal night, — what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the Night of Brahma, — when darkness was upon the face of the waters. Then there follows the development of the worlds, first formed like thin cloud-wreaths in the abyss, and gradually hardening into hills and plains, under the formative will of 'the Creator, the Moulder, Heart of the Heavens, Heart of the Earth.' Then beasts and birds are formed, to people the forests and ravines; but, although they have voices, they have no articulate speech; they cannot invoke their Creator, or call upon the Heart of the Heavens in prayer.

Therefore the Divine Powers set themselves to make man, the being who can pray and praise the Creator, so that the Divine Powers may receive adoration from their handiwork. But not at once is intelligent man brought into being; two races are made but to fail: the men formed of wet clay, who melt and dissolve, and the manikins made of wood, whose hearts are hard, so that they cannot worship. A race is at last brought into being, intelligent, reverent, full of a penetrating wisdom that sees all things, the far as well as the near, what is in the heavens equally with what is on the earth. And this perfect race renders praise and glory to the Heart of the Heavens, its Creator.

But the Divine Powers are full of apprehension lest this race so highly endowed shall rival their divinity; therefore, they becloud its far-reaching vision, dimming its eyes, as a mirror is dimmed when it is breathed on. So men became as we know them, limited in vision, yet able to pray and praise.

Such is the *Popol Vuh*, the ancient Quiché Scripture. And it is significant that the reverent pantheism of the *Popol Vuh* is in essence the religion of aboriginal Mexico to-day. The Norwegian explorer, Carl Lumholz, who devoted years to a sympathetic study of the untouched tribes of the Western Sierras, describes the beliefs and practices of tribes like the Tepehuane and the Tarahumare in terms exactly corresponding to the old Quiché Scripture, although he never mentions the *Popol Vuh*, and, perhaps, had never read a line of it.

The high antiquity of the Maya-Quiché civilization has its proof, not only in the primitive cosmogony of the *Popol Vuh*, but also in an elaborate system of astronomy, evidently based on accurate observation through thousands of years, as it arrived at a more accurate computation of the solar year than that of the Julian calendar, which Julius Cæsar in turn borrowed from the ancient Egyptians. Further evidence of the age and magnitude of the Maya-Quiché civilization is furnished by the great ruins of Mitla and Palenque and Chichen-Itza, of Quirigua in Guatemala, of Copan in what is now Honduras. If we add indigenous metal-work, lacquer, the weaving of elaborately decorated textiles, the cultivation, not only of maize, but of cocoa and tobacco, both native to Mexico, we shall have some sense of the varied richness of the ancient national life beneath the thin veneer of the Latin Mexico of to-day.

It is hardly to be supposed that the builders of Mitla and Chichen-Itza lived in wigwams. Nor do their descendants to-day. For, just as there are primitive cliff dwellings in the northwestern Sierra, so there are, in the far more civilized southern country, towns peopled wholly by aboriginal tribes, towns in all likelihood exactly the same in style and structure as they were in Montezuma's day, or a thousand years before Montezuma. Take a town like Cheran, for example, in Oaxaca, with four or five thousand inhabitants, practically all full-blooded Tarascos, where the score or so of Spanish traders must give up speaking Spanish and learn the Tarascan tongue, or starve: there must have been just such towns in the Tarasco country in Montezuma's day, or a thousand, perhaps five thousand years before Montezuma's ancestors came down to the Valley of Anahuac, from somewhere beyond the northern desert, somewhere, perhaps, beyond the Rio Grande. There are towns as completely aboriginal in the Aztec country about Mexico City, and in the Otomi country, somewhat farther north.

The Aztecs, whom we think of as the aborigines of Mexico, are in reality as little this as the Goths and Vandals are the aborigines of Spain. The Aztecs, in truth, carried out their drive to the southward centuries after the Goths and Vandals, and, like them, adopted a civilization far higher than their own. Like captive Greece, the Mayas and Quichés, or whatever branch of their race then inhabited the Valley of Anahuac, led captive their rude conquerors, and instilled into them their science and their arts.

But the Aztecs either brought with them, or developed in their new home, one original feature: the abominable system of human sacrifices to their war-god, Huitzilipochtli, the memory of which blackens the name of aboriginal Mexico, and which Hernando Cortes did well utterly to destroy.

It is, by the way, a fair guess that only a small part of those who are called Aztecs to-day, and who speak the Aztec tongue, are genuine descendants of the first invading Aztecs; just as only a minority of the natives of Bengal, who speak a language classed as Aryan, are true offspring of the first Sanskrit-speaking invaders.

III

But the fact that I wish to drive home, the fundamental truth concerning Mexico, is this: beneath the thin veneer of Spanish Creole race and culture, aboriginal Mexico persists to-day, with its many races and its many tongues, substantially unchanged since Montezuma's day, or the earlier day when Montezuma's ancestors beheld, where Mexico City now stands, the eagle perched upon a cactus, holding in its talons a writhing serpent — the prophesied emblem which is still the national device of Mexico.

Substantially unchanged in race and speech, yet vitally changed in one respect; and here is the heart of the Mexican problem. Within a generation after Cortes landed, on Good Friday, 1519, at the spot which he therefore named the City of the True Cross, or Vera Cruz, the Spaniards had reduced the whole of aboriginal Mexico to slavery, and slaves they have practically remained to the present day, in spite of a series of constitutions.

Cortes held, and all his followers held, that the title to the newly conquered lands inhered in the King of Spain; and to Cortes and his followers the King of Spain, as ultimate owner, apportioned the fertile Mexican lands. Exactly the same theory of royal ownership persisted a century later, when the foundations of the Thirteen Colonies were laid; and names like Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia perpetuate the theory of kingly ownership.

But, while the older tenants of the Thirteen Colonies have long since departed to the happy hunting-grounds, the conquered aborigines of Mexico remained, and remain to-day, serfs attached to the soil which once belonged in fee simple to their ancestors. And the vital matter is, that they have neither forgiven nor forgotten the first seizure of their lands.

We hardly realize, perhaps, how completely unchanged the first Spanish dominance of the Conquistadores is, even to-day; to how great a degree the vast feudal lordships assigned by the royal letters patent of Charles V and his successors remain intact. The Mexican census of 1910 reveals the fact: some seven thousand families of Spanish Creole descent own nearly all the fertile soil of Mexico; and since Mexico measures in all some 750,000 square miles, it follows that these feudal estates average over a hundred square miles each. Many of them are immensely greater. The Terrazas estate in Chihuahua contains some 13,000,000 acres, an area as large as Holland and Belgium combined; the Terrazas family owns, not a kingdom, but a pair of kingdoms. And there is an estate in Yucatan said to contain 15,000,000 acres.

In the home life of these feudal families of Spanish origin, there is, without doubt, much that is attractive and courtly and gracious; just as there was much that was attractive and gracious in the life of the old slave-owning families of Virginia. But the foundation was, none the less, slavery, a system inherently unjust and evil. While not in name slaves, the natives of Mexico, the peons, were made slaves in fact. The name peon, by the way, is of Latin origin, and means no more than 'footman,' with the same origin as 'pioneer.' They are still slaves, inheriting in its full bit-

terness the curse of Adam, toiling for starvation wages and kept in squalor and perpetual debt. The average daily wage for the peon on the large *hacienda*, the great landed estate, was about twenty-five *centavos*, the equivalent of twelve cents; and on this he had to support a family, or see them starve.

Exactly the same system of plunder goes on at the present day, wherever the native has any land left which a Spanish Mexican finds worth coveting. We hear a good deal about the treacherous Yaquis, with their passion for murder and outrage; I should like to tell the story, for once, from the Yaqui point of view.

The Yaquis were valiant, and in their way industrious and fairly advanced. They were in no sense savages; they were even members, in good standing, of the Roman Catholic Church; and for centuries they had lived in comfort and well-being, tilling the rich Yaqui Valley, and desiring only to live their lives in their own way, in peace.

But the Diaz government passed a law, which, in view of its operation, can only be called iniquitous, requiring the registration of written titles for all land, and permitting the denunciation of land, title to which was not thus legally recorded. The natives, who held their land through immemorial possession, had no written title-deeds, nor did they know enough of legal procedure to obtain titles and have them registered. Therefore the Spanish Creoles, whenever they coveted the native lands, took advantage of this enactment, and denounced them. Not only did Diaz recognize the claims of the new owners as valid: he sent federal soldiers to drive off the native owners; and when, like the Yaquis, they resisted, to carry them off, with their wives and children, into slavery, to be starved and beaten to death on the tobacco plantations of the Valle Nacional and in the henequen fields of Yucatan. That is the story from the Yaqui side; and it is typical of all Mexican history.

I have spoken of Hidalgo, the first Mexican patriot, and of his battles, the Concord and Lexington of Mexico, in 1810. In the autumn of 1910, the centennial of Hidalgo's uprising was magnificently celebrated in Mexico City, and the central figure of that more than national festival was Porfirio Diaz, who had brought great prosperity to his country, but who had also wrought or tolerated certain deep-laid wrongs. That splendid celebration was his swan song. Within a few months the more than monarch of Mexico was a fugitive, destined to die in exile, discredited and deserted. The evil that he had done, or allowed to be done, outweighed the good. Injustice to the native races, such as the wrongs inflicted on the Yaquis, brought about his ruin.

IV

Francisco Madero was, without doubt a weak hysteriac, a vain dreamer of the Kerensky type, utterly unable to bring his dreams to any practical fruition; yet one thing must be said for him: he did realize and proclaim the intolerable wrongs of the great mass of native Mexicans, the huge injustice that they suffered, the practical slavery in which they were held by the few thousand feudal families of Spanish Creoles. And because he saw these things and courageously proclaimed them, he was heralded from one end of Mexico to the other as a Messiah; the natives applauded and acclaimed him as no man in Mexico had ever been acclaimed; and within a few months after the great centennial celebration, he swept Porfirio Diaz and his seemingly impregnable government into the sea.

Madero was, I say, a weakling and a dreamer. Seemingly honest and dis-

interested himself, he allowed a swarm of his kinsmen to descend upon the national resources. Some $30,000,000 in cash which Diaz left in the Treasury melted away under the fingers of Hernando Madero, the President's uncle, like snow under the Mexican sun. Nor did Francisco Madero take any really effective steps to right the wrongs of the natives, which he had so eloquently proclaimed. He did, it is true, confiscate the estates of some of the friends of Diaz, — the Cientificos, the clique of learned statesmen who had developed the country, and opened it to foreign enterprise under the aged President, — and he distributed the confiscated lands among the peons. But he did this in such a haphazard way, with such slight guaranties of permanence, that the peons, for centuries unaccustomed to the ownership and practical management of land, immediately sold their new allotments for whatever they would bring, and proceeded to squander the proceeds.

Of Huerta, it is enough to say that he could never have overthrown Madero, if Madero's utter failure had not already discredited him. When Huerta fell, he left the stage to an abler man than himself, Venustiano Carranza.

Carranza was, on the one hand, a provincial official of the Diaz régime, for some time Governor of the State of Coahuila; on the other hand, he was a disciple of Madero, or at all events ready to carry on Madero's agitation. Whether he is at heart an enemy of the United States, therefore a friend of our enemies; whether he is sincerely convinced that the introduction of foreign enterprise, so consistently fostered by Diaz, amounts in fact to robbery of Mexico's resources — these are questions that I shall not attempt to answer. It is enough that, in order to gain and to retain power, he has taken this position of hostility.

I have spoken of Carranza as a far abler man than Huerta. In proof, let me cite two facts. From the revolutionary chaos of an inconvertible paper currency, which anticipated the best effort of Bolshevist Russia, he has brought the finances of Mexico back to a gold basis, and he has gathered a much larger revenue than Diaz collected, even at his flood-tide of success: during the later years of Diaz, the national revenue averaged about $100,000,000 Mexican; Carranza has raised it to over $150,000,000. These are remarkable achievements.

Unfortunately, the people of Mexico have not profited; and here we come upon one of the ugliest facts of the Carranza régime. While, under Diaz, the Mexican federal army cost about one fifth of the nation's income, and on that limited sum maintained complete internal peace, Carranza has allowed his military supporters to help themselves to a full two thirds of the national revenue, while armed bands, like Villa's, continue to lord it over whole provinces.

But the point which I wish to make is this: though ostensibly a pupil of Madero, convinced of the evils which Madero so passionately denounced, Carranza has done nothing really effective to right these evils. Perhaps his plan is radically wrong; perhaps he has no sincere wish to find a true solution; perhaps the military despots, in the main Spanish Creoles, who rule Mexico in fact while he rules in name, will not permit him to act. However this may be, the fact stands. The original peoples of Mexico remain disinherited. They keenly feel the injustice of their position. They will leave everything, to take up arms and follow any leader who promises them redress.

The Carranza plan, embodied in the new Constitution of 1917, seems inher-

ently bad. Emiliano Zapata had at least a consistent scheme, though not, perhaps, a very practical one — to confiscate one third of every feudal estate, and distribute the land among the landless natives. This would have worked no substantial injustice, since a considerable part of each of these big estates has always remained uncultivated, though often quite fertile.

The Zapata plan has its defects, but the Carranza plan appears fantastic. The Constitution of 1917 lays down the rule that each of Mexico's twenty-eight states shall decide just how much land may be included in a single estate; that the excess above this limit, which might easily differ in each of the twenty-eight states, shall be taken under condemnation proceedings, paid for by government bonds, and distributed among the natives seeking land. The noteworthy thing about this plan is, that there is not the slightest attempt to ascertain how much land the natives need, how much they can profitably cultivate, how much would really solve the long-standing problem and right the deep-seated wrong.

But worse than this fantastic element appears to be the fact that even this plan is not being worked out in good faith. It is credibly reported from Mexico that estates have indeed been confiscated, estates which belonged to friends of Porfirio Diaz; but that these estates have not been allotted to the landless natives, but have instead been handed over to the military supporters of Carranza.

The fact, therefore, remains that the older natives of Mexico, who are the great majority of the nation, feel that they have been robbed and dispossessed by a foreign minority, and that this injustice continues. They are indignant, fretting feverishly under their wrongs; they are so eager to right these wrongs, that they are ready, at a moment's notice, to leave their homes and fly to arms, following any leader who will promise them liberation from bondage and redress. Because Emiliano Zapata promised this, he was able to hold Morelos by armed force for years. Because Francisco Villa promises it, he is still at the head of an effective army. Because Manuel Lozado promised it, and died, as his followers believed, in trying to keep his promise, his tomb is a shrine.

No matter what government holds Mexico City, — whether Spanish Creole or foreign, — the long and dangerous inflammation of the Mexican body politic will continue until justice in this fundamental matter is done. If wisely undertaken, and along sane lines, it could be accomplished, without confiscation, without perceptible injury to any justly grounded interest, without disturbance or revolution. But it must be taken in hand, if Mexico is to have security and peace.

ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC

BY JOHN ALLEYNE GADE

I

THE northernmost links of the military chain spanned across Europe from north to south, in order to hold back Soviet Russia, are formed by the Allied troops at Archangel and Murmansk, the Finnish 'White' army, the British men-of-war in the Gulf of Finland, and the armies of Esthonia and Latvia. The two latter have their separate battalions of Russians under officers left over from the imperial régime, and Germans and German-Balts under General von der Goltz.

All these races and peoples and armies fear Bolshevism and the 'Russian slaughter-house' for their own separate and differing reasons. In Finland, the 'Whites' were facing their old mortal foes, the 'Reds'; in the Gulf of Finland, British light cruisers and even smaller destroyers were blocking dreadnoughts behind mine-fields and the guns of Kronstadt — for the British Admiralty had the courage to protect the Baltic, whatever the Allied policy might or might not be; and in Esthonia a communistic republic dreaming of independent sovereignty faced the Soviet regiments, for the sole reason that when the scourge of Bolshevism had passed over their country, it left behind it such horror that the entire population preferred extermination to a renewal of what they had suffered.

When the Bolsheviki withdrew behind the towers and walls of Reval, it was only the small gray hulks flying the Cross of St. George which had forced them back and enabled the long-suffering peasants to gird their loins and form their first citizen regiments.

Kilometre by kilometre the enemy had been driven eastward, butchering and burning all behind them, until Esthonian, Baltic baron, and Russian patriot once more stood united on the frontiers of Esthonia, from Narva south to Lake Peipus, and farther on to the bend by the great Pskoff railroad junction — an army as motley as the crowd in the dressing-rooms of a circus.

After the great Russian débâcle, a few thousand soldiers, stripped of everything, were holding their ground in the Pskoff region. They offered their swords to the newborn Esthonian government, thinking that their support in this hour of the direst distress might suffice to regain their lost fatherland. The ultra-radical Esthonians, on the one hand, fearing anything that had served the Russian Empire, and on the other, needing every fighting-man who still held a musket, however ragged or starving he might be, finally consented to allow 3500 men to form a separate battalion under their own leader, and to give them the Narva–Peipus front.[1]

As our engine pulled into Narva, we felt the lull before the storm. The blue, black, and white flags of Esthonia, and pathetically sparse and simple garlands and wreaths of green wound by peasant hands, greeted the American naval offi-

[1] This battalion numbers now some 6000 men, though only half the number is given on paper, so as not to disquiet the socialistic populace. — THE AUTHOR.

cer as he stepped out in the little shattered station. On one side stood General R——, once the dandy of the *chevalier-gardes* and the best-known figure on the imperial race-course; on the other, simple, manly, gallant General T——, condemned to death within three hours when freed from the Bolsheviki. The news had spread through the city with electric swiftness that an officer was coming from the great promised land, in order to see the full extent of misery and of courage. Horses had been taken from the guns to drive the canary-lined barouches of bygone peace and splendor. Slowly they clattered, with generals, staffs, suites, and the American, in and out through the pink and white walls of the Middle Ages. Parapets, escutcheons, mullions shattered the day before had hurriedly been carried off from the cobblestones over which the little cavalcade was to pass on its way to the reviewing ground. Along the sidewalks crouched the population of Narva, and black masses of them lined the battlements of the fortress from which, two centuries ago, the fame of the Lion of the North resounded through Europe. Less than one half of the original population remained, and a quarter of these, more than five thousand, were the next night to see their homes in flames.

'Will you review the Esthonians or the Russians first?' queried the Esthonian general.

Rather a delicate point, quickly decided by Krusenstjerna, the Russian chief of staff, saying, 'The Esthonians have just come out of the battle-line, and may drop from exhaustion unless reviewed immediately; there are no spare soldiers for reviews.'

They were clad in every conceivable garment, but mostly filthy sheepskin coats, the only glittering part of their accoutrements being the steel spike of the bayonet. More than a third had their feet covered with blood-stained bagging, in which they had marched and fought throughout the winter's ice and snows. As each white, emaciated face rigidly glared into that of the American marching down the columns, he realized that starvation was written on every one of them. The officers' uniforms were buttoned to conceal the absence of the shirt. Wounds had been bound round with paper, and in the rarest instances had any surgical care alleviated the pain. The band played the National Anthem, and the colors were lowered to the horizontal. General T—— called for a cheer 'for the great friendly Republic.'

Then came the Russians; in every uniform — or what was left of it — of Russian dragoon, hussar, cuirassier, or infantryman — scarlet, oriole, and turquoise blue. Some with the high peaked astrakhan bonnet, others with bare, disheveled locks.

As the command 'Attention!' rang down the lines, the Esthonian officers stepped back and the Russian commander turned to the American, saying, 'Have you not *one* word of encouragement or hope to give them?'

What could he say? Those who sat in council in Paris had ordered him to see, to hear, and to learn, but not to promise. We were making peace with Germany, but were we this brother's keeper? The wharves and storehouses of Copenhagen were bursting with thousands upon thousands of tons of American food, but this was bound elsewhere, to other starving millions. But he promised, in his despair, and within that same week came Hoover's cable, that America would care for every starving child in Esthonia.

When the last soldier had passed, the American involuntarily put his hand to his pocket for a cigarette. The general's hand restrained him. 'We could n't stand seeing you smoke,' he said; 'we

have longed for it so much, for years.'

'They look as if they could fight,' said the American, fairly choking with emotion.

'They have shown that constantly for four and a half years,' was the reply.

The little Princess L——, who had ridden from Dantzig to Reval to join her colonel husband, was sewing in her nurse's costume as we entered to have tea with her before starting down the Narova for the German-Balt battalion. The barracks were perched above the waterfalls, beside the huge cotton factories that so long had been silent. Outside lay the timbers of houses demolished by shells, now useful for heating where no coal was to be had. The hall was filled with soldiers of 'her' regiment, waiting for her to do some simple piece of sewing.

A single cup of what might not have been tea was passed, with two slices of unbuttered black bread. Never was a meal offered with more hospitality or less apology — no princess ever presided with more graciousness.

Around the samovar, the American tried to learn and understand the mysteries of what surrounded him. 'For five months,' General T—— began, 'we have fought without arms or money, ammunition, medical supplies, or food. We have taken most of what we are fighting with, with our bare hands. You can do a good deal, you know, when the alternative is a raped wife, butchered children, and a home leveled with the ground. Oh, it is not so much the poor devils facing us. Most of them, except a few fanatics, are as unwilling to continue and as exhausted from fighting as my own men. Every week large numbers of them try to cross the lines and surrender; but we have to tell them to go back and fight us, for lack of food for prisoners. Our jails are bursting now, and more room can be made in them only by taking out some of the inmates to fill the holes in our own ranks. Strange to say, they make splendid and trusty fighters. Naturally, they get better rations in the lines than in prison. There are scarcely any of them but are happy to have escaped from the Soviet regiments. At least a quarter of the men we reviewed this morning were fighting three months ago in the Bolshevist ranks. They are pathetically grateful for the least kindness, and always talk of fighting their way back to "free homes."'

Outside the broken windows of the room, the crowd was growing dense. And what a crowd! Like that of a famine-struck Indian district — emaciated little faces, rickety limbs, and hollow, sunken eyes. Here and there a tiny, bony hand would half furtively be held up, when the owner noticed the American looking its way. It seemed worse than Belgium. There were children, and therefore mothers. They all seemed dumb. Such is the usual eloquence of starvation.

'What about the officers?' inquired the American, as he and General T—— turned away from the silent audience.

'We never take them alive,' was the reply. 'Would you like to know the reason why?'

As he asked the question, he produced from his pocket a sheet of paper, taken the night before from the body of a fallen Soviet captain. It was singularly illuminating, as the reports of the Allied intelligence officers had, during the spring months, shown a constantly increasing number of officers in the Soviet armies and navy, belonging to the old Imperial army — names of officers of well-known regiments and of famous Russian families. Here was at last the explanation in its whole horrible truth. It was an official document, issued by the war office of the Soviet Republic: lines ruled off with questions for the holder to fill in and answer — one copy

to be filed and one to be kept. After the customary questions as to name, age, rank, residence, occupation, and family, came the damning evidence.

MILITARY REGULATIONS

In case of desertion: Nearest relative will be shot.

In case of defeat, where success might reasonably be expected: Family will be deprived of rations for a period to be determined by the commissioners, and judged according to the circumstances.

And so it continued down the page.

The old loyal officers were thus being pressed into the army and forced to this accursed work, with the alternative of seeing their families exterminated. With this alternative, whose choice would not have been the same as that of these poor tortured wretches?

'Some forty thousand troops now stand upon the borders of Esthonia,' continued the general. 'It is just a question of weeks, if you do not help us. We do not need a single soldier; oh, no; we are glad to be able to defend our own fatherland; but we *must* be loaned money, ammunition, and war-supplies and food. We have reached the crossing of the ways. You cannot go on any longer with no Russian policy. How can you bring peace to this agonized world by the mere defeat of our common enemy, Germany? I am only a soldier,' — he touched with simple pride the Cross of St. George on the gray of his long Russian-cut tunic, then continued, — 'but even I believe myself enough of a diplomat to see there is no peace to the body politic of Europe, and consequently to the world at large, until there is peace in Russia. Pardon me if I say you have done more harm than good by your half-hearted measures. The Russian body is so exhausted by the diseases that have ravaged it, that it is now utterly incapable of curing itself. You can no more expect it to get well, left to itself, than a half-expiring patient without doctor or surgeon. The soldiers of Esthonia have done the superhuman. They have captured most of what they are fighting with. The Russian corps has never even seen any of the few supplies which our government has received in relief from the English admiral. There is not nearly enough to go round. It is six weeks since the soldiers have had any pay, and they are clamoring more and more loudly for peace, since help does not come. They are almost all farmers, and they must return to till the ground, for the fear of next year's starvation haunts them, even while they fight. Naturally, the enemy knows of our critical state, and is redoubling his efforts to spread disaffection and sedition. Do you not believe your great President will glance up here to the north, now that the German peace is all but signed? Or is your proletariat so mighty that he fears its voice if he interferes with the mob over there?'

He pointed through the window toward the green-black forests to the northeast, whitened and hidden from time to time by the smoke of bursting shells.

The group of officers sitting and standing around had gradually grown thicker and approached. The men, patiently waiting for their seamstress, had clustered, hats in hand, in the hall doorway. Every man's glance was riveted on the American, as if looking for the Messiah. The little house trembled slightly from the shock of the exploding shell.

'There are a million and a half Esthonians,' the general resumed passionately, 'and we contend we have, with the Finns and the army in Latvia, hindered the shores of the Baltic from becoming Bolshevist stepping-stones to Scandinavia, thence westward to Great Britain and your own great Republic.

We have been doing your work, but we do understand that, up to now, you have been too busy with Germany. But now, now, have we not earned some help? We are trying to mould our little Republic upon yours; we have shown we are thoroughly capable of defending and administering ourselves. Is not one of the main objects which should be served by international alliances the prevention of the oppression of a weak nation by strong ones?'

The American had no reply. Despite his lack of response to the appeal, the audience felt how deeply he sympathized. The general pushed back his cup as he rose, saying, 'I shall call for you at five to-morrow morning; the launch going well, we should be able to run up the Narova and reach Lake Peipus by noon. Count P—— and Baron S—— will review with you the German-Baltic battalion, and,' he whispered with a queer smile in the gray eyes, 'they have all sent home for the Easter goodies they have been saving for the luncheon the officers hope you 'll take with them.'

II

The morning fog had just lifted from the ochre marshes. The machine-gunners were sitting by their guns fore and aft on the little launch, ready for any emergency. The Esthonian batteries were shooting intermittently over the heads of the party, exploding their shells accurately along the opposite river-bank so as to disperse any snipers and sharpshooters anxious to pick off the passengers as the launch pursued its slow course up the river. The north-east wind from off the ice-floes of the Gulf of Finland cut through the coat like a razor. The pressure of the cap left a burning circle around the temples. Everyone filled the magazine of his rifle and revolver, as they chugged on. The spouts of water from the bursting bombs played like fountains in the early sunlight.

Unknown to the American, word had been sent all along the line to every camp and detachment that an 'American admiral' was coming with words of encouragement and cheer, and every soldier and officer must be at attention along the river-front when the launch came in sight.

All through the morning, soldiers seemed to spring out of the earth, and stand riveted to the banks as the launch passed. Where did they live? How could they live? Often the eye could reach between the forests, away out to the horizon, and merely see the ruins of some former miserable hovel. All winter long these men had been coming out of the ice and snow of the same desolate forests and frozen wastes. How did any nourishment ever reach them?

The motor stopped wherever there was a larger detachment. It had been marching all night so as to be on hand. 'It is our custom,' Krusenstjerna said, 'always to greet our men with a good-morning. Will you not always begin with that?'

Hardly had he spoken the words before 'Dobro utro, Admirali!' came from each throat down the line. Then a few words from the American, and then the march past of the soldiers, legs thrown straight out in the cloud of dust, almost in goose-step. An entire regiment with a couple of batteries was waiting at Tischorni, this one nearly all dressed in a brown homespun, with the black-and-white oval insignia of the old Russian soldier on the front of the caps. The officers wore the silver-eagle decorations of the graduates of the Imperial Petersburg Military Academy. Baron S——, as he threw off his coat, showed the black cross of the pages' corps, beside the Cross of St. Andrew. The

standard-bearer held, to our surprise, the old red, white, and blue flag of Russia, here on the frontiers of the country which prayed that it had forever turned its back on all which that flag had represented. Strange was this brotherhood which united all in their fight against Bolshevism!

The Russian officers may have guessed what was in the American's heart and mind when he failed to salute, as he passed down the long double row of six hundred men. He waited to draw his sword until he faced the colors of his country's ally, which he had last seen waving beside the Stars and Stripes on Fifth Avenue. Some twenty blades around him flashed in the air, and for the first time rose a shout from every poor devil, given without awaiting the officers' command.

The American spoke. He forgot caution and advice and orders — he spoke from the bottom of a heart filled with awe at the wonder of patriotism. He felt like Moses before the burning bush — that he was standing on holy ground. The moment passed. The gallant fighting gentleman beside him showed no shame in brushing the tears from his cheek before they all passed under the little arch of spring birch-leaves, once more to embark.

The German-Balt regiment fights by itself; the self-sufficient, mistrusted stepchild of the Esthonian army. The Baltic barons had been left to fight their own battle and work out their own salvation. Some 350 families of them had ruled the country for centuries. They had brought feudalism, successfully or unsuccessfully, right down to the beginning of the twentieth century. They had owned 65 per cent of the entire land of the old Russian agricultural province, and the Russian government let them do just about as they pleased with the oppressed, resentful, complaining population, feeling that the unruly Baltic provinces might possibly cause least trouble by applying to them the maxim, *Divide et impera.* The Revolution of 1905 burned and sacked a third of their estates; then the wave of Bolshevism swept over the country with a fury equal to the storm of ten years back; and finally came their beloved German kinsmen, to set them free and once more deliver the country into their hands, or at least divide it with them.

But what a disillusionment, this crumbling of German militarism! And with it, their delivery body and soul into the hands of those they had about equally despised and tormented. Now the people were in the saddle. A complete Socialist government was installed in Reval, giving the country laws and a constitution which had no place for the Baltic barons. Farmer, merchant, or nobleman, there was no room for the German-Balt in the new social order. The day of reckoning had come. As they huddled in dismay and bewilderment in the old hall of knights on the rock above Reval, there were smiles of triumph and scorn on the faces of the laborers and mechanics who were nationalizing all land by law in the Constituent Assembly sitting by right of popular election in the people's hall down below in the city. One by one the estates were being taken over, agents shot or chased away and replaced by government superintendents, and bearers of names great since the days when the Knights of the Sword conquered the lands seven centuries ago were now trembling in fear of the final inevitable disaster.

But the Bolshevist enemy was common to all, and some eight hundred of the German-Balts, most of them noblemen had formed their own battalion under the command of the old Russian guardsman, Colonel de W——. They occupied what was possibly the most exposed portion, facing Pskoff.

Nothing could have savored more of German militarism than the soldiers who now filed past the American. German uniforms, even German helmets, German goose-step, and German words of command. Every sign and semblance of the enemy. And all this despite the fact that it was centuries since their forefathers had left Teuton lands. But their German tongue and their Russian citizenship notwithstanding, they indignantly refused to be taken for anything but German-Balts! Every face was that of one gently born and bred — some pink-and-white countenances, with the low-necked helmet way down over the ears, had still the mischief of the schoolboy. They were living and fighting on sea and on land, on foot and on horseback. Each one had provided his own accoutrements. A couple of hundred of them were riding on anything, from an old farm plug, hardly to be mounted, to a full-blooded racehorse, impossible to keep in the ranks. The former captain of Emperor Nicholas's steam yacht was in command of a thirty-foot tug, while the Master of the Horse was found currying the artillery horses, before the six field-pieces gave their salute in the form of shells sent across to the new Bolshevik lines. Many of the names given, as some exceptionally smart-looking private was pointed out, had been great in the annals of northern history, famous in the early days of Sweden's greatness, in the battles against Tilly and Wallenstein, and the later Scandinavian wars. It was a *corps d'élite*. Most of the privates had, in better days, held commissions in the regiments of their imperial master. Some few of them, despite their German tongue and heritage, detested the Prussian, having through Russian associations and marriage become entirely loyal to the house of Romanoff. But these were a handful. To most of them Berlin was the Mecca. They had gone to Germany for their schooling and professional training, invested their money in German banks, and staked their all upon a world to be made over under the sway of Prussian militarism.

In the little fishermen's settlement, among the pines and scrub oak skirting the great lake, lay the camp of the German-Balts. The Russian cupola over the modest little church had been crushed in like the oval of an egg. In ruts through the heavy sand planks had been laid, to ease the hauling of the guns.

Some forty sat down to what certainly must have been the most succulent meal they had seen for many a month. With a wastrel's prodigality, they had produced all they had, regardless of the lean days to come — all for the benefit of the visitor who represented the conquerors of the Germans.

Glancing around the table, another type of officer was seen balancing on the back of his chair, laughing and jesting with sparkling eyes and animated gestures, very different from the officer just met at the General Staff Headquarters in Reval or along the Esthonian battle-lines. Here death was mocked at as by the comrades of d'Artagnan. They carried their rifles and rags as gayly as they had danced and gambled in bygone days. The comically ill-fitting tunics were worn with the elegance of smartly fitting uniforms. *Chiens de race!* Hunting the Bolshevik with the same relish as they would the big brown bears; *gueux* of to-day, in every sense of the word; outwitting their adversary at every turn; every officer and private's brain filled with some special scheme of his own, by which the enemy was to be trapped or deprived of some of the guns which had long been worrying them. Every night meant a raid at some point or other believed vulnerable, by a group of close comrades; every day meant some sortie or ambuscade by

dare-devil gentlemen. If needs must be, they were as willing to fight for a decade as for a day. Their backs were against the wall, and what did it matter, when another throw of the dice might decide it all? Their castles were demolished or had been appropriated by the state, their women-folk and children had either retreated with the German wave across Mecklenburg and Pomerania, or were genteelly starving to death in some Finnish boarding-house, or, possibly, were huddled together in a couple of rooms on the Domburg above Reval.

German, French, and Russian gibes flew across the deal tables that had been pushed up one beside the other, while the peasant girls of the hamlet were smiled at for their *beaux yeux* as much as for the dishes they passed. Two or three wives were in camp, caring for influenza patients, binding up wounds, washing the dead before burial, mothering the boys — sleeping always with a revolver beside the cot, to end life should a sudden surprise bring them face to face with the beast and his desires. They had the healthy look of hard work, wind, and sunshine. They had said good-bye as completely to this world as nuns who had taken the veil. The officers who led the American to them seemed as ready to kneel as before the images of their saints.

III

Twilight was creeping on, the rushes bending to the late afternoon wind, as the party caught the first lurid reflections in the northern sky and felt faint shocks from the distant shells. As they wound in and out of the marshes, the pink streak first seen turned into a crimson glare and a sky aflame, huge clouds of smoke rolling across the brilliant coloring. Narva must be burning. The lack of all the supplies that go to make war had at last told.

'It was just a question when it would come,' said General T——; 'they have gradually been creeping closer and closer, until I felt certain it would happen as soon as they had the fire-bombs. They surely know of your visit,' he continued with a smile, 'and wished at least to try to hinder any report being forwarded to your government. Just a dozen of the aeroplanes that are rotting in England for lack of sheds, or that you Americans propose shortly to make bonfires of in France; a few engines and a half-dozen armored cars mounted with machine-guns, and food in the men's bellies — that's all we needed to avert this calamity.'

The different quarters of the city which were in flames stood out more clearly as we approached, and the noise and whine of the bursting shells increased.

There were no more festive garlands, for the station was a pile of smouldering bricks. Fifteen thousand people were cowering in cellars, and the horror of those overtaken in their flight was plainly written on the faces of the mangled, disemboweled bodies which were being lifted from streets and sidewalks now that the bombs were coming less frequently. Here and there groups huddled in the deep recesses of the vaulted portals, watching, in fascinated horror, the progress of the flames destroying the last of their earthly possessions. Again, some frantic, screaming mother was being restrained by her neighbors from rushing into a burning ruin in the hope of saving one more child. Thousands were already homeless, and great quantities of the scanty stores and cooking apparatus were gone. Stomachs emptier than ever before would go to bed that evening.

To the American it was an hour of accursed impotence. But there must be help somewhere in the world. So the military telegraph line carrying the

urgent gravity of the situation to the silent chief of the war office in Reval stopped sending reports of the progress of destruction, and sent a cry for assistance. From the General Staff it went to H.M.S. Caledon, from whose mastheads it flashed on to the watching British grayhound way south in Libau, thence to Stockholm and London, and still farther on to the banker who had moved from Wall Street to the Place de la Concorde so as better to dispense the charity of millions of his countrymen.

One car had been hauled out of range by the engine in time to save it sufficiently for use. It had neither heat nor light nor windows nor seats. The covering of all the upholstery had been slit off by some poor wretch who surely needed it more to cover nakedness than did the officers to sit on.

Both generals returned with the American, to see if a united front might not obtain further supplies from a more than willing admiral. Sir W—— C—— had been sending ashore everything, from overcoats and guns and shells to gasolene and oil; but they were like the two little fishes among the multitude, and there was no one to work the miracle of sufficiency.

IV

If anything more was needed than what had been experienced in common during the day to make them feel the warmth and confidence of comradeship, the dark of the car effected it.

'Do you realize,' said the general, 'the influence the United States has acquired throughout the world by compelling Europe to believe her action was entirely disinterested? Do you know that we look to you above all others as the ultimate guarantor of our new-won liberties? We really believe you are actuated by pure idealism, and no selfish afterthought is prompting what you undertake for us. To us the League of Nations seemed like the message of a second Messiah. Is your great leader so steadfast and courageous that he can stand by it in the face of great pressure from all around him? We all look to America as the promised land. How can you help being our friend, or seeing the tremendous power for good you are capable of proving in this little country of ours? You came into this war to put an end to autocracy. Had you not come, God knows what our fate would have been — probably of the same interest to the Imperator in Berlin as was the Province of Syria to the one in Rome. You can't leave your work half done. You have struck off our shackles, opened the prison doors; you cannot now leave us naked and starving, with a new and even more bloody oppressor than the old close at our heels — how close, you have seen for yourself to-day.'

It was indeed a problem. How were the fields to be tilled which we were passing through? Even if the men could return, there was no seed to sow, no capital on which to begin. Thirty per cent of the small remaining stock of horses was diseased and too weak for work owing to lack of oats or corn. The withering hand of Bolshevism and the thieving grasp of Germany had stripped the land bare. Factories were idle for lack of raw stuffs; the alcohol plants stood still; even the flax was ungathered. Poor ruined Finland could give no more credit. The two regiments of Finnish soldiers of fortune had just embarked, being unable to fight longer without pay. A handful of bank-bills as thick as a pack of cards would not buy a pair of shoes. The currency was absolutely worthless outside the frontiers. Metal coins were unknown, and reprints of earlier issues of postage-stamps were used in payment for smaller amounts of kopeks.

At the recent elections to the Constituent Assembly, the total population of a little over a million was represented by no less than seven different tickets, varying in all shades from the Social Revolutionary and pure Bolshevistic to the Conservative of the German-Balts. The Socialists were returned in large majority. They intend, first of all, to nationalize the land, for they believe this would prove the panacea for all evils, past and present. The nobles are to disgorge; that is the main point. As to the absorption of the land, or its proper or partial cultivation, that part of the problem has received scanty consideration. Some forty hectares given to every citizen capable of using it would amount to only a third of the area of the great farmlands and forests, and this much its owners, seeing the sword of Damocles above their heads, are willing to part with at pre-war prices. But that will no longer satisfy the Socialists. *All* must be handed over, without a kopek of remuneration. The manor-houses still standing are to be turned into schools. When one asks the Minister of Agriculture who is going to finance it, with the country already far over the brink of economic ruin; where is the farmer's seed to come from and with what is it to be paid for; and a plough and farming implements and fertilizer, and a farmhouse to live in; and a horse and a cow, and a sleigh and a cart — there is no answer: such problems have not been reckoned with.

V

And so we talked or thought throughout the night, until the engine, in the gray fog of the morning, coughed into the Reval station. We had unawares picked up a car loaded with plain deal coffins and carrying soldiers from the front on their last visit home. The comrades who awaited them were playing a strange Russian dirge. There stood wives, sisters, and sweethearts, hiding their red eyes under pinafores thrown back over the head, or behind the festoons of leaves interwoven with tawdry tissue-paper flowers. We uncovered as they passed, at least a dozen of them carrying the unpainted boxes on their shoulders. Entering the city through the old walls with their crenelated towers, the procession in homespun coats wound through the Lange Strasse and the other main thoroughfares, always to the same sad dirge, always played out of tune. The gates they passed through still bore the Cross of Denmark with the three lions rampant. A motley throng of fighting-men made continuous cross currents on streets and sidewalks, meeting in an eddying whirl in front of the Goldene Löwe. Country bumpkins, conscious of their new uniforms, who had never smelt powder, as they had only just been enrolled in Copenhagen; Finns bleary from the debauches of the last nights previous to crossing the Gulf for home; Kossack, Kurd, and Siberian; Swedish officers, recognizable by the three golden crowns on the blue ground of their buttons; British tars rolling or punching their way through the throng; German-Balts in steel helmets; Jägers in green. Half of them had on their arms laughing, screaming girls, with whom they were utterly unable to communicate except by unabashed smack or pinch.

For a moment the human current endeavored to divide and leave passage for a group of officers and civilians trying to pass, the former scarcely distinguishable by any insignia from the ordinary private. Every one of them looked as if he had sprung from the people — fitting leaders of the new citizen republic.

Among them was Leidoner, the commander-in-chief, who had the self-con-

tained, gentle air of a student of theology. He had the entire confidence of the ministry and Constitutional Assembly, and was even trusted by the various unruly divisions holding the fronts. Though an Esthonian by birth and sympathies, he had belonged to the old imperial army and wore the ugly maroon-gray trousers tucked into high Russian boots. Despite all modern radicalism and separatism, he still carried with pride the double-eagled insignia of the Imperial Military Academy on his breast. The deep-set dark eyes in the pale, sensitive student's face burned with feeling as he talked of the army's needs and hopes with K——, a captain of the old imperial navy; still Imperialist and Russian, heart and soul, wearing unchanged the uniform of his old master, directing in the separate Russian staff building the group of old naval officers now coöperating with the new-baked Esthonian navy.

Its chief, 'the Gross-Admiral,' as he was jokingly referred to, stood beside him. Prior to the great upheaval, he ran a tug-boat when business was to be had, otherwise turned to any profitable trade that presented itself and did not seem too palpably dishonest. He was rigged out in an old Russian naval uniform, and as there was only half enough gold lace on hand to make the requisite number of stripes for the sleeve of the commander-in-chief of a navy, he had met the emergency by merely running the stripes around the upper, visible side of the arm. As admiral he had proved himself brave to the point of recklessness. He was willing to stick his own head into the Bolshevist noose upon the slightest suggestion, and had the confidence of the British admiral. They passed through on their way to the old gubernatorial palace upon the Domburg. No notice was taken on either side of the absence of any salute.

Thus the stream flowed incessantly, just as thick during the entire night as during the day. Esthonia was at war, and Reval did not sleep.

THE CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB

WORDS THAT SING TO YOUR POCKETBOOK

I MAKE my living with words — none of your literary gentlemen turning out odes to Olympus, problem-plays, magazines stories where the innocent heroine commits indiscretions indiscreet enough to titillate the most fastidiously exclusive readers — nothing so fine as that! I make my living weaving words into a song to serenade your pocketbook.

There are hundreds of us golden troubadours, and our music comes to you from every side. 'Dawn-glow Silks have hues like the twilight'; 'Buy an Hour-glass Clock and your time will be as faithful as the Tides of the Ocean'; 'Breakfast without Wine-rich Coffee is a disappointment'; 'Sunlight — the soap that could wash away the sins of the world.'

You sit there after supper reading your newspaper or the latest issue of your magazine. You are interested in

the ridiculous new schemes of 'the best mayor our town ever had,' 'the railroad strikers' demands,' or 'the last revolution in Russia.' It makes no difference to you that Golden Glow Tea is waiting on the shelves of the nearest grocer to be bought. But something has happened! A few weeks ago Mr. Bouncing, owner of the Golden Glow Tea Company, decided that it should make a difference. He has determined that you are to prefer it to every other drink; and so he hires me — yes, sometimes a little of the money that he pays finds its way down to me — to tell you how delicious, how fragrant, how utterly irresistible is Golden Glow Tea.

What is tea, anyway — ugly, shriveled, dried leaves which color hot water a yellowish brown, which make it taste unpleasant and keep you awake, unless you are used to drinking them! You don't sell a man an auger, you sell him the hole. My problem is not to sell you tea. That would be difficult, indeed. I've got to sell you that magic spell which is brewed nowhere else but in a teapot; I've got to make you think of that spell as a part of Golden Glow Tea.

So I sit at my desk trying to recall all the delightful associations I ever had with tea. I draw in my breath and bring back to my nostrils ghostly odors of the fragrance of bygone tea-parties. There's a certain cosy fire, a green tea-set, and the snow falling heavily outside; a cold tramp, that ended with red cheeks — and a steaming cup of tea. There steals the memory of a woman sitting in a tall chair like a duchess, behind the richness of the silver pot and shining cups. Oh, there are a thousand such memories! Breakfasts, splendid sunset times, and midnight madnesses. Tea — the very thought of it begins to drug me with its enchantments, with its fragrance. Haunting pictures of Japanese hillsides, and sunshine, and blue skies are winnowed back and forth by soft winds.

And so I grip my pencil and begin to weave the echoes of my memories into a song of tea. By and by, if I'm lucky and have sweated hard enough, I have written a piece of copy that reflects the witchery of my memories, that sings out to you to stop reading about the President, and stocks, and German perfidy, and take a moment to hear how tempting Golden Glow Tea is, to realize what you are missing until you have some yourself.

Or it may not be tea that Mr. Bouncing sells. It may be just something like a steel monkey-wrench. Then my mind feels the thunder of the mighty hammers, pulses with the roar of industry, and sees the 'Niagaras of hot sparks' leaping from the burning steel. I spend three days talking with smudged-faced mechanics about round-shouldered nuts, brittle edges, and barked knuckles; and instead of a delicate legend of tea, a chorus of endurance, strength, accuracy, tough steel, and service rings out from the page. I can't choose my subject, you know — and I've got to make my song echo all the way down to your pocketbook, or it's no good.

I don't waste my time getting a preponderous mass of reasons, making lucid arguments flawless. Not if I am wise. There may be a hundred reasons, but a beautiful syllogism never pushes your hand into your pocket. I've got to break down that solid wall of inertia which surrounds us all, so I grasp a far more potent weapon than pure logic. When I write my song, I strive to use a power that has moved the world since its beginning — the language of the poets.

Someone has said that writers of advertisements are the poets who have failed. Perhaps, from the advertisements you have read, you are inclined to

think them the poets who never were. A real poet once said to me that they were the poets who had succeeded. However, be that as it may, young as the advertising profession is, the experts at it have learned the power that lies in poetry to make us act, and it is toward poetry that the advertising of the future and the best advertising of to-day is tending.

Of course, at first you will disagree with me. You will quote advertisements which are mere execrable blots on human consciousness. You will feel offended that poetry should be linked up to turn the Wheels of Trade. Gentle reader, there is a power in poetry; and cunning Trade — like a seductive mistress — uses whatever she may to further her ends. Has she not gone into the hidden depths of the mountain? Has she not shackled the lightning, and wrested homage from the very breath of the winds? Do you think she will ignore the flame that burns in the human heart?

Somehow in poetry, as nowhere else, there flows along, side by side with words skillfully used, a current that carries us beyond the intrinsic value of the sense. Where there is poetry, we don't need elaborate reasons. A little poem can say more than volumes. A little poem can wind itself about our hearts. Shelley says, 'The poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' To move a people to morality were indeed a great task; but if poetry can do that, how much simpler to use it to persuade a man that for a dollar he can have hours of pleasure and thrills with Mr. Swashbuckle's latest novel, that he can sleep until the last minute and always be sure of waking up with a FUGIT alarm-clock!

Amy Lowell has said that words are sword-blades and poppy-seeds. You can cut, or you can drug with them. Personally, I have a pleasant habit of falling in love with words. Not long ago, for a whole morning I was thrilled with the sonorous tragedy of the word 'plangent.' I remember a child once who was completely fascinated by 'murmuring.' She went around the house repeating it over and over. A Broadway producer told me that the reason Granville Barker dressed the fairies in his production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in gold and gilded them, was because 'golden' is the most beautiful word in the English language. Think of the joy of reading Keats — the words he uses, somehow, seem to sparkle and glisten like jewels in moonlight, half shedding the very hues of the rainbow. And long after we have laid him down, long after we have let the sense slip away, the glowing still remains.

And there, gentle reader, you have the secret of the most intelligent advertising. It glows in your memory long after you have forgotten the sense, long after you have forgotten that you ever read an advertisement. If it was touched with poetic fire, somewhere in your memory glows a phrase, a word — or perhaps the mere atmosphere of some emotion that comes floating back at the recollection of a name. So you instinctively associate the idea of elegance and luxury with this automobile; the idea of purity with that soap. An automobile is no longer a collection of steel and rubber that moves enveloped in a cloud of unpleasant smells. Soap is not just a pungent mixture of oils. Your imagination has touched them. They become like a country lane glorified by sunset, or a bit of water that mirrors the sky, or a necklace that once adorned the throat of Francesca Da Rimini. A spell has settled over them.

By this time you are thinking, 'All that you say is very good in theory, but for the life of me I can't think of a single case.'

Very well, gentle reader, here is the first one that comes into my mind: —

A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

What a monument of argument! What a poetic figure! Could anything be more delicately alluring! The phrase sings itself into your memory. It even scans.

Here is a passage from an advertisement which has run in dozens of current magazines. Where in all literature will you find more magnificent cadence or a greater atmosphere of loftiness?

HE WALKED WITH KINGS

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in Hebrew, in Hungarian, in Polish, in French, in many languages he could not read — and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

These are but two. There are hundreds of examples calling to you from every side.

As for the crass, dull advertisements — of course, they predominate. Probably they always will! It may console your æsthetic sense to know that, as a rule, they are not so profitable as the others.

I am not defending the use of poetry in advertising. I am not extolling advertising. The short of it is, good advertising makes the public buy, and most good advertising has a touch of poetry. Many a starving Chatterton to-day is making a comfortable living. Artists are no longer penniless, but grow opulent decorating the advertising pages of magazines. While this is not artistically ideal, it is humanly more comfortable for men of doubtful muses.

But that is a personal matter. All about us Trade has usurped the cloak of Euterpe. 'T is a strange and potent camouflage, and one which those who love the muse and her eight sisters must find a striking aspect of the age, and interesting enough to be observed. And as for observing it, surely that is easy, for impudent Trade has slipped right in between the pages of this book — nay, whether you will or not, she has crept into your Holy of Holies. Who, then, may deny her entrance?

THOSE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG FRENCH LADIES

I suppose it was all my fault. I had got to know her quite well, and we were sitting on the grass looking across the harbor toward Roscanvel. The circumstances somehow emboldened me to quote some lines from du Bellay, whom I had been reading. They contained a reference to strawberries, and we had just had strawberries for lunch, so there may have been a gastronomic as well as an æsthetic element in the suggestion. Or perhaps I had a vague desire to distinguish myself from cowboys, with whom I sometimes suspected her of associating me. She was very young, and such methods were excusable. Anyhow, the effect was *nil*. She finished the quotation, and proceeded to remark that du Bellay had more or less stolen it from Propertius.

This really interested me — not the Propertius, but the young lady.

'Oh, yes,' said I; 'and where did you read Propertius?'

'At school,' she answered; 'but I really read this particular bit in an Italian translation.'

An Italian translation of Propertius! I made a mental note never again to lay any claim to 'culture,' but felt very curious as to how many other things this young lady knew.

'Did you learn Italian at school also?' I asked.

'Oh, no, I have always known Italian,' she said, in a tone of voice that I might have used if asked whether I could read and write.

'What else did you learn at school, then?' I pursued.

'Oh, we worked very hard,' she said, 'and were supposed to learn history, French literature, Latin and Greek, mathematics, and philosophy, and then, of course, music and a little painting. But I never learned more than spherical trigonometry in mathematics — I do not care for the subject.'

I tried to look as if dropping mathematics at that point were an unpardonable crime. She continued, —

'Of course, I left the Lycée before finishing, to go to England with my father. So I know very little. For instance, I can speak French, of course, and English and Italian and German, but my Spanish is really very poor, and I have an awful time with Greek.'

'Mercy!' I exclaimed, 'how awkward if you were left alone in northern China!'

And then I was sorry I said it, because she was obviously hurt, and suspected me of thinking she was 'showing off.' But I knew she was not. She was very young, I repeat, and I knew her quite well — we had discussed the future of Christianity in France. Anyone who had maintained that she was deliberately trying to impress me with her education would have been unworthy of the honor of knowing her at all.

Now, I don't know enough about France to say whether my companion was far above the average or not. But I knew another girl, thirteen years old, who had just finished what I considered a fine copy of the Mona Lisa, and who accompanied Paris singers on the piano. Furthermore, I found that most French girls whom I met held most decided and intelligent political opinions. They could dissect the black heart of M. Malvy, and estimate the Socialist strength in various parts of the country.

God forbid that I should pretend to understand French girls, American girls, or any other girls! But I am not alone in my ignorance; many other Americans must have been struck by certain differences between their friends at home and their friends in France. Most of these returning Americans would shudder, as I do, at a discussion of 'The Higher Education of Women,' or any other phrase that suggests 'a series of lectures at one dollar for each lecture or five dollars for the entire course.' But won't they feel vaguely that it would be nice to discuss Hearst, or La Follette, or Alfred Noyes, or Robert W. Chambers, with women as well as with men? Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. Perhaps they will thank God for the manifold blessings He has bestowed on the American girl, and forget those He has not. I did not meet any French girls who knew anything about baseball or who could use a typewriter. But then, I have no intention of trying to become a sporting editor.

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BRITISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

BY CHARLES H. GRASTY

I

I HAVE been asked by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to write an article comparing daily journalism in America and Great Britain.

Broadly, the differences between journalism in America and in Great Britain and France are those of the people themselves. We had a habit of dismissing French journalism rather summarily, but there is one thing of which both London and New York could make a limited adaptation. The leading articles in the Paris press are a mixture of editorial opinion and news-interpretation. This feature is to some extent supplied in the London press by the leaders on the editorial page. I should personally like to read daily such a paper as the *Temps* or the *Journal des Débats*. On the other hand, the French papers have little news enterprise as we understand such enterprise, and our press, by accepting subsidies from political and private interests, would suffer a greater loss of public respect than does the press of Paris, where the practice is more or less countenanced. I do not mean to say that all papers in Paris are subsidized, but certainly all suffer from the fact that many of them are.

The British press has several marked advantages over ours. I should perhaps put first that it has a big and interesting world to talk about. The interests of the British Empire, with its naval and governmental connections to make them real, are wide and varied. The newspaper reader may look at the map with an interest that is more than academic. I remember when I acquired a controlling interest in the Baltimore *News*, something over twenty-five years ago, I asked the head of the Washington *Star* to give me the secret of the success of that paper. He replied, 'I can do it almost in a sentence. If that corner drug-store over there should burn down and on the same day an earthquake should kill 10,000 people in Greece, the fire would have a column in the *Star* and the earthquake a stick.'

To the British, an event in Kamschatka or Chittigong is worth printing, and is perhaps editorialized about. Americans who have been in London might say that the British papers practically ignore American news. That is because there are not enough Americans to justify giving space to American news as such, and the British themselves have not been interested. One reason why I am in favor of the League of Nations is that it will tend to increase the interest of our people in the world beyond seas.

Of even greater advantage to the

press is the British system of government. Government by public opinion is very real. Parliament is the agent of the people: they have the power of enforcing their views at any moment. I do not say that this is a better system than ours. Perhaps it is too much of a 'push-button control,' and needs checks and balances to prevent too ready a use. Certainly it is less adapted to war than our system, but it is a great thing for the press. Matter about the government is 'hot stuff,' to describe it in journalese. A big debate in the House of Commons has the sporting interest of a prize-fight: it is for blood and not mere 'hippodrome.' The ministry may fall. If it does, a new one must be provided largely by newspaper readers. Reports of our Congressional debates are so dead that readers will not look at them, consequently newspapers cannot print them. They are futile, and no other man will shy away from futility as quickly as the American. The process by which changes are accomplished in the United States is indirect, indefinite, clumsy, and tedious.

Thus we in America are driven to find ways to interest and educate our reading publics. Our British brethren have those ways ready made for them. Criminal and kindred matter is thus forced to the front. I doubt if we print a greater volume of it than does the British press, but it is more in the foreground. This affects the character of the paper. Form thus becomes actually a matter of substance. The British papers all use the same kind of matter, but it is snugly tucked away, always on the same page and under modest headlines, where the British reader never fails to find it. I should say that this class of matter is more carefully read in British than in American papers. The fact that the American papers, or the general run of them, fling it in our faces certainly deters many people from reading it. But this practice puts a stamp of vulgarity and bad taste on the paper that adopts it.

Lacking parliamentary debates and interest in world-news, and having acquired the bad habit of thinking that there must be something big, whether or no, every morning or every evening, we are too much inclined to 'play' sensations from the police stations and the courts. The London papers may have a high degree of life without any sensationalism at all. For this and other reasons London papers are better made up than ours, and they are not so ready to sacrifice order for window-dressing. Even our best papers mass their big stories on the front page. This makes it necessary to run continued lines, which are vexatious, and which tend to prevent newspaper reading in an orderly and thorough way.

As the London papers give their first page to advertisements, they are not tempted to follow our bad example. One often hears from Americans criticism of this practice, but there are points in its favor. First-page advertising renders impossible an over-emphasis which is one of our vices. I can testify personally to the fact that a regular reader gets used to this make-up and finds it most satisfactory. There is a certain reserve about it. One feels that he is not being overwhelmed by clamorous exploitation. It seems idiotic to have to be dictated to by make-up and headline artists as to the value of news.

It is surprising how otherwise sober American papers have been drawn into the fashions initiated by the 'yellows.' Every reasonable person is conscious of the impossibility of making the impression that is sought to be created by the headlines, namely, that the world is coming to an end every day. My own experience in writing for sober papers is that I hear much more from an

article modestly inserted on the second or third page than from one exploited on the first, especially if there is a continued line. The British have a way continuing an article to the bottom of the next column, which saves tops of columns for display. There are some signs of importing this extreme display of ours into London, but it is hoped that the end of the war will bring with it a return to the soberer methods. I am afraid that our extremes in this matter have already had a widespread effect in teaching people to read headlines only. I do not want to comment light-heartedly, for a thing that has gone so far must have some deep reason. Perhaps it is American to want to know the big things quick and to have them writ large. I should like very much to see some well-established American newspaper go back to the old way and give it a thorough trying-out. With our insistence on telling the whole story in the headlines as well as in the body of the article, we should at least eliminate the conflict between the two. To the outsider it often seems as if the headline writer had only skimmed through the copy and had no thoroughgoing idea of what it contained. An insider knows the difficulties that must be contended with — the unavoidable hurry and counting of letters and words, and the general confusion of the daily-newspaper office, especially around press-time. After all allowance is made, however, the headline seems to me to be one of the points of inferiority in the British-American comparison.

I consider the London papers on the average better written than ours. Especially is this true of editorials, or leaders, as they are called over there. The men who go out after the news are not up to our average as human beings. I think that they are outrageously treated by the public, and they would not stand it if they had the same independence and sense of equality that Americans in their class have. A good reporter in an American city is a member of the community who is entitled to respect. Intrinsically he should belong to the same general class as statemen and diplomats, and he really is a greater influence in the world than many diplomats and statesmen. But in England 'press men,' as they are called, are patronized by their inferiors.

Naturally, in an old country like England writing is more of a profession than in America. Writers are bred from generation to generation. In conceding superiority on the average, I except the editorial writing that one may find in a few of our American papers, which is of a high literary quality and perhaps excels in force. I am not sure that, taking the country as a whole, our journalism has sought to develop editorial writing in the English sense. I have often heard the late W. R. Nelson, founder of one of our greatest provincial papers and a man whom in some respects I would put above any English editor, say that a newspaper should always be promoting its reporters to editorial-writing positions. Several very accomplished editorial writers were developed by the literary and intellectual traditions and environment of that particular paper, but Mr. Nelson preferred directness and simplicity, and finally got around to an editorial page without any long articles at all. His idea was to tell his readers in a few sentences exactly what his paper stood for.

He was a master in his judgment of the American people, and perhaps his opinions on editorial writing were sound, for such a clientèle as he served in the Middle West. But every London paper has leaders that are intellectually respectable both in the thought and in the presentation. I do not mean that there is literary affectation. The effort

is mainly in the direction of sound reasoning. Often there is a pictorial quality in the English leader that makes the points more easily understood. I recall a single sentence in the *Morning Post's* editorial on the Asquith Cabinet just before it came to grief: 'Asquith folds his hands; Sir Edward Grey wrings his hands; and all the rest rub their hands.' A column of fine writing would not have driven the point home so well at that particular moment.

The editorial work of Ian D. Colvin in the *Morning Post* is worth the price of the paper every morning. One seldom agrees with it, but it is always delightful and often instructive. The *Post* is a 'stand-pat' paper that hates and wards off everything that is progressive. But it is very difficult to be at once pious and interesting, and if a newspaper wishes to do the kind of thing that we all used to enjoy so much in the New York *Sun*, it must hold a brief for the devil. The *Morning Post*, by the way, is one of the most interesting of the British dailies. It is owned by a woman — Lady Bathurst. It has a tradition of presenting the news in a form most satisfying to a normally intelligent person. One values it as much for what it leaves out as for what it publishes. One will get in that paper an old-fashioned story about a current event, which is just what such a reader wants. It is published for a powerful but small constituency. Perhaps its circulation is over 50,000, but not much. It numbers among its readers a very large proportion of what is known as the ruling class. The qualifications for membership in that class are social as well as political. Deride such people as you will; they still have a solid and far-reaching influence in England. But the *Morning Post* as a newspaper enterprise cannot be counted in the same class with some of its competitors.

II

Lord Northcliffe is the master in Fleet Street. As I see him in his relations to journalism and the British press, his success is largely because of, first, his belief in the masses and, what is a part of the same thing, his sense of trusteeship of the public interest; second, his audacity; third, his energy; and fourth, his nose for news. His papers are literally bursting with prosperity. There is a reason. Others who have been purely sensationalists at bottom have had short periods of success, but Northcliffe goes on to greater and greater achievements. It is true, as Lloyd George said, that the *Times* is merely a threepenny edition of the *Daily Mail*, but it is extremely doubtful whether in all its long career the *Times* has ever really wielded more influence than it does to-day. The well-known witticism hits the bull's-eye. 'The *Times* is not the paper it used to be,' said somebody, many years ago. 'It never was,' replied someone else.

I have no desire to advertise Lord Northcliffe unduly; he does not need it; he does it for himself and everybody else does it for him; but one cannot talk about British journalism without talking about Lord Northcliffe. Fundamentally, Lord Northcliffe, like Mr. Ochs of the New York *Times*, has a passion for the news, and this forms the mainspring of the success of both papers. The publication of the news without fear or favor is very closely allied to a sense of public trusteeship to which I have just now referred. 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free.' If the news is printed frankly and fearlessly, there will not be much need of reformatory activities. Abuses are usually a growth of suppression.

There are many things to criticize in the leader of the British press, but I think that he must be credited with the

essential qualities that go to make a great newspaper man. Everyone gives him credit for success, but few are willto admit — what I believe — that vision and ideality are at the bottom of it. In the summer of 1914, I was playing golf at old St. Andrews with a Glasgow shipbuilder. While we were waiting on the tee, the conversation turned to the Northcliffe press. He became much excited and denounced Lord Northcliffe with extreme bitterness. I was rather used to that kind of talk and let it pass for a while; but finally I said that I was a friend of Lord Northcliffe and admired him very much. Whereupon the Glasgow man refused to play golf with me any more, and picked up his clubs and marched off in high dudgeon.

Britain has, in my opinion, gained much from Northcliffe's journalistic activities, but she has undoubtedly paid a price for it. I do not know of any man with printing presses who hits out so quick and so hard. Certainly we have no such man in this straight-from-the-shoulder country of ours. He takes no pains to adjust his journalistic manner to the old-world manner by which he was surrounded. I use the past tense, for in the last ten years the Northcliffe press has destroyed almost every vestige of the beautiful English manner which gave to British public life a grace and dignity almost doge-like. With the absorption by the Northcliffe press of so great a proportion of what is vital — or, to put it less sweepingly, what is strenuous — in English daily journalism, old traditions of dignity and deference are disappearing with the noble old parks. Lord Northcliffe is a reporter at heart, and no matter what large task he may have on hand, his nose for news is always in good working order. He has sympathy with and understanding of the masses. He is an extraordinary business man as well as a great adventurer. 'Be bold, be evermore bold, be not too bold,' might be his motto. He has no morbid sensibilities. Perhaps his combination of qualities could not exist if he were handicapped by a bump of reverence. At any rate, he has no such thing. If he makes a mistake, — and he makes many a one, — he does not show, even if he feels, remorse. Defeat does not bring discomfiture to him. He goes right on, a picture of the typical persistent John Bull.

Once only in my long observation of him have I noticed that self-consciousness in the Northcliffe press that appears when someone has 'got your goat.' That was during his illness last winter, when he had delegated the editorial authority to others. Mr. Lloyd George went from Paris to the House of Commons for the specific purpose of attacking Northcliffe. He did it in the highest style of the art. There was neither a spirited come-back nor the indifference which serves the same purpose. It was a curious episode. Spectacularly Lloyd George easily won, but Northcliffe really got the decision. The Northcliffe press was trying to do two things. It was hammering the Conference, to make it impossible for Lloyd George to soften the hard terms that had been agreed on for Germany, as well as to help France in her effort for a greater degree of security. That was the immediate objective. I doubt if Lord Northcliffe's heart was in it, for it involved shooting around President Wilson's feet more than he could have liked. But he was deeply disturbed over the British election which had brought forth the Lloyd George Ministry in association with a dominating Tory party in the House.

He reckoned that the situation was one full of possibilities of mischief to an England vibrant with radicalism. France's security had little to do with the case, directly; but on that side

Lloyd George was open to attack; and the Northcliffe press sought, by a flank movement, to weaken the Prime Minister, preparatory to facing him around from the Tory allegiance toward the popular demand for a peaceful revolution. It is possible that the promotion of Northcliffe's younger brother, Rothermere, and Lord Burnham to viscounties, thus depriving Viscount Northcliffe of the distinction of holding, among journalists, the first place in the peerage, was an item in Llyod George's refusal. The game is played that way in British politics.

Northcliffe's course herein aptly illustrates his methods and his singular power of politico-journalistic insight. Lloyd George had not taken any chance on winning for the Coalition, and to this end, in the matter of nominations for seats, he had given a blank check to Sir George Younger, the Tory manager. The latter had appropriated for his party every Coalition seat he could lay his hands on. He so out-traded the managers of the other parties that in the landslide the Tories gained something very like supremacy in the new House. Now the Harmsworth brothers, Northcliffe and Rothermere, divide in politics, Northcliffe being Unionist and Rothermere Liberal; but there is no politics with Northcliffe where journalistic matters are concerned — a thoroughly sound position for an editor. Northcliffe was flabbergasted at the anomaly and the danger of a fundamentally Conservative Government, although headed by Lloyd George, in the face of what he regarded as a popular mood of extreme Radicalism. Firstly, he wanted to bring conditions into parallel, to prevent serious trouble in the country; and secondly, he wanted to line up the Northcliffe press on the side where there were the most people. He does not like to be separated from the crowd; and it is only fair to say that in that particular he follows the most practical journalistic and political examples. In neither field has an effort for broad results been successfully addressed to the élite.

A survey of Fleet Street by anyone having a knowledge of newspaper conditions will show the extent to which Northcliffe has been helped by his competitors. Of course, it is always thus, more or less; but Northcliffe has been singularly favored. He has had indeed one very strong competitor in the *Telegraph*. That paper is headed by a very fine man, Lord Burnham. He is moderate and just, but he is not a fighter. The *Telegraph* is a good newspaper, but it is less aggressive in going after the news than the Northcliffe press. I have already referred to the *Morning Post*. It, as well as the *Telegraph*, was handicapped during the time that the *Times* sold for a low price by having the same price.

In the half-penny field the *Chronicle* under Robert Donald was an excellent paper, but did not attempt to offer an aggressive competition to the *Daily Mail*. It had the disadvantage of an ownership not connected with the management, which afterward resulted in Donald's losing control of a property he had so well managed.

The *News* is owned by a large commercial interest. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, its editor, is a man of great intellectual gifts, and has frequently attacked Northcliffe in a way that another man might have felt. But while a newspaper owned by rich people and with a socialistically inclined editor may have a limited success, it cannot seriously challenge such a paper as the *Daily Mail*. While such a man as Gardiner is reasoning well and writing in the best literary style, Northcliffe is opening up new channels in which to push his enterprise, going for news hot-foot, and keeping in warm-blooded touch with

the great undercurrents of public feeling and thought.

An American newspaper-man wonders at the backwardness of the evening papers in London. Some day there will be a great evening paper in London. There are intrinsically no reasons why the evening papers should remain merely bulletins for the journals of the following morning. The same causes that have led to the development of so many fine evening properties in America will operate in London when the same methods, sufficiently modified and adapted, are applied in London. The *Westminster Gazette* is edited by a man of conscience and judgment, J. A. Spender, but it is commonly supposed to be subsidized by the Liberal party funds. Certainly, Mr. Spender's excellent editorials do not show independence of that party. The other evening papers are somwhat leaner in news, and lack the distinction of the *Westminster Gazette* editorials.

With the exception of the *Observer*, edited by Mr. Garvin, and owned and controlled by Waldorf Astor, and leaving out the pictorial press, there is not much to say of the Sunday papers.

There is a paper published outside of London that is perhaps the greatest mouthpiece of Liberalism in the world — a paper that deserves and enjoys the respect of the public regardless of parties and temperaments. The Manchester *Guardian* is a newspaper of high ideals and common sense — a very rare combination. Its news-content is most excellent, and its editorials are well written in the sense that they are well reasoned and expressed in plain and intelligible language. I doubt if any other paper in England has so much direct influence on the thought of its readers. It is a true leader of public opinion. There has recently been an effort to have an edition of this paper established in London, and I know of no journalistic enterprise that would be productive of so much good. The *Guardian* in London would not only confer direct benefit, but would have a sobering and wholesome effect on the Northcliffe press, which, with its admitted activity in the public interest, needs the restraining influence of the kind of competition that would be offered under such an editorship as that of Mr. C. P. Scott.

III

An American has an embarrassment of knowledge in detail and less perspective when he turns to the American side of the journalistic picture. As a managing editor of the Kansas City *Times* some years ago, and as controlling owner of the *Pioneer Press and Dispatch* in St. Paul, and the *Evening News* and the *Sun* in Baltimore, for some years a director of the Associated Press, and latterly as an officer and correspondent of the New York *Times*, I am familiar with many phases of American journalism. In what I have written about the British journalism within the sphere of which I have been in the five years of war, I have freely conceded to it certain points of superiority. The point of superiority that first looms up on the American side is one that would strike a man whose business it has been to build, but not a pure critic. The relation of our journalism to its chief source of support — mercantile advertising — is free from danger and confusion. I regard this danger as the greatest that presents itself in the development of independent journalism. I do not mean to cast any reflection whatever on the merchants who patronize the newspapers. On the contrary I think they behave with great restraint toward the journalistic institution for which they so largely furnish the sinews of war. Nor do I think they would be

pleased at bottom if they could break down journalistic standards and reduce that profession to the status of a pure business.

It is a fact, however, that in England the relation is entirely different. I do not say that the advertiser demands any share in the conduct of newspapers there, but the relation is certainly one that I would feel very uncomfortable and anxious about if I were running a paper in London. The newspapers there have just begun to develop the advertising business as we know it over here. Within a few years the department stores in London will make full use of the advertising columns of the newspapers. Unless there is a change in present practices, it is inevitable that British journalism will be confronted by the greatest single menace to which daily journalism can be exposed. Only recently in a libel suit in London the fact was brought out that newspapers rather habitually accepted pay for advertising that appeared as reading matter.

It is often difficult to tell what is advertising and what is reading matter in a London paper. Until recently, when, led by an American, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the big shops began to use large advertising, the newspapers have been relieved of the consequences of their methods through the fact that no merchant has spent enough money to tempt him to tamper with the newspaper which carried his business. London has all of this pressure yet to meet and resist. We have gone through with it on this side of the water, and newspapers have become freer and freer from anything like advertising domination. It is frankly admitted that in the cities newspapers are dependent for their profits on the business of a few big department stores. It would seem to be a perilous position. It is an inverted pyramid, but it has been kept right-side up.

I am of opinion that extra-journalistic domination from any other quarter is impossible; but the advertiser can get at the newspaper, especially one that has not yet reached the goal of success, in most convenient ways. I can give an instance from my personal experience. In 1905, after I had had the Baltimore *News* for thirteen years and success seemed to be sure, one fine afternoon all the department-store advertising which had been in the paper in bulk for some years suddenly disappeared. The management had always been rather cold-hearted toward the advertiser, in view of its conviction that independence of all outside influence was necessary in the conduct of the paper; and the raising of the advertising rate had furnished to our customers an excuse for an organized movement to discipline us. Their meetings were secret and we were able to obtain but little information. Such as we could obtain we published, and we made a candid but moderate statement of the position in which we found ourselves. If an organization of this kind could be formed and maintained, it meant that any paper could be destroyed by its large local advertisers.

Some of my conservative friends from other cities, in a spirit of kindness, came to Baltimore and urged me not to keep up a fight of this kind, but to try to come to terms in private. I believed in the other method and was anxious to demonstrate the soundness of independence as a newspaper policy and the stability of newspaper property. At the end of a few weeks the merchants who were boycotting us were themselves boycotted by their customers to such an extent that they voluntarily surrendered. The only thing that we did to protect ourselves was to publish the facts, and this we did in no intemperate spirit. We did not work up any counter-boycott by private means. It con-

vinced me, and I think a good many others, that, if a newspaper were on the right terms with its public, no movement by advertisers could prevail against it.

I believe this to be an advantage that is very generally enjoyed by daily newspapers in America. Our best papers stand in a firm and sound relationship to the people, and in spite of the superiority in so many respects of British journalism, I do not believe that on the whole it approaches ours in this fundamental respect. I would not undertake to give the whys and wherefores wisely or dogmatically, but some of the reasons are obvious.

We serve a larger and more homogeneous public. Between the people and the press in England there stands a ruling class. There are relatively more millions of people in England who do not read at all. Our masses are more alive to newspaper influences. England is more of a political democracy than we, but it is a social aristocracy. The greater portion of England is willing to wear the brand of inferiority. I do not know of any country in which, at least before 1914, position and money bought so much for their possessor.

We have no similar submerged class; in fact, we may be said to have none, now that foreign elements have been assimilated. Nobody here is willing to acknowledge inferiority, and that is the main point. Our press addresses freemen, not only theoretically, but in practice. And very alert freemen. They are quick and shrewd. It is easier to aggregate individual opinion into public opinion here than it is there. In spite of the better material that the British press is able to give its public, as I have pointed out, we are able in America through education and equality more easily and more fully to develop and bring to bear the forces of public thought. It thus results that our newspapers are more conscious of their trusteeship, and fidelity to their trusteeship finds a surer reward. There arises a relation between readers and newspapers that I have not found on the other side, where faith and optimism are lacking. In nearly every American city there is at least one paper that enjoys the confidence and affection of the community. There is reciprocal usefulness, the good newspaper receiving solid support and using its strength to promote the welfare of its community. It must be admitted that the progress of our journalism in this direction was more or less affected by the wave of sensationalism that swept over the country. There are evidences that this movement has run its course and that our representative newspapers are going back to old standards.

Many readers will remember the beginnings of the movement away from partisan and personal journalism toward the higher standards of independence. This movement began in the provincial cities, at the time when the morning paper was supreme. The morning paper had not lived up to its opportunities. Most of these papers were at that time used by their editors for personal or political purposes and were deficient in ethics. Most of them were sold for five cents.

As the morning field was occupied, newspapers forty or fifty years ago began to choose the evening field. The general dissatisfaction with the character of the existing papers suggested to the new men different policies, and they turned pretty generally to civic activities on non-partisan lines. In order to avail themselves of the upward gravitation of cheapness, they made a price of two cents, and in some cases one cent.

For a period of twenty years or more the success of these newspapers encouraged similar enterprises throughout the country, and such papers as

the Chicago *Daily News*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Detroit *News*, the Washington *Star*, the Buffalo *News*, the Baltimore *News*, and many others forged to the front and affected the character of American journalism. The public confidence which rewarded the optimism and honesty of newspapers that accepted public service as their standard was at the bottom of the great advertising development upon which American journalism now rests. It was natural that papers entering homes and bringing the news into the family circle should, as time went on, become the medium of information between the merchant and the housewife. Confidence in the reading-matter columns of the newspapers was gradually and subtly extended to the advertising columns, and the shrewd merchant was not slow to avail himself of this great instrumentality for the expansion of his business.

This development of journalism has had no parallel in England. There has never been in that country advertising of store news on any such scale as we have had it here. I can remember the time when advertising in newspapers was a kind of favor from the merchant to the paper. The merchant was not serious about it, and did not believe in it. He usually carried a 'standing card,' as it is called. He liked to see his own name and it did not cost much. There is still a great deal of advertising of this kind in British newspapers. 'Peter Jones, Draper, Oxford Circus. Spring Styles Now Ready,' is a type of advertisement which one still sees much of in the columns of the London daily.

This is not serious advertising, and in my opinion it survives because the British papers have not yet approached the subject of department-store advertising in the same way that the American paper has. In America we have almost got rid of the impression among advertisers that people read their advertisements by chance and because they happened to be in some conspicuous position. Advertising charges cannot be paid on any such basis as that. There must be recognition of the fact that there is a large public which wants advertising because it is advertising. Women especially desire information as to what sales are going on in the stores. They want items and prices from which to make up their shopping lists. Until the London papers draw the line sharply between reading matter and advertising, they will never come into their own as mediums for the merchants; and until real advertising matter is included, they will be lacking in an interest that is very general and is needed to round out the daily newspaper.

As long as one of the most respectable and conservative newspapers in London can accept a guinea for a notice in its society column, and, to drop into our good print-shop slang again, 'get away with it,' London journalism has not yet put itself in the relationship with the reader that good newspapers in America enjoy.

I have spoken of a class of newspapers throughout the country that may be regarded as the bone and sinew of our journalism. I may be permitted to put into my comparison an American newspaper to which I think will be generally conceded the position of leadership in our journalism; in fact I think that, all things considered, the New York *Times* is now the foremost English-speaking paper. It certainly prints more news than any other, and no British paper excels it in quantity or quality of matter. The London *Times* today spends more money than it ever did for cable news, but the expenditures of the New York *Times* on that head are vastly greater. Our *Times* has been built up by conservative methods, and

its success is a source of encouragement to legitimate newspaper enterprise.

It has seemed to me that greed for news, if I may use such an expression in speaking of such a paper, has been one of the largest elements in its success. As Mr. Ochs and Mr. Van Anda have been at one in their effort for 'All the news that's fit to print,' so Mr. Ochs and Mr. Miller have been similarly at one in the editorial conduct of the paper. Moderation and reasonableness make a great policy to go with news enterprise. It is a fine thing, and, as all practical men know, a difficult thing, to maintain over the years a policy of fair play, of hearing both sides in the news columns. Regardless of what the *Times* has favored in its editorial columns, it has always printed the news, and a finer thing could be said of no paper. It has been the better able to maintain this policy because the *Times* never crusades. Therefore it never gets excited. It keeps before it always its main business of printing the news. Its standard has been one of sterling worth, and the fact that it has avoided self-exploitation and exaggeration of all kinds has made public confidence, when once gained, very solid.

The old London *Times*, especially under the Delane editorship, spoke with greater authority on government affairs. The last thing that the New York *Times* would wish would be any kind of underground connection with officials, which would be necessary if it were to speak for any government, or to occupy such a position as the London *Times* used to. It does speak in a peculiar way for average sense and average virtue. Mr. Miller is a man of great learning, he is a true scholar and philosopher, as well as a man who knows the world on the practical side. If he had chosen, he could have ministered to the intellectual élite, but this would have vastly limited the usefulness and development of the paper. While the *Times* represents no class, it admittedly has the best audience in America, considering both character and numbers. With such a paper and many other strong representatives in the field of journalism, America need not flinch at any comparison with England.

IV

I want to speak of what seems to me a serious blemish on our journalism. I am constantly struck by its failure to develop a sense of responsibility in its dealings with the individual. In a general way, the press appreciates its obligations to the public interest. The average editor accepts in practice the principle of public trusteeship. Ideality is much more common in the newspaper office than is known or admitted by the layman. I believe that much of the cynical attitude toward newspapers arises from newspaper disregard of what is due from the printing-press to the individual. Many men who in their private relations would not think of doing deliberate injustice show in the conduct of newspapers a Hunnish contempt for the rights of the individual. It is often as if a big motor-car ran over a pedestrian, and the driver did not even take the trouble to stop and ask the name, much less pick up the victim.

I know from intimate association that American journalism, by and large, has ideals. It is patriotic. It recognizes public duty. It makes sacrifices. It is truly representative of American spirit and altruism. Its faults are those of our young and virile civilization. No one who watched the course of the newspapers during the war period — before and after we entered — could fail to be impressed by the really fine spirit and leadership of the press. In face of the fact that we had a large German population, — and one that, by reason of its

intelligence and prosperity and average good citizenship, formed an important body in the newspaper constituency,— the press was practically solid against Germany from the first. When America came into the war, our public showed such a degree of spirit and loyalty that cases of disloyalty stood out by contrast and were branded with the mark of infamy. But the fact is that treachery was very rare in America, and much of the credit is due to the press.

I do not sympathize with the patronizing attitude of the club-window toward the press. Its faults are largely those of the public it serves. Nor does it, in my opinion, often consciously pander to depraved tastes, as is so often alleged. Certain sections of the press are guilty of this fault, but I think that the press as a whole is less open to the charge of debased commercialism than other professions and businesses. I believe that journalism will keep abreast, perhaps a little ahead, of public demand for improvement. But I have never been able to understand why newspapers with a high standard of public duty should be so lacking in ordinary decency to the individual. I speak somewhat feelingly. Two years ago I cabled my paper a statement of the tonnage destruction by submarine which for months I had been trying to induce the naval authorities to make public. The figures appeared in the paper as 1,600,000 tons a month. The next day a statement was printed conspicuously to the effect that the correct figures were 600,000, and that the error was one of cable-transmission. Included in the correction was a cable from the British Admiralty censor saying that my dispatch had gone through his office with the correct figures, and it would have been impossible for me, even if I had wished, to cable 1,600,000.

The same afternoon, a New York paper which enjoyed a peculiar prestige in American editorial rooms commented on the previous day's dispatch as if I had perpetrated a fake, completely ignoring the corrections published in the morning. Months later, a weekly paper which objected to something else I had written, because it contradicted statements previously published by it, impeached my testimony by charging me with unreliability in the publication of the submarine statistics. I cabled this paper at once, begging it to set me and itself right, as its reflection upon me was entirely unfounded. My request was in good temper. I told the editor where he could put his hands on the irrefutable proof of my innocence in five minutes. I pointed out that my service was going to many papers at distant points, and that a charge of this sort would injure me greatly in my work. The paper curtly refused my request, leaving me the alternative of bringing a libel suit in war-time, or resting under a widely disseminated reflection on my reliability — my chief stock in trade as a correspondent. What this editor did, no man with the slightest pretensions to decency would think of doing in his personal relationships. He would be cut in his club for doing the like thing.

The pose of infallibility is too common in the newspaper office. No one but the editor and his associates is deceived. Everyone knows that the newspaper is but a rough approximation; it cannot in the nature of things be an accurate history of the day's doings. Newspapers would occupy much better place in public regard if this fact were kept constantly in the foreground. I always felt uncomfortable and unhappy as a newspaper editor and owner at the unavoidable cruelties involved in the effort to print the news from day to day. A newspaper must rely largely upon hearsay testimony, which is notoriously unreliable. No two witnesses in

a court and under oath will give precisely the same testimony about a given state of acts. For years I printed daily on my editorial page a correction column to which every person with a grievance had access. Most of my assistants, especially the old fellows, were bitterly opposed to the scheme, but it worked well. It measurably righted the inevitable injustice to innocent people, and it was a wholesome deterrent of reportorial carelessness. Of course, this does not go far enough: there should be full and prompt reparation in all cases of error; but the general adoption of such a column would tend to remove one of the chief sources of suspicion of journalistic motives and methods. The editor should be a gentleman professionally as well as personally.

V

I realize how insufficiently the comparison between English and American journalism has here been covered. It is a big subject. For example, the varying estimate of the press of the two countries as to what constitutes news is an article in itself. As a reader, I value most in the English paper what it leaves out. We expand big news more. The signing of the Peace Treaty is given three or four sticks on the back page of the *Temps*, under a two-line head; the London paper gives it two columns; while we print a whole page.

We seem always to be tremendously excited about the world's doings. The British paper takes it all much more quietly. We are more keen on 'human-interest matter.' Is n't it that our cousins are grown-up, while we are more youthful?

Take our Sunday papers. They have with a few exceptions ceased to be newspapers. Except for the front and editorial pages, a Sunday paper might be printed the following Sunday. Some of them are printed on the previous Wednesday; and one may buy a Chicago Sunday paper in Arizona of a Sunday morning. Features, gossip, and the Comic Supplement are the pabulum.

I wonder if critics realize the compulsion of popular demand? In Baltimore I tried to make the *Sun* on Sunday a newspaper like the other six issues. I could make no progress. Comparatively little demand existed for such a paper. Our competitors were beating us because Sunday was the natural producer of big revenue in such a city. For months I rode around on Sundays, investigating. I bought advertised dogs and birds in order to get into the two-story house where live the grown-up 'little children,' who constitute the Kingdom of Heaven of the successful newspaper — the people who follow newspaper leadership and read advertising. Everybody I saw considered the Comic indispensable. I had to adopt it, and my paper finally became the leader in the Sunday field. Before I put comics in the evening edition, I was horrified and awakened to find that the best-thinking man in town read the funny pictures printed by my competitor. 'You ought to buy "Abie the Agent," ' he said. 'I enjoy it more than anything I see in any paper.' There is a great difference in point of view inside and outside the newspaper office. Perhaps criticism is better off not to have its sympathies with practical difficulties appealed to.

To sum up, I should say that the American press enjoys the confidence of the public in a greater degree than the British, for the reasons I have stated. There, as here, with some notable exceptions, the power has ceased to reside altogether in the editorial page. I am prepared to believe that a greater influence can be brought to bear by the Northcliffe press to-day than was ever

before exercised by a single editor in the history of daily journalism. The thing is accomplished by what may be called an atmospheric disturbance. The English public has developed a certain nervosity (perhaps Northcliffe has done it), and movements in sections of the community are carried on by a sort of hue and cry. It is England rather than France that nowadays, on the surface, yields to excitation, although there is stability beneath. The overthrow of the Asquith government and the demotion of Kitchener were two of the greatest feats of 'main strength and awkwardness' ever known in journalism. The method was rough, but it had great sagacity and strength behind it.

If it may be said of English-speaking journalism that there is far greater distrust of the accuracy with which news is given than used to be the case, the statement needs examination and explanation. This phenomenon has occurred in the face of increasing educational opportunities for the people.

The *apriori* philosopher would naturally suppose that popular education was based on the reading of newspapers, and that education and confidence in the press should move with fairly equal stride. Superficially, however, the public does not demand of the press a continually higher standard. May it not be that the comparative loss of confidence comes from the increase of popular knowledge? There is less blind belief and a greater spirit of inquiry. Buckle insists that doubt is the progressive force in the world. Formerly a thing was believed because it was in print. I admit that the argument works both ways, but the decline of this faith is in my opinion due more to the diffusion of knowledge than to deterioration in journalism. The people are beginning to see that daily journalism partakes of the unreliability of human testimony in general.

The printing press formerly served the intellectual élite. Its merits conformed to the service rendered and the class addressed. One can admit deterioration in certain directions, but is there not standing ground for a very large counter-claim? Where before there was one reader, there are now a dozen. Good newspapers have been produced and sold for a cent. One may lament that journalistic enterprise has sought its conquests too much in the direction of cheapness, quantity, and large circulations, but after all, nothing in modern life is a greater marvel than a paper like the New York *Times* at one cent or two cents. There were, and still are, many fine papers at a low price that are educating the people out of their narrowness and ignorance. And as these new people emerge, they first demand quantity and cheapness.

Perhaps the universal opportunity for a modicum of learning has grown, through its very universality, a less valued, but not necessarily a less valuable prize. Is not the whole process one of democratization? The peaks are lower, the common level is higher, the whole prospect loses in picturesqueness. The elect grieve when distinction fades out. A wider common knowledge does not compensate for the decline in dignity and reverence which seems to follow the rise of Democracy. I am in deep water when I suggest such a thing, but it seems to me that we have suffered in poetry and painting and in religious spirit as we have come out into the garish daylight. But my point is that journalism has been affected as everything else has, and should not be set aside for special criticism.

There remain several interesting contrasts to consider. The steadily increasing capitalism of newspapers, particularly in England, will be righted by competition. Capitalism has had a sudden opportunity and has brazenly

seized it. The newspaper heart is not there, and the unfit capitalist cannot hold as against the craftsman and expert. The average capitalist, unless he was born an editor, and found it out only when he entered journalism, is apt to think of it in terms of pure business. I would rather back absolute inexperience to succeed in a daily newspaper than the typical experience acquired in business. Large experience shows that the less the director of the daily newspaper puts his heart in the counting-room, the greater will be the ultimate flood of dollars. The counting-room must be run in orderly fashion, of course, but it is the functional side, whereas the organic side is upstairs. There may be a golden egg every day downstairs, but the hen that lays it roosts above.

Sensationalism may succeed for a time, or temporary prosperity be attained by unworthy methods; but given a field of suitable size and not overfilled, trained and enlightened effort in daily journalism, if sufficiently equipped with faith and financial resources to go through the preliminary struggle, will usually succeed in America. Some find it 'a man-killing job,' but it seems to me to be the greatest work-a-day task that an ambitious person with ideals can find — helping a community and at the same time making a worldly success for one's self. It is a vocation for optimists. Idealism is the very stuff of journalistic success

JAVANESE LETTERS[1]

I. THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW SPIRIT

BY RADEN ADJENG KARTINI

[These letters tell their own story. They were written to several intimate Dutch friends by a girl of the Orient who, in spite of her longing for Western freedom, remained always a true daughter of the East. Her great desire to educate her people was not to make of them pseudo-Europeans, but better Javanese. — THE EDITORS.]

JAPARA, JAVA.

I HAVE longed to make the acquaintance of a 'modern girl,' that proud, independent girl who has all my sympathy! She who, happy and self-reliant, lightly and alertly steps on her way through life, full of enthusiasm and warm feeling; working not only for her own well-being and happiness, but for the greater good of humanity as a whole.

I glow with enthusiasm toward the new time which has come, and can truly say that in my thoughts and sympathies I do not belong to the Indian world, but to that of my pale sisters who are struggling forward in the distant West.

If the laws of my land permitted it, there is nothing I had rather do than give myself wholly to the working and striving of the new woman in Europe;

[1] Translated from the original Dutch by AGNES LOUISE SYMMERS.

but age-long traditions which cannot be broken hold us fast cloistered in their unyielding arms. Some day those arms will loosen and let us go, but that time lies as yet far from us, infinitely far. It will come, that I know; it may be three, four generations after us.

Oh, you do not know what it is to love this young, this new age with heart and soul, and yet be bound hand and foot, chained by all the laws, customs, and conventions of one's land. All our institutions are directly opposed to the progress for which I so long, for the sake of our people. Day and night I wonder by what means our ancient traditions could be overcome. For myself, I could find a way to shake them off, to break them, were it not that another bond, stronger than any age-old tradition could ever be, binds me to my world; and that is the love which I bear for those to whom I owe my life, and whom I must thank for everything. Have I the right to break the hearts of those who have given me nothing but love and kindness my whole life long, and who have surrounded me with the tenderest care?

But it was not the voices alone which reached me from that distant, that bright, that new-born Europe, which made me long for a change in existing conditions. Even in my childhood, the word 'emancipation' enchanted my ears: it had a significance that nothing else had, a meaning that was far beyond my comprehension, and awakened in me an evergrowing longing for freedom and independence — a longing to stand alone. Conditions both in my own surroundings and in those of others around me broke my heart, and made me long with a nameless sorrow for the awakening of my country.

Then the voices which penetrated from distant lands grew clearer and clearer, till they reached me, and to the satisfaction of some who loved me, but to the deep grief of others, brought seed which entered my heart, took root, and grew strong and vigorous.

And now I shall tell you something of myself, so that you can make my acquaintance.

I am the eldest of the three unmarried daughters of the Regent of Japara, and have seven brothers and sisters. What a world, eh? My grandfather, Pangerin Ario Tjondronegoro of Damak, was a great leader in the progressive movement of his day, and the first regent of middle Java to unlatch his door to that guest from over the sea — Western civilization. All of his children had European educations; all of them have, or had (several of them are now dead), a love of progress inherited from their father; and these gave to their children the same upbringing which they themselves had received. Many of my cousins and all my older brothers have gone through the Hooge-Burge Schole — the highest institution of learning that we have here in India; and the youngest of my three older brothers has been studying for three years in the Netherlands, and two others are in the service of that country. We girls, so far as education goes, fettered by our ancient traditions and conventions, have profited but little by these advantages. It was a great crime against the customs of our land that we should be taught at all, and especially that we should leave the house every day to go to school. For the custom of our country forbade girls in the strongest manner ever to go outside of the house. We were never allowed to go anywhere, however, save to the school, and the only place of instruction of which our city could boast, which was open to us, was a free grammar school for Europeans.

When I reached the age of twelve, I was kept at home — I must go into the 'box.' I was locked up, and cut off

from all communication with the outside world, toward which I might never turn again save at the side of a bridegroom, a stranger, an unknown man whom my parents would choose for me, and to whom I should be betrothed without my own knowledge. European friends — this I heard later — had tried in every possible way to dissuade my parents from this cruel course toward me, a young and life-loving child; but they were able to do nothing. My parents were inexorable; I went into my prison. Four long years I spent between thick walls, without once seeing the outside world.

How I passed through that time, I do not know. I only know that it was terrible. But there was one great happiness left me: the reading of Dutch books and correspondence with Dutch friends were not forbidden. This — the only gleam of light in that empty, sombre time — was my all, without which I should have fallen, perhaps, into a still more pitiable state. My life, my soul even, would have been starved. But then came my friend and my deliverer — the Spirit of the Age; his footsteps echoed everywhere. Proud, solid, ancient structures tottered to their foundation at his approach.

At last in my sixteenth year, I saw the outside world again. Thank God! Thank God! I could leave my prison as a free human being and not chained to an unwelcome bridegroom. Then events followed quickly that gave back to us girls more and more of our lost freedom.

In the following year, our parents presented us 'officially' with our freedom. For the first time in our lives we were allowed to leave our native town, and to go to the city. What a great and priceless victory it was! That young girls of our position should show themselves in public was an unheard-of occurrence. The 'world' stood aghast; tongues were set wagging at the unprecedented crime. Our European friends rejoiced, and as for ourselves, no queen was so rich as we.

But I am far from satisfied. I would go still further, always further. I do not desire to go out to feasts, and little frivolous amusements. That has never been the cause of my longing for freedom. I long to be free, to be able to stand alone, to study, not to be subject to anyone, and, above all, *never*, *never* to be obliged to marry.

But we *must* marry, must, must. Not to marry is the greatest sin that the Mohammedan woman can commit; it is the greatest disgrace that a native girl can bring upon her family.

And marriage among us — miserable is too feeble an expression for it. How can it be otherwise, when the laws have made everything for the man and nothing for the woman? When law and convention both are for the man; when everything is allowed to him!

Love! what do we know here of love? How can we love a man whom we have never known? And how could he love us? That in itself would not be possible. Young girls and men must be kept rigidly apart, and are never allowed to meet.

Will you not tell me something of the labors, the struggles, the sentiments, of the woman of to-day in the Netherlands? We take deep interest in all that concerns the Woman's Movement.

I do not know the modern languages, alas! We girls are not allowed by our law to learn languages; it was a great innovation for us to learn Dutch. I long to know languages, not so much to be able to speak them, as for the far greater joy of being able to read the many beautiful works of foreign authors in their own tongue. Is it not true that never mind how good a translation may be, it is never so fine as the

original? That is always stronger — more charming.

We have much time for reading, and reading is our greatest pleasure — we, that is the younger sisters and I. We three have had the same bringing up, and are much with one another. We differ in age, each from the other, but one year. Among us three there is the greatest harmony. Our little quarrels are splendid; I find them so: I love the reconciliations which follow. It is the greatest of all lies — do you not think so, too? — that any two human beings can think alike in everything. That cannot be; people who say that must be hypocrites.

I have not yet told you how old I am. I was just twenty last month. Strange, that when I was sixteen I felt so frightfully old, and had so many melancholy moods! Now that I can put two crosses behind me, I feel young and full of the joy of life, and the struggle of life, too.

Call me simply Kartini; that is my name. We Javanese have no family names. Kartini is my given name and my family name, both at the same time. As far as 'Raden Adjeng' is concerned, those two words are the title.

You are well informed about the Javanese titles. Before you mentioned it, I had never given the matter a thought, that I am, as you say, 'highly born.' Am I a princess? No more than you yourself are one. The last prince of our house, from whom I am directly descended in the male line, was, I believe, twenty-five generations back; but Mamma is closely related to the princely house of Medeira; her great-grandfather was a reigning prince, and her grandmother a princess. But we do not give twopence for all that. To my mind there are only two kinds of aristocracy, the aristocracy of the mind, and the aristocracy of the soul — of those who are noble in spirit. I think there is nothing more commonplace than those who allow themselves to depend upon their so called 'high birth.'

I have always been an enemy of formality. I care nothing for form. I am happy only when I can throw the burden of Javanese etiquette from my shoulders. The ceremonies, the little rules, that are instilled into our people, are an abomination to me.

Among us, beginning with myself, we dispense with all ceremony and speak our own sentiments freely.

In order to give you a faint idea of the oppressiveness of our etiquette, I shall mention a few examples. A younger brother or sister of mine may not pass me without bowing down to the ground and creeping upon hands and knees. If a little sister is sitting on a chair, she must instantly slip to the ground and remain with head bowed until I have passed from her sight. If a younger brother or sister wishes to speak to me, it must only be in high Javanese;[1] and after each sentence that comes from their lips, they must make a *sembah;* that is, to put both hands together, and bring the thumbs under the nose.

If my brothers and sisters speak to other people about me, they must always use high Javanese in every sentence concerning me — my clothes, my seat at the table, my hands and my feet, and everything that is mine. They are forbidden to touch my honorable head without my high permission, and they may not do it even then without first making a *sembah.*

If food stands upon the table, they

[1] Javanese is not one language, but several; there is one language for the aristocracy and another for the vulgar. A nobleman addresses an inferior in the language of the common people, *Ngoko;* but he is always answered in High Javanese, known as *Krâmiâ* or court speech. Between the two there is a middle speech, *Madja,* used in familiar intercourse between friends and equals. —THE TRANSLATOR.

must not touch the tiniest morsel till it has pleased me to partake of that which I would (as much as I desire). Should you speak against your superiors, do it softly, so that only those who are near may hear. Oh, yes; one even trembles by rule in a noble Javanese household. When a young lady laughs, she must not open her mouth.

If a girl runs, she must do it decorously, with little mincing steps and oh, so slowly, like a snail. To run just a little fast is to be a hoyden.

Toward my older brothers and sisters I show every respect, and observe all forms scrupulously. I do not wish to deny the good right of anyone, but the younger ones, beginning with me, are doing away with all ceremony. Freedom, equality, and fraternity! For my little brother and sisters, toward me and toward each other, are like free, equal comrades. Between us there is no stiffness — there is only friendship and hearty affection. The sisters say 'thee' and 'thou' to me, and we speak the same language.

JAPARA.

Certainly, Stella, I cannot thank my parents enough for the free bringing up which they have given me. I had rather have my whole life one of strife and sorrow than be without the knowledge which I owe to my European education. I know that many, many difficulties await me, but I am not afraid of the future. I cannot remain content in my old condition; yet to further the new progress I can do nothing: a dozen strong chains bind me fast to my world. What will be the outcome? All my European friends ask themselves this question. All can see that the situation is critical for us; and then they say that it was a mistake for my father to give me the little education which I have had. No! No! Not on my dearest father lies the blame. No, and again no! Father could not foresee that the same bringing up which he gave to all of his children would have had such an effect upon one of them.

There is no help for it. Some day or other it will come to pass, must come to pass, that I shall have to follow an unknown bridegroom. Love is a will-o'-the-wisp in our Javanese world! How can a man and woman love each other when they see each other for the first time in their lives after they are already fast bound in the chains of wedlock?

I shall never, never fall in love. To love, there must be first respect, according to my thinking; and I can have no respect for the Javanese young man. How can I respect one who is married and a father, and who, when he has had enough of the mother of his children, brings another woman into his house, and is, according to the Mohammedan law, legally married to her? And who does not do this? And why not? It is no sin, and still less a scandal. The Mohammedan law allows a man to have four wives at the same time.

If I could learn the Dutch language thoroughly, my future would be assured. A rich field of labor would then lie open to me, and I should be a true child of humanity. For, you see, I, as a born Javanese, know all about the Indian world. A European, no matter how long he may have lived in Java and studied existing conditions, can still know nothing of the inner native life. To understand that, one has to be born a Javanese. Much that is obscure now and a riddle to Europeans, I could make clear with a few words.

I cannot tell you anything of the Mohammedan law, Stella. Its followers are forbidden to speak of it with those of another faith. And, in truth, I am a Mohammedan only because my ancestors were. How can I love a doctrine which I do not know — may never know? The Koran is too holy to be

translated into any language whatever. Here no one speaks Arabic. It is customary to read from the Koran; but what is read no one understands! To me it is a silly thing to be obliged to read something without being able to understand it.

Religion is intended as a blessing to mankind — a bond between all the creatures of God. They should be as brothers and sisters, not because they have the same human parents, but because they are all children of one Father, of Him who is enthroned in the heavens above. Brothers and sisters must love one another, help, strengthen and support one another. O God! sometimes I wish that there had never been a religion, because that which should unite mankind into one common brotherhood has been through all the ages a cause of strife, of discord, and of bloodshed.

What do we speak at home? What a question, Stella, dear! Naturally, our language is Javanese. We speak Malayish with strange people who are Easterners, either Malays, Moors, Arabs, or Chinese, and Dutch with Europeans.

O Stella, how I laughed when I read your question: 'Would your parents disapprove if you should embrace them heartily?' Why, I have yet to give my parents or my brothers and sisters, the first kiss! Kissing is not customary among the Javanese.[1] Only children of from one to three, four, five, or six are kissed. We never kiss one another. You are astonished at that! But it is true. Only our young Holland friends kiss us, and we kiss them back; that has only been recently.

At first we loved to have them kiss us, but never kissed them in return. We have only learned to kiss since we have been such friends with Mevrouw Ovink. When she would embrace us, she would ask us to kiss her. At first we found it queer, and acquitted ourselves awkwardly. Does this seem strange to you? No matter how much I should love one of my Dutch friends, it would never come into my head to kiss her without being asked. You ask why? Because I do not know whether she would like it. It is pleasant for us to press a soft white cheek with our lips, but whether the possessor of that pretty cheek also finds it pleasant to feel a dark face against hers, is another question. We had rather let people think us heartless, for of our own accord we would never embrace.

[1] Havelock Ellis says that the kiss is unknown throughout Eastern Asia. In Japan, as in Java, mothers kiss their babies; but Chinese mothers sometimes frighten their children by threatening to give them the white man's kiss. — THE TRANSLATOR.

Let me tell you a story that is neither amusing nor interesting, but dull and monotonous and long-drawn-out, and will demand much patience.

It is the history of three brown girls, children of the sunny East; born blind, but whose eyes have been opened so that they can see the beautiful, noble things in life.

Already in her earliest youth, when emancipation was for her an unknown word, and when books and other writings which spoke of it were far beyond her reach, in one of the three sisters was born the desire to open the door of life.

It was recreation hour at the European school at Japara. Under the yellow blossoming waroe trees in the school-yard, big and little girls were grouped in happy disorder. It was so warm that no one cared to play.

'Shut your book, Letsy, I have something to tell you,' pleaded a brown girl, whose costume and head-dress betrayed the Javanese.

A big blonde girl, who leaned against the trunk of a tree reading eagerly in a book, turned round and said, 'No, I have to study my French lesson.'

'You can do that at home, for it is not school work.'

'Yes, but if I do not learn my French lessons well, I shall not be allowed to go to Holland year after next; and I am so anxious to go there to study at the Normal School. When I come back later as a teacher, perhaps I shall be placed here, and then I shall sit on the platform before the class as our teacher does now. But tell me, Ni, you have never yet said what you were going to be when you grew up?'

Two large eyes were turned toward the speaker in astonishment.

'Only tell me.'

The little Javanese shook her head and said laconically, 'I do not know.'

The first thing that she did when she got home was to run to her father and lay the problem before him.

'What am I going to be when I grow up?'

He said nothing, but smiled and pinched her cheek. But she would not allow herself to be put off, and waited, teasing him for an answer. At last an older brother came in, and answered the question. Her greedy listening ears heard these words: —

'What should a girl become? Why a Raden Adjoe [a Javanese married woman of high rank], naturally.'

The little girl was satisfied with the answer, and went quickly and happily away.

'A Raden Adjoe,' she repeated several times to herself. 'What is a Raden Adjoe?' The idea was with her always; she thought constantly of the two words 'Raden Adjoe.' She must later become such an one. She looked around her, saw and came in contact with many Raden Adjoes, regarded them attentively, studied them, and what she learned (as much as a child could understand) of the lives of these women, caused the spirit of opposition to awake in her heart against this being a Raden Adjoe — this ancient iron-bound rule, that girls must marry, must belong to a man, without being asked when, who, or how.

This little girl reached the age of twelve and a half, and it was time that she should say farewell to her merry, childish life, and take leave of the school-benches on which she had been so glad to sit, and of the little European companions among whom she had studied so willingly. She was old enough to come home according to the custom of her country. It demands that a young girl remain in the house, and be rigidly secluded from the outside world until that time when the man for whom God has created her shall come and take her to his dwelling.

She knew all too well that with the school door much that was unutterably dear would be closed to her forever. The parting from the dear teacher, who bade her farewell with such sympathetic, cordial words, counseling resignation, and from little companions, who with tears in their eyes pressed her hand.

It was hard, but it was as nothing in comparison with the giving up of her lessons, the ending of her studies. She was so bent upon learning, and she knew that there was much more yet to be studied before one can even go through the lower school. She was ambitious, and she did not wish to stand below her little white friends, most of whom were going to Europe later, or her brothers who went to the High School.

She implored her father to allow her to go to the High School at Samarang with the boys: she would do her best; her parents would never have to complain of her.

Caressingly he stroked the dark little head, his fingers pushed back tenderly the rebellious locks from her forehead, and softly and yet firmly, the word 'No' came from his lips.

She sprang up, she knew what 'No' from him meant. She went away and crept under the bed to hide herself; she wished to be alone with her grief.

Once her teacher had asked her if she could not go to Holland to study with Letsy, his daughter, who was her friend. She listened eagerly and with shining eyes.

'Would you not like to go?'

'Do not ask me if I would like to go; ask me if I may,' came hoarsely from her trembling lips.

Gone, gone was her merry childhood; gone everything that made her young life happy. She still felt herself such a child, and she was that in fact, too, but the law placed her inexorably among the full grown.

Ni sinned every second.

She watched her younger sisters with hungry longing every time that they went out of the door, armed with their school-books, to go to the temple of wisdom where knowledge was to be found.

For a time she tried to study her lessons by herself; but it seemed useless — a pupil alone without a master soon grows discouraged. With a deep sigh she hid her books away.

Ni found it hard, but not so hard as to feel that her own mother was opposed to her. She too closed her heart to her, because her child's ideas were diametrically opposed to her own.

Still her life was not so wholly colorless and dull. There were two who held to her, who loved her just as she was; she felt their love warming her inmost being, and clung to them with all the tenderness of her thirsting heart. They were her father and her third brother — the youngest of her older brothers. It is true that they could not satisfy her most intimate and dearest wish to be free; could never gratify her longing to study. But her dear father was always so good to his little daughter, his own silly girl; she knew that he loved her, she felt it. He would look at her tenderly, his gentle hands would stroke her cheeks, her hair, and his strong arms would go protectingly round her.

And she knew that brother loved her, too; although he had never told her so, had never spoken a loving word to her, had never caressed her. But a thousand little delicate attentions of which only a loving heart could think spoke constantly of his warm affection for her. He never laughed at her when she told him her thoughts, never made her shiver with a cold 'Go your own way; as for me, I am a Javanese.' Ni felt so rich with the love of her two dear ones, and with the sympathy of her brother.

But her father was not always with her; he had his work to do, and where he worked she might not go. She must never go out of the fast-closed place which was her dwelling. And her brother was at home only once in the year, for he went to school in Samarang.

Her oldest brother came home. He had obtained an appointment in the neighborhood and lived with his parents. If Ni had suffered before his coming, from the coolness of nearly all those who lived in the house with her, from their indifference to all that interested her, from her imprisonment, there now began a series of teasings and tormentings which added a thousand times to her distress. Ni was wild; she could not dance to the piping of her brother. 'Young people should be submissive and obey their elders,' was constantly preached to her; and above all, 'Girls must be submissive to their older brothers.'

But headstrong Ni could not see why this should be. She could not help it, that she should have been born later than her brother; that was no reason why she should be submissive to him. She was not answerable to anyone, only to her own conscience and her own

heart. She would never give in to her brother except when she was convinced that he was right.

At first he was astonished, and later he grew angry, when he saw that a little girl who was half a dozen years younger than he dared to defy his will. She must be forcibly suppressed. Everything was wrong that Ni did. She was severely reprimanded for each little fault. No day passed that brother and sister did not stand facing each other in anger — he with a dark countenance and stern words that made her heart bleed, and she with quivering lips tremblingly defending her good right to do something which he wished to forbid.

She was entirely alone in her fight against the despotism of her brother — her future protector, whenever she should have the misfortune to lose her parents, until she should leave his roof under the protection of the man for whom God had created her! He took very good care not to torment her when her father was there; father would never have allowed it, and he knew very well that she was too proud to tell.

But the others who lived in the house were silent too, although they knew that she was within her rights. A girl had no right to do anything that would even partially detract from the importance of a man. It was not right for this girl to oppose her ideas to those of her self-willed brother.

In later years, when Ni recalled all this, she could understand perfectly why the man was so egotistical. Always, by everyone in the house, he was taught as a child to be selfish, by his mother most of all. From childhood he was taught to regard the girl, the woman, as a creature of a lower order than himself. Had she not often heard his mother, his aunts, and all the women of his acquaintance say to him in scornful, disdainful tones, 'A girl is only a girl'? It is through woman herself that man first learns to scorn woman. Ni's blood boiled whenever she heard deprecating words about girls spoken by a woman.

She had always been fond of reading, but now her love for reading became a passion; as soon as she had time, when all her little duties were done, she would seize a book or paper. She read everything that came into her hands; she greedily devoured both the green and the ripe. Once she threw away a book which was full of horrors. She did not have to look into books when she wished to know of loathsome, nauseating things: real life was full of them; it was to escape from them that she buried her soul in realms which the genius of man has fashioned out of the spirit of fantasy.

Her father took a great pleasure in her love of reading and showered her with presents of books. She did not understand everything that she read, but she did not allow herself to be discouraged by that. What she could not understand in the first reading became in the second less obscure, and at the third or fourth, it would be quite clear. Every unknown word that she found she noted down; and later, when her dearest brother came home, she would ask him its meaning. And he helped his little sister so willingly and lovingly.

A little brother was born, and this helpless baby held Ni back from misfortune; he brought her again into the good path from which she had begun to wander. She was fast becoming a bad child toward her mother. She had closed her heart more and more toward her, and the little brother made the doors of that heart spring wide open again. Little brother taught her what a mother is, and what a child owes to its mother.

Four years went by, calm and quiet on the surface, but to those who could see below it, full of strife for Ni. She

learned much in those years: self-mastery, submission, not always to think first of herself; but peace and acquiescence she had not learned, could never learn; her head was haunted by turbulent thoughts, fostered by things that she saw around her, connected both with her own life, and with the lives of others, which made her blood boil. Voices, too, still came to her from the distant West in books, newspapers, and magazines, and in letters from Dutch friends.

She had scarcely been away from her parent's house a single time.

Her oldest brother, meanwhile, was given a position at a distance, and Ni was ashamed that she should be so very glad. He was still her brother, although he had not loved her.

Time and separation work wonders; they took away all resentment from Ni's heart, and she grew to love her brother truly. She felt sorry for the great boy who had allowed himself to be deceived by the silly flattery of fawning, favor-seeking men. It comforted her to think that toward the last she had noticed a change in his conduct toward her. He said nothing in words, but his actions spoke of his sorrow for his former injustice; and Ni thanked God with tears in her eyes that her brother was beginning to be fond of her. She who had been formerly disliked and hated was now first. She was always with him, and he would do more for her than for anyone else.

Ni was now sixteen. The oldest sister married, and with the wedding celebration changes came into her own life. Ni learned to know her sisters, who up to this time had lived near her, but as strangers. There could never have been very much confidence between her older sister and herself; she was only an older sister. And Ni did not wish to be so regarded by the younger ones: she wished to be loved, and not feared. Freedom and equality were what she asked for herself; ought she not to begin by giving them to others? The intercourse between the younger sisters and herself must be free and unrestrained. Away with everything that would hinder it. With Bimi and Wi, a little sister who had meanwhile come to the 'box,' Ni took sister's room. And the three lives that had hitherto been strange to one another, flowed together and became as one.

Father has borne so patiently with all my caprices: I have never heard a harsh or bitter word from his lips. He is always loving and gentle. Through everything I feel his great love. Some time ago, when I pressed him for a decision, he looked at me so sorrowfully, it was as if his sad eyes asked, 'Are you in such haste to leave me, child?'

I turned away my head; I did not wish to see the dear true eyes; I wanted to be strong and not weak.

My heart almost broke once, when, as we two stood opposed to each other, father clasped me in his arms, and in a voice trembling with emotion said, 'Must it be so, child? Is there no other way? Must it be?'

And we stayed there, heart pressed to heart, looking into each other's eyes.

That was a heavy time, as heavy as a time can well be on this earth. It was shortly before father's illness. Later, when father was recovering, mother said to me, 'Ah, child, give in to him.'

'I cannot,' I answered in a choking voice.

I am going to study here at home, and fit myself for the profession of teaching, just as well as one can be fitted by self-study when it is supported by a strong will, and perseverance.

I had already thought of this plan, but Mevrouw Abendanon gave it the impetus which pushed it forward, when

she suggested some time ago that, without waiting for further arbitraments of capricious fate, we three go ahead and study here at home.

We have had a governess for two months; in her we have found a charming and affectionate friend. She is still very young, a girl of strong character who has left her family in the fatherland and come here to earn her daily bread.

Dutch has always been my favorite study, and many people say that I am thoroughly at home in it. But, heavens! fondness for a language is a very long way from knowledge of it. It is fortunate that I like Dutch so much, for I can understand easily how hard it must be for people who do not like the language, and yet are obliged to study it. Next to languages I like geology. I also enjoy mathematics, but I am still struggling with the groundwork of history. Not that I do not like history; I think it is interesting and very instructive; but the manner in which it is set down in schoolbooks has little charm for me. I should like to have a teacher who knew how to make the dry parts interesting. What I do think delightful is ancient history; it is a pity that so little of it has come my way. I should love to study the history of the Egyptians, and of the old Greeks and Romans.

I read in the paper that some Chinese girls had asked permission to take the teacher's examinations. Hurrah for progress! I feel like shouting aloud in my joy. Of what good is the preservation of a few old traditions? We see now that the strongest and oldest traditions can be broken; and that gives me courage and hope. I should like to meet the gallant little Chinese girls; I should be so glad to know something of their thoughts and feelings — their 'soul.'

I have always longed to have a Chinese girl for a friend. I have often wondered about the inner life of such a girl. It must certainly be full of poetry.

During the last year I often heard something about myself which distresses me. I am a coquette. Do not spare me, but answer outright. Am I a coquette? and if so, in what way? I am seriously troubled, for I dislike anything that is inconstant.

Someone, no slanderer, said that I speak with my eyes. Is that true? I have asked my sister to watch me well, and to tell me what they see in me that is strange; what there is in the play of my eyes. And my truth-loving little sister says — she is always conscientious — that my eyes dance as if they were saying much when I talk long — never mind with whom. Believe me when I say that I do not do it intentionally; that I have no thought of pleasing; and that, if what she says is true, it is unconscious and in spite of myself.

It is a strange sensation, when one has always thought one's self a serious, candid girl, to hear all at once that one is a coquettish creature. I was astonished and distressed; I had never given the matter a thought, and would not be guilty of such conduct knowingly.

I am told that I must modestly (hypocritically) cast down my eyes. I will not do that: I will look men, as well as women, straight in the eyes, not cast down my own before them. I know very well that we shall be made to promise, perhaps under oath, when we go from here, that we will not bring to our families the terrible disgrace of sharing our love and sorrow with a European; on that point they can be at peace.

We would never think of such a thing; inevitably it would be wreaking destruction upon the whole cause. For our own sakes, we could not, we, who wish to set ourselves up as examples.

I am a child of Buddha, and it is taught that we should eat no animal food. When I was a child, I was very ill. The doctors could not help me, they could suggest nothing. Then a Chinese convict,[1] who had been friendly with us children, begged to be allowed to help me. My parents consented, and I was healed. What the medicines of learned men could not accomplish was done by 'quackery.' He healed me simply by giving me ashes to drink of the burnt-offerings dedicated to a Chinese idol. By drinking that potion, I became the child of that Chinese divinity, Santik-Kong of Welahao.

Our land is full of mysticism, of fairy tales, and of legends. You have certainly heard many times of the enviable calmness with which the Javanese meets the most frightful blows of destiny. It is *Tekdir* — foreordained, they say, and are submissive. The fate of every man is determined, even before he sees the light of life. Happiness and misery are meted out to him before his birth. No man may turn away that which God has decreed. But it is the duty of everyone to guard against misfortune as far as possible; only when it comes despite their efforts, is it *Tekdir*. And against *Tekdir* nothing in the world can prevail.

[1] Formerly in Java convicts were released from prison to work the government lands. — THE TRANSLATOR.

And now I am going to tell you something pleasant. While we waited for opportunities which were to come in the uncertain future, we began our work in earnest, just as we are. We have opened a little school here at home. It has now seven pupils, daughters of native chiefs. We have heard that others are coming, and from a distance.

Our school must not have the air of a school, or we that of schoolmistresses. It must be like a great household of which we are the mothers. We shall try and teach them love as we understand it, by word and deed.

Do you know *We Two*, by Edna Lyall? It is a very fine book. It treats of atheism and Christianity, of true Christianity and of its frightful perversion, of which, alas, there is so much in the world. The atheist, Luke Raeburn, is a great figure, and Erica Raeburn too is a noble character, who from a zealous atheist becomes a sincere and believing Christian. They were a father and daughter who loved each other devotedly, and depended each upon the other.

We read too the *Soul of a People;* that is about Buddhism and is a beautiful book. We are anxious now to read something about Judaism (do you not say that?). Perhaps Zangwill's *Dreams of the Ghetto* will be what we seek.

(*To be continued*)

UP FROM INSANITY

BY E. J.

I

HERE is a narrative of my adventures in the land of insanity.

They are vital and real to me, but all such 'stories,' as we newspaper men call them, of a personal and psychological nature are mighty hard to make clear and readable. They usually get all tangled up in the telling, for we are apt to stress the wrong things. Happenings that mean much to us sentimentally oftentimes have no value in a narrative. And, secondly, inasmuch as rebuilding a mind presupposes rebuilding the whole life, it would take a genius in narration to put over anything approaching a concise picture of the enterprise in five or six thousand words.

However, in my poor way (you, Mr. Editor, and you, the reader, must not expect too much of me), I can at least tell you *something* of what it means to reconstruct a mental and moral organization.

It has now been something over twenty years since, for me, the curtain went down, and I am just emerging into something like a right relation to my fellow beings.

Roughly, my fight has resolved itself into four phases. First, I had to struggle to reconstruct my mind — to bring order out of chaos in thinking. It required about fourteen years to effect this change, which, viewed in the light of certain of my experiences, *seems* to have involved the renewal of at least a part of the tissue of the brain.

I realize that I am almost a pioneer in this field of written experience of insanity. It is a privilege conferred upon few men in this world to return from this dark and weird adventure to live a normal life, and of this handful, comparatively fewer still are equipped to write about it. So that I feel some responsibility to be accurate, and not to make random statements designed to startle the reader rather than to instruct him.

I shall later point out why I believe my brain-tissue was renewed, and also show that some evidence exists that the functions were merely arrested.

Secondly, — going back to the four stages of my rejuvenation, — my will had again to be brought into action, for you must understand not only that insanity is a paralysis of the mind, but that in my own case the will was equally weakened. And I am convinced that the major portion of insanity is just that — a failure of the will to control the mind, which, running rudderless, so to speak, goes on the rocks.

A friend of mine 'lost his mind' last year — and had n't found it at last report — from thinking too much about his income tax. The impulse to think about his dwindling fortune was greater than the power of his will to check.

I shall attempt seriously to show that the centre of the will is distinct from the centre of the mind; is a separate functioning organ. We have been accustomed to talk about a strong will, — a self-willed person, the old folks used to say, — knowing little or nothing about it. Some men, posing as authorities, seem to think that the will is the

sum total of the personality. But my experience is that personality is an accumulation of experience, whereas will is a force. I became sane four or five or six years — it is hard to draw definite lines in a world so shadowy — before my will came into action, during which period I was as ineffective for service as a derelict at sea.

Thirdly, — coming back again to the periods of my advance, — my moral life had to be rebuilt. When the mind went, everything went with it. During the years of my 'come-back' I was as unmoral as a savage. I alienated every friend from me, and every relative but my mother, — it is something to say that not even the antics of an insane man can wreck the affections of a true mother, — and I was compelled to beat it up and down and across the country, fleeing from an adverse reputation.

Fourthly, my physical health had to be restored. Such a strain was placed upon my nerves and organs generally that, if I had not originally possessed almost superhuman vitality, I should long since have been pushing daisies, as they say over the water, in an unhonored grave.

II

I suppose, first of all, you would like to know how it feels to be insane. Well, it is indeed a melancholy sensation. There is a great deal of morbid curiosity about it, and a great deal of misconception. Like most conditions, the more we know about it, the less awe-inspiring it is. The American Indians used to believe, I am told, that when one of their number went off his head, he was possessed of the Evil One, and they would kill him — which was fortunate, probably, for the poor Indian. On the other hand, lately a movement has arisen to change the name of insane asylums to mental hospitals. We now recognize former 'madmen' as merely sick people.

We used to think of insane people as wild-eyed humans, gnawing at prison bars, or raving in a straight jacket. That was very melodramatic, but, like most melodrama, untrue. To-day we have with us the 'nut,' which is the recognition by society of the man of impaired mental faculties in our midst.

I personally violated on one memorable occasion the conception of insanity of a well-known New York publisher. In the depths of despair — nothing else would have driven me to it — I went to New York, visited the great man in his office, told him my story without a blush, and requested slight financial aid while I put the story on paper, He listened to me with apparent deep interest, and was about to enter into a contract with me to write the book, when a partner of his happened to walk into the office.

I had known this partner personally for several years; I had played golf with him, and he had heard me lecture on my explorations in Africa. When he heard at second-hand, and very much abridged, the story I had told, he turned to his partner and said, with a friendly smile, that I was the biggest liar alive — that what I was trying to do was to put over something unusual and sensational; that he had known me for years as the sanest of his acquaintances. And he queered my deal completely.

It was to him inconceivable that an insane man could play golf, go to Africa, or talk about his experiences. And he considered himself very shrewd and wise, and to this day he believes that he saved his house from exploiting a yarn which he thought was a fake. But he was simply ignorant, that was all.

I will endeavor to tell you how a man feels when his mind fails him. There are several sorts of insanity, or diseases of the mind, brought on, in a large percentage of cases, by wrong thinking somewhere down the line. You will

probably come back at me at once with the assertion that drink is a prime cause of insanity. Yes, surely; but a man who is thinking straight, with a developed will, does n't drink himself into any such condition.

I came into an unstable mental state through influences which I knew nothing of until as late as two years ago. I was always at high tension, and on edge mentally, but this tension became very acute in my twenty-first year. You will notice, as I go along, that all the epochs of my mental career happened at or near the expiration of a seven-year cycle. I 'lost my mind' at maturity, made a material advance at twenty-eight, became what I considered sane at thirty-five, and now, as I approach my forty-second year, as definite a change for the better is coming over me. I mean that my will is coming into play.

Like Tolstoi, who noticed and wrote rather fully about the relationship of this cycle to his own advance, I believe that the renewal of the bodily tissue (or *some* physical change) sums up, as it were, more or less suddenly, all the *tendencies* and *efforts*, or the degenerating processes, as the case may be, of the seven years immediately past.

Looking back, I believe that I was consistently going down the mental incline, my mind becoming more and more unstable, during the entire period from my fourteenth to my twenty-first year. At any rate, I more or less suddenly observed that my mind had the tendency to wind itself up, become stimulated to spurts of furious activity, when thoughts, pictures, memories, imaginary experiences — with the ego central in every one of them — would whirl through my brain with furious speed, under the highest stimulation, supplied from what source, I know not.

Inevitably a reaction would set in, and I would fall into mental sluggishness and the depths of woe. Whereas, during one period I seemed to be all life, all vibration, with every good fortune possible, during the reverse I was to all intent lost irredeemably — doomed to suffering and to death.

This sort of thing went on — I was conscious of it, at least — for about three months. Then nature turned the trick.

I was, at the time, a traveling person, going from village to village in a buggy, the period of the ubiquitous automobile being not yet upon us. On this never-to-be-forgotten day in March it was raining, and not only raining but blowing — cold and raw.

I got down from my buggy before a store in a cross-roads village, and beat it to the shelter of the interior. Outside that wet and homely threshold, I left my old self. In a twinkling, when I came face to face with a group of men seated around a stove in the dark, gloomy store, a weakness came over me that marked the fatal division in my career. All day long, more or less, my mind had been going at fever pitch, running in 'high,' with never a break.

When the reaction came, I underwent a slump in consciousness, which left me totally unable to speak, and so weak that I had to lean against an upright in the store to keep from falling. Even as I leaned there I was conscious of my negro driver saying to the merchant, whom he evidently knew, and who was inquiring my mission, 'Yes, an' he 's as sharp as a *steel trap*.'

Yes, as sharp as a steel trap with the spring broken.

Behind the counter, where I attempted to talk with the merchant, the best I could do was to grin diabolically. There is an old saw, — you have heard it hundreds of times, — 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' The fact, it seems, has long been recognized, that some relationship exists between the upper lip and the mentality. It does. In my case that

poor weak grin was the symbol of idiocy, and the merchant knew it and so did I. But I could n't stop grinning. All power of control was gone.

I dare say that simple country bumpkin of a man had never before been face to face with a man suddenly gone insane. It is, in a sense, quite an experience. But he rose to it nobly. He put his hand on my shoulder like a father; talked to me kindly, God bless him! helped me into my buggy, and stood in his wet doorway and watched me drive away into the cold gloomy world.

Some day I am going to visit that store again and stand again on that threshold. I dare say the kindly man who supported me in my first agony is dead, but I shall say a little prayer for him in his distant world.

My destination was a hotel seven miles away. We drove and drove through the torrential downpour. I crouched down in my corner of the buggy, a poor, shrunken, lifeless figure. Doubtless the negro beside me realized that something had gone wrong with the steel trap, because he kept his peace. We came at last to a long avenue of poplars leading into the town, and I have never forgotten how agitated they were in the terrific wind, with streaks of rain driving through them.

Just as dusk was enshrouding the wet, bedraggled town, we drove up to the hotel, as cheap and crude a joint as you could find in seven states. The proprietor of the place, with commendable enterprise, came to the buggy and stood under the drip of his tin porch-roof and took my bag and helped me out. He was very profuse with his welcome, but I could merely hold out my hand to him and grin like a Cheshire cat. When I walked into the lobby, — he had gone before me, and I fear winked at the company of his pals around the stove, — I encountered a deadly silence, and every man's eyes upon me. I suddenly became terrified, grinned horribly, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

Men in other walks of life might have had more respect for a fellow being in the throes of a stroke so terrible. But that raw bunch, to a man, burst out laughing right in my face. The horrible part of it was, I seemed to have lost all power of locomotion, and could only stand and stare at them, their eyes being a magnet for my own which held me in a mental vice.

When I finally got to my room, — which I did by the grace of Heaven, — I fell across the bed — done for.

There was a dull sensation in my head as though a mass of débris — I have never been able to separate that word débris from the feeling — were there. The feeling in the frontal part of my head, over my eyes, was just as sensible to me as it would be in my cheek if I caught up some of the flesh and pinched it. Undoubtedly some collapse of tissue had occurred. Mingled with the present sensation was a certain dull and faded consciousness of the old ego. But all power of guidance over that consciousness was gone.

I fell asleep as I lay there fully dressed, and some time in the night awoke, and feeling stronger, got up, found a match, and lighted a little lightning bug of a lamp which I found on a faded old bureau. By this flickering light I viewed my new self in the mirror — a person I had never seen before, a horrible caricature of a man, whose eyes had gone back into the head until they appeared at the bottom of deep black holes in the face. The cheek-bones had risen into hills of pallid flesh. But that was not the worst: from the features some vitalizing thing had gone, so that what I looked upon was a mere skull with almost expressionless flesh upon it — a ghost in the dim light.

From some cause, whether from the effect of the reaction of the picture

upon me, or for some more physical reason, an intense nausea came over me as I stood there before the mirror, and I became violently ill.

III

That, my friends, is insanity, the ultimate curse of God. From that condition it is a long and thorny road up to be your instructor. Let us consider the foundation for the cure, with the words as a preface, — which is the moral of all this, — that if from such material the human will can mould a man, there is hope, high hope, for you to become anything you want to become.

But everything in the world is qualified, and there is a destiny for the human soul. So that we need to analyze optimism rather keenly. The key to my rejuvenation was the goal set in the wreck of a mind, which, as I kept it in sight, enabled me to steer a course.

Consider me for three months an imbecile, with a demoralized mass of brain in my head, in which, as I have said, a dim consciousness of my state persisted, plus a weakened vitality of the whole physical organism,—I dropped in weight from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and nineteen pounds, — plus again a desire, welling up from somewhere in the personality, to 'come back.'

I do not wish to be over-mystical. I realize acutely that your interest in this narrative as an element of instruction to be taken seriously is very tentative. You are from Missouri, when it comes to a man who has been insane really opening your mind to new thoughts. So that I, more than others, must be careful to keep on an even keel. But I want to say to you that from the beginning nature *seemed* to make me a promise of survival which I relied upon. They say God takes care of idiots and children. Of course, I can prove nothing; I should be a fool to try. I am not *certain* myself of any so-called occult influences in life, although I shall tell of one experience which gave me a severe jolt; but after twenty years of living in a different world from yours, one of the messages I bring back is, that for me there seemed to be some thread of destiny running through the web.

You will probably say that all men who survive profound and stirring experiences feel the same way: witness the soldiers in the war. And I have no reply.

One day, after I had been at home in the country for three months, and after my new state had become settled, and my daily mental experiences had been stabilized, as it were, into a certain programme of collapse and partial revival, during one of my lucid moments I got on a horse to take a ride, and the brute ran away with me. Up to that time I had deluded myself with the thought that I wanted to die; but I was suddenly aware, as the animal dashed madly under me, that I did n't want to die *that way*. After fifteen minutes of frenzied struggle with the animal, I checked him, and rolled ingloriously off his back, physically exhausted.

But, lying there in the dirt of the road, with the horse grazing nonchalantly up the way a bit, I was suddenly conscious of a renewed mental vitality. The sensation in my head was as though someone had poured cold water through my brain, washing out the débris from the rotten mass.

Don't be dismayed by my being dull. The most illuminating experiences in the world are not always dramatic. The picture of that weak figure in the road is not stirring; but right then, in that poor moment, occurred the thought that saved me and made it possible for me to sit here in the bright sunlight by the sea to-day, and contemplate a useful life.

What had happened to me? Simply this: my attention had been *focussed*,

and the random thoughts had been for one brief part of an hour concentrated. I was, for a few minutes, until the old aimless, disintegrating mental processes reasserted themselves, a new man.

Alas, what a lesson! My mental energy had poured, as it were, through a lens and burned an idea into me. The essence of that idea was, that what my will lacked the power to compel, circumstances had compelled for me.

Aye! now for a gigantic thought. I would force circumstances to do my bidding further. If I could not control my mind, I would force circumstances to control it for me. I would put myself into dangerous situations, like the one from which I had just escaped, to compel me to concentrate my faculties upon measures of safety.

So I went to Africa, with a well-known Southerner as a companion, to hunt big game.

Let me tell you something that occurred in connection with that trip — something odd, after the way events sometimes fall out in this world.

On my way through New York I called on a celebrated specialist who lived on University Heights. It was a stormy December night, and I found the great physician seated before an open fire in his library, with his wife, who was one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon.

The great man talked to me intimately, with a fine show of friendliness, for half an hour, and as he talked, I could not help but contrast his condition with my own. There he was, a man less than forty, rich, famous, living in an elegant home amid exquisite surroundings, reposing on a stormy night in the soft and soothing atmosphere of his library, before a leaping fire. And there was I, alas! destitute of every consolation.

He told me, that doctor, that I had only six months to live, and his advice to me was to go out and hunt and roam the world and make the best of the passing hours. 'Life is sweet,' said he, proclaiming a startling philosophy to a dying man, 'and I am glad you are going, not I. And yet, my boy, if we were to change places to-night it would n't matter a whole lot to me. The main thing is to be a man, and act like a man, and you have the opportunity.'

General Grant opened his autobiography with a sentence like this: 'Man proposes and God disposes.' The ways of nature are inscrutable, and sometimes, indeed, the race is not to the swift. When I returned from Africa, I learned that *six months* after I left the United States that great physician had died — insane.

In his own words, we did change places in many regards. He became insane and died in six months, and I became sane and lived to marry a woman quite as beautiful as the statuesque blonde whom I thought so astoundingly lovely on that stormy night.

And I have lived to say — how many times I have thought of his words — that nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.

IV

I came back from Africa much improved. I had lived in the open, roamed the wilds, and so enhanced my general health that my periods of slump were not so terrifying as they had been. I had been doing interesting things and dangerous things, so that, as I planned, circumstances had, in a measure, focussed my thoughts for me. And as I dealt with actual things and actual vital conditions, the experience had brought my mind down more to earth from its ethereal wanderings.

But I struggled in the dark for seven long years before there came a time when I could say that I was actually

improved. These seven-year periods were mile-posts, or, better still as a simile, platforms, where I could cease the struggle for a time, feel a sure footing, and, as it were, look around the landscape and say, 'I am thus far up the mountain, anyway.'

I wish I could write this first experience of known improvement in a way that you would understand and remember; for an actual experience of this nature must indicate a law of mind to which all may give heed with profit.

I was sitting one day in the old Astor Library in New York, reading, when all at once I noticed that the ideas from the printed page were going *deeper into my head* than ever before. Theretofore, all my consciousness — my whole mental life — had been lived right in the very front of my brain, and everything existed as impressions. There were no definite ideas or thoughts in the mind, at all. If I read anything it left an impression merely, and I could never recall anything concrete upon which that impression was based. In other words, the mind lacked the vigor to separate the units, so to speak. But on this particular day — it was a red-letter day, indeed — I suddenly began to experience thoughts going into my head as separate units, individual and apart from each other — as separate mental impulses, almost as material things.

I was only seven years up from insanity; still queer, still weak, still unmixable in the great compound of life; but for all that I had discovered a great law of thinking.

I know now, — which I discovered then, — and you must know it, too, if you are a student of this subject of mind, that effective thinkers are precisely those who have the power to separate ideas into their component parts — to deal with thoughts as units of plans and ideas. Many men now conceive of thoughts as *physical things*, and you need go no further than my own homely countenance to demonstrate how thoughts can modify the physical. My face has been transformed from pudding to iron under the influence of more and more rigid thinking.

The power came to me that day in the Astor Library to think, and after that new fields opened for me.

Out of an ambition to write I became a newspaper man. That ambition to write came along shortly after my mind went bad, and grew almost into a madness in itself. I am going to tell you something about that before I close this article, as it brings out an experience with occult phenomena which I believe is unsurpassed as 'proof' of an abiding unseen influence in human experience.

But we will contemplate first my development in the intervening years, when, as I have said, I became a newspaper man, a reporter. Now you must understand that when Nature, Providence, or God, deprives you of one sense, of expansion in one direction, it makes up the deficiency to a degree in another. There is nothing mysterious or mystical about it. The deaf, the blind, the dumb testify to the truth of this law.

Now, I was cut off largely from physical life. It was natural therefore that I should project my personality, as it were, into life which was non-physical, or the spiritual, if you please. You see there are many and multiplying phases of this development from insanity.

As a reporter I developed the sixth sense to a startling degree, and it assured me a success which otherwise I never could have commanded. For I was, and am, the poorest mixer in the world. Men look upon me, with my odd ways, askance to this day. In any company I am the fifth wheel to the cart, the unknown quantity.

But when it came to gathering news,

I was the equal of any of them. As an example of the superlative working of this sixth sense, on one occasion I was in New York on a mission for my paper, which was one of the great journals of the East, when I learned that Doctor Cook was out of the North with the claim to the Pole.

I instantly abandoned what I was doing, and caught the first train home; and that night, while the linotype machines were still in the throes of the big story, went to the managing editor's office and told him to go slow on the yarn — that Doctor Cook was a fake.

The managing editor had confidence in my judgment, and the result was that the next morning my paper was, I believe, the only one in the United States which qualified the doctor's achievement. And we straightway launched a fight on him which terminated in driving him from the country.

I once wrote a murder story in such a way as to implicate a woman, and she was arrested on the strength of my statements, and tried. I was put on the witness-stand, and the attorney for the defense made me confess that my 'newspaper instinct' prompted me to write what I had written. The jury apparently took no interest in 'newspaper instinct,' and acquitted her. But a year later she confessed the crime, and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

I became very deeply interested in the spiritual side of life during those years, but I cannot say that I learned anything new from my own experience, except an ability to 'sense' a happening, or the state of mind or the state of being of an individual. My mind seemed to possess tentacles stretching out into the unseen. Which may account for an experience which I am now going to relate, concerning which a note I made of it at the time states that a personality attuned to the unusual may catch messages unknown to more normal minds.

This incident goes deep into the subject of the occult.

It occurred in the winter of 1917, when I was living in California, and revolves around the ambition to write which had taken hold of me. That ambition had ridden me for years like a madness, urging me on, and ever on, to write. And I wrote. But it was impossible, it was unthinkable, that a man whose mind was in the condition mine was in could really do any creative literary work.

You will understand that it is one thing to write a newspaper article, giving off from your immediate investigations, and spurred by an immediate impulse, certain facts; but quite another to evolve from your own mind a plot, arrange events in logical sequence, and produce a unified result.

The incident centres around a woman — I might almost say the most insignificant little woman I ever saw. One can never tell, I might say in passing, who is insignificant, if any are, in this world. She arrested my attention and held it for weeks because she persisted in 'cutting' me. I am rather used to having people shy off from me. Carlyle remarks, in an essay on Burns, that a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. And heaven knows I have never been popular. But this little creature rubbed it in, as we say. She was a friend of my mother and used to come to the house, but every time she saw me she acted as a cat I once owned did when she saw a clay statue of a pug dog which reposed on the corner of the hearth. That she did not want my company was the most evident fact to me concerning her.

But one day she surprised me by calling while I was alone, coming up on the porch, and sitting down with a show of friendliness which amazed me.

'You are alone,' she said, stating a fact rather than asking a question, 'and I have come to talk with you.'

She then told me, after a few preliminary remarks, — this 'insignificant' woman to whom I would not have given a second thought if she had not hurt my feelings, — that she had come to me through promptings she had received; that prior to her marriage (to a rich lumberman of the Middle West) she had been a professional medium.

'But,' she added, 'since my marriage I have given up that life; not one of my present friends knows of it, and I am giving you more of my confidence than I have ever given anyone else.'

She continued: 'Now, I am sacrificing my feelings to come to help you. I never come near you that the experience does n't almost put me in bed, — your mind is so agitated, — but I am going to brave the consequences to tell you something you ought to know.

'I am acquainted with your whole past history. Heaven knows it is black enough. But I am going to tell you something that you don't know. Your uncle ——' — mentioning the name of my mother's oldest brother — 'died insane. It was his life's ambition to express himself in literature, but he could n't master his mind enough to put it over, as you say. He died with his message pent up in him. Now ——' — mentioning his name again — 'is trying to express himself through you. So you must recognize that you have a purpose in the world, and stop worrying and prepare to do your work.'

Then she went on in a light way: 'You so-called literary men amuse me. You imagine that your own mind and your own experience are the source of your stories. It has never occurred to you that, to be really successful, you must get into touch with the great reservoir of experience, which is psychic — has it?'

Now, in the light of that bolt out of the blue, let me impress this upon you. No living soul, not even my mother, knew of any ambition of mine to write. And no one in California, not in three thousand miles, perhaps, knew that I had ever been out of plumb mentally. And, as for my uncle's condition being common knowledge, I myself had never heard a hint of it, and I was verging on forty years of age. He died, by the way, when I was five years old.

I asked my mother one day about this uncle. She camouflaged the facts by telling me that he fell downstairs and hurt his head, and was n't 'quite right' afterward. There is a possibility, of course, that my little friend wormed from my mother the facts she told me, but I don't believe it; my mother, like most Southerners, takes too much pride in her family to tell facts like that. And even if she did, the further incident which I will relate could have, I believe, come from no source on earth save some mysterious power that this ex-medium possessed.

I saw her again this past winter, 1919, for the first time for two years. Her first words to me were, 'My, how you've improved! It is the first time I have ever been able to come near you without suffering a pain in my head.'

It was the first time I had ever met her when I was free from a pain in my own head! That was one effect of my trouble — a dull, ceaseless ache of the brain.

V

Now let us return to my own intimate experiences of mind, for we approach, as we near the period of my cure, one of the most remarkable facts connected with my experience.

What occurred to me in the Astor Library was accentuated as time went on. About the period of my thirty-fifth year, which was fourteen years

after my collapse, there opened for me a still greater depth of mental sensation. Let me endeavor to make this clear. First, all my sensation — as I have said, my whole mental life — was confined to the frontal area of my head. Then a new area of the brain apparently was opened up, and I began to think deeper, and to feel and know that I was thinking deeper, because it was an actual physical sensation. Then, when I was thirty-five, my entire head seemed to clear up. That brought about a very notable change. Prior to that time my words, when I spoke, seemed to issue from a shallow area at the roof of my mouth, in thin weak utterance. After the change they came from deeper within me, and had more carrying force, and had a far sterner quality. My memory improved, and my ability to express myself improved.

But — strange thing! — it appeared that the saner and more normal I grew, the further worldly success, the realization of my dreams, receded from me. When I was insane I turned a great trick in Africa, and lectured to learned audiences in New York and other parts of the East. During some of my most turbulent years, when I actually had to wear blue glasses to hide my tell-tale eyes, which I could not control, I wrote some of my greatest newspaper stories — the series on Doctor Cook, for example.

But now that I was actually sane and normal, I could n't do anything out of the commonplace. I could n't write an acceptable story. I could n't get a job worthy of a man's efforts and one to enlist my enthusiasms. In the language of a friend of mine, I heard the breakers on the shoal of mediocrity. I made up my mind that Nature had tricked me: had made me a promise that she would not fulfill.

Then I concluded that it was impossible for a fallen man to rise above a certain height in this world, because, it seemed to me, all my enthusiasm and punch had been exhausted in gaining sanity. And in the matter of reputation my past hung around my neck like an anchor. I could n't get away from it.

It appeared that I had got just so far, and there I would stick. And I grew disappointed and bitter, and fretted and worried and complained and planned, and was ceaselessly agitated.

I was, I believe, far more miserable during the past six years than I was even during the worst periods of my old life.

Let me make this condition perfectly clear, because I believe it has a lesson for many strugglers in the night. I had a family, I had responsibility, and what little money I possessed at one time was practically gone. The future loomed before me as a problem for me to solve *alone*, and it scared me. I worried and planned ceaselessly. My nerves were taut even during sleep, I who so needed repose.

I was so anxious to do something, *that I did nothing*. I was past forty, and the clock was ceaselessly ticking out the precious moments of my life.

My friends, let us give thanks to the man who takes enough interest in us now and then to tell us a word of truth. One day, not so very long ago, I was walking the streets of one of our cities and met one of the country's greatest physicians. Many of these men are my personal friends.

This man stopped me right there on the crowded thoroughfare, and said, 'Boy,' — they always call me boy, for some reason; I suppose I am still really immature, — 'do you know what you remind me of? You remind me of a piece of rubber that we stretch this way' — extending his two hands apart — 'and hold it taut. Do you know what happens to a piece of rubber if

you hold it that way long enough? It breaks. Slack up.'

Just then a little child passed with a basket of flowers, and he bought a bunch. 'Get out,' said he, holding up the blooms, 'and study and cultivate these and learn a lesson from them.'

He handed me the bunch he had bought and passed on. If a lesser man had invited my attention to them, I should probably have laughed at him. But the words of the great simple physician hit me where I lived, and I took the bouquet and studied it. It was the first time I had really looked at flowers in twenty years, and to my intense surprise and delight I found a quiet beauty about them that invited me to think of serene and beautiful scenes — of green fields and running brooks — of repose and peace.

I went back to my hotel and thought about what the man had said to me, and thought of the lesson of the flowers, and made up my mind then and there really to 'slack up,' to stop fretting and worrying and planning, and to take the days as they came and live according to the logic of events.

If, I concluded, I cannot do great things I will do little things. I had been the most selfish of mortals, always putting off until some happier day to do for others the little kindnesses that life offers. I made up my mind that I would put off my services to others no longer, that I would be a decent friend and a decent father, and let it go at that. And the words of the dead doctor I had met on the eve of my trip to Africa came to me — 'Nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.'

Listen to me —

This is not religion. I am the furthest removed person from a religionist in this country. But that day I gave my life away; I dedicated it to unselfish service, and right then I found myself.

A calm repose settled over me, and the nerve-energy that I had frittered away — the energy that had been sapped from my vital organs, shriveling them up and rendering me weak and anæmic — returned into the old channels and nourished me.

Within a few days I observed that a double nerve-centre at the base of the spine had been aroused, and the function of these centres brought balance and poise and strength that was instantly reflected in my every movement and thought.

This is really the pith of what I have to say to you. We speak of a person lacking balance. What is it? Too much *heady* thinking. We speak of a deep man. Who is he? The man whose strength wells up from some centre deeper in him than the brain.

I have told you how my thoughts went deeper into me continually as I grew better. At last, it seemed, I had tapped the very basic nerve-centres, which I believe are the centre of the will. Certainly I now know that mysterious force called will-power, which I never knew before.

I am not alone in believing that personality exists in layers, which may be penetrated and the force tapped. Some such reason must exist for the difference in men which we observe. One man is deeper and more powerful than another, and for this condition there must be a cause.

But I have never come upon the theory that will is a function of particular nerve-centres. That was my experience. I may be wrong. I may be misled. But you know and I know that mental development does not necessarily develop will-power, any more than experience does. And certainly I was as will-less as a clam on the Sound shore until mind penetrated me, arousing the nerve-centres which I have described.

BLUE ROSES

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

THERE was once upon a time a princess who was very beautiful. Her hair looked like burnished gold, her eyes were dark and mysterious, and her smile soft and full of sweetness. Three princes were her suitors; all three handsome, young and gallant, all three rich and proud and ardent, all three like Chaucer's knight, loving 'chevalrie, trouth and honour, freedom and curtesie.' The question was only whom she should choose for her husband. The whole court was in doubt; the wise Doctors of Marital Law shook their gray heads, but no decision was reached.

At last the old King became impatient. 'One has to handle the matter in the good old style,' he declared, 'as it is done in all the time-hallowed chronicles of the past. One has to set a task for the three princes, and who best succeeds will be rewarded with the hand of the princess.' And thus the matter was settled.

The next morning the princess called her first suitor and spoke to him.

'To-morrow there is a great ball at court, and I am going to wear a wonderful light-blue dress. It will be blue like eyes that have never known tears; blue like the spring sky that has never been cloud-veiled; blue like the distances hidden by summer mist. It will be the bluest of all blue things, and with this blue dress I want to wear a nosegay of perfect blue roses. Can you not go and get me some?'

'Blue roses?' said the prince. 'Why, they don't exist. You mean red roses, of course.'

'No,' said the princess sharply. 'I mean blue ones. Blue, blue, blue! If I had meant red, I should have said so. I want blue roses, and I want them quickly.'

'I never heard of blue roses,' said the prince. 'I am certain you must be mistaken.'

'I am not mistaken,' persisted the princess. 'There must be blue roses. Could I wish for them if they did not exist? Is not a glorious dream the surest proof of a more glorious reality? And are not our wishes always, some time, somewhere, true and justified? If my heart demands blue roses, blue roses are its right. Go, then, and bring them to me.'

The prince, who was very scientific, felt aggrieved at such illogical words, and tried to argue the question. He brought the botanical atlas and the garden almanac, quoted Linnæus, De Candolle, and other authorities, and proved in every way the utter impossibility of blue roses; but all he accomplished was to make the princess thoroughly angry.

'I want blue roses,' she said, 'and I do not care a straw for all your books and atlases and authorities. I don't want wisdom, I want wonder; and if you do not care to give me blue roses, your love is certainly not so ardent as you have always pretended. I was mistaken in you, and the best thing is to part forever.'

The prince protested, but his words were of no avail; and in the end he had to leave the palace, hurt and disap-

pointed, and the princess called her second suitor.

'To-morrow there is a ball at court,' she said, 'and I am going to wear a light-blue dress. It is blue like the April sky, blue like the eyes of a true love, blue like fair lakes in which water-nymphs play, blue like hidden flowers that bloom in the glen. And with this marvelously blue dress I want to wear blue roses. Please, do bring me some.'

'Willingly,' answered the prince, 'I shall search for them at once.'

With these words he mounted his good steed (princes always mount good steeds; a mare seems to have no standing in fairy tales), and galloped away to find the blue roses for the princess. But though he searched everywhere, and looked into all the gardens, and knocked at the gates of all parks and palaces, his quest was in vain. He never found blue roses, and he returned to his far-away kingdom with a heavy and saddened heart, burdened by its own weariness and its own grief.

And the princess spoke to her third suitor: 'To-morrow there is a ball at court, and I am going to wear a beautiful blue dress. It is bluer than anything on earth or in heaven; it is blue like the garments of the blessed Saints; it is Very Blue itself, and oh! it is wonderfully becoming. And with this dress I want to wear some blue roses. Do you think you could get them for me?'

'Certainly,' answered the prince. 'Nothing is easier than that. My cousin, the Princess of Brabant, has a whole garden full of blue roses, and she will be delighted to send you a basket of them. These roses were a terrible expense to her, and now they are quite useless. Neither my cousin nor her ladies care to wear them. They say blue roses spoil even the fairest complexion, and look extremely vulgar in candle-light. She will be so happy that there is still someone in this world who wants blue roses. If you will permit me I shall at once despatch a messenger to Brabant.'

'Oh, never mind,' said the princess. 'There is no hurry about it. Let us go into the garden and look at my own rose-bushes. Perhaps, I'll decide, after all, to wear red roses on my dress. Color-contrasts are often very effective.'

So they went into the garden, and the next day they were married and, so far as I know, they lived happily ever after.

Some years later the three princes met at the court of a neighboring king, and after a day's hard hunting and an evening's hard toasting they became, at midnight, very confidential, and spoke about courtship and marriage, men and women, love and blue roses.

And the first prince said, 'Blue roses! How absurd! Women possess no intellect.'

And the second prince said, 'Blue roses! How tragic! Women are faithless even to their dreams.'

And the third prince said, 'Blue roses! How unnecessary! If you but know how to talk to a woman, you do not need blue roses.'

And while the three princes thus settled finally and for all, out of their own personal experiences, the age-old question of blue roses, the garden was steeped in all the glamour of a moon-kissed summer night. Nightingales were singing their sweet and mysterious song in dusk-haunted bushes; strange flowers exhaled a perfumed fragrance; and even the grass was dew-wet, and herby, and trembling with a joyful, intense life. And in the darkest corner sat on a marble bank the king's young daughter, with a gallant young knight. Their eyes were shining, their hands touched timidly, the glow of a first passion blushed on their cheeks, and with a tender voice the young princess asked her knight — as Youth will always ask Love — to bring her blue roses.

THE BASIC PROBLEM OF DEMOCRACY

I. WHAT MODERN LIBERTY MEANS

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

FROM our recent experience it is clear that the traditional liberties of speech and opinion rest on no solid foundation. At a time when the world needs above all other things the activity of generous imaginations and the creative leadership of planning and inventive minds, our thinking is shriveled with panic. Time and energy that should go to building and restoring are instead consumed in warding off the pin-pricks of prejudice and fighting a guerilla war against misunderstanding and intolerance. For suppression is felt, not simply by the scattered individuals who are actually suppressed. It reaches back into the steadiest minds, creating tension everywhere; and the tension of fear produces sterility. Men cease to say what they think; and when they cease to say it, they soon cease to think it. They think in reference to their critics and not in reference to the facts. For when thought becomes socially hazardous, men spend more time wondering about the hazard than they do in developing their thought. Yet nothing is more certain than that mere bold resistance will not permanently liberate men's minds. The problem is not only greater than that, but different, and the time is ripe for reconsideration. We have learned that many of the hard-won rights of man are utterly insecure. It may be that we cannot make them secure simply by imitating the earlier champions of liberty.

Something important about the human character was exposed by Plato when, with the spectacle of Socrates's death before him, he founded Utopia on a censorship stricter than any which exists on this heavily censored planet. His intolerance seems strange. But it is really the logical expression of an impulse that most of us have not the candor to recognize. It was the service of Plato to formulate the dispositions of men in the shape of ideals, and the surest things we can learn from him are not what we ought to do, but what we are inclined to do. We are peculiarly inclined to suppress whatever impugns the security of that to which we have given our allegiance. If our loyalty is turned to what exists, intolerance begins at its frontiers; if it is turned, as Plato's was, to Utopia, we shall find Utopia defended with intolerance.

There are, so far as I can discover, no absolutists of liberty; I can recall no doctrine of liberty, which, under the acid test, does not become contingent upon some other ideal. The goal is never liberty, but liberty for something or other. For liberty is a condition under which activity takes place, and men's interests attach themselves primarily to their activities and what is necessary to fulfil them, not to the abstract requirements of any activity that might be conceived.

And yet controversialists rarely take this into account. The battle is fought with banners on which are inscribed absolute and universal ideals. They are not absolute and universal in fact. No man has ever thought out an absolute or a universal ideal in politics, for the simple reason that nobody knows enough, or can know enough, to do it. We all use absolutes, because an ideal which seems to exist apart from time, space, and circumstance has a prestige that no candid avowal of special purpose can ever have. Looked at from one point of view universals are part of the fighting apparatus in men. What they desire enormously they easily come to call God's will, or their nation's purpose. Looked at genetically, these idealizations are probably born in that spiritual reverie where all men live most of the time. In reverie there is neither time, space, nor particular reference, and hope is omnipotent. This omnipotence, which is denied to them in action, nevertheless illuminates activity with a sense of utter and irresistible value.

The classic doctrine of liberty consists of absolutes. It consists of them except at the critical points where the author has come into contact with objective difficulties. Then he introduces into the argument, somewhat furtively, a reservation which liquidates its universal meaning and reduces the exalted plea for liberty in general to a special argument for the success of a special purpose.

There are at the present time, for instance, no more fervent champions of liberty than the western sympathizers with the Russian Soviet government. Why is it that they are indignant when Mr. Burleson suppresses a newspaper and complacent when Lenin does? And, *vice versa*, why is it that the anti-Bolshevist forces in the world are in favor of restricting constitutional liberty as a preliminary to establishing genuine liberty in Russia? Clearly the argument about liberty has little actual relation to the existence of it. It is the purpose of the social conflict, not the freedom of opinion, that lies close to the heart of the partisans. The word liberty is a weapon and an advertisement, but certainly not an ideal which transcends all special aims.

If there were any man who believed in liberty apart from particular purposes, that man would be a hermit contemplating all existence with a hopeful and neutral eye. For him, in the last analysis, there could be nothing worth resisting, nothing particularly worth attaining, nothing particularly worth defending, not even the right of hermits to contemplate existence with a cold and neutral eye. He would be loyal simply to the possibilities of the human spirit, even to those possibilities which most seriously impair its variety and its health. No such man has yet counted much in the history of politics. For what every theorist of liberty has meant is that certain types of behavior and classes of opinion hitherto regulated should be somewhat differently regulated in the future. What each seems to say is that opinion and action should be free; that liberty is the highest and most sacred interest of life. But somewhere each of them inserts a weasel clause to the effect that 'of course' the freedom granted shall not be employed too destructively. It is this clause which checks exuberance and reminds us that, in spite of appearances, we are listening to finite men pleading a special cause.

Among the English classics none are more representative than Milton's *Areopagitica* and the essay *On Liberty* by John Stuart Mill. Of living men Mr. Bertrand Russell is perhaps the most outstanding advocate of 'liberty.' The three together are a formidable set of witnesses. Yet nothing is easier than to

draw texts from each which can be cited either as an argument for absolute liberty or as an excuse for as much repression as seems desirable at the moment. Says Milton: —

> Yet if all cannot be of one mind, as who looks they should be? this doubtles is more wholsome, more prudent, and more Christian that many be tolerated, rather than all compell'd.

So much for the generalization. Now for the qualification which follows immediately upon it.

> I mean not tolerated Popery, and open superstition, which as it extirpats all religions and civill supremacies, so itself should be extirpat, provided first that all charitable and compassionat means be used to win and regain the weak and misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or maners no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw it self: but those neighboring differences, or rather *indifferences*, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

With this as a text one could set up an inquisition. Yet it occurs in the noblest plea for liberty that exists in the English language. The critical point in Milton's thought is revealed by the word 'indifferences.' The area of opinion which he wished to free comprised the 'neighboring differences' of certain Protestant sects, and only these where they were truly ineffective in manners and morals. Milton, in short, had come to the conclusion that certain conflicts of doctrine were sufficiently insignificant to be tolerated. The conclusion depended far less upon his notion of the value of liberty than upon his conception of God and human nature and the England of his time. He urged indifference to things that were becoming indifferent.

If we substitute the word indifference for the word liberty, we shall come much closer to the real intention that lies behind the classic argument. Liberty is to be permitted where differences are of no great moment. It is this definition which has generally guided practice. In times when men feel themselves secure, heresy is cultivated as the spice of life. During a war liberty disappears as the community feels itself menaced. When revolution seems to be contagious, heresy-hunting is a respectable occupation. In other words, when men are not afraid, they are not afraid of ideas; when they are much afraid, they are afraid of anything that seems, or can even be made to appear, seditious. That is why nine tenths of the effort to live and let live consists in proving that the thing we wish to have tolerated is really a matter of indifference.

In Mill this truth reveals itself still more clearly. Though his argument is surer and completer than Milton's, the qualification is also surer and completer.

> Such being the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve; and such the baneful consequences to the intellectual and through that to the moral nature of man, unless this liberty is either conceded or asserted in spite of prohibition, let us next examine whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions, to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either moral or physical, from their fellow men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. *This last proviso is of course indispensable.* No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, *even opinions lose their immunity* when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act.

'At their own risk and peril.' In other words at the risk of eternal dam-

nation. The premise from which Mill argued was that many opinions then under the ban of society were of no interest to society, and ought therefore not to be interfered with. The orthodoxy with which he was at war was chiefly theocratic. It assumed that a man's opinions on cosmic affairs might endanger his personal salvation and make him a dangerous member of society. Mill did not believe in the theological view, did not fear damnation, and was convinced that morality did not depend upon the religious sanction. In fact, he was convinced that a more reasoned morality could be formed by laying aside theological assumptions. 'But no one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions.' The plain truth is that Mill did not believe that much action would result from the toleration of those opinions in which he was most interested.

Political heresy occupied the fringe of his attention, and he uttered only the most casual comments. So incidental are they, so little do they impinge on his mind, that the arguments of this staunch apostle of liberty can be used honestly, and in fact are used, to justify the bulk of the suppressions which have recently occurred. 'Even opinions lose their immunity, *when the circumstances* in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act.' Clearly there is no escape here for Debs or Haywood or obstructors of Liberty Loans. The argument used is exactly the one employed in sustaining the conviction of Debs.

In corroboration Mill's single concrete instance may be cited: 'An opinion that corn dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob assembled before the house of a corn dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard.'

Clearly Mill's theory of liberty wore a different complexion when he considered opinions which might directly affect social order. Where the stimulus between opinion and act was effective he could say with entire complacency, 'The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people.' Because Mill believed this, it is entirely just to infer that the distinction drawn between a speech or placard and circulation in the press would soon have broken down for Mill had he lived at a time when the press really circulated and the art of type-display had made a newspaper strangely like a placard.

On first acquaintance no man would seem to go further than Mr. Bertrand Russell in loyalty to what he calls 'the unfettered development of all the instincts that build up life and fill it with mental delights.' He calls these instincts 'creative'; and against them he sets off the 'possessive impulses.' These, he says, should be restricted by 'a public authority, a repository of practically irresistible force whose function should be primarily to repress the private use of force.' Where Milton said no 'tolerated Popery,' Mr. Russell says, no tolerated 'possessive impulses.' Surely he is open to the criticism that, like every authoritarian who has preceded him, he is interested in the unfettered development of only that which seems good to him. Those who think that 'enlightened selfishness' produces social harmony will tolerate more of the possessive impulses, and will be inclined to put certain of Mr. Russell's creative impulses under lock and key.

The moral is, not that Milton, Mill, and Bertrand Russell are inconsistent, or that liberty is to be obtained by arguing for it without qualifications. The

impulse to what we call liberty is as strong in these three men as it is ever likely to be in our society. The moral is of another kind. It is that the traditional core of liberty, namely, the notion of indifference, is too feeble and unreal a doctrine to protect the purpose of liberty, which is the furnishing of a healthy environment in which human judgment and inquiry can most successfully organize human life. Too feeble, because in time of stress nothing is easier than to insist, and by insistence to convince, that tolerated indifference is no longer tolerable because it has ceased to be indifferent.

II

It is clear that in a society where public opinion has become decisive, nothing that counts in the formation of it can really be a matter of indifference. When I say 'can be,' I am speaking literally. What men believed about the constitution of heaven became a matter of indifference when heaven disappeared in metaphysics; but what they believe about property, government, conscription, taxation, the origins of the late war, or the origins of the Franco-Prussian War, or the distribution of Latin culture in the vicinity of copper mines, constitutes the difference between life and death, prosperity and misfortune, and it will never on this earth be tolerated as indifferent, or not interfered with, no matter how many noble arguments are made for liberty, or how many martyrs give their lives for it. If widespread tolerance of opposing views is to be achieved in modern society, it will not be simply by fighting the Debs cases through the courts, and certainly not by threatening to upset those courts if they do not yield to the agitation. The task is fundamentally of another order, requiring other methods and other theories.

The world about which each man is supposed to have opinions has become so complicated as to defy his powers of understanding. What he knows of events that matter enormously to him, the purposes of governments, the aspirations of peoples, the struggle of classes, he knows at second, third, or fourth hand. He cannot go and see for himself. Even the things that are near to him have become too involved for his judgment. I know of no man, even among those who devote all of their time to watching public affairs, who can even pretend to keep track, at the same time, of his city government, his state government, Congress, the departments, the industrial situation, and the rest of the world. What men who make the study of politics a vocation cannot do, the man who has an hour a day for newspapers and talk cannot possibly hope to do. He must seize catchwords and headlines or nothing.

This vast elaboration of the subject-matter of politics is the root of the whole problem. News comes from a distance; it comes helter-skelter, in inconceivable confusion; it deals with matters that are not easily understood; it arrives and is assimilated by busy and tired people who must take what is given to them. Any lawyer with a sense of evidence knows how unreliable such information must necessarily be.

The taking of testimony in a trial is hedged about with a thousand precautions derived from long experience of the fallibility of the witness and the prejudices of the jury. We call this, and rightly, a fundamental phase of human liberty. But in public affairs the stake is infinitely greater. It involves the lives of millions, and the fortune of everybody. The jury is the whole community, not even the qualified voters alone. The jury is everybody who creates public sentiment — chattering gossips, unscrupulous liars,

congenital liars, feeble-minded people, prostitute minds, corrupting agents. To this jury any testimony is submitted, is submitted in any form, by any anonymous person, with no test of reliability, no test of credibility, and no penalty for perjury. If I lie in a lawsuit involving the fate of my neighbor's cow, I can go to jail. But if I lie to a million readers in a matter involving war and peace, I can lie my head off, and, if I choose the right series of lies, be entirely irresponsible. Nobody will punish me if I lie about Japan, for example. I can announce that every Japanese valet is a reservist, and every Japanese art store a mobilization centre. I am immune. And if there should be hostilities with Japan, the more I lied the more popular I should be. If I asserted that the Japanese secretly drank the blood of children, that Japanese women were unchaste, that the Japanese were really not a branch of the human race after all, I guarantee that most of the newspapers would print it eagerly, and that I could get a hearing in churches all over the country. And all this for the simple reason that the public, when it is dependent on testimony and protected by no rules of evidence, can act only on the excitement of its pugnacities and its hopes.

The mechanism of the news-supply has developed without plan, and there is no one point in it at which one can fix the responsibility for truth. The fact is that the subdivision of labor is now accompanied by the subdivision of the news-organization. At one end of it is the eye-witness, at the other, the reader. Between the two is a vast, expensive transmitting and editing apparatus. This machine works marvelously well at times, particularly in the rapidity with which it can report the score of a game or a transatlantic flight, or the death of a monarch, or the result of an election. But where the issue is complex, as for example in the matter of the success of a policy, or the social conditions among a foreign people, — that is to say, where the real answer is neither yes nor no, but subtle and a matter of balanced evidence, — the subdivision of the labor involved in the report causes no end of derangement, misunderstanding, and even misrepresentation.

Thus the number of eye-witnesses capable of honest statement is inadequate and accidental. Yet the reporter making up his news is dependent upon the eye-witnesses. They may be actors in the event. Then they can hardly be expected to have perspective. Who, for example, if he put aside his own likes and dislikes would trust a Bolshevik's account of what exists in Soviet Russia or an exiled Russian prince's story of what exists in Siberia? Sitting just across the frontier, say in Stockholm, how is a reporter to write dependable news when his witnesses consist of *emigrés* or Bolshevist agents?

At the Peace Conference, news was given out by the agents of the conferees and the rest leaked through those who were clamoring at the doors of the Conference. Now the reporter, if he is to earn his living, must nurse his personal contacts with the eye-witnesses and privileged informants. If he is openly hostile to those in authority, he will cease to be a reporter unless there is an opposition party in the inner circle who can feed him news. Failing that, he will know precious little of what is going on.

Most people seem to believe that, when they meet a war correspondent or a special writer from the Peace Conference, they have seen a man who has seen the things he wrote about. Far from it. Nobody, for example, saw this war. Neither the men in the trenches nor the commanding general. The men saw their trenches, their billets, some-

times they saw an enemy trench, but nobody, unless it be the aviators, saw a battle. What the correspondents saw, occasionally, was the terrain over which a battle had been fought; but what they reported day by day was what they were told at press headquarters, and of that only what they were allowed to tell.

At the Peace Conference the reporters were allowed to meet periodically the four least important members of the Commission, men who themselves had considerable difficulty in keeping track of things, as any reporter who was present will testify. This was supplemented by spasmodic personal interviews with the commissioners, their secretaries, their secretaries' secretaries, other newspaper men, and confidential representatives of the President, who stood between him and the impertinences of curiosity. This and the French press, than which there is nothing more censored and inspired, a local English trade-journal of the expatriates, the gossip of the Crillon lobby, the Majestic, and the other official hotels, constituted the source of the news upon which American editors and the American people have had to base one of the most difficult judgments of their history. I should perhaps add that there were a few correspondents occupying privileged positions with foreign governments. They wore ribbons in their button-holes to prove it. They were in many ways the most useful correspondents because they always revealed to the trained reader just what it was that their governments wished America to believe.

The news accumulated by the reporter from his witnesses has to be selected, if for no other reason than that the cable facilities are limited. At the cable office several varieties of censorship intervene. The legal censorship in Europe is political as well as military, and both words are elastic. It has been applied, not only to the substance of the news, but to the mode of presentation, and even to the character of the type and the position on the page. But the real censorship on the wires is the cost of transmission. This in itself is enough to limit any expensive competition or any significant independence. The big Continental news agencies are subsidized. Censorship operates also through congestion and the resultant need of a system of priority. Congestion makes possible good and bad service, and undesirable messages are not infrequently served badly.

When the report does reach the editor, another series of interventions occurs. The editor is a man who may know all about something, but he can hardly be expected to know all about everything. Yet he has to decide the question which is of more importance than any other in the formation of opinions, the question where attention is to be directed. In a newspaper the heads are the foci of attention, the odd corners the fringe; and whether one aspect of the news or another appears in the centre or at the periphery makes all the difference in the world. The news of the day as it reaches the newspaper office is an incredible medley of fact, propaganda, rumor, suspicion, clues, hopes, and fears, and the task of selecting and ordering that news is one of the truly sacred and priestly offices in a democracy. For the newspaper is in all literalness the bible of democracy, the book out of which a people determines its conduct. It is the only serious book most people read. It is the only book they read every day. Now the power to determine each day what shall seem important and what shall be neglected is a power unlike any that has been exercised since the Pope lost his hold on the secular mind.

The ordering is not done by one man,

but by a host of men, who are on the whole curiously unanimous in their selection and in their emphasis. Once you know the party and social affiliations of a newspaper, you can predict with considerable certainty the perspective in which the news will be displayed. This perspective is by no means altogether deliberate. Though the editor is ever so much more sophisticated than all but a minority of his readers, his own sense of relative importance is determined by rather standardized constellations of ideas. He very soon comes to believe that his habitual emphasis is the only possible one.

Why the editor is possessed by a particular set of ideas is a difficult question of social psychology, of which no adequate analysis has been made. But we shall not be far wrong if we say that he deals with the news in reference to the prevailing *mores* of his social group. These *mores* are of course in a large measure the product of what previous newspapers have said; and experience shows that, in order to break out of this circle, it has been necessary at various times to create new forms of journalism, such as the national monthly, the critical weekly, the circular, the paid advertisement of ideas, in order to change the emphasis which had become obsolete and habit-ridden.

Into this extremely refractory, and I think increasingly disserviceable mechanism, there has been thrown, especially since the outbreak of war, another monkey-wrench — propaganda. The word, of course, covers a multitude of sins and a few virtues. The virtues can be easily separated out, and given a new name, either advertisement or advocacy. Thus, if the National Council of Belgravia wishes to publish a magazine out of its own funds, under its own imprint, advocating the annexation of Thrums, no one will object. But if, in support of that advocacy, it gives to the press stories that are lies about the atrocities committed in Thrums; or, worse still, if those stories seem to come from Geneva, or Amsterdam, not from the press-service of the National Council of Belgravia, then Belgravia is conducting propaganda. If, after arousing a certain amount of interest in itself, Belgravia then invites a carefully selected correspondent, or perhaps a labor leader, to its capital, puts him up at the best hotel, rides him around in limousines, fawns on him at banquets, lunches with him very confidentially, and then puts him through a conducted tour so that he shall see just what will create the desired impression, then again Belgravia is conducting propaganda. Or if Belgravia happens to possess the greatest trombone-player in the world, and if she sends him over to charm the wives of influential husbands, Belgravia is, in a less objectionable way, perhaps, committing propaganda, and making fools of the husbands.

Now, the plain fact is that out of the troubled areas of the world the public receives practically nothing that is not propaganda. Lenin and his enemies control all the news there is of Russia, and no court of law would accept any of the testimony as valid in a suit to determine the possession of a donkey. I am writing many months after the Armistice. The Senate is at this moment beginning to consider the question whether it will guarantee the frontiers of Poland; but what we learn of Poland we learn from the Polish Government and the Jewish Committee. Judgment on the vexed issues of Europe is simply out of the question for the average American; and the more cocksure he is, the more certainly is he the victim of some propaganda.

These instances are drawn from foreign affairs, but the difficulty at home, although less flagrant, is nevertheless real. Theodore Roosevelt, and Leonard

Wood after him, have told us to think nationally. It is not easy. It is easy to parrot what those people say who live in a few big cities and who have constituted themselves the only true and authentic voice of America. But beyond that it is difficult. I live in New York and I have not the vaguest idea what Brooklyn is interested in. It is possible, with effort, much more effort than most people can afford to give, for me to know what a few organized bodies like the Non-Partisan League, the National Security League, the American Federation of Labor, and the Republican National Committee are up to; but what the unorganized workers, and the unorganized farmers, the shopkeepers, the local bankers and boards of trade are thinking and feeling, no one has any means of knowing, except perhaps in a vague way at election time. To think nationally means, at least, to take into account the major interests and needs and desires of this continental population; and for that each man would need a staff of secretaries, traveling agents, and a very expensive press-clipping bureau.

We do not think nationally because the facts that count are not systematically reported and presented in a form we can digest. Our most abysmal ignorance occurs where we deal with the immigrant. If we read his press at all, it is to discover 'Bolshevism' in it and to blacken all immigrants with suspicion. For his culture and his aspirations, for his high gifts of hope and variety, we have neither eyes nor ears. The immigrant colonies are like holes in the road which we never notice until we trip over them. Then, because we have no current information and no background of facts, we are, of course, the undiscriminating objects of any agitator who chooses to rant against 'foreigners.'

Now, men who have lost their grip upon the relevant facts of their environment are the inevitable victims of agitation and propaganda. The quack, the charlatan, the jingo, and the terrorist, can flourish only where the audience is deprived of independent access to information. But where all news comes at second-hand, where all the testimony is uncertain, men cease to respond to truths, and respond simply to opinions. The environment in which they act is not the realities themselves, but the pseudo-environment of reports, rumors, and guesses. The whole reference of thought comes to be what somebody asserts, not what actually is. Men ask, not whether such and such a thing occurred in Russia, but whether Mr. Raymond Robins is at heart more friendly to the Bolsheviki than Mr. Jerome Landfield. And so, since they are deprived of any trustworthy means of knowing what is really going on, since everything is on the plane of assertion and propaganda, they believe whatever fits most comfortably with their prepossessions.

That this breakdown of the means of public knowledge should occur at a time of immense change is a compounding of the difficulty. From bewilderment to panic is a short step, as everyone knows who has watched a crowd when danger threatens. At the present time a nation easily acts like a crowd. Under the influence of headlines and panicky print, the contagion of unreason can easily spread through a settled community. For when the comparatively recent and unstable nervous organization which makes us capable of responding to reality as it is, and not as we should wish it, is baffled over a continuing period of time, the more primitive but much stronger instincts are let loose.

War and Revolution, both of them founded on censorship and propaganda, are the supreme destroyers of

realistic thinking, because the excess of danger and the fearful overstimulation of passion unsettle disciplined behavior. Both breed fanatics of all kinds, men who, in the words of Mr. Santayana, have redoubled their effort when they have forgotten their aim. The effort itself has become the aim. Men live in their effort, and for a time find great exaltation. They seek stimulation of their effort rather than direction of it. That is why both in war and revolution there seems to operate a kind of Gresham's Law of the emotions, in which leadership passes by a swift degradation from a Mirabeau to a Robespierre; and in war, from a high-minded statesmanship to the depths of virulent, hating jingoism.

The cardinal fact always is the loss of contact with objective information. Public as well as private reason depends upon it. Not what somebody says, not what somebody wishes were true, but what is so beyond all our opining, constitutes the touchstone of our sanity. And a society which lives at second-hand will commit incredible follies and countenance inconceivable brutalities if that contact is intermittent and untrustworthy. Demagoguery is a parasite that flourishes where discrimination fails, and only those who are at grips with things themselves are impervious to it. For, in the last analysis, the demagogue, whether of the Right or the Left, is, consciously or unconsciously an undetected liar.

III

Many students of politics have concluded that, because public opinion was unstable, the remedy lay in making government as independent of it as possible. The theorists of representative government have argued persistently from this premise against the believers in direct legislation. But it appears now that, while they have been making their case against direct legislation, rather successfully it seems to me, they have failed sufficiently to notice the increasing malady of representative government.

Parliamentary action is becoming notoriously ineffective. In America certainly the concentration of power in the Executive is out of all proportion either to the intentions of the Fathers or to the orthodox theory of representative government. The cause is fairly clear. Congress is an assemblage of men selected for local reasons from districts. It brings to Washington a more or less accurate sense of the superficial desires of its constituency. In Washington it is supposed to think nationally and internationally. But for that task its equipment and its sources of information are hardly better than that of any other reader of the newspaper. Except for its spasmodic investigating committees, Congress has no particular way of informing itself. But the Executive has. The Executive is an elaborate hierarchy reaching to every part of the nation and to all parts of the world. It has an independent machinery, fallible and not too trustworthy, of course, but nevertheless a machinery of intelligence. It can be informed and it can act, whereas Congress is not informed and cannot act.

Now the popular theory of representative government is that the representatives have the information and therefore create the policy which the executive administers. The more subtle theory is that the executive initiates the policy which the legislature corrects in accordance with popular wisdom. But when the legislature is haphazardly informed, this amounts to very little, and the people themselves prefer to trust the executive which knows, rather than the Congress which is vainly trying to

know. The result has been the development of a kind of government which has been harshly described as plébiscite autocracy, or government by newspapers. Decisions in the modern state tend to be made by the interaction, not of Congress and the executive, but of public opinion and the executive.

Public opinion for this purpose finds itself collected about special groups which act as extra-legal organs of government. There is a labor nucleus, a farmers' nucleus, a prohibition nucleus, a National Security League nucleus, and so on. These groups conduct a continual electioneering campaign upon the unformed, exploitable mass of public opinion. Being special groups, they have special sources of information, and what they lack in the way of information is often manufactured. These conflicting pressures beat upon the executive departments and upon Congress, and formulate the conduct of the government. The government itself acts in reference to these groups far more than in reference to the district congressmen. So politics as it is now played consists in coercing and seducing the representative by the threat and the appeal of these unofficial groups. Sometimes they are the allies, sometimes the enemies, of the party in power, but more and more they are the energy of public affairs. Government tends to operate by the impact of controlled opinion upon administration. This shift in the locus of sovereignty has placed a premium upon the manufacture of what is usually called consent. No wonder that the most powerful newspaper proprietor in the English-speaking world declined a mere government post.

No wonder, too, that the protection of the sources of its opinion is the basic problem of democracy. Everything else depends upon it. Without protection against propaganda, without standards of evidence, without criteria of emphasis, the living substance of all popular decision is exposed to every prejudice and to infinite exploitation. That is why I have argued that the older doctrine of liberty was misleading. It did not assume a public opinion that governs. Essentially it demanded toleration of opinions that were, as Milton said, indifferent. It can guide us little in a world where opinion is sensitive and decisive.

The axis of the controversy needs to be shifted. The attempt to draw fine distinctions between 'liberty' and 'license' is no doubt part of the day's work, but it is fundamentally a negative part. It consists in trying to make opinion responsible to prevailing social standards, whereas the really important thing is to try and make opinion increasingly responsible to the facts. There can be no liberty for a community which lacks the information by which to detect lies. Trite as the conclusion may at first seem, it has, I believe, immense practical consequences, and may perhaps offer an escape from the logomachy into which the contests of liberty so easily degenerate.

It may be bad to suppress a particular opinion, but the really deadly thing is to suppress the news. In time of great insecurity, certain opinions acting on unstable minds may cause infinite disaster. Knowing that such opinions necessarily originate in slender evidence, that they are propelled more by prejudice from the rear than by reference to realities, it seems to me that to build the case for liberty upon the dogma of their unlimited prerogatives is to build it upon the poorest foundation. For, even though we grant that the world is best served by the liberty of all opinion, the plain fact is that men are too busy and too much concerned to fight more than spasmodically for such liberty. When freedom of opinion is re-

vealed as freedom of error, illusion, and misinterpretation, it is virtually impossible to stir up much interest in its behalf. It is the thinnest of all abstractions and an over-refinement of mere intellectualism. But people, wide circles of people, are aroused when their curiosity is baulked. The desire to know, the dislike of being deceived and made game of, is a really powerful motive, and it is that motive that can best be enlisted in the cause of freedom.

What, for example, was the one most general criticism of the work of the Peace Conference? It was that the covenants were not openly arrived at. This fact stirred Republican Senators, the British Labor Party, the whole gamut of parties from the Right to the Left. And in the last analysis lack of information about the Conference *was* the origin of its difficulties. Because of the secrecy endless suspicion was aroused; because of it the world seemed to be presented with a series of accomplished facts which it could not reject and did not wish altogether to accept. It was lack of information which kept public opinion from affecting the negotiations at the time when intervention would have counted most and cost least. Publicity occurred when the covenants were arrived at, with all the emphasis on the *at*. This is what the Senate objected to, and this is what alienated much more liberal opinion than the Senate represents.

In a passage quoted previously in this essay, Milton said that differences of opinion, 'which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.' There is but one kind of unity possible in a world as diverse as ours. It is unity of method, rather than of aim; the unity of the disciplined experiment. There is but one bond of peace that is both permanent and enriching: the increasing knowledge of the world in which experiment occurs. With a common intellectual method and a common area of valid fact, differences may become a form of coöperation and cease to be an irreconcilable antagonism.

That, I think, constitutes the meaning of freedom for us. We cannot successfully define liberty, or accomplish it, by a series of permissions and prohibitions. For that is to ignore the content of opinion in favor of its form. Above all, it is an attempt to define liberty of opinion in terms of opinion. It is a circular and sterile logic. A useful definition of liberty is obtainable only by seeking the principle of liberty in the main business of human life, that is to say, in the process by which men educate their response and learn to control their environment. In this view liberty is the name we give to measures by which we protect and increase the veracity of the information upon which we act.

CAUGHT

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

To understand why Gordon Hamilton, half-baked author of still unwritten masterpieces, youngster of twenty-five, who knew a little about everything and a great deal about little — to understand why Gordon decided to shake the star-dust from his soul and leave his world of phrases, poems, and pigments for near-visioned, close-fisted Kansas, to be a Pagan in the mazes of Presbyterianism, romanticist in a world of realism, blower of bubbles in a stone-quarry — to understand this, one must give heed to Sylvia.

Sylvia's soft golden hair was bobbed; her laughter had a merry lilt; the round, child-like violet eyes were fringed with heavy, curling lashes, and in the soft fabrics dyed by her own rosy fingers into rare, intoxicating colors, she seemed like some dainty creature who had strayed from fairyland. Her brilliant loveliness completely captured the sensitive, beauty-worshiping youth. And when, just as everyone thought he had nearly won her, she suddenly veered to his own chum and shack-mate, Oliver Mercer, who dabbled in oils and played the piano, Radnor-by-the-Sea became impossible for Gordon. He felt that he must go away from California, far away from Sylvia and Oliver and from the colony of friends who knew of his bitter disappointment.

His first thought was of Radnor-by-the-Sea's great-aunt, Greenwich Village; but in Fallon, Kansas, a job was waiting for him on the Middle West's most popular weekly. In fact, between unfinished novels, Gordon had made his living for several years by writing many of this paper's editorials, for which he received five dollars a column (set in eight-point solid, eighteen ems wide), and frequent invitations to come to Fallon for steady work at thirty dollars a week, with — important item — traveling expenses included. Radnor-by-the-Sea, with its vaulting ambitions, self-consumed with talk, was caviar and pretzels; the *Midland Weekly*, with its large circulation and medical ads, was a thick slice of bread and butter. Heavy of heart and weary of spirit, Gordon purchased his ticket.

'But what on earth will you do in Fallon?' demanded Oliver, stirred into making an unwelcome call.

'Work,' Gordon answered stiffly.

'I certainly can't imagine one doing anything else in Kansas. You know, of course, that a wretch found with a bottle of beer may receive a more severe sentence than that given to the gentleman who kills his neighbor.'

'It'll be the same here soon enough.'

'But Kansas is so prosperous and completely populated by tax-payers and auto-owners,' Oliver persisted.

Gordon was in no mood for humor.

'I hope the environment *will* be uncongenial,' he returned savagely. 'Then I'll be driven to finish some of my stories and plays.'

'Don't think it!' warned Oliver soberly. 'I was born and raised in one of these small Middle Western towns, and I know them. It'll get you, sure. There's

something in their atmosphere that's deadening to certain kinds of impulse. Before you know it, you'll be joining the No-Tobacco League, receiving honors in lodges, going to funerals, and becoming an all-round useful member of society.'

Gordon smiled at the suggested incongruity, but there was no mistaking the real earnestness in Oliver's voice as he added awkwardly, 'I know how you feel toward me, just now, and I can't say much; but you're too big to be lost. Don't do it. I swear to you, you're making the mistake of your life.'

'I shan't stay over a year, at most,' Gordon assured him, hastily, more moved than he cared to admit by the sincerity of Oliver's protest. 'Even a drop of the real thing ought to survive that long.'

'Well, whatever you do,' laughed Oliver, 'don't take to marching in parades and wearing badges.'

Radnor-by-the-Sea was not more than a day's ride behind him when Sylvia began to seem ever so slightly remote, and Oliver more forgivable than Gordon could have conceived possible a week earlier. 'Old Man Travel is getting in his licks on Old Man Time,' he commented inwardly. 'Funny how objectively one can see the whole world and himself through a Pullman window. Here's a young fellow,' his thoughts ran on, 'with splendid health and fairly good looks. No serious vices. Has an enormous capacity for work, too, but uses up all his energy with facile space-writing, leaving none for the sustained, concentrated effort necessary for creative work. Favorite sport: none. Feels best when doing nothing violent. Indifferent to business, probably because he has not been associated with it. Finds he avoids anything he does n't understand; typical American in this. Equally indifferent to God. May give Him more thought when older. Not an educated person at all; has no particular reverence for facts. Prefers a good book to anyone's companionship, but usually gets on well with men, and is quite popular with women. Does n't sound like such a bad inventory; but just the same, his life so far is a failure — financially and artistically.'

Unconsciously dropping into the first person, he went on with, 'Well, what of it? The world needs divine bums. As soon as I get a couple of hundred dollars ahead in Fallon, I'll go straight to Paris, where poverty is beautiful, to my own kind of people: cynical French skeptics; morose, pessimistic Russians; melancholy Roumanians; wine-drinking old priests who live in untidy rooms and know how to laugh; atheists; polite, gorgeously dressed Turks; Chinamen; magnificent failures in art, letters, and love; women who are not too particular, and pickpockets off duty. What difference does it make if I spend my last quarter once a month? But I'll keep a grip on myself and buckle down to real work.'

With this resolve in his heart, Gordon was not disconcerted when, descending from the train, he was obliged to look twice to find in which direction Fallon lay. The little town of thirty-five hundred much preferred to welcome newcomers at about three o'clock of a sunshiny Saturday afternoon. At that hour, with the Square swarming with farmers, a hundred or more rigs tied to the iron rail surrounding the courthouse yard, and all makes of cars parked at the curbing, it seemed to warrant the boosters' proud phrase of 'City of the Second Class.' On Saturdays, too, Rimpkey's redecorated restaurant overflowed; children flocked in and out of the two movie-houses; a lively crowd gathered around Tawley-the-real-estate-man's weekly demonstration of the Lally farm-lighting sys-

tem, — a good show in itself, — and Recker of the Kandy Kitchen was obliged to hire extra help to dish up the ice-cream sodas for the countrywomen enjoying their favorite dissipation. Decidedly, on Saturday one could not but be impressed with the bustle and activity. But Gordon came on a Tuesday morning, at an early hour, when even Kansas City is quiet. To his unprejudiced eye, Fallon appeared as three homes, a barn, and a chicken-house.

'Fine,' he grunted as he passed Canton's lumberyard. 'Just what I wanted — a deserted village. All the more reason why I'll duck out as soon as I get a reasonable reserve.'

To his amusement, it was necessary to ring a gong to waken the owner of the shabby little hotel.

II

Getting into the swing of his work next morning was a simple matter for Gordon. After a hearty reception by Mr. Rhodes, the publisher, who made no effort to conceal his satisfaction over his arrival, he was given a pleasant corner and told to 'go to it.' By noon he was turning out editorials and articles, thoroughly at home in the two-story, box-like building.

After dinner, Mr. Rhodes brought to Gordon's desk a short, fat man whom he introduced as Professor Tomlin McPherson, one of the *Midland's* regular advertisers.

'I sell a peach of an article,' the professor explained, with enthusiasm. 'It's called Itch-O and there's no salve can beat it. The fact is' — he dropped his voice confidentially — 'it's made from one of my grandmother's recipes. I did humanity a service when I put it on the market. I have testimonials from every state in the Union,' he ended, with unmistakable pride.

'I'll keep Itch-O in mind if I develop symptoms,' Gordon promised gravely.

'Everything's in the advertising,' declared the professor. 'Frank Rhodes has told me about you, and I thought you might look over this circular letter I've written. It ain't up to snuff when it comes to grammar. If you'll put it in good shape, I'll pay you five beans.'

Gordon took the much-edited sheet, and, as he read, discovered possibilities of many times five dollars.

'Is this all you send to a person who inquires about Itch-O?' he demanded. 'My dear sir, I'm afraid you don't understand the advertising game.'

'What d'ye mean?' questioned the Professor. 'My stuff pulls fine, once I get it fixed up.'

Gordon's answer was a wise, incredulous smile.

'I've increased my business by half in three years,' insisted the professor.

'Which only proves what you could have done,' returned Gordon. 'You don't seem to realize,' he continued, 'that when one has an ailment, he is intensely interested in it. He is ready to read a library about it. He wants to know the cause of it, its nature, and its characteristics. This circular takes it for granted that the inquirer merely wants Itch-O. He wants more. He wants information.'

'Say,' exclaimed the professor, impressed, 'I believe you've got the right dope. Can you turn it out?'

'Yes, I can let you have a well-written dissertation that will cover thirty-two pages in agate.'

'I'll give you a hundred dollars for it.'

'Make it two and it'll be in your hands to-night.'

'All right,' agreed the professor, heavily. 'It's a bargain.'

Gordon accepted the assignment and went to the *Britannica*, from which he emerged, saturated with scientific lore. Never had Itch-O's praises been sung

so well, never had its virtures been described so rapturously. The phrases of eulogy galloped from his Underwood. Itch-O became literature.

The professor was delighted, and that very evening, as he wrote the promised check, he added that he would appreciate more such suggestions and work.

On his way to a night lunch-counter for a belated meal, Gordon remembered nervously that he had covenanted with himself to stay merely long enough to save a couple of hundred dollars for the great journey. But how could he have dreamed that the entire fortune would be acquired the first day? Really, in all decency, he owed it to Mr. Rhodes to remain at least a few weeks. He would leave, of course, and that shortly, but there was no reason why he should break his streak of luck when it had only begun. Never before had he earned so much at one time.

The next day, taking the advice of Mr. Rhodes, he dropped into the First State Bank to deposit his check. Mrs. Graham, the friendly little vice-president, waited on him and introduced him to the president, James Osborne, who had already heard of him.

'You'll get good service here,' said the gruff, dignified man. 'Fallon is always glad to welcome hustling young folks.'

It was a new experience for Gordon to receive such cordiality from a bank president. The thrill was indescribable.

When he strolled about after supper, he noticed the trim post-office with its well-kept lawn, the imposing high-school building and the neat churches. It was n't such a bad little town, after all, he reflected. To be sure, the general impression was that of unutterable commonplaceness, and there was a pitiful lack of understanding of beauty, either of line or of color. The most pretentious house was, architecturally, quite the most terrible. But the people seemed unusually sensible and kindly. The whole world could n't be artists.

'It's that money-in-the-bank-feeling working,' he murmured in droll dismay. 'Would n't Oliver be triumphant if he knew I was actually beginning to apologize for Fallon.'

His meditations were interrupted by a tall, spare man and the professor, who explained, with an air of proud proprietorship, 'This is the young chap I was telling you about. Mr. Hamilton, meet Mr. Burns, the next state senator from this district.'

Ten minutes later, Gordon was richer by fifty dollars. Mr. Burns was, indeed, running for office, and it was Gordon's new job to pen his advertisement, his letters of acceptance, his statements to the county press, and other literature intended to turn an apparently honest man into a senator.

At the end of the tenth perfect day, Gordon, smiling to himself, checked over his accounts. He realized that he had a corner on writing in Fallon, and felt an amused worry over the monster of the income-tax which, at this rate, would soon menace him. Immediately, he decided to conceal the visitations of Madam Money. Certainly, he would not leave, not for the present. He would stay in Fallon until he had cleaned up a couple of thousand. Paris could wait a few months. Paris, like Radnor-by-the-Sea, began to seem remote.

As the new consciousness of his own market value began to sink deeper, his courage and initiative grew. Before many weeks had passed, he decided to enlarge his scale of activities. Going into Mr. Rhodes's office, he announced suddenly that he intended to resign.

The publisher was more than surprised. As Gordon had expected, he was worried.

'Why, my dear fellow, you are scarcely settled down,' he temporized.

'I've been here long enough to know it's no place for me,' Gordon answered firmly.

'May I ask why?'

'It's simply this, Mr. Rhodes: you brought me here at a measly thirty-dollar salary and you've loaded me with the work of two men. If I'm to do two men's work, I must have two men's pay.'

'It's true you have made yourself worth more to me than thirty a week,' Mr. Rhodes admitted graciously. 'I don't mind telling you that I am considering giving you a raise.'

'Then, now is the time,' returned Gordon. 'It is n't only the money I'm concerned over,' he continued sharply. 'I don't like the way a lot of things are handled in this office. The paper has a large circulation, but it could have twice as many subscribers if it had more pep and we employed more efficient methods. If I'm to stay, I'll have to be given more authority. I must be managing editor with a salary of seventy-five a week and the understanding that, as soon as I put on a hundred thousand more readers, that amount will be doubled.'

There was a long discussion. Mr. Rhodes was not the sort of a man to be easily bullied, but he had become convinced of Gordon's unusual abilities. The *Midland Weekly* had, for the past year, been losing ground, and he had learned from bitter experience that Fallon was not an alluring point for brilliant young men. The matter ended with Gordon issuing forth a full-fledged managing editor at the demanded salary. The inspired gambler had placed everything on a small pair and had come off victorious.

III

Before the year passed, he played for even greater stakes, risking all his chips in the supreme hazard of matrimony, and, true to his streak, won, not only genuine happiness, but greater prosperity. It was Mr. Rhodes who was first impressed with the desirability of marriage for Gordon. For, after the momentous interview which more than doubled that young man's salary, he threw up his hands and muttered words to the effect that one could never be sure of single men. If only this positive-minded person were married, — with, perchance, a family, — ah, then he, Frank Rhodes, could use very different tactics. At which point he made a quick census of the town and instantly thought of Ruth Sterling.

If Ruth could be interested! All Fallon stood a little in awe of her. She had been reared so differently from the rest of the small-towners. She had come to her parents late in their lives, and her mother dying while she was a baby, her father had brought her up himself. She had been sent to a convent school, then to Paris, and had flitted back and forth with him between the little town and the East until his death, when she was eighteen. People had wondered what she would 'do'; but, alone as she was, she had clung passionately to the place where he had spent his life; and during the two years that had passed she had learned, under Janet Graham's wise guidance, to enjoy managing the conservative investments left to her. These were all in Kansas, and Mr. Rhodes shrewdly guessed that it would be no easy task to persuade her to leave Fallon.

Gordon was drawn to her the first time they met. He liked the sweet tranquillity of her fresh, young face, the well-groomed, carefully netted dark hair, her trim figure, perfect poise, and unmistakable good breeding. Mr. Rhodes and his wife had invited them for a Sunday afternoon auto trip, and during the whole ride Gordon and Ruth talked together in the tonneau. It seemed to

them scarcely less than a miracle that they had read the same books, liked the same plays, had so many valuations in common, could laugh with the same tender amusement at Fallon's limitations, and sigh the same sigh for interesting places and people.

Gordon told her of the changes he had already effected in the *Midland Weekly*, of his big plans for its future, of his need for utterance, and even outlined in detail some of his unfinished writings. As Ruth listened intently, she became more and more aware of the dynamic possibilities of this dark, charming youth, more and more intrigued by his winning personality, so baffling in its mixture of commercial practicality and inspired idealism. Never, it seemed to Gordon, had he known anyone with such understanding. He felt doubly sure of himself, baptized with a reborn confidence in his artistic future. By the time they reached home, their friendship was established.

Marriage, after a few months of companionship, was the logical, natural step for both. Gordon's yearning for sparkling, restless little Sylvia had been a disturbing, disintegrating force. In his love for Ruth was a rare quality of trust and comradeship. How he adored the hominess of her! He knew instinctively that children would bring to her the same deep joy which he realized with a new thrill would be his if he were to be a father. Together, he felt, they would find life a long adventure, always rich in new emotions, new thoughts, and new experiences. Each day would be full of growth and achievement. It was all so simple, too, for Ruth still lived in the old family homestead. There was no initial outlay necessary, no assuming of serious responsibilities. It seemed a part of Gordon's streak to marry thus.

This faculty of being successful continued to develop with Midas-like rapidity. Literally, whatever he touched turned into dollars. It became an accepted conclusion in Fallon that anything he might do would be profitable. He traded some unimproved land for a modern, well-equipped farm, which he ran on shares, going in for thoroughbred Poland Chinas. Through his skillful advertising, the Hamilton Hog Sales became famous in three states and brought prices that made Fallon gasp. He organized a coöperative elevator with the farmers' money and his own luck. It was a go from the start. At his direction, Itch-O's capitalization was increased by two hundred per cent, the stock was sold, a liberal block transferred as commission to himself, and the entire business put completely under his capable management. From the day he leased the *Midland Weekly* its profits steadily increased.

He was the most listened-to man at the town's Commercial Club. His say-so was final, because his promises were golden and certain to actualize. The County Fair Association, which he started, and to which he sold some of his wife's land for the grounds, drew thirty thousand people the first season, and Gordon rightly was given the credit. He was looked up to as a pillar of boost, a man who was putting Fallon on the map, a genius at organization.

He raised ten thousand dollars and placed a corporation in control of the town's best drug-store, with himself as president. It occurred to him that Fallon's volume of trade would grow immeasurably if it were more available by car-line to the miners of the near-by camps; and, getting together sixty-five thousand dollars of the necessary funds in the county, he secured the balance in Kansas City. He was elected president of the new road. As one out of every six persons in the surrounding country owned a car, he decided that it would be an excellent thing to give the town a twenty-five-thousand-dollar garage,

properly incorporated, with a vague system of profit rebates to the stockholders, of whom there were many. Again he was elected president. He went into coal-mining and helped to open up the yet unexploited local oilfields, and every venture with which he was connected was a success. Always serene, always at leisure, always ready to organize an enterprise and assume its presidency, his word, spoken with delightful courtesy, was law. In less than seven years, he was the wealthiest man in the county. Southeastern Kansas had never known anyone like Gordon Hamilton. He was something new.

He had long since observed that, while for a few the church was a sincere expression of their religious faith, for the majority of the people of Fallon it was more in the nature of a club, and one of the obvious stepping-stones toward dignity and prominence. Without hypocrisy, professing nothing, he began to attend Presbyterian services and functions with consistent regularity. When a vacancy occurred on the Board of Trustees, he was unanimously elected to fill it. Followed thereupon the swift placing of the church on a sound business basis and the remodeling of the nondescript building into a stately gothic edifice. It was not large, but in drab little Fallon it stood, with its pure lines and glowing windows, challenging in its beauty, a pearl set in lead. As Gordon sat, on Sundays, in the family pew, with Ruth and their children, he knew that all the town thought him a paragon of respectability; and although he could not explain why, he felt that he thoroughly deserved this reputation — that, at bottom, he always had been solid.

Ruth was quietly proud of him, and their emotional life flowed smoothly, but she was often deeply troubled because of the scarcity of money. They were worth many times what she had been when they were married, but there was always a flock of outstanding notes which, with their interest, had to be met. It was Gordon's method. If he wished to invest in a project, he borrowed, sometimes using Ruth's splendid securities as collateral. The debt paid, it meant that they had accumulated just that much more principal. This knowledge recompensed Gordon for all the necessary sacrifices and economies. There came a day, however, when Ruth rebelled.

'Why do you want to go into any more things?' she asked him desperately, when he brought her a note to sign with him for ten thousand dollars, that they might purchase an interest in a steam-coal-shovel company.

'For the fun of making more and the satisfaction of having it, dear heart,' was the prompt answer.

'Do you know, Gordon,' she asked slowly, her gray eyes strangely calm, 'do you know that in order to make life livable and happy for us all, I have been obliged to borrow at the First State Bank for the last two years?'

'What?' Gordon was genuinely shocked.

'I owe a thousand dollars there.'

'A thousand dollars!' echoed Gordon. 'This is terrible.'

'I used to think so,' Ruth smiled bravely, 'until Janet Graham made me see that it was merely absurd. She says there are half a dozen other women — wives of progressive Fallon men — doing the same ridiculous thing for lack of proper spunk.'

'But I don't understand,' groped Gordon in real perplexity; 'what have you borrowed it *for?*'

'Mostly for little things, dear; for the extras — the things that take the edges off everyday living and put charm and distinction into it; for household necessities; for the new sheets and counterpanes when you insisted we wait

another year — though you would buy the eighty acres that joined the farm; for the kitchen stove when you thought we should get along with the old one which was wearing out Sally's nerves; for the new lawn-mower; for the extra wages I pay — one could n't keep a superior maid for what you stipulate, Gordon; for the new privet hedge — it cost twice what you think — and the lovely climbing roses; for little charities; for gifts from the children and myself at the graceful moment. It's a long list. Shall I go on?'

'But why did n't you tell me?'

'I did, dear, each time,' Ruth answered quietly. 'And each time you were so final, you delivered such an ultimatum, that I could n't bear to argue with you. I feel as you do about people who wrangle. Perhaps it was n't quite frank, but you see, I could usually understand that you honestly, often just because you were a man, could n't comprehend the reasonableness of what I asked. If we had been seriously involved, I should n't have let a penny slip, but it suddenly dawned on me that there was absolutely no need for this petty scrimping and saving.

'Why, Gordon,' she hurried on, 'father and I used to take wonderful trips, we collected rare books, I bought the smartest of clothes, and yet there was always plenty. Now we can't afford a single luxury. We've never been away together since we were married — I have n't been East for five years, and I dress like a frump.'

'Ruth, what nonsense!' Gordon interrupted brusquely. 'You know you get your frocks in Kansas City and always look remarkably well.'

'I pass, but that 's all,' she corrected. 'And I should n't do that if I did n't get what I felt I must from the bank. Oh, my dear,' she pleaded, 'do see the humorous side of it! It is n't as if you were naturally stingy, and I should n't care if there were any *use* in it; but we have enough — so much more than enough. Yet here we are, so strapped that I must borrow for what I consider essentials. Actually, Gordon, it seems more of a problem when I want a new hat than when we need a new silo.'

Gordon came over to her and put his arms round her tenderly.

'I see your point, dear heart. You make me feel like a brute, but you know I've never gone into anything to which you have n't agreed. As soon as we swing this steam-shovel deal we will stop. It shall be the end. I will give myself to writing. You know that is what I have always planned.'

'You must square me up at the bank, first,' persisted Ruth.

'Renew the note.'

'No. Janet does n't want me to.'

'Do you mean to say she won't?' Gordon demanded, incredulously.

'She did n't say she would n't, and she made it very clear they would lend *us* any amount we wanted; but you know she's been like an elder sister to me, and she made me feel that I was being awfully foolish in not having a talk with you and putting a stop to this way of doing. I am going to pay it, Gordon. I shall sell one of my mortgages.'

'Cash in capital? I won't consent to it.'

'I can't see what's to be gained by paying interest when I have the money.'

'But, my dear child, then the capital will be gone. Renew the note, and the next dividend from the *Midland* shall go toward it.'

'No,' Ruth resisted with gentle stubbornness. 'I need that to take the children East to the Montessori school, so they can have a month of it and I can get a better idea of the method.'

'Ruth, we simply cannot afford that this year.' Gordon was earnest. 'You 've been such a splendid pal — we've

made so much together. I've always felt you were with me. I can't understand what's come over you.'

'I've told you, dear. I've recovered my sense of proportion and I mean to keep it. I won't be poor any longer, merely to make more when we have enough now to live beautifully. There's neither rhyme nor reason in it. It's changing you, too, Gordon.'

'I guess I have changed,' he laughed easily. 'I was a queer dub lolling around waiting for something real to show up. I remember I wanted a couple of hundred dollars for Paris — to be a boulevardier — to meet strange failures. But, instead, I became a success. Are you sorry?'

'Not if you are sure you are n't,' Ruth answered soberly. Then, after a moment, she added, very low, 'Only sometimes — forgive me if I hurt you, darling — I'm afraid you will feel, too late, that your life has been a failure.'

IV

It was so unlike Ruth to be anything but sympathetic that her words left a profound impression. After supper, as he listened to her moving about, putting the little folks to bed, he went over their conversation. Was he, after all, a fool to have left the adventures of the soul for the game of piling dollar on dollar for the sheer sport of piling? Made restless by his thoughts, he put on his hat for a walk down-town. As he strolled, he became more serious. Was it true, he asked himself, that he was being caught in the meshes of his own success? Was it really a misfortune that his luck had been so unfailing? And had it been luck, or ability? A toss-up, he concluded.

'Surely,' he argued, 'a man ought to be able to establish two distinct selves — one, the money-maker for so many hours a day; the other, a dweller in the halls of art. I must take time to write. But is n't it rather inane to say everlastingly, "I must write," as though the world needed more books? Rather childish, that.'

At least, he decided, he could start off with one story — a story of his own soul on its pilgrimage to Parnassus, halting a moment in the temple of the money-changers and remaining there.

'That ought to make a good theme,' he murmured. 'A man ever so rich who is ever so poor, bound by the chains of property, while his soul suffocates as surely as those stifled by lack of means.'

But was n't it possible, he wondered, to have just enough property to ensure comfort, and just enough soul to enjoy it to the full? That was what Ruth wanted. She was right, too; but hang it all, he had the habit of seeing opportunities. He had n't even tapped the ones offered in this little town. And what a future he could give his children!

Suppose he *had* written a novel — half a dozen? Would it really have counted for more in the world than what he had actually accomplished? Would he have created any more, truly? The *Midland Weekly's* circulation was doubled. Itch-O was a useful and favorite national commodity. Hundreds of grateful letters poured into his office every day. Ruth was still in love with him. He cherished her and their two sturdy boys and beautiful baby daughter. The town and county looked up to him. What if he had never had all this joy, success, and power? But he did have them and now he would not, could not, be without them. His old world — Sylvia, Radnor-by-the-Sea with its temperament and poverty, New York, Paris — not even in his mind. Then why this pricking of conscience, this conviction that, in spite of his logic, he had allowed himself and his standards to be subtly, irrevocably cheapened?

His eye was attracted by the glaring red of a poster in front of the town's best movie-house, and he stopped to look. It was a picturization of Pierrot and the Moon Maiden. But before he could examine the lithograph with any care, he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard an excited voice exclaim, —

'If it is n't Gordon! Gordon Hamilton, the long-lost, the plutocratic, small-town Crœsus!'

'Oliver!' returned Gordon, 'Radnor-by-the-Sea's old thumper of the Steinway! What are you doing here in Fallon, Kansas?'

'On a mission of art and beauty — See there.' Oliver indicated the poster. 'It cannot be shown to jazz; it needs the interpretative music which I have composed myself.'

'Do you track a picture and play the piano in movie-houses like this?'

'Preaching the doctrine of the sublime.'

Gordon laughed lightly at the intended exaggeration.

'But seriously,' Oliver continued, 'the world does need ambassadors of the muse —'

'Pioneers of æstheticism, torch-bearers of the over-man, advance agents of the super-soul and —'

'Stop!' commanded Oliver.

'And Sylvia — she is here with you spreading the gospel of beauty?'

'Oh, Sylvia!' Oliver shrugged his shoulders in an expressive gesture. 'She is out of my life. You escaped because you could not win her; I escaped because I did.'

Gordon shuddered as he reflected on Oliver's fleeing to this soiled goal, banging out incidental melodies to a five-reel film. And yet, was it so different from his own effort to earn a couple of hundred for possibly as futile a journey to Paris?

'I've heard about you, Gordon,' said Oliver: 'how you married and settled down to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism, as you may happen to remember, I once prophesied you would.'

'I'm not peaceful, though I am prosperous, and, I suppose, a thoroughgoing Philistine.'

'You, with your long drawn-out theories of literary expression, with your everlasting talk about what you were to write, with your real gift — you in this little town, just making money. It's a shame.'

'Oh, I don't know,' fenced Gordon; 'I'm still young enough, and only this evening I outlined a story which I shall work on to-night.'

'You won't write it,' declared Oliver flatly. 'I can see that.'

'You think I am quite hopeless?'

'Absolutely. One must be ready to make great sacrifices. Take myself. I might be a money-maker, too, but see what I do. I get only my expenses and twenty-five dollars a week, but I am happy, because every evening and sometimes twice a day I give to this little gem of fantasy a background of music.'

'You really are happy?'

'I am that. Next season I am to go out with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Only an artist can comprehend the joy I have in creating my own compositions. I could draw on a rich repertoire, but I prefer to dip into my own well.'

Gordon noticed the burning, far-seeing eyes, the pale skin, the deep lines from nostrils to the sensitive mouth, the nervous movements of the thin lips. And his clothes — how cheap!

'If this is his happiness,' thought Gordon, as both entered the crude little house for the first show, 'thank Heaven, I am not of it!'

Oliver went to the piano with the air of a Carnegie Hall soloist. Gordon wondered whether this might be because of a lack of humor or of an overabundance of it. Or was the man able to persuade himself that he was before

an audience thirsting for his art? His gestures were most profound. The piano, alas! was no instrument for this throbbing soul. Gordon saw very little of the picture, though what he watched was exquisite. The musician held him. Oliver had spoken the truth. It was plain that, as he played, he was lifted up into a world of poetry and ecstasy. Sincerity and happiness shone from his face. He did not seem to realize, as did Gordon, that he was pouring his music into stone ears. None of his efforts would make the slightest elevation of tone in Fallon. A thousand such ambassadors would leave it untouched.

During the wait between the first and second shows, Oliver seated himself by Gordon, who could not help hearing the little rustlings and whisperings as the townsfolk noticed their financier associating with this odd, minstrel-like stranger. It irritated Gordon to find that he felt conspicuous and uncomfortable.

'You did well,' he said kindly.

Oliver ate up this thin slice of praise. 'It's nothing compared to the things I am doing for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I've been thinking,' he went on impetuously, 'that since you are so well off, you might do something for a poor artist. You cannot help yourself, why not help me?'

'How?'

'By lending me enough to lease outright one set of reels. I'll pay you back some day, if I can; and if I can't,you will, at least, have rendered some service to art.'

'How much will you want?'

'I don't know. I'll write you. I may need five or six hundred, and I may need more. It ought to be a good investment. Instead of getting only twenty-five a week, I'll often clear twenty-five a night when I play to my own show.'

'You have the right idea —'

'I know so many movie-owners; I can arrange more dates than I can handle.'

'I'll do it,' promised Gordon grimly; 'not to help art, but to show you what I have been up against. You will make money, and being cautious, you will save. You will lease a few more pictures, square yourself up with me, and go into the business on a larger scale. You will understand what has kept me from writing. You will become too occupied to compose.'

'No danger of that,' laughed Oliver confidently. 'You will really help me? I hate to ask it of you, but — you understand.'

'I understand you better than you think. I am going to undo this sordid little world of yours and send you on the road to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism. My dear fellow, you are soon to realize that this art for art's sake, this will to suffer, this sacrifice — is all bluff, except in youth — a pose! You may think you look down on me as a defaulter, but you envy me my success.'

'Not at the price you've paid for it.'

'Wait and see,' was Gordon's cryptic answer.

V

As he made his way home, late that evening, after saying good-bye to his old friend, his mind was full. He was sure Oliver's was no standard, and yet he could not deny that at one time it had been his own.

'I must merely make a slight change in my life,' he told himself. 'I must buy and sell, handle my business transactions, edit the *Weekly*, and boost Itch-O; but I must remember, as Ruth does, that these things are a means, not an end. I'll put all these thoughts and emotions into a story, and if, when it's finished, it's no good, I'll be able to live my regular life without further qualms.'

Athrob with this urge for expression, his imagination began to picture situations and characters, and he was already making mental notes of sentences, when he was stopped by the professor, now only a minority stock-holder and assistant manager in the temple that issued such enormous quantities of salve for the anointing of the trusting.

'I say, Mr. Hamilton; just a minute.'

Gordon paused, impatient.

'You know we have n't had a new piece of literature in a dog's age.'

'Well, what of it?' Gordon asked sharply. 'The receipts seem to be coming in right along.'

'Just the same we ought to get out something new and classy — something catchy.'

'Get it done. For heaven's sake, are you helpless? Must I write every word?'

'There's no one can do it as well.'

'Perfect nonsense! We'll have to employ some live wire who can attend to the detail work. I'm getting sick and tired of it. I must have time to live, to think, to create.'

This was a new Gordon. Confused, the professor found an excuse to go.

'Always Itch-O, Itch-O!' thought Gordon disgustedly. 'It's high time I came to myself.'

He reached home a few minutes later and hurried to the library. There he found Ruth lying on the couch reading.

'Hello, dear,' she smiled pleasantly, noting the look of suppressed excitement in his eyes. 'What have you been made president of to-night?'

'President of my own soul. I've come home to work.'

'A set of by-laws for a new corporation?'

'No. I've had enough of this endless money-grubbing.'

Ruth's eyebrows arched slightly, but her tone was warm as she exclaimed, —

'You don't mean —?'

'That I've come home full of inspiration. I'm going to work on a story.'

She rose quickly. 'The library is yours, old dear. I'll make some coffee.'

Alone, Gordon sat down before his Corona and typed, 'The Seeker.' Then he thought hard. He wrote a while, hurriedly; tore out the sheet. Before he adjusted another, he recalled his recent meeting with the professor and cussed him roundly. In his own journey to Parnassus, this fat little man had stopped him with a fat little temptation, and since then he had been bowing before the god of Itch-O.

He searched for his pipe and lost himself in a whirlwind of chaotic reflections. One thought, however, dominated — that of the necessity for a new booklet — a clever one. Oh, the professor's evil spirit! How it persisted!

'I know why I can't write to-night,' Gordon grumbled. 'It's this wretched pamphlet. It has to be done. When I get it out of the way, I'll be free to go ahead with a clear mind.'

From then on, the typewriter clicked without a halt. Again did the praises of Itch-O rise in symphonic volume, with the glorious climax that 'the trial treatment is free.'

When, hours later, Ruth, heeding a sudden silence, came in with a dainty tray, Gordon lay back in his chair, exhausted. A lump swelled in his throat as his tired mind admitted that once more he had been caught.

'You've been working hard,' Ruth said tenderly. 'You look worn out. Will you show me what you have written?'

Embarrassed, he turned down the pages.

'I was n't in the mood, precious, I —,

'But what have you been doing?'

'Nothing, nothing; just a little matter that's been hanging over me. I'll tackle the story to-morrow evening. Well, shall we get to sleep?'

OPEN THE GATES

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

OPEN the gates of your heart and let her go.
The gates are high and the lock is hard, I know,
And, wistful, the anchors of home would faithfully hold
Her fast — her bag, her shawl with its empty fold.
All day the robin has pled from the locust tree,
And the lambs she loved gone wistful across the lea;
Dark rain on the mountain, and tears on your cheek, but she
Heeds them not now. She is busy, with deep-drawn breath
On breath, greeting her tall strange visitor Death.
He has wrapt her about in his mantle of wisdom away
From your touch; your tears, your kisses are naught to-day.
In vain the larkspurs bloom in the garden bed,
And the gossamer's jeweled gift on the grass is spread;
In vain the poppies, in vain your grief, and so
You must open the gates of your heart and let her go.

And now there are folk by her side you never knew,
They are only faded daguerreotypes to you;
Quaint people in stocks and pantalettes, kept there
With the little brown curl she tenderly marked 'Mother's hair.'
Nothing but names to you, they were dead so long,
But now — ah, strange! She is yours no more, 't is their strong
Hidden arms that receive, their love that has bade her depart,
And their cold, cold fingers that are breaking the lock of your heart.
— Ah, wistful robin, and lambs you call, but no,
We must open the difficult gates and let her go.

Death in the room and her folk come back, and dim
In the shadow a Presence there. Now unto Him
She is lifting the chaliced dew of her fragrant days —
Wine of her life, her love, her beneficent ways —
Dear ways of pleasantness in paths of peace.
O mystical moment! O sacred and singing release!
Into his heart He has taken her gift, and lo,
The iron portals swing open to let her go!

Now hastily dress her in shimmering love, and spread
A pathway of prayer for her darling feet to tread —
The rain has given its jewels, the robin the soul
Of his song, and the garden's breath is an aureole
Master of death, and Lord of life, unto Thee
We open the gates of our heart and set her free.

A KANSAN AT LARGE. II

BY CLYDE L. DAVIS

I

HIGH above the clear, rock-rimmed Lake Winonscopomuck, and among the great wooded hills of northwestern Connecticut, stands the Hotchkiss School. It is a typical Eastern private boarding-school, and is attended by about two hundred wealthy boys who are preparing to enter the big colleges of New England.

Its founders were wise enough to establish a scholarship fund which enables the school to offer to a limited number of poor students each year practically the same educational advantages that the sons of the rich enjoy. An effort is made to secure scholarship boys whose moral influence will be good, and who are capable of doing good work in the classroom and in other activities of the school. Some scholarship boys grow sottish and parasitic, and the influence on the wealthy is not always salutary; but so long as schools train for life in a democracy like the American Republic, the plan, by and large, is a good one, and the

school that adopts it is far and away ahead of the one that lacks such an arrangement.

Into this inexorable, standardizing drill-yard, Fate tumbled me — penniless, untutored, untamed, and, like a good many of the scholarship boys, three or four years older than most of my classmates. Although I was ex-president of everything in Emporia, no Y.M.C.A. delegation or other embassy met me at the station; and, moreover, no one seemed especially anxious to make my acquaintance. The first master I met had never even heard of William Allen White.

But these things did not worry me, for I knew that the school would soon realize what a prize it had landed and recognition would then come; moreover, I felt that I had a mission to perform among these listless sons of the hell-bound rich. The headmaster had written little about what he would expect of me; but talks with my Kansas friends had made my duties perfectly plain. The sons of the rich were, of course, a shifty, shiftless, spineless lot, and it was to be my privilege to set the example for industry and nobility of character. Incidentally, I was to continue to excel in class-work and be a leader in New England, as I had been in the bounding West.

In such a place, with such ideas, it is needless to say that I was soon more miserable than Ovid ever was in Pontus. The athletic director interviewed me. Modesty forbade my telling him how my plays had made the bleachers resound where a few of us, who liked to play football, practised when we chose and played as we liked; but I found ways to let him know that, if he put me on the right end, nothing would come around.

But the next day I found to my amazement that the idle rich were strenuous enough — in a football game, at least. These boys had grown up in camps and gymnasiums; they had been carefully trained; Ted Coy was their patron saint, and a college letter their chief aim in life. I fought desperately, but gradually saw that I was hardly fit to carry water to the second team; two days later, the dislocation of a shoulder luckily saved me the humiliation of going into the discard, but I knew that I had been completely outclassed, and nothing will ever cause me keener suffering.

I joined the Agora Debating Society, for there at least I knew I could star — had I not once won the gold medal while three thousand cheered, as I discomfited a whole team? But Satan again lay in wait — the question was Trust Regulation. Oft had I applauded others, and oft had I been applauded, for tirades against the soulless *octopi*, and in favor of the *pee-pul*. But that night my eloquence, like that of Father Æneas, 'stuck to my jaws,' for there in the front row sat Cy McCormick, and in the third sat Philip Swift. It is easy vacuously to harangue a sympathetic crowd; but standing in a small room and looking the owner of a trust in the eye, one feels a desperate need of indisputable facts, and the ordinary platitudes and aphorisms of the press have an appallingly hollow ring. I sat down very ill-satisfied with myself.

Instead of its being a godless place, I found that Hotchkiss fairly sizzled with religious fire, which radiated from the meetings of St. Luke's Society. As I sat and listened to the sincere, earnest boy speeches, I felt little like a missionary, but much like John when he said, 'I have need to be baptized of Thee.'

In due time I found out that rich boys are essentially just like poor boys. Some are industrious, studious, and manly; some are lazy and will cheat if they get a chance; some are snobs and some are selfish; but by an overwhelm-

ing majority they are generous and kind, and in earnest.

The ignorance of these boys amazed me. They knew nothing of United States history, and not enough geography to locate my native state with exactitude. They had traveled abroad, but having taken nothing with them, they had brought nothing back. They wrote illegible scrawls. Standard literature was positively a sealed book to them; but, on the other hand, they had been tutored toward college entrance examinations from childhood. The rudiments of Latin and Algebra had been drummed into them, and not a few spoke French. For me, a mature farm-product, to compete with these fellows in learning languages was an impossible task. Therefore my final humiliation was to see myself easily beaten in the classroom.

The masters were simply drill sergeants. 'You'd better remember that word, boys: you'll need it in June,' was the oft-repeated remark of the indefatigable old German instructor; and it defined the pedagogical horizon of the whole staff. Their jobs depended on making their classes pass the college entrance examinations at the end of the year; and their everlasting, driving, barren, humdrum tutoring on the rudiments of languages and mathematics was anything but inspiring.

God had intended the Latin master to be a schoolteacher, but by some pass of fortune he had fallen into this drill-yard and was spending his days whipping awkward squads into shape. But besides doing his regular Simon Legree work, he illuminated every page with running comments which have since proved surprisingly valuable. In earning my bread as a toiler in this rough world, no school-work has served me better than the training that Edmund Barss gave us in Latin.

An individualistic Western farmer also found it extremely difficult to fit himself into the life of the school. The senior class were the people, and had to be respected. Athletic games must be attended and good plays cheered. A Western cowboy in a German regiment could not have felt more repressed and annoyed. But I made the best of it all, and, although my health became wretched, plodded doggedly on, because (1) all the Kansas boys who had preceded me had found that this road led to great things; (2) China must be saved; (3) I had found working one's way in other schools next to impossible; and, finally, because letting my relatives and friends hear of failure was unthinkable.

Each week I wrote to mother, telling her of the beauty of the hills, of the sermons I heard, and so forth, but keeping my troubles to myself. Back to Emporia went the school-paper with contributions from my pen, and accounts of debates and literary contests; but at Hotchkiss I was very small potatoes, for among such a group of boys leadership depends more on swift legs and geniality than on knowledge and ink.

But working, playing, and cheering for the school finally made me love it sincerely; perhaps just as William James 'saw a bear, ran, and then got scared.' And one day, as graduation drew near, the headmaster told me that those cold-blooded, iron-edged masters, who were so unlike the pedagogical wet-nurses of the Middle West, had realized all the while the difficulties under which I labored, and that they were very well satisfied with what I had done. So I went off to Harvard College with a bounding heart, for there head rather than heels would win one his place.

II

Before I had been at Harvard two weeks I found that the object of that

institution was to produce men like Arthur Beane. Beane was the finest all-round man I had ever met. He was large, genial, firm, virile, cultivated. As an undergraduate he had touched every phase of college life, and had bettered every one that he touched. After Mr. Beane graduated, the firm of Briggs, Fitch and Co.,[1] which has its headquarters in the Brooks Building, had hired him to stay and do Y.M.C.A. secretarial work and act as a model for succeeding academic generations.

They could not have made a better choice. The speeches that were made at the Freshman Reception by Mr. Beane, team-captains, class-officers, undergraduate able editors, and the rest, could all be summed up in these three words, *Be a Beane.* So toward that worthy goal we set our faces.

I still like to think that I might have succeeded if Fortune had been a bit propitious. But it is one of the unpleasant facts of life, that urbanity, social service, and general participation in community activities require some subsidizing. Had I been a crank athlete, a pipe-organ-player, an expert stenographer, or any one of twenty other things, I might have got into the band-wagon; but my earning power was small, and when my living was made by running boys' clubs and other low-pay work, I had little time and energy left with which to be a Beane.

However, I tried it — I heeled for a paper and not without some encouragement. Above all things I wanted a Phi Beta Kappa key, and I kept my marks up to the requirements. I did my uttermost to win the Sargent Prize for a translation from Horace. But, as good old Horace said to the Bandusian goat, it was all *frustra* — that is, in vain. When spring came, my name was second rather than first on the translation list, so the glory missed my brow, and — what was worse — the cash missed my pocket. I was already in debt, but high marks would bring me a scholarship for the coming year and I'd win out.

Two examinations went off well, but as I walked across the yard to take the third, I suddenly grew deathly ill; and when the college physician let me out of the infirmary, examinations were over and the game was lost. What I could earn in the summer vacation would not pay my debt at the college office; and the two hundred dollars tuition, plus board, room, laundry, books, and incidentals, which the next term would bring, presented an insurmountable barrier. My college days were over.

Oh, wisdom of the gods that made us! Oh, blessed incorrigibility of the human soul! When the dog-cart of life at which we tug mires utterly, we still can slip the collar. Spinning, reaping peoples can yell to hideous war! Suffering Byron can finally learn to laugh at Byron; and standing with the headsman at last, even serious Sir Walter can jest about the axe. All 's lost, naught 's had — so be it. If the sky falls, there still are larks to catch.

I bought a second-hand bicycle, took a farewell, wistful look at the volumes in the Harvard Library, and left for Maine, still half-sick, utterly beaten, and completely discouraged.

Education, the salvation of China, success in life, and all else that had kept me in the treadmill, could go to Hades. There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away. Oblivion is the land where freedom dwells. 'The President has paid dear for his White House,' says Ralph Waldo; but the vagabond may have traded a pack more galling than Christian's, and a task more hopeless than that of Sisyphus,

[1] Mr. Davis here refers to Dean Le Baron R. Briggs, and to Dr. Fitch, who was interested in Y.M.C.A. work. — THE EDITOR.

for companions such as Defoe and Stevenson loved; and for singing streams, and long, green roads which, like all others, lead to the end of the world and, mayhap, to the foot of the rainbow. 'The voice of duty is the voice of God.'— Ah, my friend, very interesting! But just how do you know that?

At a cheap boarding-house near the coast, I met an able young ne'er-do-well who was selling maps. I went out with him next day. I decided that if he could thus make money enough in a day to keep him spending for a week, I could make that much every day and save it, too. My commissions for my third day's work were thirty dollars. The college debt was soon paid. On September twelfth I had in my pocket four hundred and one dollars and thirty-one cents.

I went to Cambridge and with unfeigned indifference asked George Washington Cram[1] if I could try the examinations that my illness had made me miss. He said I could; and without turning a page for preparation, I tried. The marks in all were about the minimum for passing, and I decided to register for the coming year.

But I had lost the belief that the chief end of man is to be like Arthur Beane. In fact, I had lost belief in almost everything except that I could hold my own in the gouge game of life. I had found that, if I went into a village and sold my wares to those who needed them, then more than two thirds of the other residents would buy when they saw those names on my order-book. And it seemed to me that the majority of my classmates, who were straining for shingles in Beanedom, were very like these foolish people. Moreover, I had found out that if one has an absolutely thorough knowledge of his commodity, knows exactly what he wants, and goes straight for it as persistently as the tide saws the coast of Maine, few men or combinations of men can keep him from his goal. Therefore, others could *be* something at college, but I proposed, if possible, to *learn* something.

Like most farmers, I feared debt more than almost anything else. Several blocks from the college I rented a tiny attic room. Teaching three evenings a week in the Cambridge night-schools would pay my board. Diogenes was now in his tub, — he had four hundred and one dollars and thirty-one cents in his pocket, — so Alexander, Beane and Company might stand out of his study light.

I began to 'apply mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things,' as did the ancient Hebrew, and soon I found that Harvard was a vast deposit of information. And whenever the student is puzzled, there are professors who can, like the colored minister, 'explain the unexplainable, make known the unknowable, and unscrew the inscrutable.'

Taussig and Munro took us behind the curtain and showed us all the ropes and pulleys and light controls of the world's daily puppet-show. From the very source we drifted with Palmer down the wonderful river of human thought — among the singing Isles of Greece, past the Forum, where Epictetus dwelt a slave, and finally, fittingly or unfittingly, brought up with Friedrich Nietzsche in the madhouse. With Haskins we marched on every Crusade, and with A. B. Hart we unlearned our American history. Willie Keukentahl, the naturalist from Breslau, took us through the dead circus in Agassiz Museum, and dilated on Darwin and on whales. With Neilson and the rest, we traveled in the realms of gold, listened to the sages, and heard the minstrels sing. And as twenty or thirty of

[1] The Recorder of Harvard University.

us were sailing past Scotland in one of Bliss Perry's boats, I fell in with Thomas Carlyle.

Here was the man for me! This buffeted, baffled son of a peasant had, like his pet hero Mirabeau, 'swallowed all formulas.' He looked through things rather than at them, and could not be fooled by the painted cobwebs that glisten in the wire-grass pasture of *Respectabilia*. He was a bringer-of-men-back-to-realities. He dealt with facts, and yet saw worth and beauty and glory in human life. At his torch I could relight my snuffed-out tallow dip.

At Harvard University, for the first time in my life, I found teachers who were not afraid of the truth, and who were willing to concede that my Creator knew more about what kind of a man I should develop into than they did. Here are the facts as nearly as I can get at them, and here are my conclusions. You can take them and do what you like with them, or leave them. This was the purport of the average lecture.

Diogenes, the tub-dweller, had friends, and after I left Beanedom I found that not all the interesting people at Harvard were to be found in such clubs as the one into which my Hotchkiss origin had caused me to be voted. For example, here was Weissbuch: born in Roumania; to America in the steerage; out of the gnawing poverty of the New York slums; *self-prepared for college;* penniless; exasperating; talented; unsinkable; kind and noble to the last degree.

And the Anglo-Saxon product of the farm found that this urban immigrant, like the confusion of tongues that attended the Cambridge night-school, was human and worth while, just as the rich boys at Hotchkiss had proved to be. If the classes in this country could get acquainted, it would not solve all problems, but it would save us a deal of trouble.

III

Going about in summer working as an agent, it was easy to see that many rural sections were on the decline. Occasional letters from Oklahoma showed that the community we had begun there with such high hopes was not getting anywhere. And when I went back to Kansas, I found that rents were higher, soil poorer, buildings no better, and life no more worth living in my home community than it had been ten years before. In my senior year I heard the lectures of Dr. James Ford and Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, and learned that such conditions prevailed pretty generally in rural America.

'Many of these ignorant, penurious Maine farmers,' said Weissbuch one day, 'are just about like the wretched peasants I used to see in southern Europe.' The trouble was evidently not local, but general.

The nearer graduation came, the more it became apparent that there was mission work to be done among mine own people, which was quite as important, and perhaps more difficult than it would be to win China for Calvin. In China I'd probably speak and understand life about as well as Charlie Wing, my laundryman, did in America. On the other hand, life had forced me to know more about farms and farmers than many people can ever hope to learn.

'What's the best way for one to get into country work?' I once asked Professor Carver at the close of a lecture.

'Why, you could be a country preacher or teacher; but in either case the field of endeavor is very small and the pay very meagre.'

As I walked away, I thought, 'Well, if there is so much money for sending workers to foreign lands, why is n't there some available for the work I want to do?'

Roger Treat, one of my classmates, had become interested in moving-pictures, which were just then being raised to a place of first magnitude. He believed that they had great didactic value. The more he talked, the more certain I became that he was right. Before long, we had incubated a plan for using movies in country work. The plan was quite Napoleonic, although to the uninitiated and unenthused it, of course, seemed decidedly quixotic. Just then came the news that Dr. Carver was to go to Washington, to create a Rural Organization Service.

'The thing for us to do,' I said, 'is to go with him.'

Roger replied, 'Yes, but may be he won't — '

I stopped him. 'You never sold maps, Treat. Our plan is a good one. He's got to have helpers. He can't get better ones. All we have to do is to go after him and stay after him.'

But the job was not an easy one. The wise, colossal, imperturbable customer admitted that the goods seemed valuable for certain purposes, but stated that he was not yet in the market, and also intimated that many plans which seem feasible enough fail when put into practice.

Treat and I retired for heavy repairs. The Austrians lost the battle of Wagram, Professor Johnston had said, 'because they failed to come again.' Treat and I decided not to lose our battle that way. After a consultation, Treat went off to Boston to secure five hundred dollars financial backing, while I went to young Edison, whom I had known at Hotchkiss, and got him to give us a moving-picture outfit.

My last college examination question was: 'Describe the Battle of Austerlitz.' As I wrote, I *saw* that fight. The canny Corsican had retreated to the ground that suited him. In spirit he had his army as tense as a football team. In the centre, hidden behind the hills, I could see the myriads of Frenchmen massed. The little man on the lookout watched with satisfaction as his stubborn marshal, Davout, was slowly driven back, and Russian regiments left the centre to help press the advantage on the right. And then, when that centre was weakened enough, Bernadotte's hidden, close-packed French stormed out and up the hill and rolled the enemy either way, while the Old Guard, still in reserve, swore and wept and tore off its epaulets at being denied a part in the struggle. *Vive l'Empereur!*

Peace also hath its victories. Treat and I waged a vigorous campaign in rural districts with such pictorial equipment as we could get, and at the same time, kept bombarding Washington, D.C., with full accounts of what we were doing. Finally the Rural Organization Service wired for us to come for inspection and trial. The next year was spent in working under the direction of the Department of Agriculture.

IV

Frances is a very unusual person, who inventories thus: brown hair, great brilliant eyes, fresh, healthy cheeks, positive but good-natured expression, round arms, dainty hands, and small feet. She is very erect and alert, and is built after the bungalow style of architecture. By trade she is a professor of Home Economics and director of Girls' Canning Clubs. When I first saw her she was twenty-four years old — a penniless maid, *sans* pedigree.

After I met her, I wrote her a letter. She did not answer it. I determined to take no more notice of her, and as soon as I saw her again, insisted that she dine with me. Next day I went through the Mammoth Cave. She was in the party. All I remember about the cave is that it is lighted by very large blue

eyes. From then on I wrote her many letters, and once in a while she wrote me one. She did not seem especially pleased with me, and I was certainly very much displeased with myself.

'Fellow like you,' said old man Mortin, as he and I started on a business trip south, 'ought to be able to pick up a girl down here with a thousand acres of land.'

'No, Mr. Mortin, there is nobody works as hard for his money as the man who marries for it. But, on the other hand, if I wanted to marry at all, you could bet your last dime I'd never pay any attention to a girl unless she had some property. All my life has been a continual and desperate fight against poverty. Now I am just getting my nose above water, and I don't propose to get into the flint mill again by saddling a poverty-stricken family on my back.'

At college, I had read the Essays of Francis Bacon no less than fifteen times, and I felt that I had got at the real facts regarding a good many subjects — matrimony included. Regarding marriage and the things thereunto appertaining, Lord Francis deposeth thus: 'In the life of man love doeth much mischief, sometimes like a Siren, sometimes like a Fury. Great spirits and great business do keep out of this weak passion. Should man, made for the contemplation of all noble objects, do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject? You will perceive that the greatest foundations have proceeded from unmarried men, for whosoever esteemeth too much the amorous affections quitteth both riches and honor. By how much the more then ought men to beware of this weak passion, which looseth not only other things, but itself.'

But the more I thought of Frances the Queen of Clubs, the less I thought of Francis the Lord Chancellor. Bacon was a great philosopher; but as Othello intimated, there is such a thing as knowing too d—— much. Even Harvard University isn't entirely above selling gold bricks to a farmer.

One day I went to see Frances. She enjoyed the interview a good deal more than I did. And then, just when things were looking utterly hopeless, she turned those great searchlight eyes on me and gave me the hardest examination that I have ever had to stand. Finally she said slowly, '*You are a perfect dear!*' And somehow I felt that the girl had spoken a great truth. At that moment I was a nobler, truer, handsomer man than Arthur Beane himself can ever hope to be.

When I got back to the hotel that night, Treat, my room-mate, sat up in bed like a Billiken.

'Been to see 'er, Clyde?'

'Yes.'

'Say, what's the matter with you? Are you engaged?'

'No, Treat, I'm not; but I'm awfully afraid I'm never going to be able to get disengaged.'

And when the clock struck one, two, three, four, and, later, five, Treat was sound asleep.

(*The End*)

PATRONS OF DEMOCRACY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Education is the most sacred concern, indeed the only hope, of a nation. — GALSWORTHY.

I

THE average physical age of man is thirty-three; his average educational age is eighteen, or thereabouts. A few men go on to school after eighteen, but they learn nothing fundamental, for theories, methods, and facts are not fundamental: they belong to the useful, the professional. Here and there is a student perennially eighteen years old in mind, who unlearns a few important things in and after college; but most freshmen are what they are, and after three years in college they are seniors. They come to college with all their educational clothes on, asking the faculty if it will please help button them up. College gives a little better fit to the educational garment. We live on and learn, but the lessons from seventeen to seventy are only a review and an application of those we learned from six to sixteen.

In any national survey of education, therefore, the higher schools and colleges are negligible. Our education as a people is that of the secondary schools. In them, more than in any other American institution, more than in all other American institutions, are the issues of an enlightened national life; issues no longer national merely, for the war has made them vital to the life of the world. American democracy is now a world-issue. Already from overseas the peoples are coming to study our institution of democracy; the Japanese, with keen, characteristic insight, singling out the public schools — as if in them were the source and the secret of democracy.

Certainly no democracy can be better than its educational system; for democracy, more than any other political programme, is a programme of education. The spirit of democracy is the fruit of education, and never an inheritance, unless an education can be inherited, devised by will, and blessed upon a child by laying-on of hands. You can come by the spirit of aristocracy that way, for the God-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men spirit is a negation and an assumption. One may even assume that he is a Kaiser and a vice-gerent of God. We cannot assume vice-gerentcies and the like in America, so we stop modestly with whatever else there is to assume. We all alike inherit the Constitution; and it doth not appear at birth what we shall be, a President in Washington, or a Washington correspondent, or both; for every child, although born a presidential candidate, cannot commit his nomination and election to the hands of the priest who christens him, as he can his social position; he must leave it all to the large, firm hands of the future.

How many American parents hate this divine hazard of democracy! 'I will take no chance with my boy!' a mother said to me recently, who had come from New Jersey to Boston with her young son: as if the democratic hazards for her boy might be fewer in Boston; and as if money and birth and breeding brought to Boston might

overcome the handicap of equality conferred by the Constitution upon her son. Why is she afraid? Because I have boys in Hingham? Mine are not the only boys in Hingham, as they have already found out, and as her boy will soon find out. Every boy in Hingham is a challenge to my boys; so is every boy in Boston, and in Baton Rouge, and in Bagdad. It is the girls in Hingham that I am afraid of.

Money and birth and breeding count in a democracy — for and against a man; education and purpose, however, count a great deal more and altogether for a man. But count how? What is the true end of American education? 'Is it life or a living?' It is neither life nor a living. We can live and get a living without an education, as we can marry and give in marriage. But we cannot make the United States a democracy without education. The true end of American education is the knowledge and practice of democracy — whatever other personal ends an education may serve. Education has turned a corner since we went to school, and finds itself face to face with a bigger thing than life or the getting of a living. It is face to face with a big enough thing to die for in France, a big enough thing to go to school for in America — going to school, on the whole, being more difficult than dying. Life and the getting of a living may have been the proper ends of our private education heretofore; such ends are no longer legitimate. Neither life nor the getting of a living, but *living together*, this must be the single *public* end of a common public education hereafter.

This new and larger end demands a new and larger thought of education. The day of the little red schoolhouse, and all other little things in American education must pass. The large schoolhouse must come. Our present school concepts are as inadequate as are our present school appropriations and programmes. We must reconceive the nation's educational needs; we must do it as vigorously, as generously, and as universally as we lately conceived her military needs; and we must create an educational machinery as effective as the military machinery to meet the needs.

But what a machinery is the little red schoolhouse, and the little three-hundred-dollar schoolteacher, and the little thirty-cent interest of the average citizen in his public school! Can the Japanese be right in thinking the intelligence and spirit of America a product of American schools? They have long watched this democracy, and at last, having seen its temper tried by war, they have come to study into the secret of its magnificent behavior — as if it were an educational secret, and might be found in our public schools! They are right, but they are going to be terribly shocked, and shaken in their faith.

II

What do the Japanese expect to find? Surely nothing less than this whole nation in school, for we are a literate people; and nothing less than the whole nation in school together, one common school, for we are without caste as a people; and nothing less than the whole nation together in a common school until it gets the conception of democracy, the abstract, spiritual meaning of democracy; for democracy is a spirit, and they who know the truth of democracy know it in spirit.

What the Japanese will actually find is a democracy divided educationally against itself; wrong in its aim; weak in its purpose; feeble in its support; faltering in its faith; and not only divided, but hostile, in its educational plans. It is bad enough that eighteen per cent of our children do not attend school at

all; it is not so bad for democracy, however, as that our other eighty-two per cent should be divided in their education by private, parochial, industrial, and the regular public schools, until we can be said to have no common educational programme, no common educational purpose, no common educational ideal — *no common school.* Yet what else but a common school can be the head of the corner of democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith, and enthusiasm for democracy. Americanization is not this new educational ideal. The world is not to be Americanized. A few millions of foreigners in America need to be Americanized; but all the millions of Americans in America need to be democratized. Nothing less than the democratization of America dare be our educational aim.

I have not worked out the new course of study. This paper is a plea, not a programme. One thing I know: we must have a common school for all the people; and all the people must attend a common school until every American child has a high-school education. It is not a dream; it is not impossible — unless democracy is a dream and impossible.

The present standard of American education is a fourth-grade standard — and less! Only 6.36 per cent of all the children enrolled in American schools finish the eighth grade. This is not making America safe for democracy. On through the fourth grade to the end of the eighth grade, on from the eighth grade to the end of the high school, we must push the education of the whole people before we can trust the people with democracy.

There will be need of special schools aplenty — for the subnormal; private schools for the feeble-minded; vocational schools for the slow and the stubborn; but for the normal, one common school only, for rich and poor, up to the end of the high school; by which time we are pretty nearly all that we need to be for purposes of democracy.

Is this a new educational language? It is no newer than the new demands, no more foolish than genuine democracy. The old order has changed, and given place to so large an educational need that we have neither the mind nor the machinery for it. Take the country clear across, and our educational mind and machinery are little better than a reproach. And our machinery for education is better than our mind for it. We have better buildings, better teachers, better salaries — even better salaries — than public sympathy and support. Poorer than the poorest piece of kit in all of our educational outfit is the individual American's support of his public school.

In this new and larger education there will be great elasticity, providing for the special case, the educational machine having a transmission with plenty of speeds ahead, and even a reverse gear for those who are backward. But a larger, simpler, speedier education is to be provided, that shall reduce the number of school years, and thus lessen the number of special cases; that shall reduce the number of narrow school courses — commercial, general business, college, and vocation — to one common course, one broad, universal course, thus educating for democracy first, and after that for life and a living — and even for entrance into college. Entrance into college! O Lord, how long shall American public-school education suffer this incubus of the college?

A special programme of training, vocational, business, or college, before the end of the high school, if not con-

trary to the Decalogue, is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and a menace to democracy. Moreover, it is German, no matter how we try to clothe it. Such vocational training was in Germany, and is here, a deliberate attempt to create a working-class. Vocational education before the end of a general high-school course is education backward, the training of a man into a machine, a soul into a pair of hands. It is education for autocracy — the German system, which, in its 'People's Schools,' carries 90 per cent of German children up to our eighth grade, then *blocks* all further education, except in trade and continuation schools. These are the 'masses,' and not an average of one in ten thousand gets through these 'Peoples' Schools' into the gymnasium, or high school, with the other 10 per cent — the children of the 'classes.'

Masses and classes until recently in American education have been one, the school doors opening alike to all; but now, under the guise of 'education for a living,' or in some other robe of light, the German devil of vocational training goes up and down the land, installing machinery in the high-school basements, to steal away the quiet of the study room; and, holding out 'Big Money' in one hand, and a desiccated textbook in the other, says to the restless high-school boys, 'Choose!'

American education is going vocationally mad, going bad; for behind this mischievous propaganda is a purpose and a philosophy not had of democracy. Let me quote a passage from a textbook by a native American high-school teacher: —

'In our country, where every youth in his first year in school learns that he may be president some day; where parents permit their children to look down upon their modest callings; where the higher professions are overcrowded, manual labor despised, the farms deserted, we often find in the serving class a weak, discontented class of people. In sharp contrast to them were the people who served us in Germany. They knew what they had to do and did it, without feeling that it injured their dignity.'

They, the servant class of Germany, had been *educated* to servitude, he means; whereas, in this country, as he goes on to say, 'A "bum" wanted a dollar for carrying three small handbags for us to the station'; all because of this idiotic American teaching about some day being president!

That 'bum' had had no presidential teaching. He might have had the 'business course' in school, perhaps; for, instead of a promise of the presidency, our schools nowadays hold out the necessity of making money, making it quick, and a lot of it. 'Double your salary' is our educational slogan — salary, not wages. The next revision of the Bible will doubtless read: 'The *salary* of sin is death.' The word, with all its pretensions, has no place in our democratic dictionary. Vocational training can never result here in either the servitude or the servility of Germany. The American mind reacts in an American way — turns hostile, instead of servile; mobilizes into camps, instead of castes; and goes forth to fight, chanting the Declaration of Independence. European education, as James Bryce says, has taught men either to look up or to look down. In America we look at each other on the level, square in the eye; and our education must make that look friendly with perfect understanding.

As a matter of fact, however, we are not educating enough workers, laborers, I mean, who work with their hands; nor shall we till we educate everybody to work with his hands, to produce something, something elemental, essential for human existence. Who does

not do some creative work with brain or hands lives a mendicant, dies a pauper, and lies buried in the potter's field, no matter what mausoleum marks his tomb. We should be educated to the biology, the philosophy — the democracy — of labor, and should actually be taught a trade, all of us; and every manager and professional man might well return once in seven years for a sabbatical year at that trade. But such training is not the business of the public schools.

I count myself a laboring man. I believe in labor and laborers. There must be a laboring *class*, educated as a class, and we must all belong. I have always worked with my hands, and the best I could with my head, too. A college class is not a garden of cabbages; not exactly. Work? God works. We all work, or ought to. Christ had his kit of tools. It is not work that divides masses from classes, and sets worker against employer, nor is it money; it is lack of understanding.

'Capital and Labor must get together,' is the slow and still half-sincere cry of Capital. That belief was not in Capital's education, nor in Labor's either; and both are asking, 'How? How can a man be born when he is old? How can Capital and Labor, which are now separated, get together?' But they must! Then they must begin together, and stay together, not as Capital and Labor, but as schoolboys and men.

Not long since, at a notable meeting of capitalists in Atlantic City, Labor was earnestly urged to get together with Capital — but not at Atlantic City. No labor leader was invited to get together with the capitalists there!

The separation is educational: it began in school; and, wide as it now is, it shall go even wider with the spread of vocational and class education. Education and shoemaking are not the same thing. Said the president of the Stetson Shoe Company to me, 'We don't want boys taught to make shoes in school. We can teach them better here at the factory. We want them educated by the schools. We need intelligent men, adaptable men, interested men, who see that their welfare and our welfare are one welfare.' A few hours in a shoe-shop (sixteen hours in even a printing-shop!) will give the green hand skill enough for wages, doing for him all that the years of distracting vocational work in school would do, and do but poorly. Ask the manufacturer if it is good business to spend years for hours, especially those precious school years so greatly needed for intelligence, adaptability, and that community of interests which sees in welfare, 'All for each, and each for all'!

A democracy is a whole people educated up to the standard desired by the Stetson Shoe Company. It is a whole people getting together; and the closer together, the better for the democracy. The purpose of our public-school system is to start the whole people together, and keep the whole people together for all their young years, until by calling and election their ways must part; a parting not to be allowed before the end of the high-school course, in order to forestall the unequal ideals of the future, the suspicions, jealousies, and savage interests that education can *prevent*, but for which there is no cure.

Such education is not skill. It is understanding. Let vocational *guidance* become a part of every high-school curriculum; but set up no machine in the cellar. Let no vocational work steal from the book work; let no trade, industrial business, no normal or technical school, divide the time with the high school. They must follow the high school.

Technical and normal schools are increasingly necessary; whereas trade

schools — schools to teach moulding, shipbuilding, coal-mining, trawling, and tombstone-cutting — are sheer nonsense. What better trade school than the shop? The technical school is a college and should be of college grade. A high school of commerce makes commerce the business of babes. Why not also a high school of medicine, of theology, of law? Is commerce less exacting than these other callings? and are merchants so much poorer mentally than other men, that an eighth-grade education gives them intellectual room and verge enough?

We can build nothing for democracy on a fourth-grade foundation: it is of sand. In exalting democracy, the war has magnified and mightily mutiplied citizenship over the face of the world, and revealed, not only how inadequate, but how dangerous, a thing for citizenship a little learning is. Yet here is the average fourth-grade man inheriting the citizenship of the earth. The world and they that dwell therein have, of a sudden, become democratic — become the average man's with his fourth-grade education! What will he do with his world — in Russia? in America? Responsibility has not kept pace with liberty; education with ideality. Politically we have suffered a series of 'double promotions,' lifted from the first grades, and set down to problems, grades, and grades ahead.

There is only one thing to do: give us more education, which, in the United States, means an education to the end of the high school for every citizen, even though compelled by law; an undivided general course, broadly human, broadly democratic — and after that the shop, the technical school, and the college.

III

More education and a more democratic education is our great national need. Governments are not safe in the hands of any single class — a democracy, of all governments, the least safe. Heretofore the issues dividing us nationally have been sectional, economic, commercial, fiscal, the political cleavage never following social or 'class' lines. It is different to-day. The ugly word 'class' now thrusts up its long, low bulk like a reef dead ahead. We must go about!

Education is a class-leveler. Though not by any means a cure for the inequalities of life, education comes nearer than any other thing to being the lowest common denominator of the 'vulgar fractions' of society that we call classes. American education, however, is growing ever more divided. Instead of leveling class distinctions, our schools are erecting them, — the vocational school its class wall, the private school its class wall, shutting in between them the common public school — after the order of the old world, with all its old-world antagonisms.

A private school in a democratic system of education is a sort of dress-circle seat in heaven, un-American and anti-American, and no substitute at all for the common public school. All true forces of democracy are centripetal, getting-together forces; for, as Chesterton puts it, 'All real democracy is an attempt (like that of a jolly hostess) to bring the shy people out.' Out where? Out where the self-confident people are. But what private school that I know is jolly hostess to the shy and timid?

I prepared for college in a private school, at a time, though, when there was no common high school in my town. A private school, I say, but not of the 'select' variety, or I should not have been admitted. A lad of thirteen, I rode through the beautiful school-grounds on horseback, as direct from the farm as a can of morning milk. I had come

on the gallop, bareheaded, barefooted — to my sudden confusion, when I found those shoeless feet tagging me into a book-walled study before a great, kind man, who stood looking me over quizzically, not critically; for he was not selecting me, I was selecting him, and it pleased and puzzled him.

For nearly five years I went to that institute which, with the coming of the town high school, had no excuse for being, and shortly ceased to be. In that same city were three other excellent academies, which died like the institute and rose again — in the common high school.

It has not happened so in some other places. In the town where I now live the old Academy is still doing business. The public high school in this town was opened in 1872, but the Academy, founded in 1784, did well, and in a public way, for almost a hundred years, what the high school is now doing. The Academy lives on, however — a select private school now, a sort of educational wedge, splitting the schoolchildren and dividing the town's school interest and support.

The town's public schools need undivided interest and support. They are as good schools as they can be under the circumstances — though evidently they lack something which the Academy has, and which possibly they might have if the Academy were closed. The town's public schools are not so good as they ought to be. And I have four sons to educate. These four are 'all I have, and nothing but the best is good enough for them.' I had hardly settled here before the grocery-man, bringing kerosene and coffee, remarked as grocery-men do here, 'Of course, you'll send your boys down to the Academy; they are nice and clean down there.' And a little later, the town's first citizen calmed my troubled school-spirit by concluding, 'Then, if you don't like the public schools, do as the rest of us do: send your children down to the Academy.'

This is how 'the rest of us' improve the public schools in Hingham; and in Weymouth next to Hingham; and in Braintree next to Weymouth; and in Quincy next to Braintree; and in Milton next to Quincy — and in Boston. The town of Milton has just built a magnificent high school. I pass it on my way to Boston, and I say, 'Truly the Commonwealth believes in education.' Then I remember that hardly a child of aristocratic Milton attends that public school.

Still, Milton, of course, believes in public schools — for the public. Milton, itself, however, is private. So is Hingham. We Hingham folk know that the American public-school system is the best in the world, and good enough — except for 'my children.' Now, 'my children'! Well, 'my children' really are extraordinary — four *perfect* specimens *of the average boy!* They look it, act it — and actually seem to know it. I helped them, to be sure, but not so much as certain scions of auld Irish royalty down at the public school. They had help, too, from a bunch of stout descendants of the Vikings; and peculiar help, in outgrowing their Little Lord Fauntleroyity, from one who came to Hingham High School straight down the Appian Way. For all the roads that used to lead to Rome now run to Hingham, and terminate in her public schools. Here gather most of Hingham's future citizens, quite un-Americanized — young Cangiano, Bjorklund, Weijane, Wainakainen, and with them four young Sharps, Americanized by birth, but not yet democratized. If these four Sharps can do some Americanizing, — and the public school is the best place to do it in, — they can get in turn some wholesome democratizing to balance the account. *Do not the public schools need my*

four boys? Shall the newcomers from overseas find only Shoelenburgs, Chiofolos, Kozlofiskis, and Salomaas in high school, with never a Sharp or a Smith among them?

Here are the names of the New England boys, dead on the fields of France, as published in the Boston *Herald* to-day — January 13.

NEW ENGLAND BOYS ON CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action

BUXTON, CORP. VERNON C., Burlington, Vt.
KARZOMAROYK, CORP. MARION, Ansonia, Ct.
SHANSE, CORP. JOSEPH J., Torrington, Ct.
LEFRANÇOIS, PRIV. ROWELL J., Turlant, Vt.
MEDEIROS, PRIV. JOHN P., New Bedford.
MIKENEZONIS, PRIV. STANLEY, Bridgeport, Ct.
MOSCHELIO, PRIV. SALVATORE, 44 Dunstable Street, Charlestown.
MURAD, PRIV. JOHN S., Portland, Me.

Not many Sharps and Smiths among these eight. Dear, gallant souls! how well they learned and lived their democracy!

My own four were too young to go, but they would have gone — to fight, to die, had the war lasted longer. *If my four boys could fight for democracy in France, they can go to school for democracy in the United States!* Good average boys my four are, just the kind to grow into democratic citizens, and just the sort to go to school with those little foreign Americans, like Karzomaroyk, Lefrançois, Mikenezonis, and Murad — killed in action in January!

And my boys are just the sort to help make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be. Hingham's public schools are far from what they ought to be, because four Sharps and a Smith or two are not enough. *All* the boys and girls of Hingham are necessary to make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be. But instead of all going to Hingham's public schools, Hingham's few boys are scattered between the public schools and Derby Academy, Thayer Academy, Milton Academy, Dummer Academy, Andover Academy — boys who ought to be with my boys in Hingham's common school; boys whom my boys will never know, not even when they meet later in Hingham's town meeting. Yet Hingham is not so bad as its neighbor town of Hanover.

Hingham and Hanover are symptomatic of New England, as New England is symptomatic of the Eastern States generally. In the way of schools the state of New York is perhaps the least democratic community in the country, having practically no *common* school. The rich, and even the well-to-do, of New York patronize only the private school. Let the Japanese visitors go down South, and they shall find another segregation — of white and black children in the schools, both being educated for life and a living, but neither for living together, for democracy. And yet the South's treatment of the negro citizen is more consistent, and, on the whole, more democratic, than New England's. Boston gives the negro the best of educations and the meanest of chances to live.

It is in the Middle West that our visitors shall come closest to their quest. The best public schools in the United States are the schools of the Middle West. The people of the West believe in their schools, they spend without stint for them, and to a degree most shocking to the exclusive East and South, they attend them. Their faith in public-school education was incorporated in the Act of 1787, setting aside the Northwest Territory; wherein was a provision forever prohibiting slavery in all that territory and forever encouraging education. There are private schools in the West — in Chicago; and there are sure to be more as wealth increases and social privileges multiply; but the present generation of the West

got its education in the public schools; and it is the system of education in the West, and the spirit of education in the West, that these visiting educators will carry back with them for adoption in Japan.

IV

Under the Constitution, North and South, East and West share alike certain great obligations which, taken together, are democracy, the preparation for which can begin only in a common education. However different the social conditions into which we are born; however far diverging, through inheritance and personal effort, our individual paths, there is a common national inheritance into which we are all born, a body of common knowledge which we must all learn, a code of common principles which we must all follow, a load of common tasks which we must all shoulder, and a faith of common ideals to which we must all subscribe. These things in common demand a common experience and a common training, both of which are impossible once childhood is passed. A pure democracy does not exist, not yet, anyway; and if such an ideal state, by the nature of things, cannot exist, its bed-rock exists, broadly, firmly laid in the heart of youth and in our American public schools.

There is no other school American enough for my children. There are good private schools; there are poor public schools; but the one indispensable lesson for my child to learn is the lesson of American democracy — 'that each one's duty,' as James Bryce puts it for us, 'is not only to accept equality, but also to relish equality and to make himself pleasant to his equals.' The best private school that fails to teach this lesson is a poorer school for America than the poorest public school that does teach it. It is not impossible for a private school to teach democracy; not impossible for it to be a democracy — or for a rich man to go to heaven.

What democracy is, and what it is to be democratic — these are the first things to learn in school; after them come other great things: to know the world of books, and be a citizen there; the world of nature, and be a citizen there; the world of art, and be a citizen there; the world of science, and be a citizen there. The world of men, however, laboring men, professional men, business men, Northern, Southern, Western men, Hingham men: to know these men, yourself as one of them, that they are America, is to be pretty safely educated for democracy — an education provided against by the very nature of the private school.

'In my day at a public school,' says John Galsworthy [a 'public' school in England is a private school here] . . . 'the universe was divided into ourselves and "outsiders," "bounders," "chaws," "cads," or whatever more or less offensive name seemed best to us to characterize those less fortunate than ourselves. . . . The workingman did not exist for us, except as a person outside, remote and almost inimical. From our homes, touched already by this class feeling . . . we went to private schools where the teaching of manners, mainly under clerical supervision, effectually barred us from any contaminating influence, so that if by chance we encountered the "lower class" boy we burned to go for him and correct his "cheek." Thence we passed into the great "Caste" factory, a public [our private] school where the feeling becomes, by the mere process of being left to itself, as set as iron. . . . All learned to consider themselves the elect. . . . In result, failing definite, sustained effort to break up a narrow "caste" feeling, the public [private] school presents a practically solid

phalanx of the fortunate, insulated against real knowledge of, or real sympathy with, the less fortunate. The phalanx marches out into the professions, into business, into the universities, where, it is true, some awaken to a sense of wider values — but none too many. From the point of view of anyone who tries to see things as they are, and see them as a whole, there is something terrific about this automatic "caste" moulding of the young. And in the present condition of our country it is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink it.'

It is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink such a system of education anywhere. It is worse than folly to tolerate it in America.

If there is a compensation, or an equivalent, for democracy, have the American private schools a patent on it? What can the private school do, because it is private, that the public school cannot do? Surely nothing which money can buy, for the public has the money. And it must spend it, until it puts every private school out of business. As for scholarship and deportment, the private school can hardly maintain the average standard of the public school, for private schools are notoriously sensitive to student fees. Did I say 'standards'? Standardization is exactly what the private school avoids. Superior individual training is its strong claim; a claim which might have some force were this not a democracy where no man but the bad man and the handicapped needs an attendant.

Let the private school act as an asylum for the backward and stubborn, a function already recognized in some quarters as peculiarly its own. One of my friends, entering her son at a New Hampshire public school, was asked by the superintendent, —

'Where has he been to school?'

'In a private school near Boston.'

'Then we can't take him,' was the astonishing reply. 'We have no private school in this district, no provision of any kind for the abnormal.'

The other day I stood looking across the street into the windows of a private school, windows literally darkened by the shadow of a great public-school building. This private school had been an old dwelling-house, one of a solid block of houses that it had appropriated much as a hermit crab appropriates an abandoned mollusk's shell, the school accomodating itself to the house, not the house to the school. A single window to a floor let in the shadows of the street. The select children were in the study room; and as I looked, I chanced to see one of them seize what appeared to be her geography, and bring it down with a vicious smash upon the dear devoted head of her select sister. It was only the exceptional act, of course, which proves the abiding rule of good manners in private schools; but I could only think how human and hopeful private-school children are, and how like public-school children, really; and what a pity to mew up these few select girls in this dark, inadequate, abandoned house of gentry, when they might have spent the afternoon across the street with a thousand little unselected brothers and sisters, in the spacious halls of the great public school, — as I was spending my afternoon, it being the day before Christmas, — marching down the long ringing corridors to the tune of 'Over There,' for an hour of Christmas singing and story-telling in the sunny assembly-room; and marching back singing, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' every right hand at salute as the thousand little singers passed out between the Colors flanking the assembly-room door.

Money can get culture for the public schools; there is no patent on culture. All the factors of culture — buildings,

pictures, books, music, and refined teachers — shall be had, and shall be had for all public schools, just as soon as the public recognizes education as strictly social, fitting us to live together. The Three R's will be the beginning of this education, and democracy the bigger end toward which it moves. The Three R's broadly handled, strongly, stirringly taught, and carried on until they compass the doctrine of democracy, shall be the common education of the future.

Give me the literature of the world, give me the power of expression, give me the magic of mathematics (denied me by the Creator), and besides these, give me the idea of democracy, as a moral code, as a social order, as a religious faith, and you have given me, not only wisdom and power, but an eye for the wind when I cart ashes for the city, and a sympathy for the flustered caretakers of the Belgian suite when I am entertained in Buckingham Palace. Before President Wilson's visit only royalty had occupied the Belgian suite, and the aged attendants were troubled over the proper etiquette. You can imagine Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, out of the abundance and gentleness of their democracy, saying, 'Oh, don't make any fuss over us. Treat us just as you do your other guests. Whatever is good enough for royalty is good enough for us.'

It is the unabashed, complaisant American mediocrity, the lack of money and manners, that Hingham, and Boston, and New York draw back from in the public schools — the unwashed American, in the language of my groceryman. It is this and more: it is really American democracy itself which these people dislike. It is from America herself, her best self, that they withdraw — to set up about them their little neighborhood aristocracies.

The wise men from the East, except out of curiosity, perhaps, will not enter a private school in the United States, having learned in Japan how an aristocracy is created; what they have come seeking is the source and the secret of democracy; and they are right in coming to the public schools.

But suppose they come to Boston, to the only public school in the Back Bay? Oh, here is the secret for which they are seeking. They have followed the gleam, and it has led them to this school for rich and poor — if there are any poor in the Back Bay! Here shall be found the little citizens of the future, eleven hundred of them from the waterside of Beacon Street, over, far over from 'between the tracks'; little seeds in the cold-frame of democracy, seatmates, classmates, playmates together in the nation's Common School!

Common School! the nation has public schools, and private schools, but no common school. The Oriental visitors, who are used to a mild form of aristocracy in their own Japan, will stare with astonishment at the eleven hundred children in this Back Bay public school *who are none of them Back Bay children.* True, there are children from the Back Bay here — cooks' children, coachmen's children, from over on Beacon Street — while the rest are a floating riff-raff from somewhere west of Boylston Street, between the railroad tracks.

Back Bay children used to attend this public school, and a few may still attend. When it was made thoroughly democratic, however, the Back Bay withdrew its children, *en bloc;* but not its patronage. Back Bay women, believing in education and culture, have privately supplied this school with their money, ever since they deprived it of their children — money for drawing, dancing, singing, and a school visitor. And all these things money can buy; but the thing that money cannot buy

is democracy. Only Back Bay children can supply the Back Bay school with democracy, and Back Bay children are not allowed to go to this Back Bay school. Eleven hundred children in the only Back Bay public school, and scarcely a Back Bay child among them!

As a nation, we understand the theory of democracy; collectively, we are eloquent preachers of the doctrine; but as individuals, we practise a different thing. We can die for democracy. Yet we cannot go to school for it; we cannot *be* democratic. We are sending democratic literature to the ends of the earth. Our Fourteen Peace Points were translated into three hundred native languages of India, whose millions of poor for the first time had the gospel of democracy preached to them. The isles of the sea heard, and the Japanese came seeking the truth of democracy, — in the only public school of the Back Bay of Boston!

'We will drop things German, and take things American,' they say; but what do they find America doing? Dropping things American and adopting things German — the vocational in place of the liberal school, the private and the parochial in place of the common school. They find America fighting to make the world safe for democracy, and arraying her own citizens in warring camps of class and mass by a system of 'education for a living,' and by another system of 'education for life,' for place, and power, instead of for liberty, equality, fraternity.

I have four sons — one a politician, I hope; one a preacher; one a poet; one a combined farmer and a college professor, maybe! I am ambitious for them. But professor, or poet, or preacher, or politician, — I care not what, — one thing they shall be, if the public schools can make them: they shall be democratic citizens of this league of United States, and of the larger League of Nations which must unite the world.

BREAKFASTING AS A FINE ART

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT

A CERTAIN wag once said (he has since died) that there are three things a man should do in private — washing, marrying, and eating breakfast. This is a solemn truth. Washing is an act of purification, marriage is an act of dedication, and breakfast is an act of contemplation. For the first two privacy is preferable; to contemplation it is necessary.

One cannot contemplate — and be polite — surrounded by a family. He must have leisure and privacy. When a man props a newspaper before him at breakfast, he is rarely avid for news: the paper is merely a shield against intrusion. Wives should understand this. But because many of us do not appreciate leisure and privacy, we really do not value a meal devoted to such virtues.

All day we are too busy. At night we are too tired. It is only in justice to ourselves that we should lay claim to at

least one meal a day. This is no selfish premise: it is a fact that older people have proved — leisure and privacy are requisite for the development of self-respect, discernment, and poise.

So then —

Luncheon to business.

Dinner to the family.

Breakfast to one's personal thoughts.

That is the perfect day.

Eating breakfast is an art capable of infinite variations; in fact, to keep its stimulus fresh, both what we eat and how we eat it should be constantly changed. To look forward to a lifetime of orange-juice, medium boiled eggs, toast, and coffee is a dreary prospect. But the unexpected introduction of bacon or chops, or even oaten meal, is to the usual menu what a sudden brass note is in a monotony of plucked strings.

Yet even the unusual can become commonplace. One should therefore make his breakfast fit the occasion. 'Heavy' and 'light,' the only differentiations the ordinary mind recognizes, is a base manner of classifying so variable a subject. Breakfasts should be classed according to place and degree. In my own family (we are two) the following kinds are recognized: Ferial, Solemn, Pontifical, English Middle-Class, and breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne.

A Ferial breakfast is the usual weekly kind. It is a coffee-and-toast meal, eaten without servitor and in great haste, like the final meal of the Hebrew children, and in much the same style of costume — girded for departure, with our sandals on our feet and our staves in our hands.

A Solemn breakfast is eaten on a holiday, when there is no need for hurry. We wear the vestments of negligée and follow the ritual of grapefruit, poached eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade, and much coffee. It is usually interspersed with choice bits read aloud from the editorial column of the newspaper.

A Pontifical breakfast is possible only when there is company, and comes mostly on Sundays. We are pompously garbed in Sunday clothes, and the servitor wears her best habit. All the dignity of polite manners is observed — the passing of dishes, the mysterious covering and uncovering of rare viands with silver domes, and that quaint rubric which requires finger-bowls with fruit. It is a meal, of course; one passes from stage to stage, from ecstasy to ecstasy, until an end is reached.

These are breakfasts of degrees. The others are breakfasts of places. For an English Middle-Class breakfast (which is eaten only in winter) you draw the table close to an open fire in which burns cannel coal, keep the coffee-pot on the hob, have Scotch marmalade instead of jam, tea instead of coffee, and finish with a pipe instead of a cigarette.

When spring comes, we have breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne. Our windows look over a park, and the trees are close by. A little table is spread by the window, and we eat crescent rolls with sweet butter, and have *café au lait* — and wish very hard that we were back in Paris.

Now, I have been married more years than I would confess,— blissfully married,— and still, when breakfast in the Bois is announced, I greet it with the real thrill of a lark. Still, when I sit down to a stuffy English Middle-Class breakfast, the day begins with an unwonted atmosphere.

Local custom, not personal preference, decides the manner and kind of breakfasts. Thus New England, despite its culture and independent ways, persists in that strange excrescence of pie, and even the 'Brahman caste' is addicted to crullers. And this merely because New England is in the pie-belt! Once, in a New England hotel, I was

offered the indignity of oyster stew for breakfast — but we shall not speak of that further.

In the South, I am told, breakfast is a great function. As I have never eaten below Mason and Dixon's line I cannot bear witness to this. They have, it is said, a remarkable kind of biscuit which is beaten to a flaky consistency. Moreover, they have a variety of foods irrespective of the days; which is a contrast to New England, where the natives know when Sunday comes because they have codfish balls for breakfast. I am told on good authority that in a well-ordered New England home it is quite impossible to get codfish balls except on Sundays.

The plainsman has bacon because bacon is easily carried, and because he has a fine olfactory appreciation of the aroma of bacon on still prairie air, which is like unto incense. The woodsman eats trout, because it is at hand. He will also indulge in blueberry flapjacks — a divine food not to be spoken of lightly.

The great all-Continental breakfast, including the Scandinavian, is in the manner of the French, the variant beverages being coffee or chocolate. The Russians sometimes drink tea and eat sterelet — a long, thin fish; but then, the Russians are given to strange ways. In England breakfast is a substantial meal of degrees and dignity. And since we took our early customs from the motherland, it was natural that the American breakfast for the first two centuries should have been a Gargantuan affair. Americans still talk about breakfast, but their conversation is an overshadowing of the past. It is like their boast of ancestry. Breakfast was once worth talking about. We have simply not stopped talking that is all.

During the course of my life I have eaten over two thousand breakfasts. Space and your patience will permit a recountal of only three. But these were unforgettable meals.

The first was with a theologian, a white-haired divine of great repute. He was also very stout, and ate at a distance from the table. I have often since wondered why he did not follow the practice of an earlier divine, — Thomas à Kempis, — who, it is related, was so portly that he had a notch cut in his table in which he could snugly fit. This divine met me late one night on the street and deplored the fact that I was staying at a hotel. Still, as I had taken the room, I must use it — that was only common sense. But would I not breakfast with him at his house next morning?

(Right here let me say that an invitation to breakfast is a mark of real friendship. Never refuse one.)

I arrived at eight-thirty and went directly to the dining-room. The table was set for two (he was a bachelor), but it was quite the largest table for two I had ever seen. A great distance separated us. Before we sat down, he said grace — not one of those mumbled graces that ministers say when they come to dinner, but a full, man-sized grace, devoutly spoken. Then I began to see why he was so thankful — and so stout.

Fruit — endless varieties of it. Oaten meal, with cream that poured from the pitcher like molasses. Kippered herring, cooked dry. Bacon and eggs, the bacon also cooked dry. A huge basket of assorted rolls. An urn of coffee each. Hot cakes with maple syrup. Chops and fried potatoes. Stacks of buttered toast, with generous coatings of bitter marmalade. Cigarettes, pipes, cigars.

It was well on to eleven when we left the table — a shoal of empty dishes and books. Books? Yes, countless books. For we talked books, and between courses he would waddle out to

his library and return each time with half a dozen volumes. We read from Borrow, Dr. Pusey, Cardinal Manning, Arthur Guiterman, Mrs. Wharton, and several minor English poets.

When the meal was done, he said another long grace. Which leads me to observe that a full breakfast is a meal most devoutly to be thankful for.

The next breakfast was a chimera.

For a month we had been driving our punt, the Why Not? between the ice-jams of the Amur. At night we would stop and pitch camp and haul the boat high on the banks, for the river froze tight as a drum. Before dawn we awoke, unfroze ourselves, and then unfroze breakfast. But in these latter days the only provisions in the duffle-bag were sour black bread and tea. The prospect was not pleasant, and the nearest village lay forty versts down the river. Eventually we would come to it, but between then and now — black bread and tea. Also, my birthday.

A man should not have a birthday in a Siberian wilderness if he expects to celebrate it. But I could n't help having a birthday, and in a moment of confidence I told my pal the date.

Very early that morning I awoke to smell the sacramental aroma of bacon. It was unbelievable, but bacon, and you can't very well mistake it. I stuck my head through the tent-flap. Yes, it was bacon! He had secreted it against the day of my celebrating.

'It will be ready in a moment,' he announced.

And in a moment it was. I saw the bacon. I saw him take the four strips of it from the pan and lay them on a tin plate. The next moment I saw our fox-terrier dart at that plate. In less time than I can write it, he wolfed down those four precious strips. Later in the morning he came back, licking his chops. We forgave him.

The third was a breakfast to a poet. This was in the lean days when any meal was a banquet.

The poet had been suffering from ennui and longed for fresh fields to pasture his Pegasus in. He tried the ordinary diversions of love and liquor which the city offered, and then resolved to go abroad. It was a brave resolve, for he had no money. But he did possess courage, and it would take courage to walk abroad a trans-Atlantic steamer as a stowaway. When detected, as he felt sure he would be, his passage could be worked out in heroic pentameters recited for the delectation of those abroad.

These things he confided to us, and we set about to make his passage easy. We decided on a farewell breakfast.

A great table was set in the studio. At either end stood immense golden Louis XVI candelabra, — borrowed from a rich friend, — each with seven tall candles, also borrowed. Midway down one side was placed a kingly chair draped with antique brocade. Sketching stools and studio flotsam formed the other thirty seats. The guests came in costume, and the models, who had volunteered to serve, wore the habiliments of houris.

When the dishes were in place and the shades drawn and the four and ten tall candles ablaze, we marched in, with the poet bringing up the rear and bearing himself nobly, like a great prelate.

Half an hour before noon he departed for his boat. As he left we gave him a dollar bill and a Chinese grammar.

He has since become well known.

SONNETS OF THE STRIKE

BY CHARLES NICHOLLS WEBB

I

THE MANAGER IS INTERVIEWED

'Conditions in our mines are excellent;
Considering, of course, the industry
Is hazardous, at best, I think that we
Lost fewer men by fatal accident
Last season than one half of one per cent
Of those employed; and I will willingly
Go with you throughout any property;
Talk sanitation to you, wages, rent —'

The clear, dry voice, the steady, steel-gray eyes,
Icy alike, alike unwavering,
In sudden change took me by swift surprise;
The eyes flashed and the voice took on a ring:
'This Union fights us with the basest lies;
And so, by Heaven, we will crush the thing!'

II

AN EMPLOYEE TAKES ACTION

'Slave of Efficiency!' In deep disdain
The agitator sneered and walked away.
'You do not know your God has feet of clay.'
Haranguing loud and shrill, like one insane,
He urged the men to strike with might and main.
'Suffer the masters not another day;
Breaking the clouds of serfdom, one small ray
Predicts a sudden ending to their reign.'

Patient, and still unmoving as a stone,
I listened to him lie and rant and brag
And tell of hardships he had never known;
But when I saw him flaunt a crimson rag
I struck him down — The alien, left alone,
Regretted that he'd cursed my country's flag.

THE INADEQUATE RHODES SCHOLAR: A DEFENSE

BY FRANK F. BEIRNE

It is a popular saying in England that America is the most sensitive nation in the world. And so it would seem, by the seriousness with which outside criticism is received. Let someone but suggest that an institution or a custom is imperfect, and at once a dozen or more writers will urge a revolution.

A concrete example of this phenomenon follows the contribution of Dr. George R. Parkin to the September *Atlantic*, on the subject of the Rhodes Scholarships. Hardly had Dr. Parkin's article appeared, when the New York *Times*, commenting upon it, declared that it was 'well calculated to arouse anxious and even alarmed questionings among American educators.' 'Startling and humiliating' was the fact that, of two thousand candidates more than half had failed to pass an entrance examination which was 'far from severe according to English standards.'

'It has become clear,' says Dr. Parkin, 'that every inadequate Scholar sent to Oxford lowers the prestige of the Scholarships in the United States and diminishes respect for them.' Ever since receiving an Oxford B.A. in 1914, I have been endeavoring to classify myself, and never before have I discovered anything that expresses my case so succinctly as the term 'inadequate Scholar.' Having admitted this much, and feeling incapable of refuting those who thus accuse me, I shall endeavor to defend myself and my class by the time-honored retort 'You're another.' In other words, is it not possible that there is something inadequate, both in Dr. Parkin's criticism of the American Scholar and in Oxford itself?

Take, for example, the 'startling and humiliating' fact that of more than two thousand candidates about one half failed to pass an entrance examination 'far from severe according to English standards.' Dr. Parkin deduces from this that there is something wrong with our American education. He points out that this examination is usually passed by English boys of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen years of age.

It is perfectly true that 'Responsions,' or entrance examinations to Oxford, are far from severe, not only according to English standards, but equally according to American standards. If I remember correctly, the examinations consist of algebra, geometry, Latin translation at sight, and Latin prose composition. In difficulty it cannot be compared with the average entrance examinations in our own colleges, which hundreds of American boys under nineteen years old and just out of preparatory school pass annually. Of the two thousand candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships, it is safe to assume that practically all were college men who had previously passed their entrance examinations. Is it then fair to deplore the American preparatory school because its graduates fail to pass an examination much easier than one which they have succeeded in passing several years previously?

The fault, it would seem, lies, not in the fact that the American school does not teach algebra, geometry, and Latin efficiently, but in the fact that it is unable to make the boy retain his knowledge over a long period of years after the practical use for those studies has passed. Yet even Oxford is unable to do this, and Dr. Parkin himself may admit that he is not now as well qualified to pass Responsions as he was on the day he left school. The English boy, fresh from his school algebra, geometry, and Latin, passes with ease a simple examination in these subjects. The American college senior, his mind absorbed in the ephemeral delights of geology, psychology, zoölogy, and literature, returns to his youthful pursuits with the enthusiasm of a motorcyclist compelled to ride a velocipede, and 'flunks.'

Still another cause for the failures in Responsions is that the examination is open to everyone, without distinction. All that a man has to do is announce his candidacy and take the examination. If he passes, he may be selected to fill a scholarship bringing fifteen hundred dollars a year, with prospects of foreign travel included. If he fails, he has nothing whatever to lose. Is it surprising that many seize the chance without having made any serious preparation? The very simplicity of the examination itself may prove a snare and a delusion.

Lastly, in nine cases out of ten the candidate, at the time of competing for the scholarship, is absorbed in the work of obtaining his degree in an American college, in comparison with which the Rhodes Scholarship is a side issue. I recall that, at the time of competing for the scholarship, I had entered upon my final year in college. Had I failed in the Oxford Responsions, I should have suffered not the least humiliation; but had I failed to obtain my degree, I should have had to face the criticism of every friend and relative. Naturally, I took the collegiate work more seriously, neglected preparation for the Oxford examinations, and actually thought much less of Oxford when informed that I had passed.

II

What appears slightly unfair to Americans is that the Rhodes Trust asks for one class of men and then criticizes them in terms of another class. That is to say, the candidate is supposed to possess various qualifications, such as physique, athletic ability, personality, leadership, and scholarship. Scholarship is only one of the qualifications, yet it seems to be on scholarship alone that Dr. Parkin compares the American with the young Englishman. Oxford demands the 'all-around' man; America endeavors to fill the supply; then Oxford is surprised to find that in

scholarship he falls behind the specialized English scholar. In my own time, save in Jurisprudence, it was most exceptional for an American to obtain a 'First' — that is to say, to be among the first ten or fifteen in a class of about three hundred. On the other hand, a very good percentage of American Scholars obtained a 'Second.' Now I have heard my tutor, with years of experience at Oxford, say that he had noticed that in after life the Seconds, as a rule, reached greater heights than the Firsts. In other words, the Seconds, not making a specialty of scholarship, were better fitted to meet the requirements of the world — just the type of men that Cecil Rhodes had in mind. It is true that many Americans got no further than the third group; yet attention should be drawn to the fact that very few indeed failed to obtain degrees, in spite of many difficulties, which will be touched upon later.

Perhaps the chief cause for disappointment lies in the fact that not in every single instance has America been successful in finding well-rounded men to represent her. The reason for this is not so much the inadequacy of American education and the method of selection as it is the inadequacy of Oxford. Every year a large percentage of the best material finds its way into the engineering schools. In England almost everything has been constructed; in America it is an age of construction. Oxford can offer no attraction to these young men, so at the very outset they are eliminated from competition. And what appeal can Oxford make to the directors of our great industries, to a Schwab, a Gary, a Rockefeller, or a Morgan?

Even in medicine Oxford, under the leadership of Sir William Osler, is demanding recognition; yet I know personally of three Rhodes Scholars who deemed it necessary to enter Johns Hopkins on the completion of their scholarships. It is difficult to convince a young medical student that three years at Oxford would be valuable to him.

Jurisprudence has always been popular with Americans at Oxford, and certainly the results obtained by them have been gratifying. Young men planning to make law their profession find the courses profitable and constitute a good percentage of the Scholars. However, many a young law student might argue that his time would be better spent at Harvard.

Prior to the war, American universities placed a premium on the Ph.D., and a young man intending to devote his life to teaching and research found it almost essential that he obtain it. The American university was unacquainted with Oxford education and to a great degree prejudiced against it; so that even in the field of letters Oxford could not offer the same appeal as the American or German universities.

Oxford has long been renowned as a school for politicians, and can point to the great leaders whose first debates were staged in the Union. But it looks to be a long time, indeed, before an American with political ambitions will consider Oxford as the starting-point of his career.

To what young Americans, then, does Oxford appeal? They may be numbered on the fingers — prospective teachers, lawyers, possibly doctors, literary men, clergymen, diplomats, and those looking for new adventures and experiences. From this résumé it ought to be apparent that a large number of capable young Americans do not consider seriously the proposition of three years at Oxford; and the problems of the boards of selection are proportionately increased. It is really surprising that so many capable young men have been found for the Scholarships.

III

Assuming that the American Rhodes Scholar has not held his own against the young Englishman, it is only just to say a few words in his defense. In no other field where Englishman and American meet is the American forced to such an extent to play the Englishman at his own game. He arrives fresh from academic conquests, with a Phi Beta Kappa key in one hand and his diploma in the other, only to find that the Englishman has never heard of the Phi Beta Kappa and is skeptical of the diploma. Although Oxford is more liberal to American colleges in the matter of credits than she is to her sister universities in England, still the American is classed as an undergraduate, and is started on a level with the public-school or grammar-school boy. It is a tribute to the American Rhodes Scholars that few have succumbed to this first shock, and that the majority have lived to understand the wisdom of Oxford's attitude.

Should the American arrive, as he generally does, with the belief that his country is the greatest on earth, he soon learns that the Englishman has an empire of his own of which he is equally proud, and that in England *civis Romanus sum* applies to the Englishman and not to the American. Furthermore, the American is without caste. Practically every young Englishman comes from a school that is known at Oxford. He has rowed at Eton, played cricket at Harrow or football at Rugby, he holds this or that scholarship. Unless the American comes from Yale, Princeton, or Harvard, his university is virtually unknown in England. This young Englishman's father is an M.P., another has a title. Socially the young American has no assets. In nine cases out of ten he comes from a state college or university where he has been the big frog in a small pond. He discovers that he is in a great university where the individual counts for less.

It is only natural that the young American must face a complete readjustment. Most of the things in which he has been taught to believe are discredited or unknown in his new world. That summer's work in the wheat-fields of Kansas is of little value to him in a discussion at tea over the finer points of Pre-Raphaelite art. Rubbing shoulders with the butcher boy in his home town has not been a great aid to his vocabulary, and he lacks words in which to express himself. When he uses the word 'graft' in his essay, his tutor inquires politely if he means 'corruption.' Apparently, too, 'frame-up' has not been Anglicized. The split infinitive proves a stumbling-block at first, as he has never heard of it, though perhaps in his third year he will return to it to display a Shavian independence. Gradually he discovers that originality of thought, not facts, is what Oxford demands of him.

Among the Englishmen with whom he competes he has the advantage of age and judgment; but, on the other hand, almost from their cradles his competitors have been trained to meet the requirements of Oxford. Just as the American school is organized to prepare boys for the American college, so the English school, by means of masters who are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, instills into its boys the traditions and culture of the universities. Having specialized in Greek, Latin, and philosophy, under teachers who have themselves studied these subjects at Oxford, the young Englishman is more at home in the Classical school than is the young American, whose energies have been distributed over a variety of subjects. Where a young Englishman is familiar with the outlines of English history from his

childhood, the American has to master the outlines, while at the same time endeavoring to keep pace with the more advanced work of historical criticism.

During his first year the American, too, must accustom himself to the coldness of his fellow students and fight off occasional attacks of homesickness and discouragement. These difficulties, however, are gradually overcome as he becomes acclimated, and fail to prove a serious obstacle.

IV

Like the comparison of cricket and baseball, so the comparison of English and American education is one difficult, if not impossible, of solution. Each has been fashioned with a different end in view, and the fact that, according to the statistics, Americans have not done as well as Englishmen, is no cause for hysteria or a revolution in either system. It would be absurd for Oxford to attempt to attract Americans by any radical alteration of her curricula; nor is it necessary for America to alter her schools to meet the Oxford requirements. Far better is it for both to follow their normal development.

What appears to be the chief trouble is that the Rhodes Trust is impatient of results and unnecessarily disturbed over the careers of the American Scholars. One loses sight of the fact that the Rhodes Scholars have only begun their part in carrying out the Rhodes idea on completion of the three years at Oxford. The Scholarships were not intended as a means of competition in the examination schools, but were for the purpose of giving young Americans an understanding of the real England, her men and her ideals. In this they have been eminently successful, for almost without exception the Rhodes Scholars treasure their experiences at Oxford. There is scarcely one who does not entertain the highest regard for her life, her culture, her breadth of view, and her traditions. When the American rowed on the Isis, wandered cheerily up the High, or browsed in the bookshops of the Turl and the Broad, he thought little and cared less that what he accomplished in 'Schools' was to be compiled into alarming statistics. He met and knew the Englishman as he was, and the Englishman learned to understand him. Far more important are these international friendships than all the Firsts and Newdigate Prizes in the University.

And what of the inadequate scholar who, Dr. Parkin fears, will lower the prestige of the Scholarships in America? Like the poor benighted Hindu, he is doing his best, confident that through his experiences at Oxford he possesses a certain advantage over those Americans who have never passed through a 'viva' or a 'don rag.' He will urge every young man of promise he knows to compete for a Scholarship, assuring him that he will never regret it; and thus he may be safely counted upon to bring more representative Americans to Oxford than will the new system of selection or a revival of learning in American preparatory schools. He is young, for the oldest Rhodes Scholars are not yet forty; and he still hopes that, before he has completed his allotted span on this earth, he may accomplish something that may redound to the credit of Oxford and the Scholarships. Perhaps he may be so ambitious as to endeavor to emulate the founder of the plan. And this aspiration is not beyond reason, for Cecil Rhodes himself began life with the stigma of being an inadequate scholar.

THE POET, THE BRAMBLE, AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

In browsing through the delightful fifth volume of Ward's *English Poets*, I came, in pensive mood, on the poems of Lord De Tabley. The poet had been, I confess to my shame, little more than a name to me; so, after reading the selections from his work, I turned to the editor's preface, and there I learned that Lord De Tabley, of Tabley House, Cheshire, was a distinguished bibliophile, numismatist, and botanist; that he was 'always of secluded habits, spent his later years in close retirement,' and at last became a 'leading authority on brambles.'

There is a life for you! Of the numerous hints regarding the peer, none seems to me so significant and delightful as this devotion to the thornier paths of botany. He lived in an age, now, alas, to return no more, when the office of minor poet was by no means hostile to that of a 'leading authority on brambles.' Shall we watch it disappear into the past, without even a sigh of regret, that Victorian England, in which the prebendary of the local cathedral was certain to be (or to become) one of the leaders among the many 'authorities' on the minor crustacea of the Dorset coast? The Horatian vicar, who sipped his tawny port after dinner and discoursed of early Saxon architecture and the remains of Roman baths, if he be not gone already, must prepare himself for a decided change. The England of the Shop Stewards and the Soldiers' Union will make short work of him and his 'authorities.' And I suppose that in time it will make way with the brambles, and that every lane in England will be cleared of its blackberry hedge.

Before it has disappeared forever, gentle reader, let us close our volume of Wells or of Galsworthy, and open the *Collected Poems* of Lord De Tabley; we will send our memories back to that pleasant time when there was leisure aplenty to become a minor poet and an authority on brambles. Here are some verses called 'Autumn Love,' which are surely worth attention.

> The autumn brought my love to me.
> The birds sing not in spring alone;
> The fancy all the year is free
> To find a sweetness of its own:
> And sallow woods and crystal morn
> Were sweeter than the budded thorn.
>
> When redwings peopled brake and down,
> I kissed her mouth; in morning air
> The rosy clover dried to brown
> Beneath through all its glowing square.
> Around the bramble berries set
> Their beaded globes' intenser jet.

What interests me in these verses is the sudden apparition in English poetry of the blackberry-bush. Lord De Tabley discovering love in the fall of the year is nothing, but the leading authority on brambles discovering poetry in the blackberry is a very bright and beautiful thing; for the bramble has, in general, been unloved by poets. Broad as was Shakespeare's sympathy, it did not extend to the blackberry; though we may, if we choose, fancy him as inspired with prophetic vision of Lord De Tabley when he described Orlando as 'hanging odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles.' This

is, I think, his only reference to the bramble, or *rubus fruticosus*, though he did, in truth, have something to say of it under its more vulgar designation of blackberry; but it is a regrettable fact that his references are as vulgar as the name. 'Not worth a blackberry' seems to have been a form of Elizabethan denunciation, if we may trust the language of Thersites to reflect Elizabethan usage. Contemptuous reference is twice made to the blackberry in the *First Part of King Henry Fourth*. Following the lead of a certain critic who has deduced from the twofold mention of the toothache in *Much Ado About Nothing* the indubitable fact that the bard was, at the moment of composition, suffering from that malady, we shall, I take it, be justified in suggesting that the jovial play of *Henry Fourth* was produced in the early autumn, or blackberry season. (See Lord De Tabley, *passim*). Falstaff's sneer, 'If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,' points directly to the full-fruited bramble, and to the small boy, crawling unwillingly to school, who is likely to be seduced from the paths of learning by the laden bushes all along the way, to 'prove a micher and eat blackberries,' all the morning long. With these few poor words, the lips of the bard close forever on the subject. He, it would seem, preferred that fat bourgeois of the garden, the strawberry— a fruit deemed worthy of being embroidered on Desdemona's ill-fated bit of lace.

But Shakespeare's indifference to the 'intenser jet' of the brambleberry deepens, in other poets, into a profound dislike and, let me add, distrust. In Chaucer the mild sport of blackberrying is plainly associated with that irregularity of life which, in the eyes of the Pardoner, leads downwards to damnation. Milton is hardly more indulgent. We should not expect to find the bramble thrusting her thorny arms across the high solemnities of *Paradise Lost*, nor do we. But in the less dignified flats of prose Milton did permit himself to indulge the common prejudice against it. He, when dreaming of an age of Reconstruction in education, permitted himself these gentle phrases as a summary of the ordinary curriculum of the day: 'That asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them [young students] as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age.'

It is clear that Milton derived his distrust of the bramble, like so much else in his philosophy, from the Old Testament. You will not, I am sure, expect me to pass over the deplorable rôle that is assigned to the bramble in the Book of Judges. Jotham, the son of Jerubbaal, in resisting the encroachments of an era of reconstruction which called for the election of a king, set forth to the Israelites a parable, or fable, in which he revealed the dangers of kingship and all the harshness of the aristocratic system to which the age was tending.

> The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.
>
> But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? . . .
>
> Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.
>
> And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?
>
> Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.
>
> And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

It is clear that, to the Israelite, the bramble was no cheering bush. No figs

were to be gathered from thorns, nor grapes from brambles. The spiteful blackberry may well have been to him one of those accursed thorns which sprang from the dust of that first era of reconstruction which ensued upon the Fall of Man. I do not know, nor are the leading authorities on the bramble clear as to the matter. Lord De Tabley might perhaps have told us. But Lord De Tabley is no more. In any case, it is obvious that only those with the traditional dislike of the bramble-bush can enter into the full meaning of the ancient satire on Utopian dreamers and their New Era in thought and government.

Long time appears to have elapsed before mankind determined to make the best of a bad bush, and find some practical use for the blackberry bramble. I discover in a mediæval work on leechworts and simples a strange and well-nigh superstitious reference to a certain 'bramble-cure,' once employed in country districts for the healing of sundry diseases; but the whole important subject is shrouded in mediæval vagueness, and awaits the patient investigation of Lord De Tabley's successor among the 'authorities.' An all too cursory examination of the subject, however, leads me to the conclusion that the bramble-cure was used as a counter-irritant. I find that cows, in certain conditions, were 'dragged through the bramble-loops' — a harsh experience, no doubt, for so placid a beast. An attempt to introduce some sort of extract of bramble as a toilet accessory, or hair-wash (guaranteed useful for 'binding, drying, or dyeing the hair'), came to naught, as do other attempts to make use of its milder properties, until at last the *Treasury of Botany* informs us that in Cornwall it is now 'employed only for boils.'

It is not impossible that a careful investigation of the medicinal use of the bramble may in time lead us to some rational explanation of the conduct of that impulsive gentleman who once — *causa latet* — plunged into a bramble-bush, with certain dire results to his eyes. Whether the leap into the bramble was in this case the original cause of his misfortune, or only the first application of the cure, I do not venture to say. To many his conduct will appear volatile, if not desperate; but the more thoughtful may well interpret it as a deliberate act; for an immediate and vigorous application to another bush made good the preliminary loss which he had suffered in the first. Be this as it may, it would seem that the popular imagination, the great heart of the people, has done justice — and something more — to the bramble. There is, perhaps, no more popular utterance with regard to it.

It might have been expected that Wordsworth, with his eye dutifully upon the object, would have had something to say of the blackberry bramble; yet I recall but one reference in his poetry, and that not untouched with contempt: —

> The gadding bramble hangs her purple fruit.

And even this line, which, by the way, is somewhat suggestive of the despised manner of the eighteenth-century poet, wastes what little sweetness it has upon the desert air of the 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.' I fear that, when all is said, Lord De Tabley must be acknowledged as the undisputed monarch of the bramble world. Mr. Ward's statement that he became a *leading* authority would seem to imply the existence of other devotees of the blackberry, but it is to be feared that they were not poets.

This rather bleak sketch of the bramble compels us to face the future with misgiving. It is not improbable that the bramble-bush, like many another thing, must feel the scientific touch of

an Age of Reconstruction. Her tendency to thrust her gadding vines about the lanes and copses of England will be tamed and trained by future Burbanks in the interests of eugenic fruitfulness. Already there has been a *mariage forcé* between the blackberry and her cousin the raspberry, or raspis-berry (*rubus idæus*), with results better known to housewives and scientific journals than to readers of poetry.

It may be doubted whether the minor poets of the New Age will care to become authorities on the loganberry. The age of the amateur in botany, architecture, and scholarship is slipping away. And with it there will go, I think, something of the charm of England, something of that 'fine old leisure' which had time for reading and for daily evensong in the gray cathedral, time for letter-writing and the sweet intimacies of rural life — time, if you will, for brambles. Lord De Tabley threatens to go the way of his younger brothers, the Horatian vicar and the fox-hunting squire. They still live on in the novels of Mr. Archibald Marshall, the last of the Victorians; but already the pages of Mr. Marshall begin to have the glow of romance. Each year of the Great War lent to the former age more of the cloudlike beauty of distance and enchantment.

The adjective 'Victorian,' as a term of cheap denunciation, must now be tossed to the scrap-heap. For, as the sadder years go by, it will be less and less indicative of that contempt which marked the turn of the century, and more and more suggestive of dear memories and old associations never to be renewed. While the great estates of England are in process of cutting up, and the game preserves come under the hammer of the auctioneer (who knows not a tod from a brock), we may surely be permitted to linger a moment in pensive regret at its disappearance. As we bid farewell to the earlier generation, we can afford to forget its puny attempts at social legislation and model housing, and recall instead its mastery of the art of living among the hedgerows and by-paths of Dorset and Surrey. It will be many a long year before we meet a more gracious and attractive class of gentlemen than they who, to their knowledge of Elzevirs and numismatics and ecclesiastical architecture and stone-circles and the poetry of Herrick and a pack of hounds and the versification of Æschylus and the perils of the High-Church movement, joined an abiding love of the English countryside, and could dwell with a large knowledge and a larger affection upon its very brambles.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

THEY were coming up everywhere in their sheltered corner on the wall-border, between the laurestinas and the yew hedge. She had always loved to watch their manner of emerging from the dark, wintry ground: neck first, arched and stubborn; heads bent down as if with held breath and thrusting effort; the pale, bowed, folded flower, when finally it rose, still earthy, still part, as it were, of the cold and dark from which it came; so that to find them, as on this morning, clear, white, triumphant, all open to the wind and snow, was to renew the sense of the miraculous that, more than any other flower, they always gave her. More than any other flower, they seemed to *mean* to come, to will and compass it by the force of their own mysterious life. More than any other flower, winter piled upon their heads, unallured by spring and the promise of sunlight, they seemed to come from the pressure of a gift to bring rather than a life to seek. She thought always, when she saw them, of Christmas bells over snowy fields, in bygone centuries; of the Star in the East, and of the manger at Bethlehem. They were as ancient as that tradition; austere and immaculate witnesses in an unresponsive world; yet they were young and new, always; always a surprise, and even to her, old as she was, bereft and sorrowful, a reminder that life was forever a thing of births, of gifts, of miracles.

They did not fail her this morning when she came out to them, and she thought, as she stopped to look at them, that one was not really old when, in the shock of sheer happiness, one knew childhood again, and its wonder. Yet, as she worked among them, cutting away dead leaves and adjusting sprays of evergreen so that the rains should not splash them with mud, it was a new analogy they brought; and, for the first time, measuring her resource after the appeal Tim's letter had made upon it, she reflected that the Christmas roses were rather like herself. She, too, in this wintry season of her life, was still determined and indomitable. Widowed and childless, with many mournings in her heart, griefs and devastations in her memory, she, too, was a force, silent and patient; and it was as that that people still came to her. For the appeal always brought the answer. She had felt herself, so often, benumbed into lethargy, and, yielding to the mere mute instinct of self-preservation, had so often folded herself up and lapsed into the blank darkness of her grief (her husband's death, so many years ago; and Miles's, and little Hugh's, and her dear, dear Peggy's). But it had always been to hear herself, as if in a dream, called to from the outside world, and to feel herself, in answer, coming up again, rising, if only to snows and tempests, in a renewal of life which brought with it, always, a renewal of joy in life.

For months now, since August, she had been sunken in the last grief — it must be — that could come to her; for

Miles was the last, of her own, who had remained — Peggy's youngest boy. The oldest, already a soldier, had been killed in the first months of the war, and, after all his years of peril, it had seemed as if Miles was to escape. But, cruelly, just at the turning of the tide, when victory had become assured, he had been shot down, and in his crashing fall through the air she had felt the end of everything, Peggy dying again with him; for Peggy, too, had died like that, crashing and falling and dragged, in a horrible hunting accident. There seemed, now, nothing more left to suffer, and nothing more to live for, either, unless it were her poor Tim; and it had, exactly, been Tim's letter that had driven her out to wrestle with the elements, after her wont in any disturbance or perplexity, so that she could think over what he told her while she wielded her trowel and fork on the convenient wall-border.

She had, on rising from the breakfast-table, sent Tim a wire: 'I shall expect her. Writing later,' and had then called to Parton to bring her old warm coat, her hood with its satin lining, and her buckled galoshes.

Parton was accustomed to her mistress's vagaries in regard to gardening, and made no comment on the enterprise except to express the hope that it would not snow again. Parton, in spite of her youth a most efficient combination of parlor-maid and lady's-maid, was devoted to her mistress; the little pat and tweak she gave to the bow of the hood, and the gentleness with which she adjusted the galoshes, expressed a close yet almost reverential relationship.

It was not freezing, and under the light fall of snow the ground was soft. Mrs. Delafield found herself enjoying the morning freshness as she tidied and weeded, and had her usual affectionate eye for the bullfinches nipping away at her plum-buds and the tits and robins at the little table spread with scraps for them near the house; while all the time Tim's letter weighed on her, and the problem it presented; and as she pondered on it, and on Rhoda, her niece, Tim's only child, her firm, square, handsome, old white face was not devoid of a certain grimness.

Mrs. Delafield was very handsome, perhaps more handsome now than she had been in youth. Her brow, with the peak of thick white hair descending upon it, her thick black eyebrows and her rather thick, projecting nose, were commanding — almost alarmingly so to those who in her presence had cause for alarm. The merely shy were swiftly reassured by something merry in her gaze and by the benevolent grace still lingering on her firm, small lips. She had square eyes clearly drawn, and with an oddity in their mountain-brook coloring, for one was only brown and one was freaked with gray. Her form was ample and upright, and in all her gestures there was swiftness and decision.

It was of Tim she thought at first, rather than of Rhoda, the cause of all their distresses. But she was not seeing Tim as he now existed, bleached, after his years of India, invalided, fretted by family cares, plaintive and pitiful. She saw him as a very little boy in their distant Northern nursery of sixty years ago, with bright curls, ruddy cheeks, and the blue eyes, candid and trusting, that he still kept; standing there, bare-armed and bare-legged, in his stiff, funny little dress of plaid, before the fire-guard, while nurse, irate, benevolent figure, cut bread and butter for breakfast. Dear little Tim! still her younger brother; still turning to her, as he had always done, for counsel or succor in any stress or anxiety. It was nothing new that the anxiety should be about Rhoda; there was nothing, even, that had surprised her in Tim's letter;

yet she knew from the sense of urgency and even breathlessness within her that the blow which had been dealt him could not leave her unaffected. She could, after all, still suffer in Tim's suffering. And even before she had let her thoughts dwell decisively on Rhoda, she had found herself thinking, while the grimness settled on her face, 'I shall know how to talk to her.'

She had always known how to talk to the moody young beauty; that was why Tim had sent off this letter of desperate appeal. She never quite saw why Rhoda had not, from the first, felt in her merely an echo of her father's commonplace conventionality and discounted her as that. Rhoda had never, she felt sure, guessed how far from conventional she was; how much at heart, in spite of a life that had never left appointed paths, she knew herself to be a rebel and a skeptic; no one had ever guessed it. But there had always been between her and Rhoda an intuitive understanding; and that Rhoda from the first had listened and, from the first, had sometimes yielded, proved that she was intelligent.

Mrs. Delafield saw herself so accurately as Rhoda must see her. The terse, old-fashioned aunt in the country residence — yes, dear Fernleigh, square and mid-Victorian, with its name, and its creepers, its conservatory, and its shrubberies, was so eminently a residence; and she had never wanted to alter it into anything else, for it was so that she had found it when, on her mother-in-law's death, she and the young husband of so many years ago had first gone there to live. Rhoda must see her, her hair so smooth under its cap of snowy net, her black gowns, — stuff for morning wear, silk for evening, so invariable, with the frills at neck and wrists, — thick gold chains and the dim old brooches that went with them, as belonging almost to an epoch of albums on centre-tables, of Mendelssohn's sacred songs, and archery tournaments; an epoch of morning family-prayers and moral categories, where some people still believed in hell and everybody believed in sin. She did n't think that Rhoda had ever seen through all these alienating appearances to the reality she herself knew to be so different; but it had always been evident that she felt through them; that she was at ease with her aunt, candid, even if angry, and willing, even when most silent and recalcitrant, to come down to Fernleigh, when her distracted parents could deal with her no longer, and to 'think things over,' as they put it to her, imploringly.

Mrs. Delafield could see Rhoda thinking things over from a very early age, from the earliest age at which recalcitrancy could count as practically alarming. She could see her walking slowly past this very border at the time that she had determined to go on the stage, — she had only just left the hands of her devastated governesses, — pausing now and then to examine unseeingly a plant, her hands clasped behind her, her dark, gloomy, lovely, young head brooding on the sense of wrong, and, even more, no doubt, on plots and stratagems. Her aunt had always watched her, while seeming, in the most comfortable manner possible, to give her no attention; noting everything about her, — and everything counted against poor Tim's and Frances's peace of mind, — from the slender, silken ankles to the tall column of the proud young throat; all of it, every bit of Rhoda, so determined by an insatiable vanity, which was the worst of her, and by a sardonic pride, which was the best.

Rhoda, to do her further justice, was even more wonderful in the eyes of her admirers than in her own. Her consciousness was not occupied so much

with her own significance as with all the things due to it; and it was upon these things, and the methods of obtaining them, that she brooded as she walked. 'Naughty girl,' had been her aunt's unexpressed comment; and perhaps one reason why Rhoda had found it comfortable, or, at least, composing, to be with her, was that it was a relief to be seen as a naughty girl rather than as a terrifying portent.

Mrs. Delafield had determined at once that Rhoda should not go on the stage, though not, really, because Tim and Frances had begged her to dissuade the child. She could perfectly imagine having wished to go on the stage herself in her young days; and it was this consciousness, perhaps, that made her so fair to Rhoda's desire. She had taken her stand on no conventional objection; she had not even argued with Rhoda; she had simply been able to make her feel, bit by bit, that she had n't one little atom of talent.

It had been the same thing, really, when Rhoda had announced her intention of marrying a dreadful young man, a bad young man, — Mrs. Delafield knew where to apply her categories, — who had a large studio where he gave teas and painted small, disagreeable pictures. They were clever pictures; Mrs. Delafield was aware of this, though Tim and Frances saw them only as disagreeable; and the young man, if bad, was clever. Mrs. Delafield had traveled up to town several times in this emergency, and had even accompanied Rhoda to the studio, where a young lady with bare legs and feet was dancing, with more concentration than spontaneity, before a cigaretted audience. Oddly enough, after this visit, it had been much easier to make Rhoda give up Mr. Austin Dell than it had been to make her give up the stage. Mrs. Delafield had merely talked him over, very mildly, him and his friends, asking here and there a kindly question about one or a slightly perplexed question about another. It had been Rhoda herself who had expressed awareness of the second-rate flavor that had brooded so heavily over dancer and audience, not leaving Mr. Dell himself untouched. On the point of Mr. Dell's income Mrs. Delafield soon felt that Rhoda knew misgivings — misgivings as to her own fitness to be a needy artist's wife. She made no overt recantation, but over her tea, presently, agreed with her aunt that it was a pity to dance with bare feet unless the feet were flawlessly well-shaped. 'She is such a little fool, that Miss Matthews!' Rhoda had remarked. And after this there was no more talk of Mr. Dell.

II

When, in the second year of the war, poor Tim and Frances, dusty, jaded, nearly shattered, but appeased at last, were able to announce the engagement of their daughter Rhoda to the unexceptionable Niel Quentyn, Mrs. Delafield's special function seemed over; but, looking back over her long intercourse with her niece, she knew that Rhoda had felt her as relief rather than influence; that she had made things easier rather than more difficult to her; that, in short, she had always successfully appealed to the girl's intelligence rather than to what poor Tim and Frances called her better self; and it was of Rhoda's intelligence, and of what possible pressure she might be able to bring to bear upon it, that she thought finally, as she worked at her border and waited for the fly that was to bring Rhoda's baby and its nurse from the station.

She had not been able to rejoice with her brother and his wife over Rhoda's match. She, who had measured during her years of acquaintanceship with her

her niece's force, had measured accurately, in her first glance at him, Niel's insignificance. He was good-looking, good-tempered, and very much in love; but caste, clothes, code, and the emotion of his age and situation summed him up. He had money, too, and could give Rhoda, together with a little handle to her name, the dim, rich, startling drawing-room in which her taste at once expressed itself, and a pleasant country house, where, as he confided to Mrs. Delafield, he hoped to inspire her, when the war was over, with his own ardor for hunting.

Rhoda was far too clever to quarrel with such excellent bread and butter; but what could he give her more? for Rhoda would want more than bread and butter; what food for excitement and adventure could he offer her indolent yet eager mind and her nature, at once so greedy and so fastidious? Mrs. Delafield asked herself the question, even while she watched Rhoda's wonderful white form move up the nave at her splendid, martial wedding — even while poor Frances wept for joy and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden' surged from the organ; and she feared that Niel was getting far more than he had bargained for and Rhoda far less.

The first year, it was true, passed successfully. Poor Frances, who had, fortunately, died at the end of it, had known no reason for abated rejoicing. She lived long enough to see the baby, little Jane Amoret, as Rhoda persisted in calling the child; and she had welcomed Niel home once on leave — Niel as much infatuated as ever and trying to take an intelligent interest in Picasso. It was since then, during the past year, that Tim's letters had expressed a growing presage and appeal. Moved by the latter, and only a short time before her own grief had overtaken her, she had gone up to London and stayed with him for a few days, and had taken tea with Rhoda.

At Rhoda's it had been exactly as she expected. The drawing-room was worthy of its fame; so worthy that Mrs. Delafield wondered how Niel afforded it — and in war-time, too. Rhoda, as she often announced, was clever at picking up things, and many of the objects with which she had surrounded herself were undoubted trophies of her resource and knowledge. But all the taste and skill in the world did n't give one that air of pervading splendor, as of the setting for a Russian ballet, in which the red lacquer and the Chinese screens, the blacks and golds and rich, dim whites were, like Rhoda herself, sunken with her customary air of gloomy mirth in the deepest cushions and, surpassingly dressed, merged in the soft, unstressed, yet magnificent atmosphere. It was the practical side of matters — the depth of good, dull Niel's purse measured against the depth of Rhoda's atmosphere — that alarmed Mrs. Delafield, rather than Rhoda herself and Rhoda's friends — of whom poor Tim had so distressingly written.

There were many suave and merry young men, mainly in khaki, and various ladies, acute or languorous, who had the air of being as carefully selected as the chairs and china. There were tea and cigarettes, and an abundance of wonderful talk that showed no sign of mitigation on account of her mid-Victorian presence; though, as Mrs. Delafield reflected, musing on the young people about her, no one could say, except their clever selves, how much mitigation there might not be. Like Rhoda, no doubt, they felt, even if they did n't see, through her mid-Victorianism. Her small black bonnet with its velvet strings, and her long, loose jacket trimmed with fringe, would not restrain them beyond a certain point. Yet she suspected that they had a point, and

she wondered, though the question did not alarm her, where it could be placed.

They talked, at all events, and she listened; at times she even smiled; and since by no possibility could her smiles be taken as complicities, she was willing that they should be taken as comprehensions. Rhoda's friends, though so young, were chill and arid, and the enthusiasms they allowed themselves had the ring of provocation rather than of ardor. Yet she did not dislike them; they were none of them like Mr. Dell; and though so withered by sophistication, they had at moments flashes of an uncanny, almost an ingenuous wisdom.

The occasion had not alarmed her, and she had found but one moment oppressive, that of the appearance — the displayal, as of a Chinese idol, indeed, or a Pekinese spaniel (Rhoda had three of these) — of poor little Jane Amoret. She rarely disliked her niece, even when feeling her most naughty; but she found herself disliking her calculated maternity, with its kisses, embraces and reiterated 'darlings.' Jane Amoret had eyed her gravely and, as gravely, had held out her arms to her nurse to be taken back when the spectacle was over. Jane Amoret's attire was quite as strange as her mother's drawing-room, and Rhoda had contrived to make her look like a cross between an Aubrey Beardsley and a gorgeous, dressed-up doll Madonna in a Spanish cathedral.

On returning to Tim, Mrs. Delafield found that she could not completely reassure him, but she laid stress, knowing it would be, comparatively, a comfort, on Rhoda's extravagance, eliciting from him a groan of 'I know! — I know! — Poor Niel's been writing to me about it! — Dances; dinners; gowns. One would say she had no conscience at all — and at a time like this!' But he went on, 'That's nothing, though. That can be managed when Niel gets back — if he ever does, poor fellow! — and can put his foot down on the spot. You did n't see him, then? He was n't there — the young man?'

Tim had never before spoken definitely of a young man.

'The young man?' she questioned. 'There were a dozen of them. Of course, she'll have a special one: that's part of the convention. Rhoda may cultivate — like all the rest of them — every appearance of lawless attachment; but you may be sure, dear Tim, that it's only a pose, a formula, like the painted lips and dyed hair, which does n't in the least mean they are demi-mondaines.'

'Painted lips? Dyed hair? Demi-mondaines?' Tim had wanly echoed. 'Do you really mean, Isabel, that Rhoda paints and dyes?'

'Not her hair. It's too lovely to be dyed. But her lips, — why, have n't you seen it? — ever since she was eighteen. It is all, as I say, a pose; a formula. They are all afraid of nothing so much as of seeming respectable. I imagine that there's just as much marital virtue at large in the world nowadays as when we were young. — Who is the young man?' she had, nevertheless, ended.

'My dear, don't ask me!' Tim had moaned, blanched and battered in his invalid's chair. (Why would n't he come down and live with her? Why, indeed, except that, since Frances's death, he had felt that he must stand by, in London, and watch over Rhoda.) 'I only know what I've heard. Amy has talked and talked. And everybody else is talking, according to her.' Amy was Frances's sister, a well-meaning, but disturbing woman, with a large family of well-conducted, well-married, unpainted, and unfashionable daughters. 'She is here every day about it.

They are always together. He is always there. The poet — the new young poet. He has a heart or a chest or a stomach — something that has sent him home and that keeps him safe at Whitehall, while poor Niel fights in France. Surely, Isabel, you've heard of Christopher Darley? Was n't he there? Young. Younger than Rhoda. Black hair. Big eyes. Silent.'

Silent. — Yes, there had been, besides Jane Amoret, one silent person in Rhoda's drawing-room. And she had been aware of him constantly, though, till now, unconsciously. Very young; very pale; aloof, near a window, with an uncalculated aloofness. She reconstructed an impression that, the further she went into it, became deeper. Thick backward locks that had given his forehead a wind-blown look, and a gaze now and then directed on herself, a gaze grave, withdrawing, yet scrutinizing, too.

'Yes; I think, now that you describe him, I must have seen him,' she murmured; while a curious alarm mounted in her, an alarm that none of Rhoda's more characteristic circle had aroused. 'He was n't living by a formula of freedom,' she reflected. 'And he was n't afraid.' Aloud she said, 'He looked a nice young creature, I remember.'

'He writes horrible poems, Amy says; blasphemous. There they are. I can't understand them. He casts down everything; has no beliefs of any kind. Nice? I should think that 's the last adjective that would describe him.'

She had picked up the unobtrusive volume and found herself arrested; not as she had been by the memory of the young man's gaze, nor yet in the manner that Tim's account indicated; but still arrested. Very young — but austere, dignified, and strange, genuinely and effortlessly strange. So a young priest might have written, seeking in close-pressed metaphysical analogies to find expression for spiritual passion. She stood, puzzled and absorbed.

'No, it is n't blasphemous,' she said presently. 'And he has beliefs. But surely, Tim, dear, surely this young man can't care for Rhoda.'

How could a young man who wrote like that about the mystic vision care for Rhoda?

'Not care for Rhoda!' Tim's voice had now the quaintest ring of paternal resentment. 'The most beautiful young woman in London! Why he 's head over heels in love with her. And the worst of it is that, from what Amy sees and hears, she cares for him.'

'It 's curious,' Mrs. Delafield said, laying down the book. 'I should n't have thought he 'd care about beautiful young women.'

And now Tim's letter, on this December morning, announced that Rhoda had gone off with Christopher Darley; and Mrs. Delafield could find it in her heart, as she worked and pondered, to wish that her dear Tim had followed Frances before this catastrophe overtook him.

'Good heavens!' she heard herself muttering, 'if only she 'd been meaner, more cowardly, and stayed and lied — as women of her kind are supposed to do. If only she 'd let him die in peace; he can't have many years.'

But no: it had been done with *le beau geste*. Tim had known nothing, and poor Niel, home for his first peace leave, had come to him, bewildered and aghast, with the news. He had found a letter waiting for him, sent from the country. Tim copied the letter for her: —

Dear Niel, —

I'm sure you felt, too, that our life could n't go on. It had become too unsatisfactory for both of us. Luckily we are sensible people nowadays, and such mistakes can be remedied. You must mend your life as I am mending mine.

I am leaving you, with Christopher Darley. I am so sorry if it seems sudden; but I felt it better that we should not meet again.

Yours affectionately,

RHODA.

'If only the poet had n't had money, too!' Mrs. Delafield had thought. For this fact she had learned about Mr. Darley in London. Rhoda would never have abandoned that drawing-room had she not been secure of another as good.

Tim wrote that nothing could have been manlier, more generous, than Niel's behavior. He was willing, for the sake of the child, to take Rhoda back, reinstate her, and protect her from the consequences of her act; and what Tim now begged of his sister was that she should see Rhoda, see if, confronting her, she could not induce her to return to her husband. Meanwhile Jane Amoret would be dispatched at once with her nurse to Fernleigh. Tim had written to his child in her retreat, and had implored her to go to her aunt. 'I told her that you would receive her, Isabel,' so Tim's letter ended; 'and I trust you now to save us — as far as we can be saved. Tell her that her husband will forgive — and that I forgive, if she will return. Let her see the child. Let that be your appeal.'

Poor, darling Tim! Very mid-Victorian. 'Forgive.' Would 'receive' her. The words had an antediluvian ring. With what battledore and shuttlecock of mirth and repartee they would be sent sailing and spinning in Rhoda's world. All the same, she, who was mid-Victorian in seeming rather than in reality, would make other appeals, if Rhoda came. Already she could almost count the steady heads of her intentions thrusting up as if through the ground. Even in Rhoda's world repartee and mirth might be displayed rather than acted upon, and Rhoda might find herself, as a result of *le beau geste*, less favorably placed for the creation of another drawing-room than she imagined. That, of course, was the line to take with Rhoda; and as she reflected, carefully now, on what she would say to her, — as she determined that Rhoda should not leave her until she had turned her face firmly homeward, — the sound of wheels came up the road, and outside the high walls she heard the station fly drawing up at her gates. In another moment she was welcoming Jane Amoret and her nurse.

III

She had not seen the child for five months now, and her first glance at her, for all its sweetness, brought something of a shock, revealing as it did how deeply she cared for the little creature. She was not a child-lover, not undiscriminatingly fond of all examples of the undeveloped, though her kind solicitude might have given her that appearance. Children had always affected her, from the cradle, as personalities; and some, like the mature, were lovable and some the reverse. Jane Amoret had already paid her more than one visit — she had been more than willing that Rhoda should find her a convenience in this respect; and she had, from the first, found her lovable. But the five months had brought much more to the mere charm of babyhood. She was now potent and arresting in her appeal and dignity. She sat in her nurse's arms, her eyes fixed on her great-aunt, and, as Mrs. Delafield held out her hands to her, she unhesitatingly, if unsmilingly, answered, leaning forward to be taken.

She was a pale, delicate baby, her narrow little face framed in straightly cut dark hair, her mournful little lips only tinted with a rosy mauve; and, under long, fine brows, her great eyes

were full of meditativeness. Rhoda, though now so richly a brunette, had, as a baby, been ruddy-haired and rosy-cheeked, with long eyes of a velvety, submerging darkness. Jane Amoret's gray iris rayed out from the expanded pupil like the corolla of a flower. There was no likeness between the child and her mother. Nor was there anything of Niel's sleepy young countenance, with its air of still waters running shallow.

Mrs. Delafield, something of a student of heredity, saw in the little face an almost uncanny modern replica of her own paternal grandmother, whose pensive eyes, under high-dressed powdered hair, had followed her down the drawing-room in the home of her childhood. In Jane Amoret she recovered the sense of that forgotten romance of her youth — the wonderful, beautiful great-grandmother with the following eyes. Had they not, even then, been asking something of her?

'It is n't everyone she'll go to, ma'am,' said the nurse, as they went up the path to the house, Mrs. Delafield carrying Jane Amoret.

Nurse was a highly efficient example of her type — crisp, cheerful, a little glib. Mrs. Delafield had never warmly liked her, and felt convinced, now, that in spite of her decorous veneer of reticence, the servant's hall would be enlightened as to the whole story before many hours were over. Well, it could not be helped.

They went up to the big nursery overlooking the walled garden at the back of the house, where, since the morning's post and its announcements, a great fire of logs had been blazing. Nurse made but one respectful, passing reference to Rhoda. The country air would do Lady Quentyn good. She had, nurse thought, over-tired herself of late. What else she thought, Parton and the others were soon to hear hinted. And as Rhoda's calculated maternity had chilled her aunt on that day five months ago, so she was chilled now to think that Rhoda should have had more taste in the choice of her drawing-room than in that of her baby's nurse.

While, in the next room, the unpleasing woman was unpacking her own and Jane Amoret's effects, Mrs. Delafield was left alone with the child. She had found, on a shelf, a box of well-worn blocks, and seating herself in the low, chintz-covered wicker chair beside the fire, she placed them, one by one, before Jane Amoret, who, on her white wool rug, gave them a gentle attention. She had been too young for blocks on her last visit.

The old chair, as Mrs. Delafield moved in it, leaning down, creaked softly, and she remembered, a curious excitement stirring under all these recoveries of the past, that it had been condemned as really too decrepit when Peggy had been a baby. Yet the threat had never been carried out. It had gone on through Peggy's babyhood and through the babyhood of Peggy's children, and, unused for all these years, here it gave forth again just the plaintive yet comfortable sounds that, even more, it seemed, than another baby's presence, evoked Peggy and her own young maternity.

The chair, the blocks, the firelight playing on the happy walls, with their framed Caldecotts and Cherry Ripes and Bubbles, all evoked that past, filling her with the mingled acquiescence and yearning of old age. And Jane Amoret evoked a past far, far more distant. Peggy had not been like the great-grandmother. None of them had ever reincarnated that vanished loveliness. But here, mysterious and appealing, it was before her; and it seemed to brush across her very heartstrings every time that, from the blocks, the child lifted the meditative gray of her eyes to her great-aunt's face.

Far too mysterious, far too lovely, far too gentle, this little potentiality, for any uses ever to be made of it by Rhoda, by Niel, or by nurse. And the yearning became a yearning over Jane Amoret.

Yes, there the edifice rose, block by block — her deft, deliberate fingers placed them one after the other, under Jane Amoret's eyes, absorbed in this towering achievement. The miniature Alhambra finished, she sat and gazed, and her little chest lifted in a great sigh of wonder and appeasement. Then, her baby interest drooping, she looked round at the flames, and, for a little time, gazed at them, while her great-aunt's hand moved softly to rest upon her head. It seemed then, as if in answer to the rapt and tender look bent above her, that Jane Amoret's eyes were again raised and that she stretched up her arms to be taken.

'She really loves me,' said Mrs. Delafield, as touched and trembling as a young lover. She lifted her, pressing the little body against her breast; and, as Jane Amoret gave herself to the enfolding, a thought that was as sharp and as sudden as a pang flashed through her great-aunt's mind. 'I can never give her up.'

What came to her first, as she sat there, Jane Amoret's head leaning against her, was the thought of Christmas roses. It was a gift, a miracle. And to what depths of loneliness the gift had been given; with what depths of life she answered it! But she was breathless while she tried to think, knowing something terrible in her own swift acceptance; seeing for the first time something lawless and perilous in her own nature. Never in her life had she betrayed a trust; never broken a law. Yet often, through the years, she had paused, contemplative and questioning, to gaze at something her mirror showed her, an implication that only she could see, a capacity never realized. And what she saw sometimes, with discomfort and shrinking, in those freaked eyes, those firm lips, was an untamed wildness that had come to her from much further back than a great-grandmother; something predatory and reckless, perhaps from the days of border robbers, and Highland chiefs whose only law was their own will.

She knew now what were the faces waiting to seize upon her accusingly. Not Rhoda's. She swept Rhoda and her forfeited claim aside. Let her stay with her poet, since that was what she had chosen. It was Niel and poor Tim who looked at her aghast. But another face hovered softly and effacingly before them; a pale young face with rosy-mauve lips and following eyes that said, 'They will never understand me. This is what I was trying to tell you, always. I knew that I was coming back. This is what I was asking you to do.'

It was superstition; it did not deceive her for a moment. Desire dressing itself in a supernatural appeal. Absurd and discreditable. But, in all truth and honor, was n't there something in it? Was n't there a time, once in a blue moon, for lawlessness, when it came as a miracle? Whom would she harm, really? What could his paternity mean, really, to drowsy young Niel? And could she not salve Tim's wounds?

The only thing that could count, — she came to that at last, feeling the child, with sleeping, drooping head and little hands held within her hand, already so profoundly her own, — the only thing was Jane Amoret herself. Had she a right to keep her from what was, perhaps, her chance of the normal, even if the defective, life? Was n't even a bad and foolish mother better than no mother at all, and an untarnished name supremely desirable? She struggled, her eyes fixed on the fire, her hand

unconsciously closing fast on the little intertwined hands within it. And with the face of the great-grandmother came again the thought of the Christmas roses, of the gift, the miracle.

She had not sought anything. She had not even chosen. It was rather as if Jane Amoret had chosen her. She need not make an effort to keep the gift. She need merely make no effort to give it back. If Rhoda came (oh, she could but pray that Rhoda would not come!), she need not find the right words for her. She had only to remain the passive spectator of Rhoda's enterprise and not put out a hand to withdraw her from it. And, thrusting, feverishly, final decisions from her, her mind sprang out into far projects and promises. She could, with a will, live for twenty more years yet and fill them full for Jane Amoret. Niel must not lose his child, evidently. She would arrange with Niel. He had always liked her and turned to her. Let this be his home, and welcome. But of course, he would marry again. She could persuade him not to take Jane Amoret from her to give to a step-mother. Niel would be easy.

And Tim, now, must come, of course. Tim should, with her, enjoy Jane Amoret to the full. What a happy childhood she could make it! It was, to begin with, quite the happiest nursery she knew, this long-empty nursery of hers. In a few years time Jane Amoret would be old enough to have her own little plot in the garden — Peggy's plot; and a pony like Peggy's should come to the empty stables. She saw already the merry, instructed girl she would choose as Jane Amoret's governess: someone young enough to play out of lesson hours; someone who would teach her to know birds and flowers as well as history and Latin. She would keep Jane Amoret's hair cut like this, — it was the only point in the child's array in which her taste was Rhoda's, — straight across the forehead and straight across the neck, until she was fifteen, and she should wear smocked blue linen for morning and white for afternoon, as her own children had done. With good luck, she might even see Jane Amoret married.

Actually, she was thinking about Jane Amoret's marriage, actually wondering about the nice little eldest boy at the manor, — while her arms tightened in instinctive maternal anxiety around the sleeping baby, — when Parton, doing her best not to look round-eyed, announced Lady Quentyn.

IV

She knew, as she waited for Rhoda to come up, that something she had forgotten during this last half-hour — perhaps it was her conscience — steeled her suddenly to the endurance of a test. Tim had worded it, 'Let her see the child. Let that be your appeal.' Would it not appease her conscience to stand or fall by that? It should be her appeal. But the only one.

Jane Amoret had waked, and now, dazed but unfretful, suffered herself to be placed again on the rug among the blocks, one of which Mrs. Delafield put into her hands, bidding her build a beautiful big house, as great-aunt had done. The anguish of her own suspense was made manifest to her in the restless gesture with which, after that, and while she waited, she bent to put another log on the fire.

Rhoda's soft, deliberate rustle was outside. In another moment she had entered, and the effect that Mrs. Delafield dreaded seemed produced on the spot; for, arrested at the very threshold, almost before her eyes had sought her aunt's, Rhoda stared down at the child with knotted, with even incredulous brows.

'Oh! He's sent her already, then!' she exclaimed.

What did the stare, the exclamation, portend?

'Yes. He sent her, of course, as soon as he came back.'

'But why? — until our interview is over?'

'Why not? She'd been alone for a week.' Mrs. Delafield spoke with the mildness which, she determined, should not leave her. 'Niel, of course, wanted to have her cared for.'

Rhoda, during this little interchange, had remained near the door; but now, perceiving, perhaps, that she had come near to giving herself away, she cleared her brows of their perplexity and moved forward to the fire, where, leaning her velvet elbow on the mantelpiece, she answered, drily laughing, 'Oh! Niel's care! He would n't know whether the child were fed on suet-pudding or cold ham! She's not alone, with nurse. There's no one who can take such care of her as nurse. I knew that.' And she went on immediately, putting the question of Jane Amoret's presence behind her with decision, 'Well, poor Aunt Isabel, what have you to say to me? Father wrote that you would consent to be the go-between. He absolutely implored me to come, and it's to satisfy him I'm here, for I really can't imagine what's the good of it.'

No; Mrs. Delafield had grasped her own security and her own danger. It had not been in remorse or tenderness that Rhoda's eyes had fixed themselves upon her child, it had been in anxiety, lest Jane Amoret's presence should be the signal of some final verdict against her. She had come because she hoped to be taken back; and if there was all the needed justification in Rhoda's callousness, there was an undreamed-of danger in her expectation.

'Well, we must see,' Mrs. Delafield remarked; and already she was measuring the necessities of Rhoda's pride against the urgencies of Rhoda's disenchantment. It was Rhoda's pride that she must hold to. Rhoda, even if she had come, had only come to make her own terms.

'Did you motor over?' she asked. 'You are not very far from here, are you?'

No train could have brought her at that hour.

'Twenty miles or so away,' said Rhoda. 'I was able to hire a motor, a horrible, open affair with torn flaps that let in all the air, so that I'm frozen.'

Her loveliness did, indeed, look a little pinched and sharpened, and there was more than the cold drive to account for it. But she was still surpassingly lovely, with the loveliness that, once you were confronted with it, seemed to explain everything that might need explanation. That was Rhoda's strongest card. She left her appearance to speak for her and made no explanations, as now, when, indeed, she had all the air of expecting other people to make them. But her aunt only said, while Jane Amoret, from her rug, kept her grave gaze upon her mother, 'Won't you have some hot milk?'

'Thanks, yes, I should be glad of it,' said Rhoda. 'How lucky you are to have it. We are given only condensed for our coffee at the hotel. It's quite revolting.' And after Mrs. Delafield had rung, and since no initiative came from her, she was, in a manner, forced to open the conversation. 'Niel has only himself to thank,' she said. 'He's been making himself too impossible for a long time.'

'Really? In what way? Perhaps the hard life over there has affected his temper.'

Mrs. Delafield allowed herself the irony. Rhoda, indeed, must expect that special flavor from her.

'Something has certainly affected it,'

said Rhoda, drawing a chair to the fire and spreading her beautiful hands before it. 'I'm quite tired, I confess, — horrid as I'm perfectly aware it sounds to say it, — of hearing about the hard life. Life's hard enough for all of us just now, heaven knows; and I think they have n't had half a bad time over there, numbers of them — men like Niel, I mean, who've traveled comfortably about the world and never had the least little wound, nor been, ever, in any real danger, as far as I can make out; at least, not since he's had the staff work. It's very different from my poor Christopher, who rotted in the cold and mud until it nearly killed him. There would be some point in his talking of a hard life.'

This was all very illuminating, and the bold advance of Christopher won Mrs. Delafield's admiration for its manner; but she passed it over to inquire again, 'In what way has Niel been making himself impossible?' The more impossible Rhoda depicted him, the easier to leave her there, shut out by his impossibility.

'Why, his meanness,' said Rhoda, her cold, dark eyes, as she turned them upon her aunt, expressing, indeed, quite a righteous depth of reprobation. 'For months and months it's been the same wearisome cry. He's written about nothing but economy, fussing, fuming, and preaching. It's so ugly, at his time of life.'

'Have you been a little extravagant, perhaps? Everything is so much more costly, is n't it? He may well have been anxious about your future, and the child's.'

It was perfectly mild, and the irony Rhoda would expect from her.

'Oh, no, he was n't ,' said Rhoda, now with her gloomy laugh. 'He was anxious about his hunting. I don't happen to care for that primitive form of amusement, and Niel does n't happen to care about anything else; certainly he does n't care about beauty, and that's all I do care about. So in his view, since, precisely, life has become so costly, beauty had to go to the wall and I must n't dress decently or have a decently ordered house. I have n't been in the least extravagant,' said Rhoda. 'I've known what it is to be cold; I've known what it is to be hungry; it's been, at times, literally impossible to get food and coal in London. Oh, you don't know anything about it, Aunt Isabel, tucked away comfortably down here with logs and milk. And if Niel had had any appreciation of the position and had realized at all that I prefer being hungry to being ill-dressed, he would have turned his mind to cutting down his own extravagances and offered to allow me' — and now, for an instant, if velvet can show sharpness, Mrs. Delafield caught in the sliding velvet eye an evident edge of cogitation, even of calculation — 'at least two thousand a year for myself. Money buys absolutely nothing nowadays.'

So there it was, and it amounted to an offer. Or, rather, it amounted to saying that it was the sum for which she would be willing to consider any offer of Niel's. Mrs. Delafield, measuring still Rhoda's pride against Rhoda's urgency, mused on her velvet garments, the fur that broadly bordered her skirts, slipped from her shoulders, and framed her hands. Poor Tim had been able to give his daughter only a few hundred a year, and Niel's hunting must indeed have been in danger. Rhoda's pride, she knew, stood, as yet, between herself and any pressure from the urgency; she could safely leave the offer to lie and go on presently to question, 'And you'll be better off now?'

Inevitably unsuspecting as she was, Rhoda, all the same, must feel an

unexpectedness in her attitude, and at this it was with a full, frank sombreness that she turned her gaze upon her. Anything but a fool she had always been, and she answered, after the moment of gloomy scrutiny, 'Don't imagine, please, Aunt Isabel, that because I speak openly of practical matters I left Niel to get a better establishment. I left him because I did n't love him. I was willing to sacrifice anything rather than stay. Because it is a sacrifice. I took the step I've taken under no illusion. We are too uncivilized yet for things to be anything but difficult for a woman who takes the step, and the brave people have to pay for the cowards and hypocrites.'

This, somehow, was not at all Rhoda's own note. Mrs. Delafield felt sure she caught an echo of Mr. Darley's ministrations. She was glad that Rhoda should receive them: they would sustain her; and since she was determined — or almost — that Rhoda should stay with Mr. Darley, it was well that she should receive all the sustainment possible.

'It certainly must require great love and great courage,' she assented.

Rhoda's eyes still sombrely rested. 'I did n't expect you to see it, I confess, Aunt Isabel.'

'Oh, but I do,' said Mrs. Delafield.

The milk was now brought and Rhoda began to sip it.

'As for my being better off, since you are kind enough to take an interest in that aspect of my situation,' she went back, 'Christopher has n't, it 's true, as much money as Niel. But our tastes are the same, so that I shall certainly be very much better off. We shall live in London — after Niel sets me free.' And here again she just glanced at her aunt who bowed assent, murmuring, 'Yes; yes; he is quite willing to set you free; at once.'—'And until then,' Rhoda went on, as if she had n't needed the assurance, — second-rate assurance as, Mrs. Delafield felt sure, she found it, — 'and until then I shall stay in the country. Christopher has his post still at the Censor's office, and won't, I'm afraid, get his demobilization for some time. He translates things, you know. So we are going to find a little old house, for me, — we are looking for one now, — and I shall see a few friends there, quite quietly, and Christopher can come up and down, until everything is settled. I think that 's the best plan.'

Rhoda spoke with a dignity that had even a savor of conscious sweetness, and, as Mrs. Delafield reflected, was running herself very completely into her corner.

There was silence now for a little while. Rhoda finished her milk, and Jane Amoret, gently and unobtrusively moving among her blocks, succeeded, at last, in balancing the last one on her edifice and looked up at her great-aunt for approbation.

'Very good, darling. A beautiful house,' said Mrs. Delafield, leaning over her, but with a guarded tenderness. What a serpent she had become! There was Rhoda's jealousy to look out for. She might imagine herself fond of Jane Amoret, if she saw that someone else adored her.

'She's quite used to you already, is n't she?' said Rhoda, watching them. 'I wonder what you 'll make of her. She strikes me as rather a dull little thing, though she's certainly very pretty. She's rather like Niel, is n't she? Though she certainly is n't as dull as Niel!' She laughed slightly. 'All the same,' — and Mrs. Delafield now, in Rhoda's voice, scented the close approach of danger, and was aware, though she did not look up to meet it, that Rhoda's eyes took on a new watchfulness, — 'All the same I must consider the poor little thing's future. That is, of course, my one real difficulty.'

'Was it? In going away? In having left her, you mean?' Mrs. Delafield prayed that her mildness might gloss, to Rhoda's ear, the transition to conscious combat that her instinctive change of tense revealed to her own. 'Oh, but you need not do that. Don't let that trouble you for a moment, Rhoda. I will take charge of her — complete charge. I can do it easily. My house is empty, and the child will be a companion to me. I don't find her dull. She is a dear little thing, so good and gentle. You need really have no anxiety.'

'Oh, I see.' Rhoda was gazing at her earnestly. 'Thanks. That's certainly a relief. Though all the same I don't suppose you'd claim that you could replace the child's mother.'

'Yes. I think so, Rhoda. A mother who had left her for a lover.'

Mrs. Delafield kept her eyes fixed on the fire. Rhoda stood up and leaned her back against the mantelpiece. She could no longer control the manifestations of her impatience and her perplexity.

'That would be your view, of course; and father's; and Niel's. It's not mine. I consider the responsibility to be Niel's.'

'Well, whosesoever the responsibility, the deed is done, is n't it?' Mrs. Delafield observed. 'I'm not arraigning you, you know. I'm merely stating the fact. You have left her.'

Rhoda's impatience now visibly brushed past these definitions. 'You say that Niel is ready to set me free. I took that for granted, of course. It's only common decency. But that's hardly what father could have meant in imploring me to come to you. He told me nothing — only implored, and lamented. And, since I am here, I'd like some information, I confess.'

It was the first step away from pride, and it was a long one. And Mrs. Delafield knew that with it came her own final turning-point. Here, at this moment, she must be true to Tim and Niel, or betray their trust. And here no less — for so it seemed to her — she might, in betraying them, take the law into her own hands and promise herself, and them, that, in breaking it, she would make something better. Yet she did not feel these alternatives, now, at war within her mind. She knew that they were there, implicit, but she knew them already answered. Rhoda had answered for her; and Jane Amoret had answered. It took her, however, a moment to find her own answer, the verbal one, and, while she looked for it, she kept her eyes on the fire.

'Your father wants you to go back,' she said at last. 'Niel is willing to take you back. That is the information I had for you. Not for a moment because he would accept your interpretation of responsibility, and not for a moment because of any personal feeling for you; which must be a relief to you. Merely for your sake, and the child's. But I don't know how to plead such a cause with you, Rhoda. I understand you, I think, better than your father does. I've always seen your point of view as he could never see it, and I see it even now. So that I should feel that I asked you something outrageous in asking you to go back to your husband when you love another man. If you should want to go back, that would be a very different matter — if, by chance, you feel you've made a mistake and are tired, already, of Mr. Darley.'

She had time, in the pause that followed, the scales pulsing almost evenly — it was as if she saw them — between Rhoda's pride and Rhoda's urgency, to wonder at herself. And most of all to wonder that she regretted nothing. She kept her eyes on the fire, but she knew that Rhoda, very still, scrutinized her intently. The sharply drawn ten-

sion of the moment had resolved itself, to her imagination, into a series of tiny ticks, as if of the scales settling down to the choice, before Rhoda spoke. Then what she found to say was, 'that's hardly likely, is it?'

'I felt it impossible, you will be glad to hear,' said Mrs. Delafield. 'No one who understands you could suspect you, whatever your faults, of two infidelities in the space of a fortnight.'

And now again there was a long silence, broken only by the lapping of the flames up the chimney and the soft movements of Jane Amoret among her blocks.

Rhoda turned away at last, facing the fire and looking down at it, her hands on the edge of the mantelpiece, her foot on the fender; and she presently lifted the foot and dealt the logs a kick.

It was all clear to Mrs. Delafield. She was tired of her poet, or, at all events, did not, in the new life, find compensations enough. She had come, hoping to have her way made clear for a reëntry, dignified, if not triumphant, into the old life. And here she was, in her corner, her head fairly fixed to the wall.

Meanwhile, what had become of the mid-Victorian conscience? What had, indeed, become of any conscience at all, since she continued to regret nothing? She even found excuses, perfidious, no doubt, yet satisfactory. It had been the truth she had given Rhoda — the real truth, her own, if not the truth she owed her, not the truth as Tim and Niel had placed it, all confidently, in her hands. But since it was preëminently not the truth that Rhoda had come to seize, she was willing, now that she had fixed her so firmly, to give her something else, and she really rejoiced to find it ready, going on presently and with a note of relief that Rhoda's ear could not fail to catch, —

'Not only from the point of view of dignity one could n't suspect it of you, Rhoda, but — I want to say it to you, having had my glimpse of Mr. Darley — from the point of view of taste. If you were going to do anything of this sort, — and I don't need to tell you how deeply I deplore it nor how wrong I think you, — but if you were going to do it, you could n't have chosen better. He is gifted; he is charming; he is good. I saw it all at once.'

There was her further truth, and really it was due to Rhoda. Rhoda, at this, faced her again and, highly civilized creature that she was, it was with her genuine grim mirth.

'Upon my word, Aunt Isabel!' she commented. 'You are astonishing.'

'Am I? Why?' asked Mrs. Delafield, though she knew quite well.

'Why, my dear? Because you are over sixty years old and you wear caps. I expected to find dismay, reproach, and lamentations — all the strains of poor old father's harmonium; to have you down on your knees begging me to return to the paths of virtue. And here you are, cool and unperturbed and, positively, patting us on the back; positively giving us your blessing. Well, well, wonders will never cease! Yes, he *is* charming, no one can deny that; and good and gifted, too. But to think of your having spotted it so quickly! Why, you only saw him once, if I remember, and I don't remember that you talked at all.'

'We did n't. I only saw him once.'

'And it was enough! To make you understand! To make you condone! — Come, out with it, Aunt Isabel, you wicked old lady! I see now why I've always got on so well with you. You *are* wicked.'

'To make me understand. I won't say condone.'

'You need n't say it. You've said enough. And certainly it is a feather in

Christopher's cap. But he is the sort of person one falls in love with at first sight.'

'So I see.'

'And so do I,' said Rhoda, still laughing. But her slightly avenging gayety dropped from her after the last sally, and turning again to the fire, and again kicking her log, she said, almost sombrely, 'He absolutely worships me.'

Wasn't that, all round, the justification? Mrs. Delafield seized it, rising, as on a satisfying close.

'Will you stay to lunch?' she asked.

'Dear me, no!' Rhoda laughed. 'I must get back to Christopher. And the motor is there waiting. — So you'll write to father and tell him that I came here and that you advised me to stick to Christopher.'

'Advised? Have I seemed to advise, Rhoda? Do you mean' — it was, Mrs. Delafield knew, the final peril — 'that you had considered not sticking to him?'

Rhoda continued to laugh a little, drawing up her furs.

'Rather not! It could n't have entered my head, could it, either from the point of view of dignity or of taste — as you've been telling me? You have been very wonderful, you know! Tell father, then, if you like, that you gave us your blessing.'

'I'll tell him,' said Mrs. Delafield, 'that I'm convinced you ought not to go back to Niel.'

'I see,' — Rhoda nodded, and their eyes sounded each other, curiously, — 'though father thinks I ought.'

'Of course. That's why you're here.'

'Father would have gone down on his knees to beg me.'

'Yes. Down on his knees. Poor Tim!'

She was horribly frightened, but she faced it with a mirth that, with gravity for grimness, matched Rhoda's. But Rhoda, whatever she might have seen or guessed, accepted her defeat; accepted the dignity and taste thrust upon her.

'Father, in other words, is n't a wicked old gentleman as you are a wicked old lady. I see it all, and it's all a feather in Christopher's cap. Well, Aunt Isabel, good-bye. Shall I see you again? Will you come and call when I'm Mrs. Darley? I don't see how, with a clear conscience, you can chuck us, you know.'

'Nor do I,' Mrs. Delafield conceded, after only a pause. 'I don't often go to London, but, when I do, I shall look in upon you, if you want me to.'

'Rather!' Rhoda, now gloved and muffled, had fallen back on her normal rich economy of speech. 'You'll be useful as well as pleasant. And Christopher will adore you, I'm sure. I'll tell him that you think him charming.'

'Do,' said Mrs. Delafield, following her to the door.

She had forgotten even to kiss Jane Amoret good-bye.

(*To be concluded*)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: AN APPRECIATION

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

Of all the statesmen at the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George makes the most fascinating study. The other three of the Big Four are typical representatives of their countries; each stands for a clear, or at any rate a defined, political philosophy, and there are no chances of surprise in their future. But even now, after so long a career in politics, Mr. Lloyd George's position is uncertain. Any one of a number of developments is still possible for him, and the surprises of his future may be as great as those of his past.

Already he has been the hero and the villain of all three political parties. The statesman who more than anyone else kept the resolution of the country sternly tempered to victory throughout the war began his political life as leader of the pro-Boer guerillas in the Liberal Party. The virulence of his attacks on the landed classes added a new verb — 'to limehouse' — to the dictionary of political slang; but within a few years the same squirearchy was nestling comfortably in his bosom. Alternately the bogey and the pet of the City, he has commanded both the left wing and the right of the Liberal Party; and even Conservatives now may occasionally be heard to complain that this ex-leader of the Liberal extremists has surrendered their hopes of reform to the Tory reactionaries.

But, in spite of this uncertainty in his political orientation, the charge of inconsistency is the one that is least often brought against him. Perhaps it is that no one nowadays in English politics dares accuse anyone else of inconsistency; perhaps, in these days when people have had to cast so many of their principles into the melting-pot of war, the organic unity of a strong and attractive personality is felt to be a surer anchorage than purely intellectual or mechanical adjustments.

Mr. Lloyd George came of the lower middle class, which, much as it has contributed to business and learning, has played a smaller part in English politics than its numbers and ability would have led us to expect. Born in a mean street in Manchester, he went early in life to Carnarvon in North Wales, where he had an uncle who was a solicitor. He became a member of the firm and passed into politics through the law. But the Chapel did more for him than the study of the law or business. Welsh Nonconformity is of an entirely different temper from the English variety. The one attaches most importance to the clear and logical development of ideas, the other cultivates the hwly, when the speaker, rapt away in the swing of his periods and the lyrical sing-song of his utterance, loses contact with pedestrian reality and soars into the upper regions of pure idea. The hwyl still vibrates in many a peroration of Georgian rhetoric about those Welsh hills of his, though latterly his style of oratory has become more conversational, and the idiom that of a familiar dialogue rather than that of a sermon or of a debating society.

If one would realize the difference between Welsh and English Nonconformity, one could not find more typical examples of either than Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon. Simon — the son of a Congregational minister, also of Manchester — is in controversy cold and dry, his feet are never both off the ground at once, his argument is like brick-laying. Lloyd George is ecstatic and homely by turns. He leaps from point to point. His argument advances, not with the steady tramp of infantry, but with the burr of an aeroplane flight.

That Mr. Lloyd George is and always has been a genuine democrat, there is no possibility of doubt. No man ever worshiped rank and reputation less than he; no one was ever more ready to take a man on his own merits as he understood them and not as the world estimated them. He never forgot an old friend, and he is destitute of the pride of place. It is equally certain that he was and is a Radical. Whether he was ever a Liberal, too, is open to doubt. This distinction between Radical and Liberal runs through the whole of English politics in the nineteenth century. English Liberalism is not a body of doctrine but a state of mind, a way of judging things; it has firm moorings in the principle of human liberty, liberty that is common to all, and therefore postulates tolerance, order, and self-discipline; but for the rest it spreads a great expanse of sail to the four winds, ready to catch the breath of a new idea from any quarter. In the forms of politics, if not in its substance, tradition counts for more with it than it counts with conservatism. To be a typical Liberal leader, you must have entered by the straight gate and the narrow path, not necessarily of birth, but at any rate of education and upbringing.

The Radical mind, on the other hand, has broken completely with tradition and is definitely iconoclastic. It is always asking, Why, why? with regard to all institutions and every reputation. It is instinctively skeptical. It questions even accepted principles, and it subjects everything to the remorseless tests of utility, logic, and, above all, of efficiency. It is free from the suspicion of social and intellectual snobbery which so often attaches itself to Liberalism, perhaps by reason of its descent through Whiggery. While the Liberal is always holding aloft the banner of an ideal of some sort, the Radical is before everything else a realist, though his methods may be romantic and his argumentation rise and fall in the cadence of the hwyl, or even cultivate an artificial cynicism. The Radical, in this respect like the Conservative, often thinks more of men than of measures, and makes up for his lack of the sense of continuity in history by closer study of human nature and a broader sympathy.

The difference is one of temperament and environment rather than of conviction, but it is impossible to understand English political history of the last hundred years without taking account of it. Normally in political alliance with the Liberals, Radicalism has always run in strong cross-currents and undercurrents against the main Whig tradition. In the heyday of the Manchester School there were the Molesworths and the Sir George Greys, who in home, and especially in labor politics, were more advanced than the Liberals, and in foreign and colonial affairs were already pronounced Imperialists.

Sir Charles Dilke was a type of this school of Radicalism, and W. E. Forster, the founder of the English system of Primary Education, another. Joseph Chamberlain was yet another. They had a very large following in the country, and it used frequently to be said that the Radicals won the elections and the Whigs took the offices.

They were as a rule badly treated by the Whig hierarchy. Gladstone in particular was never fair to Chamberlain, who on many questions, and notably on Ireland, saw much further than he.

But Mr. Lloyd George was the most remarkable deviation of all. When his reputation as a fighting lieutenant was at its height, he was still divergent in temperament from his leaders, and though content to act as a party megaphone, he remained mentally skeptical, always referring his judgment on current affairs to the test, not of principle, still less of Liberal principle, but of reality. The most loyal of men in his personal relationships, he was in the politics of the Liberal Party always a rebel at heart.

It is amazing, if we look back on English politics, to find with how little Liberal doctrine and formula Mr. Lloyd George ever identified himself. Home Rule for Ireland? He never believed in Gladstonian Home Rule, or in any sort of Home Rule for Ireland that would not apply equally well to Wales. Nowadays his Irish views approximate to those of Chamberlain, of which Gladstone was so bitterly and so unjustly contemptuous. Nor is Mr. Lloyd George a Free-trader, except with grave reservations. If he were to speak his mind quite freely, he would probably denounce the whole science of economics as a fraud and an unintelligible fraud at that. He has no economic beliefs except those which can be reduced to simple concrete instances and expressed in the Socratic idiom of the cobbler and the housewife. Peace and international concord? Why, yes, provided that they make for human progress; but as an end in themselves, decidedly no. He was never a pacifist, and he loves peace, not as a theorist, but only as a realist and a practical man, because he sees that it is the condition of Democratic progress. Retrenchment of national expenditures? In economy as such he was never interested; and if he wanted to save money on one object,—on Dreadnoughts for example,—it was only because he wanted to spend it on some other object that would bring a better return.

One may search Mr. Lloyd George's speeches in the past and find hardly a single passage which could fairly be construed as unconditional support, either of Liberal principles or of their particular application. And as it has turned out, the current of events has confirmed his Radical skepticism. Whatever measure of Home Rule is adopted in Ireland, it will not be Gladstonian Home Rule. The Manchester economics have been killed by the war, and there are not half a dozen men in England who would subscribe wholeheartedly to the Free-Trade theory of politics as expounded by Cobden and Bastiat. The old Liberalism, which would have restricted the sphere of state activities to its narrowest possible limit, is hopelessly out of date; and with an annual budget of a thousand millions those Liberals who used to shrink back horrified from the prospect of a budget of a hundred millions, look to be timid and low-spirited fellows.

As a state of mind, Liberalism is as strong as ever, and the world has never had more need of it. But as an association for the furtherance of specific measures identified with its fortunes in the last generation, it is obsolete. The skepticism of Mr. Lloyd George has been justified by events, and the war has made of English politics the *tabula rasa* beloved of the Radical mind.

II

In Mr. Lloyd George's measures as a member of the Liberal Government that came into power in 1906 there glowed the ardor of a true son of the

people. Old-age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance are both admirable examples of Radical legislation. Mr. Lloyd George, who up to 1906 had been known only as a caustic critic, now became known as the man who could get things done. Others — no one more than Gladstone — often decorated with fine words what after all were only excuses for doing nothing in particular. But Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric always meant that something was going to be done. His courage was indomitable, and his democratic ardor swept away all obstacles. Though no man ever had less patience with the details of the measures that he introduced, he had an unrivaled gift of putting them on the way to success. For this statesman, apparently an extremist, was really an arch-accommodator. He never challenged political opposition when he could get round it; already he was a past master in the art of managing men.

These unsuspected qualities came out in his management of the Port of London Bill as President of the Board of Trade, when, to everybody's surprise, the Welsh Radical showed that he understood English business conservatism better than it understood itself. In 1910 he was bitten for a time with the heresy that property in land was anti-social in a way that other forms of property were not, and ought to be subjected to special punitive taxation. He soon became palpably bored with the details of his land-legislation, and when the House of Lords rejected the Finance Bill of the year, he plunged with ardor into the new constitutional issue that its foolish action presented him with.

Yet even then, when it seemed as if the breach between this fiery Radical and the House of Lords could never be healed, he was, as a recent speech of Mr. Churchill's has revealed, advocating a scheme of settlement by forming a new government from both parties. No authentic account of these negotiations has ever been published, but one suggestion that was put forward was that the Liberals should withdraw their opposition to Lord Roberts's scheme of compulsory national service, if the Conservatives induced the Lords to give way in their controversy with the Commons. At the very moment when he was stoking the fires of party strife in public, he was revealing himself to his associates as the future coalitionist.

The plain fact is that the same instinct which made Mr. Lloyd George so skeptical about what were called party principles also inclined him to disbelieve in the party machinery. He was too much of a realist to think, as the good party man should, that his opponent was not only wrong, but ugly and immoral, and, if the truth were known, probably a wife-beater too. He played the political game within the conventional limits with rare skill, but for all that, one suspects, with his tongue in his cheek. Party was useful in so far as it enabled him to accomplish the end which he desired; if it was useless for that, well, so much the worse for party. He was as ready to scrap a party or a programme as an American manufacturer is to scrap his machinery.

He disliked the restrictions of Parliamentary controversy, and preferred a public meeting to speaking in the Commons. He doubted the efficiency of Parliament as an instrument of reform, and believed in work done more quickly and promptly, even at the sacrifice of perfection in detail. Wonderful as he was in conference, he did not shine in Parliamentary committee work: he lacked the patience, the industry, and the mastery of detail. Nor as a Parliamentarian did he share the great reverence for the freedom which slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent; he knew too well that the

reforms of one generation become the abuses of the next. The lore of history and politics was lumber to him, the law often no more than an accumulation of snags in the way of enterprise and initiative; tradition and formalism were baggage which one who wanted to march rapidly was better without.

He was, indeed, French rather than British in his political temperament and in the complexion of his Radicalism. As French advanced thought is always colored by Napoleonic memories, Mr. Lloyd George's methods of reform were always influenced, both for good and evil, by the desire to find short cuts. He was a modern of the moderns. Restless, honorably ambitious both for himself and the people, he longed for new and more efficient instruments of progress. Not for him the tactics of the Parliamentary *hoplite* or the party phalanxes. The tactics he sympathized with were those of his early heroes, the Boers — of light mounted infantry, with vast extensions of a thinly held front, rapid changes in the point of attack, daring raids on communications. His real work was done neither in Parliament nor in his office, but at those famous breakfasts of his, when wits were keen with the morning and familiar illustration could interpret principle.

He had a wonderful knowledge of human nature and a quick eye both for the strength and for the weakness of anyone with whom he was conversing. His *flair* for a political idea was miraculous; he saw nothing steadily as a whole, but always in a kind of photographic flashlight; not even Disraeli so abounded in brilliant *aperçus*. As he understood a principle best in a concrete instance, so he liked to see a plan clothed in the flesh and blood of its author. He was a political anthropomorphist.

The reproach of trickiness so often brought against him is not deserved. He had the Celtic desire to please, and a gift peculiarly his own of making everyone think that he agreed with him. It was due, not to any wish to deceive, but to the power of imagination which enabled him to project himself into the mind of the person with whom he was talking. People came away from interviews with him, believing that they had convinced him; and when they found that they had not, they sometimes reproached him with duplicity. But, in fact, what had happened was that Mr. Lloyd George had made them expound their views for his own benefit; and it would be as unjust, because he sympathized with and understood them, to ascribe these views to Mr. Lloyd George, as it would be to saddle Shakespeare with the opinions and sentiments expressed by all his characters. For Mr. Lloyd George is intensely dramatic and always conceives politics as a conflict, not of principles but of personalities. That is what has sometimes made him so hard in the few personal enmities that he made. But he is, for all that, a straight man in his aims, if sometimes a little cynical and unscrupulous in his methods.

He worked hard before the war for an accommodation with Germany. Antipathetic as his nature was to Kaiserism and all its works, he would probably have gone further than Lord Grey, Lord Haldane, or any of the Whigs, to avoid an actual breach with Germany. Indeed, it is said that he was opposed to entering into the war right up to that fateful Council on Monday; and that only the invasion of Belgium determined his resolution to support the war. But no man was less of an Imperialist than he. In fact, a thorough understanding of the motives of Mr. Lloyd George's reluctance to enter the war would be the best explanation of American delay. Every American citizen will understand his motives,

instinctively: for England too has her tradition of isolation from Continental politics, no less than the United States; and it appealed with special force to a Radical like Mr. Lloyd George, interested up to the beginning of the war mainly in domestic reform. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in one of his early speeches confessed that he was so parochially minded that he thought much more about the parish pump than the scientific frontier of Afghanistan; and there was no real inconsistency between that view and his later Imperialism. Neither was there between Mr. Lloyd George's reluctance to enter the war and the extreme energy with which, having entered it, he threw himself into the work of victory.

III

Mr. Lloyd George is not a systematic thinker, and it must not be supposed that he ever, consciously or unconsciously, formulated the heads of his dissent from the accepted methods of government in England, and still less that he ever worked out a scheme of substitution for them. Confirmed empiricist as he was and is, we must always, when we are endeavoring to understand him, think of tendencies of thought rather than of fixed creeds. With this proviso, one is perfectly justified in saying that even before the war Mr. Lloyd George was at heart a revolutionary with regard to the established method of parliamentary government. And the war confirmed his bias against the slow and cumbrous methods of representative government. The Radical mind has none of the Liberal's instinctive repugnance for autocratic methods, but on the contrary verges constantly toward a species of despotism. The two great autocrats in history, Cæsar and Napoleon, were both of them Radicals to the end of their days; and there was visible in Mr. Lloyd George's career something of this same intellectual affinity. The Radical is first and foremost a root-and-branch reformer, and only secondly a believer in traditional political methods. But the Liberal of the Asquith type thinks more of the methods of reform than of the reform itself.

However that may be, the war brought to the surface in Mr. Lloyd George certain strata of political human nature which, though they may be very deeply buried, are never wholly lost. It might have been predicted beforehand that the Radical Lloyd George would be all in favor of a small inner War Cabinet, and would quarrel with Mr. Asquith, whose notion of government was to sit as arbitrator at a state council, hear as many opposing views as could be collected, and then ingeniously split the difference between them all. What Mr. Lloyd George wanted was not only a small War Cabinet but a Cabinet in which he should be supreme. And he was right. Mr. Asquith in a small or a large Cabinet could never have done what Mr. George did; and Mr. George, knowing his own power, and convinced, as he might well be, that Mr. Asquith's methods, if they were continued long enough, would ruin the country, was quite right to drive matters to a point at which Mr. Asquith had to go. The verdict of history will be that Mr. Lloyd George's premiership saved the country.

Mr. Lloyd George had the gift, invaluable in war, of concentration on one idea. Before he became Premier of the Coalition Government he was Minister of Munitions. It is the fashion in certain quarters to say that, when he went to the Munitions Department, he was only continuing the work that other people had begun. It is not true. He made the Department. Without his fiery energy, the industrial power of Great Britain would never have been

harnessed to the purposes of the war as it was; and nothing in his career is more admirable than his intense enthusiasm at this time. It is mere commonplace now to say that the men in the factories are as truly engaged in the war as the men in the trenches, and that, when a nation is at death-grips, there are no non-combatants, but only combatants of the first, second, and third lines. It is becoming a commonplace that the greater part of war is the exercise of civilian virtues applied to a specialized task. But it was Mr. Lloyd George who converted the paradoxes of three years ago into the truisms of to-day. But for him, the country would have gone on regarding war as the business of a small professional caste, not, in England, at all events, over-blessed with brains; and the trade-unionism of the War Office would have lost us the war. It was largely Mr. Lloyd George's doing that the whole industrial energy and professional ability of the country were enlisted in the winning of the war.

Mr. Lloyd George had strong views on the direction of our strategy in the war. He was an 'Easterner' in the sense that he thought it military folly to attack the enemy where he was strongest. But he was never identified, as was Mr. Churchill, with the Dardanelles Expedition. His idea was that Austria was the weak spot in the coalition of the Central Powers. He bitterly resented the folly of allowing Serbia to go under; and when Roumania went the same way, his indignation knew no bounds, and it was on the wave of popular anger with this second failure that he became Prime Minister. For a year he fought a hard battle with the military advisers who, after France had fallen back on the defensive owing to her losses in the first two years of the war, insisted on the British army's continuing the offensive alone.

Between Sir Douglas Haig and Mr. Lloyd George there was certainly no love lost. George thought him stubborn and uninspired; Haig thought George an amateur meddler in military matters which he did not understand. The writer has, in a previous article in the *Atlantic Monthly*,[1] tried to do justice to the Haig view of the operations of the British army in 1917; but on the merits the amateur was right, and the professional soldier was wrong. Passchendaele proved it. The energy wasted on the premature offensive at Loos in the autumn of 1915, if expended in Gallipoli, would have saved Serbia from her tragic misfortunes and prevented Bulgaria from coming into the war. Similarly, the energy wasted in the offensive against Passchendaele in the autumn of 1917 would, if it had been directed against Austria, have abridged the duration of the war by months.

Contempt of the amateur in war was certainly not justified by what happened in this war, for the principles of military strategy are so elementary that their application depends much more on temperament than on professional accomplishment. All the greatest soldiers of history have been men of a peculiar intellectual temper, with a taste for military affairs—never technicians. Mr. Lloyd George had that temper, and though his ideas on an offensive into Italy in 1917 were never worked out and would never have had a fair chance if they had been, they would have saved the Italians the disaster of Caporetto and the British army the losses of the Flanders offensive.

In fact, Mr. Lloyd George had in him the makings of a greater soldier than anyone engaged on either side, with the possible exceptions of Foch and Ludendorff. Born under other social conditions, he might well have been in the

[1] 'The Western Front,' printed in April, 1918.

army; and in that case the British Army would have thrown up another Marlborough.[1] Except for his impatience, which would have told against him in war as Napoleon's did against him, one is sometimes tempted to regard him as a great soldier mislaid in politics rather than as a masterful civilian meddling in military affairs which he did not understand.

Even now few people realize what a revolutionary Mr. George was in military matters. He had been brought up to regard conscription as the evil thing, yet he was not content until he had enlisted, not only the thews and sinews of the country, but its brains too, in the service of victory. He belonged to a party which was keenly non-interventionist in European affairs; yet he not only intervened, but surpassed all the Whigs, whose policy was far more anti-German than his ever was, in the degree to which he was prepared to let our destinies be bound up with those of France. While the dominant section in the War Office councils could think of nothing but the obsolete plans of a separate British campaign in Belgium, he rose to the conception of a single united command, not only in France, but on the whole of the Western Front, and finally succeeded in imposing it on his advisers. They were like the Dutchmen under Marlborough, who had to be cajoled into marching to Blenheim.

He had the gift of strategic second-sight. They were the provincially minded; he, the provincial, was the true cosmopolitan, who saw in the war, not a dozen campaigns, but one; divined the causes of our failures; and fought for the conditions of success. How much of his policy was his own invention, and how much was borrowed from others, is not yet known, nor does it greatly matter. It is nearly as great and as rare a gift to recognize the truth as soon as it is presented as to discover it. But undoubtedly, when every deduction has been made for Mr. Lloyd George's faults, he will go down in history as perhaps the greatest of British war premiers. Chatham had dominated British strategy for more than a century and a half, and Mr. Lloyd George was the first since his time who could draw his bow.

[1] The reader will remember that the author is a military critic of distinction. — THE EDITOR.

IV

Mr. Lloyd George took to the Peace Conference a plentiful lack of knowledge of European politics and two or three very firm convictions. He realized that new conceptions of democratic government were in the air, and that the people would not be content in the future with the catchwords of liberty, but would insist on the substance, alike in their political and in their economic life. He saw that Imperialism in every form had begun to stink in the nostrils of the people, and that the future greatness of the country lay in the paths of peace. War Radical during the war, when it ended he became in all his instincts the old Peace Radical again. And, lastly, he firmly believed that Great Britain and the United States together had a great duty to the world to perform, which depended on the establishment of a firm friendship between them.

The history of the Conference has still to be written, but it will be found that all of Mr. Lloyd George's action there was determined by his attempt to apply these few convictions. Their application was far more difficult than he had expected. He had hoped that France would be satisfied with the guaranties for her future security given by the new League of Nations, and he had great difficulty in adjusting her demands for material guaranties and compensation for her losses with her new

philosophy of international peace within the League of Nations.

Eastern Europe gave him even more trouble. He feared that Polish Imperialism would bring Russia and Germany together, and he got himself into serious trouble resisting its claims to Danzig. With regard to Russia, he had no faith in the ability of the 'loyalists' to overthrow the Bolsheviki; and the alternative policies that presented themselves to his mind were war with Russia or an active policy of peace. The alternative of war he rejected, and he characteristically swung over to the other extreme and made the Prinkipo proposals. He did not know the people with whom he was dealing, and the rejection of his proposals by the Bolsheviki was a severe blow to his policy.

Sound as his general principles were, his lack of precise knowledge, the distrust of the 'experts' which always marked his actions, and the policy of secrecy unwisely adopted at Paris, which in the circumstances inevitably meant intrigue, hampered and distorted his policy. For all these reasons the Paris Conference was in some respects a period of anti-climax in the Prime Minister's career. The actual treaty was on the whole satisfactory, but it took too long in the making, and the absence of any clear current exposition of the principles that were being worked out did an injury to the reputation of Mr. Lloyd George, and perhaps of others.

V

But the troubles in Paris were less serious than those at home. The end of the war found Mr. Lloyd George without very clear ideas about the new political world that was shaping itself. Who had, or could have, clear ideas before the issues were formed, and after four years of terrible war in which every consideration of domestic policy had had to be sacrificed to the one supreme end of victory? It was natural that he should wish to gain time for the consideration of new problems. The peace had come a year sooner than he expected, and the No-Man's Land between peace and war was a dangerous and unexplored region. The boldest British statesman might well be forgiven for walking warily across it.

There were two alternatives before him. One was, to continue the existing government and existing Parliament until the new problems had shaped themselves and an appeal on a real issue could be made to the country. He had nothing to fear, for his reputation stood at a great height and a government that would have had to do for the purposes of the war had it continued, would surely do for the period of the armistice. The other alternative was an election, and unfortunately the Prime Minister chose it.

It was the most unreal general election in British Parliamentary history, and it produced the most unreal result. Had the Prime Minister been ready with a policy, there was much to be said for an election. Had he been prepared to commit himself either to one of the existing parties or to an entirely new party, such a step would have had its uses in clarifying the issues. But he was not. All that the election did was to prolong into the peace a political organization invented for the special purpose of carrying on the war. Instead of strengthening the Prime Minister, it weakened him. His enormous Parliamentary majority was useless to him, because it stood for nothing in particular. Nay, it was worse than useless, for it compromised him, diminished his freedom of choice, and tarnished his prestige with the mistakes of his colleagues.

It soon became evident that the new House of Commons did not represent the mind of the country except on the

winning of the war, which was no longer an issue. A ramshackle programme of social reform had indeed been dangled before the electors; but though its generalities were approved, the country gave about as little thought to the means of executing it as the government itself had done. The national temper was highly uncertain. Nerves were irritable, and the blessings of peace had, during the war, presented themselves in such vivid colors, that people chafed angrily at the delay and blamed the government for their disappointment.

At the same time, to many the war had brought prosperity such as had never been known before. It is literally true that thousands of poor people in Great Britain never knew what it was to be well fed until the unrestricted U-boat campaign; and those who have once tasted comfort have had new desires awakened which will ever after cry out for satisfaction. You cannot have a people's war without a people's peace. In the field there had been a partnership in the sufferings of war, and class prestige had been broken down in the squalor of the trenches. Should not there be a partnership also in the rewards of peace? If the workmen were good enough to help to win a war, might they not also be good enough to help to run a business? A new doctrine of equality sprang up, no longer confined as heretofore to the exercise of the political privilege of voting, but transferred to the economic sphere. A few there are who preach Bolshevist theory to the workmen; but there is nowhere any disposition in Great Britain to deny to other classes than the workers their rights. But everywhere the theory of labor as a chattel, a commodity to be bought and sold in the highest market is dying. 'Persist in treating it as that,' they say, 'and I will give you as little as I can for my money. I can buy my labor in the cheapest market and sell it in the dearest, as you can your commodities. But admit labor to equal partnership with capital, and my measure of work shall be given without stint.' Some such train of thought as this is at the bottom of the miners' insistent demand for nationalization of the coal industry.

Here, one would think, is a situation after the Prime Minister's own heart. No single party is powerful enough to solve it; only a coalition can avert a period of strife which may inflict incalculable and permanent injury on Britain. Only Mr. Lloyd George, who has filled the political stage for more than ten years since the death of Campbell-Bannerman, has a personality powerful enough to restore discipline and avert anarchy.

That he means to essay the task is certain, but how? Will he go right or will he go left? The present Coalition is useless as an instrument of government; it exists only by smothering its differences of opinion; but any coalition, to be effectual in peace, must have one mind, one policy.

There are two alternatives before the Prime Minister. He may, as Mr. Winston Churchill would have him do, don the mantle of Lord Randolph Churchill, and found a new Tory Democracy. This party might or might not call itself a Centre party. It would include about half the Liberals, an equal number of Tories, and a fraction of the Labor Party. Outside it would be the Labor Socialists, the Asquithites, and the old Tories. If such a party could agree on a common policy, it would hold power for a very long time, and do an immense service to the country. Such a party might have been formed before the election if Mr. Lloyd George, who made the mistake of underestimating his power in the country, had had the courage to shake himself free of the

Conservative party organization, which was as powerless to hurt him as the Liberal organization. Now it may be too late.

The other alternative is for Mr. Lloyd George to swing to the left. He can capture the Labor Party as the old Socialist Independent Labor Party did before him; for the only reason why the Socialists gained such an influence in the Labor Party (which is itself a coalition of Liberal and Conservative workingmen) was that they had most of the ability and the only definite policy. This is the real coalition for Mr. Lloyd George, and he will carry into it a great number of Liberals and an appreciable fraction of the Conservatives who have worked with him. And this creation of a new Labor Party, capable of taking office and striking out a genuine national policy, will be the greatest service that his genius could render to the country.

THE AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

I

On July 1, 1919, the appropriation of funds for the support of American relief of countries liberated from enemy domination in Europe expired by Congressional limitation. Thereafter the work that continued was concerned with the liquidating of the field-missions of the administration, and with the organization of national commissions among the nations themselves for the carrying on of the programme inaugurated by the American Relief Administration. Though deliveries on programmes already outlined were expected to continue for some months after July 1, this date may be accepted as an appropriate vantage-point from which to view the whole programme of American relief.

In its large political and humanitarian aspects, the relief of peoples liberated from German domination by the supply of fundamental foodstuffs and by the support of their financial, industrial, and transportation life, is a matter which interests equally all the Allies. All benefits would be shared by them, and all burdens should be equally at their charge. The Allied nations of Europe have been explicit in adhering to this principle. They have insisted that there should be no appearance that this great political and humanitarian enterprise was not to be undertaken equally by all the Allied and Associated nations. And yet many circumstances conspired to place the larger share of the responsibility for administering the programme, as well as the burden of providing for it, on the United States. The United States was naturally the greatest producing nation. It had multiplied in some cases by five hundred per cent its facilities for food-export. Its financial condition was unimpaired by the war. While the war had forced it to economize its resources, it had not enfeebled its energies. The signing of

the armistice saw the United States approaching the peak of power rather than using the last gasp of its second wind. In every important resource — men, shipping, food — the war programme for 1919 promised to be greater than that for the preceding year.

This relative position as to resources is in fact represented in the amount of the service rendered to relief. Out of a total Allied relief tonnage of 3,192,834 up to July 1, the United States had supplied eighty per cent of foodstuffs. The figures of foodstuffs supplied for relief by the Associated nations stand as follows: United States, 2,486,360; British Empire, 417,315; France, 106,081; Italy, 81,365; and other countries, 101,713. In addition to carrying the lion's share of direct relief, the United States extended to Italy, France, and England the credits with which they purchased 243,122 tons of food delivered to German Austria and included in their totals given above.

The figures are more impressive when considered in terms of finance. Out of a total combined relief supplied by all the Allied nations of $797,525,000, cash and credit, the United States alone furnished on credit 55 per cent. Of her own deliveries to relief nations, the United States supplied 69.7 per cent on credit. The credit operations for relief of no Allied nation approached this percentage, even though a part of these credit operations was supported by advances from the United States.

On the side of shipping, the United States took as preponderant a part. With a considerably smaller shipping resource than Great Britain, the United States took more than one half the total burden of tonnage. The remainder was divided, in about the ratio of two to one, between British shipping and the German tonnage turned over under the Brussels Agreement for the feeding of Germany.

It will be seen that the total value of foodstuffs supplied by the United States on credit far outran the hundred million dollars that had been provided by Congress as a revolving fund. So vast was the undertaking, that it was soon manifest that no private organization, and no single governmental fund, would be adequate to supply the money necessary to deliver foodstuffs to half a continent. Particularly was this true when a large proportion of the buying countries were unprepared to pay in cash. Before Congress had provided the hundred million dollars as a revolving fund, President Wilson, acting upon the emergency, had set aside five million dollars from his war funds. The Relief Administration also had available for facilitating its operations the resources of the United States Grain Corporation, with its capitalization of $150,000,000.

Even with these resources, it would have been impossible to undertake on any adequate scale the relief of Europe if America had not had another resource temporarily available. Among the war powers of the government was the power to make advances to those governments engaged in hostilities against Germany. This power continued up to the signing of peace. It was the part of good warfare as well as of the wise statesmanship of peace to continue its exercise until a wise peace had been secured. Certain small nations had come into being in the act of defeating Germany; others by this defeat had been thrown upon their own resources. To all we owed the same support we were still giving to our allies. Their relief from famine was equally fundamental to the preservation of their government and the upbuilding of peace. Under these provisions the United States Treasury has made advances to European countries, covering the period from the signing of the armistice to the

autumn harvest of 1919, of $278,000,000. This does not include monthly credits of $50,000,000 for food purposes allowed to Italy, and large advances to France and England. These credits have been distributed approximately as follows: —

Belgium	$140,000,000
Czecho-Slovakia	50,000,000
Roumania	25,000,000
Serbia	15,000,000
England, France, Italy for Austria	48,000,000
	$278,000,000

Besides this total contribution for relief on the part of the United States, the Allies provided together about $78,000,000 of credits, including those to Austria.

How America rose to meet the emergency of increased demand and decreased production in foodstuffs has often been told. This process, which was necessarily of slow growth, had just about reached its crest when the armistice was signed. A country which before the war had exported about 6,000,000 tons of food a year was prepared to export, in the year 1919, 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons. Without a moment's hesitation, this vast fund of the necessities of life was turned from the purposes of war to the purposes of peace. The only difference that was made in the distribution was that, when peace came, the funds of food were transferred to the weakest members among the family of nations. The Allies, who had been supported as war-making agencies against Germany were now called upon to support themselves from the surpluses left on hand with the signing of the armistice, and from such stocks as they could secure with their released shipping from their distant colonies. Food which before had been delivered to the Allies was now turned to the support of countries which had been the innocent bystanders or victims of the war, or countries which had broken loose from generations of domination.

The armistice found these countries still economically helpless. In order to get food to their peoples, the United States had to repair transportation systems, create protocols between suspicious neighbors, bolster up weak governments, and accept paper whose best security lay in the promise of an orderly prosperity for the future, which itself could be guaranteed only by food and the raw materials of industry. It had to create a system of remittances whereby the difficulty of getting dollars might be obviated. It had to use the facilities of the army and navy to protect its shipments and deliveries and to provide the elementary conveniences of transport and communication. When the United States entered into European relief, it placed all the resources of America at the disposal of the administration charged with the task. It was not a separate function assigned to a single organization. It was a general dedication of the resources of the army, the navy, the Treasury, and of the American food-surplus to a great programme of world-rehabilitation.

II

Why did the United States enter upon this programme of European relief? What principles lay behind the breaking of our traditions and the venturing forth upon a project of combined benevolence and commerce in Europe? The answer by reference to principles would be that relief work logically followed, and was involved in the principles we had followed, both as neutrals and as participants in the war. Before the war, President Wilson had defined the principles of our neutrality to be

'to seek to serve mankind by reserving our strength and our resources for the anxious and difficult days of restoration and healing which must follow, when peace will have to build its house anew.' And the same idea was reiterated as one of the cardinal principles of our participation in the war, when he set down as the third of his fourteen items in the programme of the world's peace 'the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.'

No statement with regard to the purposes of the United States in contributing to European relief would be adequate which did not render due respect to these abstract principles. Having given the abstract answer, there remains the simple answer based upon the bare necessities of the situation. The United States entered upon the programme of European relief because there was no other possible course to pursue. Given, on the one side, the need of Europe, a need which was daily emphasized by evidences of starvation, of disorganization of social bonds, and of the collapse of governments, and given, on the other side, our surplus as a result of our three years of intensive increase in production and reduction in waste consumption, no room is left for doubt as to what we had to do. We were compelled to render aid by the combined commands of humanity and common sense. There was no alternative; the situation left no room for choice, and any discussion of abstract principles, interesting as it may be, and any weighing of motives only confuses an imperative which for an American statesman in charge of American resources was very simple and very categorical. There was never any question as to whether the task should be done. The only question was as to how it was to be done.

Here we come to a crossroads of choice. Food as a national fund could be considered in one of two ways — either as a source of moral power and influence or as a stock for trading. The choice made by the United States had certain important effects, not only abroad, but at home. The United States took the position from the start that food-relief should be administered in accordance with the principles upon which the United States had entered the war. It refused to admit the possibility of commercial motives in its official relationships with the Allied nations. As in the war all the force of the nation had been placed without reserve at the service of the enemies of Germany, so in the time of the armistice all our resources were at the service of a Europe which needed to 'build its house anew.' The United States refused to be confused by the fact that it was selling its goods. As long as it was selling them at a fair margin between the producer and the buyer, as long as it was producing them in an ever-increasing stream in response to the call of the world's need, it would grant no man the right to question motives. Furthermore, it would insist upon its prerogative to dictate the use to which the supplies should be put.

This uncompromising attitude taken up by the United States, by which our resources were interpreted in terms of moral force rather than of commercial trades, had its influence in two directions in our relationships with the Allies. The time came when we had to hold certain of the Allies to moral contracts. From the vantage-ground of six months' later, we can see that the pressure to make the Allies forgetful of these contracts was very strong. Their contracts with us had been built upon

the presumption of continued war. When the war ceased, the contracts seemed to be nothing but a burden. Release from them might have been a simple thing, merely a bit of book-keeping between two treasuries, had it not been that the contracts between the United States and the Allies were balanced on the side of the United States by an infinitely distributed series of contracts with our own farmers, cattle-raisers, and laborers. Behind such contracts as these lay the economic prosperity of the country and of the world. Such contracts as these had an extra-commercial, in other words a moral character, which the Allies were compelled to recognize.

At another point the attitude taken by the United States aided greatly in clarifying a conflict of opinion between the United States and the Allies as to the manner in which food-relief should be administered. The Allies desired administration by international council; the United States desired unity of command. The difference between the two methods of administration is not altogether superficial. The United States desired to treat food simply. It desired only that men should be fed; that no man should starve. It desired to administer its funds for the preservation of human life and the support of orderly institutions, without regard to local quarrels, ambitions, and designs. This would have been very difficult to do if food were to be handled by an inter-Allied council, a kind of adjunct to the Peace Conference, where rival claims were weighed against each other and the resources of human life were made a factor in international strategy. The result was a compromise, by which unity of command was accorded to the American Director-General of Relief, he to report his operations to a section of the Supreme Economic Council, of which he was one of the ministerial members and one of the chairmen.

Having gained unity of command, it was left for the Director-General of Relief to administer food-distribution by the simplest and most fundamental of rules. The Peace Conference itself existed at the background of relief. The need of food-relief was the single necessity upon which all governments and all peoples were agreed. Through it new governments and old, allies and former enemy, were joined by fundamental bonds, the sources of which are anterior to the sources of the war, and of which the ends lie beyond temporary divergences, however deep and bitter. In the handling of such a resource as this, one cannot go into fine-spun differentiations. If one had begun to weigh the merits of the different governments which were in need of food, the task would have been an impossible and interminable one. The simplest rule was to keep the eye on the human need and to attempt to fill that. As far as could conceivably be done under limitations of embargoes, blockades, financial systems, and transportation, the effort has been to look behind the government to the needs of the people. There are good governments and bad governments, honest executives and those who are not so honest. It would have been impossible to make these considerations govern the succor that was to be extended to a hungry and needy people. Such a policy would have been inconsistent with our expressed principles.

There was, however, one limitation that had to be reserved. Food could be used to support the people of a bad government, and food could even be used to uphold the hands of a good government. But food could not be used to support a bad government against its own people, or to support a government which failed to respect its con-

tracts. Here we find the principles upon which food could be sold to Germany for the support of starving people, while it could neither be sold nor delivered on credit to Hungary or to Russia, to support a government which was not respecting its international obligations and of which the form was unrepresentative of the will of the large mass of the citizenship. In delivering food to Germany for the German people, no opinion was implied of the present German Government except the tacit one that it was expected to hold to its obligations. We were always ready and anxious to deliver food on advantageous terms to Russia and Hungary, as soon as the people had created a representative government and were ready to enforce from it a respect for international obligations.

Through the administration of food-resources under the abnormal conditions of recent years, one truth has come to light. This is that food is rapidly passing out of the status in which it can be handled as an item in a commercial or diplomatic transaction, like so many nails or locomotives. Food is developing a moral priority that transcends the demands of either commercial or national advantage. Consequently, the time has passed when the possession of foodstuffs can be considered an embarrassment in the one case or a weapon in the other. As a basal necessity of life, food generates a power stronger than blockades and embargoes. In a period when great areas are famine-swept, it is out of the question to break the market from under a nation which has surplus stocks of food. And it is out of the question for that nation to use its surplus as a club to enforce exorbitant demands. Even if morality does not intervene, the economic hunger pressure will work its will. While there is a potential market anywhere in the world, adequate supplies will break their way through blockades and high prices, across difficult transport routes, and over obstacles of credit and finance.

As these considerations necessarily governed in the administration of food-relief in Europe, they had their place in the winding up of America's intimate participation in European affairs. A task which remained after the armistice was so to arrange our withdrawal from European affairs as to leave the widest sense of security after our departure. During four years we had been informally, and during two years we had been admittedly, supporting a large portion of Europe with our resources. Under the necessities of war this support had outrun and in some respects contravened economic principles. It could be kept up only at increased expense and by governmental force. It could not be kept up indefinitely. American relief in Europe had to be managed in such a way that, instead of being a further extension of American participation, it was a prelude to American withdrawal. It had to provide the solid resources of subsistence and at the same time turn the activities of the assisted nations back toward economic channels and independent self-support.

This change of emphasis from war to armistice could nowhere else have been as effectively accomplished as in an organization that dealt in the life-giving factors of a nation's life. In providing the food for Europe, America was able to shape the traffic in such a way as to be an impetus to and a support of industrial local autonomy. The purpose changed from the formal support of war to the support of the bases of peace. The destination of American foodstuffs changed from Western to Eastern and Central Europe. The Allies were compelled to keep their contracts, but soon their own

interests demanded that they search out other more distant markets which were more related to their economic existence. Belgium, which had been the first to be supported, was the first to take over the reins of its own independence. Only Italy was left with a certain monthly advance from the Treasury, and a part of this was used to finance foodstuffs for the countries of Central Europe.

There were left the states of Central Europe, the Baltic states, and the states of Southeast Europe. Under varying local conditions, all these showed the same general conditions — a complete change of political life as a result of the break-up of old nations, economic destruction, labor unrest, violation of transportation, mutual suspicion, absence of stable financial and credit systems, and a strong tendency toward radicalism and revolution, as a result of from five to seven years of war, and the dislocated conditions after the war. So confused were conditions as to all political and economic institutions that few stable structures were left. Here lay the field of American relief.

The missions of the Administration were strategically set so as to be at the best points of service to famine spots. If the problem had been solely one of shipping, the chief missions would have been at the seaports — Trieste on the Adriatic, Danzig on the Baltic, Rotterdam or Hamburg, or Constantinople on the Black Sea. But shipping was one of the least of the difficulties. So the chief missions were moved inland to Vienna, Warsaw, Prague, and Bucharest, from which points could be handled the many details of transportation, of interstate agreement, of finance and credits, and exchange of produce and raw materials. As particular problems came up, new missions were established at Reval and Libau and Tiflis for special treatment, while the food was routed through from seaboard by directions from Paris.

The food-problems of the world are involved not only in the substance of food itself. Quite as important as the stocks of cereals and fats are the facilities by which these stocks are made available to famished populations in time to be of service. Some of the hardest and most useful work done by American relief in Europe was done in places which were not more than a hundred miles from plenty. A large factor of the work of American administrators and engineers was done with the rehabilitation of transportation lines, with the increase of production and the more equitable distribution of coal, with the exchange of commodities between states whereby products might be made available where needed, and with the opening up of great waterways to international traffic. All these look toward political stability and social order. And these, with the generous work in children's relief which has distributed food for under-nourished children over half the Continent of Europe, are the benefits that promise to remain after the Americans have withdrawn.

AN UNPOPULAR VIEW OF THE SHANTUNG QUESTION

BY KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

I

On one point in the much-debated peace treaty there seems to be general agreement among liberals in this country and Europe: German properties in Shantung should be returned to China. The territory controlled is indisputably Chinese in population and in geographic and historic connections. The leases and concessions involved were originally extorted by force, and when Japan wrested them from Germany, the world was distinctly given to understand that they would eventually be restored to the original grantor. To the conviction that this restitution should be made, all lovers of justice the world over have steadfastly adhered, and they have felt that any secret or public conventions to the contrary have, at the least, been dangerous, and have, at the most, perpetrated a serious wrong and threatened the future peace of the world.

As to the method by which restitution should be made, however, there has been, as all the world knows, a sharp divergence of opinion. The Chinese, the great majority of Americans, and a fair proportion of the thinking people on the Continent and in Great Britain have believed that the peace treaty should immediately turn over to China all former German possessions in that country, with, possibly, compensation to Japan for her expenditures and a guaranty that no portion of Shantung should ever again be alienated and that the province should be kept open to international trade. The other method, the one adopted by President Wilson and so much decried in this country, is to leave the properties in question in the possession of Japan and to trust her to restore them to China.

It is obvious that, whatever means are employed, certain definite objects should be sought. The first and chief of these is justice. Justice implies the ultimate restitution of all leased territories to China and the undoing of any impairment of the sovereignty and independence of that republic. It also implies due consideration of Japan's expenditures of life and money, and ample securities to her for economic opportunities in Shantung equal to those of any other power and unprejudiced by special agreements. The well-known facts of Japan's limited resources and growing population, and her natural and legitimate belief that the neighboring continent furnishes her a field for commercial expansion, render the maintenance of the open door in China essential to the life of the island empire and to the peace of the world.

A second object, and one closely allied to the first, is the peace of the Far East. This depends in turn upon a number of objectives which any fair settlement must seek to attain. Perhaps the most obvious of all is the strengthening of China internally, so that as quickly as possible she may be able to manage her own affairs and rid herself of the tutelage of the powers, a tutelage which humiliates her, provokes her to militarism, and is conducive to international jealousy and strife. Another and equally necessary objective is the promotion of true friendliness between

Japan and China — a sentiment which is now conspicuous by its absence, and which can exist only when there exist mutual trust and respect between the two peoples. Partly ignored by the West for the time, but ever present in the mind of the Japanese, is the necessity — equal in its urgency to the other two means of peace — that no other power or powers be allowed to encroach further on Chinese economic or political independence. Supervision of Peking must be increasingly international in its nature. A last prerequisite, and one usually misunderstood in this country, is a safe solution of the internal problems of Japan. Are the militaristic or the liberal elements of that people to control its future destinies? Is Japan to join heartily with the democracies of the world, and become a prosperous, therefore an earnest member of a league of free peoples, or is she to seek her salvation in the Prussian manner? The question is by no means so nearly closed as many in this country seem to think, and the world has it in its power to strengthen greatly, or to give a fatal blow to, the growing liberal sentiment in the island power.

These, then, are the objects which must be sought, whatever method is chosen of returning the former German holdings to China. For direct action by the Paris Conference, the first of these methods and the one favored by the majority in this country, both progressives and conservatives, cogent reasons can be advanced. The concessions in Shantung ensure to their holder the economic control of that province and seriously threaten the political integrity of the north of China. Since the Japanese are virtually masters of Manchuria and Mongolia, and since the former Russian counterweight is gone, to give to the islanders the dominant position in Shantung would be the equivalent of surrendering to them all China north of the Yangtze Valley. Japan's promises, so far as published, are either indefinite or only semi-official, and contemplate at the best the retention of economic control. To cancel the concessions at once was then, it would seem, the only safe way of maintaining the independence of China. If this was not done, nothing but Japan's fear of the consequences, or her forbearance, or a determination to be better than her word — a quality which is rare among nations — could save the great Asiatic republic from partition or virtual annexation. Few powers placed in a similar position have proved able long to resist temptation, and the record of Japan's dealings with the Chinese offers but little encouragement to those who believe that she will be able to do so.

Such an act, which unquestionably would have called for no small degree of moral heroism, would seemingly, moreover, have helped to launch the League of Nations with a tradition for courageous fair dealing, and would have made inconsistent, and hence more difficult, imperialistic designs in China and other parts of the world. It would have condemned once for all the German procedure of 1898, and by implication it would have discredited the retention of other special privileges and spheres of influence in China and the exploitation of the disorganized peoples of the globe by their stronger neighbors. No other one act of the Paris Conference would probably have called forth more cordial approbation among the liberals of America and Europe, or have given more heart to Chinese patriots and dependent peoples the world over. Sooner or later Young China would unquestionably have followed up her advantage by other demands, and Koreans, Indians, Egyptians, and Persians might well have had courage given to their nationalistic programmes. An important setback would also have been

given to secret arrangements similar to the inter-Allied agreements of 1917 concerning Shantung, and to the high-handed procedure which has too often marked Japan's actions toward China since 1914. It would, for example, have vitiated in spirit the famous concessions of 1915, and might well have led to their further amendment.

This unconditional restoration of the Shantung properties to China, drastic though it would have proved, had in addition the approval of a large, perhaps the major, portion of America's experts on the Far East. Sober-minded men who had given the best years of their lives to the study of China and Japan felt that this action was the only just one, and that the method which President Wilson chose would entail for the world a much larger aftermath of difficulties. Direct retrocession to China would unquestionably have cut the Gordian knot, and its simplicity could not but prove tempting. It may, indeed, still prove to have been the right course.

There are, however, some other considerations which Americans would do well to remember. We must recall, in the first place, that as a nation we possess a distinctly anti-Japanese bias, and that any solution which at first appears to us right is very apt to prove unfair to Japan. The reasons for this prejudice, and the question whether it is justified, need not here detain us; but it is undeniable that, as a people, we cannot view at this time the relations between China and Japan without distinct sympathy for the former and antipathy to the latter. This attitude is particularly characteristic of those Americans who have lived in China. Whether they are merchants, diplomats, or missionaries, they practically all unite in denouncing Japan and in proclaiming her programme in China a menace to the United States and a dark and iniquitous plot against a defenseless neighbor. That there is just foundation for much of their censure, no one who knows the situation can doubt; but we would do well to remember that most of them have never given more than passing attention to Japanese domestic affairs, and that they have looked so long on one side of the question that they have become partisans and advocates rather than fair-minded judges. They have the ear of our nation, however. Most of the few Americans who know Japan and attempt to present her position are either accused of being employed by Japan or have taken an equally biased pro-Japanese position, — a natural reaction from the extreme statements of their opponents, — and so are discounted by the public. Americans come to the Chino-Japanese question deeply prejudiced and should distrust any solution which at first thought seems to them just.

We need also to consider what would have been the effect upon Japan had the German holdings been taken from her outright and given to China. Her national pride, which is unusually sensitive, would have suffered a deep wound, for she would have been branded as untrustworthy, she would have been deprived of her most outstanding gain in the war, and in view of the refusal to grant her request for race-equality, whatever motive we may ascribe to that demand, and of the territorial gains made by her European allies, it is entirely improbable that public opinion would have allowed her to sign the peace treaty or to join in the League. Just what would then have happened to the internal political situation of the Empire is, of course, uncertain; but some who have intimate knowledge believe that the growing liberal movement would have experienced a serious reverse, and that the country would have been driven into the arms of the extreme militarists. It seems impossible that the present Cabinet could have

survived the shock, and it is likely that, as in 1895, the country would have set diligently to work to perfect alliances, to strengthen the army and navy, and so to prepare for a future stern reckoning by arms like that which placed Japan in Manchuria in 1905. The people as a whole would naturally have felt that no dependence could be put on the generosity or good faith of the West, — for Europe had annexed territory while Japan had been denied even the temporary retention of it, — and they would have given ready heed to the powerful and blatant militarists.

The immediate and compulsory surrender of the Shantung holdings would, moreover, not have been just to Japan unless it had carried with it guaranties of reasonable commercial opportunities in China. Were China able, she would, if her present frame of mind were to continue, unquestionably discriminate against Japanese enterprise, and perhaps exclude her trade entirely. Against such a contingency Japan has a right to ask for safeguards, and machinery is not yet perfected to make these secure.

II

The other method of returning the Shantung concessions, and the one chosen by President Wilson, is to give them to Japan, to obtain from her assurances more or less definite that she will restore them to China, and then to trust to her good faith. This course, it must be frankly recognized, is extremely hazardous. The Japanese government has not an untarnished record for honest dealing, although it compares favorably in this respect with most Western powers. It is, moreover, easy to find excuses for delaying or modifying the fulfillment of a promise, especially when that is as indefinite as to time and details as is the one which the Japanese have so far made public. Then, too, such action seems to be the desertion of a friend who entered the war largely because of American example and influence. It has aroused opposition in the United States and has placed in jeopardy the already dubious outcome of the Senate's discussion of the peace treaty. It has proved, too, to be a grievous disappointment to liberals who had pinned their faith on President Wilson, for it appears to be a surrender of some of his most cherished principles. On the surface, Italy does not seem to have been treated quite fairly, for, after having borne much of the brunt of the war, she is denied a single city, — Fiume, — and Japan, who sacrificed but little, is granted the control of an entire province.

There is, however, much more to be said for President Wilson's action than is immediately evident. In the first place, it was obviously difficult to annul agreements made between Japan and the Allies under the stress of war and before we had entered the conflict. To have done so would probably not only have driven Japan from the incipient League, but would, if consistently followed, have denied to Great Britain and France their imperialistic hopes in various quarters of the globe, and so have led to the break-up of the Conference and the indefinite postponement of even an imperfect international organization. The risk might have been worth taking had this been the only consideration, for supposedly we would have preserved a clear conscience and could have trusted economic pressure and the liberals in these countries to bring the world to time.

But there are other and more forceful considerations. We need, in the first place, to remember that liberal opinion in Japan was vastly strengthened during the war, and that it has already modified and may eventually supplant the military tradition which has so

long been dominant. For the past five years there have not been lacking influential Japanese who have condemned the government's aggressive policies in China. Could this sentiment prevail, Japan would probably adopt toward China a far more counciliatory policy, and might even of her own free will restore the concessions in Shantung, and in such a way as to placate and gain the confidence of her huge neighbor and to cement a peace built upon good-will rather than force. This would be far preferable to a restitution forced by the powers, for it would save Japan the humiliation involved by the latter course, it would increase the possibility of the victory in Tokyo of liberal sentiment, and it would go far to cement a real friendship between the two great peoples of the Far East.

The hope that this consummation will be reached is not so chimerical as most Americans are inclined to believe. Japan is extremely sensitive to the opinion of the world. To this quality she owes much of the rapidity of her westernization in the nineteenth century. To it are also due in part her imperialistic ambitions, for these are merely the reproduction of what she found prevalent in Europe when she emerged from seclusion. Should the sentiment of the West condemn her actions in China, the hands of her liberals would unquestionably be strengthened. That, moreover, is exactly what is taking place. The American outcry against the Shantung settlement was inevitable, given our prejudices, and is having its effect, an effect which may well be accentuated as the months pass; and it may be that Japan's Chinese policy will be altered more than we have dared hope.

To this same end is also tending the bitter opposition aroused in China by the peace treaty. The antagonism and the anti-Japanese boycott have been providing the liberals with peculiarly strong arguments against the measures of the militarists, for Japan's commerce and industry are suffering, and the prosperity of these has been one of the chief objects of the aggressive groups. Should the boycott continue, Tokyo will almost certainly be forced to make concessions. While it is highly unfortunate that these could not have been granted earlier, and while they may be too late to restore good-will, it is better that they be made in this way rather than through the coercion of the Occident.

The anti-Japanese movement in China is, moreover, uniting that unhappy land as has no other event of recent years. The action of the Paris Conference was a severe disappointment, but it is possible that out of the humiliation there will be born a national consciousness and a patriotic impulse which would not have appeared for years had the Shantung properties been handed back by the powers without vigorous action by the Chinese themselves. In the last analysis, China's salvation must come from within; and if this blow cannot rouse her, other and more serious ones are certain. She has too long trusted to international jealousies to save her, and some such shock seemed to be needed to make her stand on her own feet.

We need also to recall that Japan has made certain promises, even though these as yet are not entirely satisfactory. If the League, the organized conscience of mankind, is worth anything, it will hold her to them, and will insist, if necessary, upon better ones being made and kept. If it cannot do so, it would not have been able to prevent her from defying the Paris diplomats and retaining the Shantung properties; nor could it prevent her seizing more territory whenever it suits her convenience to do so. The League is certainly much more apt to hold her within bounds if she is inside rather than outside it. If Japan should fail to keep her

word, and if the League should not succeed in obtaining justice peaceably, force could still be used by individual powers. The experiment of trusting to Japan and, if she proves false, of trying the machinery of the League, would seem to be preferable to telling her bluntly that she cannot be depended upon, and thereby wrecking the League before it is formed and making almost certain early hostilities in the Far East.

That the League will be able to hold Japan to her word, and to aid China effectively in her struggle to complete and competent self-government, is as yet uncertain, but it is certain that it is by some sort of international organization that this can best be done. It is also encouraging that the first steps have been taken toward the construction of an international *consortium* to finance China. It is through finance that the powers most adequately control the Republic; and if an efficient and inclusive international body can once gain an effective monopoly of all foreign loans, the importance of the spheres of influence and leased territories will be greatly lessened and the excuse for them obviated. All well-wishers of China must hope ardently for the success of such a reorganized group. It may yet lead the way to the complete substitution of international supervision in China for conflicting and special concessions. Indeed, proposals have already been made for placing all foreign-owned railways, mines, and leased territories under international commissions.

If Japan is wise, she will return the Shantung properties at an early date, and without asking even for special financial reservations. Her best interests demand that she have the cordial friendship of the Chinese and the approval of the world. Any grudging or partial restoration will only add to the rancor of China and strengthen the suspicions of the United States and Europe. If she fails to convince China and the world of her good faith, there will be a cause of unrest which will threaten the peace of the world, and the League will have its strength tested to the utmost.

It is to be hoped that the Senate will permit the President's plan to be tried. The policy of trusting Japan is certainly worth testing. It is also to be hoped that our State Department will continue to bring pressure to bear on Tokyo, either directly or through the League, to publish definite assurances of an early and complete restoration of the Shantung properties to China, and will not allow itself to be diverted until these promises are fulfilled. If we can do this firmly but tactfully, we shall prove ourselves to be true friends, not only of China, but of Japan.

However, while we do this we must guard ourselves against vilifying our neighbors of the trans-Pacific islands. We are too prone to substitute abuse for argument, and those of our newspapers and people who aid in the campaign of slander are doing far more harm than good. We ought, moreover, to see that Japan's legitimate interests in China are fully protected. Some sort of international control must be established over that great but disorganized nation which will hasten the restoration of order, the realization of a good and stable government, the development of natural resources, and the maintenance of an open door. If this is not done, Japan will be continually impelled to step in. If it is done, Japan's strategic geographical position will give her the commercial advantage which in the past she has too frequently sought to obtain by doubtful and devious methods. Upon some sort of effective and fair international supervision of China and the gradual abolition of spheres of influence and special privileges depends the peace of the Far East and of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE REACTION OF A RADICAL

I HAVE always classed myself as a radical. I have been ever mindful of the wise man's advice to the student, to be radical while he was young, for then his chance of seeing the world grow up to him before he died would be good; whereas, if he was not radical in youth, he would spend the rest of his life seeing the world grow away from him. I have always felt confident that I was abreast of my time, possibly a step or two in advance, and I have looked with a certain gentle condescension upon those who have ignored wisdom and accepted their birthright of conservatism without struggle or protest. I have always belonged to radical organizations and contributed to radical causes. I have argued the beauties of socialism; I have been complaisant about anarchism, philosophically administered, the dynamite carefully left out; I have made scathing remarks about Capital; I have felt a warm distaste for the selfish rich who grind the faces of the poor. I have pointed morals, using as my text the possession of great country estates and many automobiles, always excepting the Ford. I have fought for the downtrodden servant-class; I have made 'waiting on yourself' a tenet of my democracy; I have been with those who scorned palliatives, who would strike at the root of society's ills, who would not hesitate to tear the world to pieces and build it anew. I envisaged this world we radicals could construct, the true *internationale*, with race-hatreds obliterated, economic inequalities forever adjusted, love and peace assured to all mankind. It was a happy life of blithe denunciation, clear-cut theories, a pleasant sense of moral if not actual leadership, and no undue upheaval to upset my equilibrium.

And now what has happened? The new order is upon us, but where is my eager, welcoming spirit? I feel as if there were a pistol at my head and I were asked to stand and deliver. I fumble feverishly for my remembered treasures, but everywhere find only emptiness. The walls of my faith are falling in upon me, like a house built of cards.

Who am I that called himself a radical? Do I embrace Bolshevism? Not at all! My moral nature sees it as cruelty and selfishness, the old rule of force in new hands. My intelligence says that the scheme is too simple for the complexities of human nature. To take from him that hath and give to him that hath not may be all very well as far as it goes; but when you have done that, how much further along are you? I do not see, as in happier days I might, a new truth obscured by the present bloodshed and misery. I see only a great people led astray, the return to just living a path of tragic expiation.

When I turn from that picture of suffering to the easy assurance of the suffragettes of England, who are endeavoring to introduce a soviet form of government into their native land, I have a feeling of consternation. I do not say it aloud, but I wonder whether a thing, just because it is new, is better than that which is old. If we could give the old a new name, it might help. Advertisers do it with breakfast foods and cigars, to the satisfaction of the

consumer. He gets the novelty of a new expectation, with all the excellent qualities of the original article, and the world is happier thereby. Like a coward, I also wonder if it is necessary for all the changes to be made at once. Replacing old parts with new might be easier to bear than installing an entire new engine, especially when we are navigating through air which is full of holes.

I like to have the workingman receive as large wages as the industry can bear, but I am not so harsh in my judgment of Capital as I once was. During the war I saved what I could and bought bonds, Liberty and otherwise, and I find I do not regard the money-power entirely in the abstract as I once did. I cannot help wondering about my own little dividends, surely innocently enough acquired through long practice in self-denial, and hoping that they will not be jeopardized by all the labor upheaval. I even find myself thinking that violence and lawlessness are not the perquisites of Capital alone; that Labor is sometimes selfish and unreasonable; that sympathetic strikes are not necessarily altruism, but may sometimes be shocking breaches of faith; and — concession fatal to the spirit of the reformer — that there are two sides to every question. I have always believed in organized labor, as must the mildest of radicals, but I cannot quite reconcile myself to the police joining the national group. Of course, class loyalties are good and necessary, just as are family loyalties, but I wonder apologetically whether there are not impersonal loyalties which are of a still higher order. Our police are men of dignity and worth, but should we be justified in expecting that many human beings, in the presence of divided loyalties, could be like that Brutus of old who unfalteringly condemned his own son to death?

The idea of railroad ownership of the government (I started to write it the other way round, but perhaps this does fuller justice to the plan) I have applauded in my younger days. But now, baldly demanded, a threat attached to the proposal, no coating of idealism to sweeten the bolus, its very advocates hardly troubling to veil the crudity of its selfishness, the whole scheme leaves me cold. Not many years ago I should have said lightheartedly, 'On with the great experiment; let joy be unconfined.' But not now.

Is it age, or the weariness produced by the anxious years of the war? or is it that, when it comes to the real test, I am afraid of the new, of the untried? Am I, after all, only a conservator of the past, one of those obstructionists who are the despair of the young reformer? Am I a stand-patter — a creature who has always figured in my imagination as a donkey with his ears back and his feet firmly embedded in the earth?

It is a painful thought to me to contemplate changing sides and sitting on the benches of the opposition. There is cold comfort in being the tail of the kite, even though recognizing that the tail is as essential as the kite. I try to stiffen my faith in myself by saying that not every change is progress, and that restlessness is not necessarily aspiration. But why should I not frankly acknowledge that I am middle-aged, and that my reaction is a biological necessity? Youth is always for change for its own sake; and is not age, with diminishing vision, halting step, and blunted hearing, reluctant to stumble to its eternal rest in a world whose furniture has been hastily rearranged by restless youth? Or must I agree with the unfaltering extremist, — whom neither life nor experience changes, — that I was never anything but a parlor radical?

A BEING DARKLY WISE

Mr. Gorch, in that delightful, forgotten book, *The Pedagogues*, reproaches his fiancée with having lost 'that air of faith and admiration.' Had it been his pleasant fate to be engaged to J—— or to me, he could never have taxed us thus, or lodged a legitimate complaint of any such description against us. With more justice he might have reproved a tendency in us to dispense our admiration too widely among mankind — might have repeated, with a different meaning, the words of the great mystic: 'But what have *I* to do with genera and species?' Because it is not the particular eminences, but the general level, of manly genius, which we more than daily celebrate in our well-neighbored house. It is the average man's clairvoyant understanding of any and all contraptions; his insight into those cryptographs known as 'Directions,' and his ability always to answer the question, 'How in the name of sense does this thing work?'

Raying out from the house of our neighbor, Mr. Darling, as if placed on the spokes of an invisible wheel, are a number of residences besides ours, of unmanned women. We try to observe a tacit convention to take turn and turn about with burst pipes, peculiar-sounding boilers, mysterious leaks on ceilings, and the like, so that only one head at a time, hooded in shawl or apron, shall project itself ahead of its flying galoshes, as we 'run over to get Mr. Darling.'

'O Mr. Darling, that dining-room shutter's off again, and I can't get both the spikes in at once — I've tried and tried. I did hate so to bother you.'

'O Mr. Darling, the bung's jumped out of the vinegar barrel, and I can't find the spigot — it's running all over the cellar.'

'Mr. Darling, the clothes-line's down, and none of us can reach the hook!'

'O Mr. Darling! Mr. Darling! Can you just step over and see if you smell smoke anywhere about the house?'

His interest is immediate, though his calmness is unperturbed. Unhasting, unresting is his stride across the dandelions. Without one backward look he lays his hose down on the lawn, leaves his pruning-knife hanging in the tree. He is three minutes on our premises and the clothes-line is taut, the spigot in, vinegar-tight, and the smell of burning exorcised.

Mr. Darling in the autumn often goes away on business — a ticklish time for us, and one when it almost seems that he is inconsiderate to leave us. J —— and I, during one of these intervals, undertook the purchase of a hanging lamp. It was foolhardy of us to think of such a thing while Mr. Darling was away! The directions were models of their kind for ambiguity. In tipsy and topheavy fashion we got the complicated chains and framework suspended, but it was plainly an innovation on the original design. It had an indescribably menacing look. J—— returned to the formula of those precarious days when the Darling house had been still untenanted: 'Go and look up and down the road and see if there's a man in sight.'

One of our windows commands a stretch of sidewalk toward the village. Slowly advancing from that quarter I saw the aged Town Clerk. It is true that he has spent all his life among deeds, licenses, and books of record. But mechanical directions, which are written exclusively by men and for men, all men, by some faculty higher than reason or experience, understand. The Town Clerk in the course of time entered our living-room, examined the evidence and said gently, —

'You ladies have hung it, in a way, kind of upside down.'

Men possess knowledge, exact knowledge, of conditions they have never

seen. Farmers who never invest understand clearly the difference between stocks and bonds. Men bred in cities know growing wheat from rye, and both from oats.

Men have an innate knowledge of geography, which every teacher will certify has not been learned in school. Before the war they knew where and which the Balkans were, and now they know the location of Esthonia and Livonia. Something is conveyed to their minds by the Cameroons. They can put their finger on Persia.

But these are not the highest grounds of our well-tested faith and admiration. It is not masculine intuitions, but masculine deportment, which must for ever be the envy and the rest of every woman's heart. Men are unmoved by embarrassing situations; by sudden prominence given them when they are ill-dressed and untidy; by the unsoftened protuberances of their figures; by attacks upon them in editorials, or badgering upon the witness-stand. They are not even aware of the non-receipt of an invitation. They can argue, argue hotly, and not weep.

They receive with equanimity the frankest, most devastating comment on their extravagances. If satisfied before the attack, they remain satisfied still — all Briggs's cartoons to the contrary. Those smiles so Olympian that they cannot be demeaned by calling them grins remain upon their faces, and are, to those wives who have jointly experienced the attack, like the twelve wells and the seventy palms of Elim. But even when secretly regretful, they show no ponderable disgust, when they are told how surely it was the act of one without wits to purchase so poor an article at so high a price. They drive off, calmly ruminating, 'P'raps, I *have* been stung.' They will tell indiscriminately, and that without perceptible wincing, what they paid.

Men must be very sure of immortality, thus calmly to move through the changes and chances of this mortal life. Or else they are all, in some degree, Emersons: they trust themselves; their firm hearts 'vibrate to that iron string.'

SEED-VESSEL TIME

This is seed-vessel time, and the garden is a great refuge from politics.

Do I believe in a league of nations? In Wilson's League? Should we ratify with reservations? Ratify with explanations? Not ratify at all? — What are my views on the Gulick scheme for restricting immigration? — Do I approve of the Plumb Plan? — So far as I know, my opinion on such topics is of no earthly importance. I am an obscure woman without influence, and it would seem that I might be excused from racking my brains. But no: suffrage is imminent, and I must be in training. Bitterly I reflect on the folly of people who suppose self-government to be a synonym for freedom: ardently I covet the irresponsibility of the slave. How I would hug my chains, play with my mind, read the classics, if I did not have to help run the universe!

But the universe is there, and oh! what a mess it is in! I think and think, I read and read. The *New Republic* is my bedside companion, in competition with the *Nation*, the *World Tomorrow*, the *Liberator* (carefully concealed beneath the *Imitation of Christ*), the *Survey*, the Manchester *Guardian*, two religious weeklies, not to speak of the *Atlantic*, — blessings be on it! — three other monthlies, and the relentless *Transcript*. Friends in England, France, and Italy, send me periodicals. Associations, new every morning, invite attention to prospectuses; pamphleteers with panaceas pursue my dreams.

Dreams? — I toss and meditate. How escape the thought of starving

babies in Austria, murdered Jews in Poland, restless miners in England? Fourteen points, however thoroughly buried, can haunt a person. I wake unrefreshed. I need my garden, badly.

All is cool and dewy there, and adventure waits. Precious garden! It is about as big as a giant's pocket-handkerchief, but there is no limit to its marvels. I shall not envy the excitements of the aviator if I may gather seeds.

Seeds are, presumably, useful. They have something to do, more directly than flowers, with the continuance of life on the globe. Ruskin puts well — apropos of cherries, I think — the searching question whether the seed is the object of the flower or the flower of the seed; and Nippon, with its cherry-blossom festival, would agree with him in scorning the people who claim that the white radiance of the orchard is to the end of rosy succulence. The pleasant controversy will never be settled; but for my part I deny that the Goddess Utilitaria had her dull way in the making of seeds. Nature did not delegate the job, but attended to it herself, and, lady of excellent taste that she is, she refuses to make useful things ugly, just as she refrains from making them conspicuous. She arranges for her seeds a beauty of their own; not the obvious beauty of flowers, with their charms of color and fragrance, showy curve, and mass. Seed-vessels shall have another delightsomeness: the more recondite, more intellectual beauty of sheer design. The ingenuity and diversity of her patterns passes belief; to investigate them is to forget politics altogether. Here, as in her work on the backs of lizards or the wings of butterflies, but with more evident mathematical exactness, she shows triumphantly that she can beat us mortals at our own game of conventional forms, and hints in myriad shy silences at the deep geometrical laws which underlie the seeming helter-skelter opulence of creation.

Consider Fraxinella, for instance. Not an especially beautiful blossom, I think, though agreeable from its nice lemony smell, and its quaint trick of burning like a torch, without being consumed, if touched by a match. Its seed-vessel is perfect in symmetry: a shaggy, aromatic, five-pointed star, which opens to disclose a curled translucent pod with a kink at the end like a shell. At the proper moment — I have caught it — this pod explodes, and pops out the seeds, black pear-shaped seeds, polished like jewels; then, its work done, it curls itself up in an enchanting spiral, a sort of mystic ladder of bliss, while the containing vessel spreads wide and flat its graceful points, suggestive of snowflakes.

Campanula seeds, a fine mist, repose in a Greek-vase effect, exquisite in line and angle, with most delicately modeled sides. I thought I had learned all there was to know about these tiny six-sided urns; but just now, strolling in the garden, I picked one at a late stage; and behold! on every other side of the urn, placed exactly half-way down, a minute puncture, through which the seed escapes — an entertaining variant on the method of the poppy. Everybody knows the poppy pepperpot, with its little lid so neatly crimped at the edges, lifting to reveal a circle of pinpoint holes, through which the seed is shaken; though how it gets itself up and out has never been clear to me. Poppy, like campanula, conforms to the vase-model: and this model is one of Nature's favorites. Chunky or slender, rounded or planned in perfectly proportioned segments, sometimes reticently touched with color, sometimes richly embossed, these small containing vessels would afford suggestions

for all the potters in the world. Surely, Greeks and Etruscans had studied them. In these sculptured tombs of rare design, the seeds, little miracles of life-in-death, await their resurrection at the appointed hour.

Sometimes, however, the suggestion of the seed-vessel is decidedly frivolous. That is the way with mallow. Mallow dies into a five-pointed cup which rests in or on another pedestal-cup, three-lobed, dried to a fibrous weave like Filipino cloth. This cup has a cover, — pistil, the impertinent botanist might call it, — a black concave disk like a mushroom, etched in drying with a very pretty design; and beneath the cover cling the fat kidney-shaped seeds. The cup is too small for any but the littlest dolls — best fitted for a fairy ice-cream party. With its pedestal, it exactly reproduces a bit of Tiffany glass on my mantel, which we like to call the Holy Grail.

Nigella, or love-in-a-mist, has one of the most striking of these vase-containers — a large balloon or gourd-shaped vase, rather like the copper pots Italian women carry on their heads. It is flushed with crimson, and more showy by far than the flower. This balloon, again, falls into five sections, each tipped with something like the antennæ of an insect; each, when dissected, shows a partition down the middle marked by a groove outside, up the central pillar of which the seeds are grouped. Nigella is a strange plant. It is the wild passion-flower of Italy, growing freely through the wheat-fields there: here, I have heard it called the flower of the Resurrection. It is hard to understand just why these religious associations should gather round its misty green foliage and faint blue-white stars. But it is a flower more beautiful in death than in its life.

There are plenty of designs besides those that suggest vases. Hollyhock seeds are packed tight, edge to edge, in a round, an amazing number to each flower-heart. Bachelors' buttons have wings, for Shelley's West Wind to chariot to their wintry bed. Argemone — we call it popple, because its blue, prickly thistle-foliage bears a poppy-like blossom, of crumpled silk, white or yellow — has a big irregular seed-vessel all over spines: I have not yet found what is within. In a big golden daisy that riots through my garden, the clumsy lump which survives the flower hides a cone of scales arranged like an artichoke — each scale a pinky wing-cradle in which nestles the round black seed.

One could go on describing for pages; but not all seed-vessels are interesting. I do not care for phlox-seed, which is entirely unimaginative. The three-pointed larkspur pod is rather obvious, though pretty; Escholtzia has expended all its invention on its dainty foliage and glowing blooms, and can do no better than die into a tediously elongated point. By and large, however, seeds are original creations, in which the lavish and exquisite detail inevitably suggests conscious art on the part of the designer.

I cannot close without talking of the most wonderful of all — the sunflower. Let one who desires mystic contemplation sit cross-legged beneath it for an hour; the majesty of it will overwhelm him like the majesty of an Alp, and the mystery of the world may be made plain.

In most of the compositæ, one feels the crowd: seeds are tight-packed in a plebeian fashion; and although the question of housing a large community has been cleverly solved, quite too much attention has been given to efficiency. But the sunflower has solved the democratic problem. It has achieved distinction, which depends on the perfect union of order with freedom. As

the insignificant flowers fall off from the great disk, and the yellow fringe outside withers, there is disclosed a — civilization — of large, firm seeds, placed edgewise; enough, it would seem, in each enormous circle to supply the gardens of the world or feed a starving peasantry. They are arranged in interwoven curves, concentric, which, viewed from any angle or in any relation, present a perfect harmony. Vedder or Blake never invented such whorls and spirals; they comfort as a symphony comforts, they satisfy our deep demand for symmetry untrammeled and alive. There is something final about the marvelous pattern; the plant looks as if it had attained eternity. But eternity will break before long, and the seeds be scattered. Each is a completed individual, a fruitful entity which has fulfilled its being and holds rich promise of future life; yet each is a happy part of a larger whole, and every sunflower is a universe.

Well, why not? Nobody knows the arrangement of the starry systems as a whole. Why may they not conform to sunflower pattern as well as to any other? There might be worse thoughts than that of creation as a vast sunflower, forever growing new disks of starry planet-seeds for ever new, expanding eternal gardens. Fantasy apart, the ultimate fascination in studying seed-vessels, as all other natural forms, is in gaining fresh recognition of the lovely laws which govern nature.

> In all God's works, as Plato cries
> He doth, He should geometrize,

says Browning. Plato is right; and Pythagoras. There are not only laws of process, which govern change, but laws of abiding form; defy the first if you will — you can never break the second, which are basic to plant, to planet, and to soul. No one can observe in a garden and fear lest we insignificant mortals succeed in imposing chaos on the world. The sepulchres of death hold the secrets of life, and are themselves sweetly modeled by its profoundest laws; we escape nowhere the hidden, intimate rhythms, shaping each minutest created atom, which are the pulsing of the breath of God. I return indoors from my flower-beds refreshed, enlarged, and reassured. I feel sufficient mental energy and self-confidence to tackle the Plumb Plan. The sunflower has given me a lot of hints about it which I will spare the reader; but if he is bewildered about politics, I do strongly recommend him to study seeds.

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DECEMBER, 1919

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

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A CHRISTMAS SERMON

BY ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

I

WHEN I gave a lecture with this title to the Fabian Society in London, during the most miserable period of the war, my very chairman began by protesting that happiness must not be pursued. There we were, all of us unhappy together in the midst of a great unhappy city, with another great unhappy city hating us and plotting against us oversea — both cities doing their duty as bitterly as they could and preferring it to happiness, as men have always done for thousands of years; and still my chairman must needs protest against the temptation of my title. If I or anyone else, he thought, could once persuade men to pursue happiness, they would be following the shadow and losing the substance forever.

That is what the divines and moralists have been telling us for centuries. Even the painters — at least the bad ones — have supported them: they have painted their allegorical pictures of mankind vainly pursuing happiness in the form of a winged elf or will-o'-the-wisp; and men have looked at these pictures, however ill painted, and said, 'How true!'

But were all these warnings needed? Were not the divines and moralists and painters preaching to the converted? If I read history, if I observe other men or myself to-day, it does not seem to me that we are in much danger of pursuing happiness, or that we have profited much in body or soul by our refusal to pursue it.

The Germans, for instance, refused firmly to pursue happiness when they seemed to have a good chance of attaining it. Mr. Owen Wister, in his *Pentecost of Calamity*, tells us how their orderly well-being before the war made him wish to be a German rather than an Englishman or a Frenchman or even an American. They seemed to have learned a secret unknown to the rest of us, a secret from their own orchestras, the best in the world; they did all things with momentum and purpose and power — and we know what use at last they chose to make of their power. If they had used it in the pursuit of happiness, would they have done worse by themselves or the rest of mankind? They have suffered so much that now there can be no word or feeling for them but pity. And we in England, who seemed to have the world at our feet after

Waterloo — should we have done worse if we had pursued happiness instead of riches? Should we have been less rich than we are? It may be that, if we pursued happiness, we should miss it; it is certain that, in pursuing riches, we made poverty, just as the Germans, in pursuing power, have put themselves at the mercy of their enemies.

But let us leave the present and the immediate past and consider the evidence of religion all through the ages. In all the diversity of religions many must be false; they must express the instincts rather than the reason of mankind. If men had ever been in danger of pursuing happiness, they would have made happy, false religions for themselves and would have rejected them only when they proved disastrous. If you must tell yourself lies about the nature of the universe, why not tell yourself pleasant lies? Why not believe that there is a God who likes mankind as they are and will reward them for being what they are? Why not believe that we shall all go to heaven when we die? But no religion that I know of has ever affirmed anything so pleasant as that.

There was the paganism of the ancient world, which many suppose to have been gay and careless. But Lucretius, like any modern agnostic, found, or tried to find, freedom in not believing it. He said that, if there were gods, they cared nothing about mankind; and this indifference seemed to him better for mankind than the caprices commonly attributed to the gods. The Greeks and Romans did not believe that their gods were good-natured, or that, when they died, they would all go to the Elysian Fields. And, as for the Jews, their God was a jealous God. He hated all other nations and did not care much for his own chosen people; at least, He was constantly angry with them and made them angry with each other. Their whole religion, except that of a few great visionaries, commanded them to refuse happiness and to make themselves, and, still more, foreign nations, as unhappy as possible.

You may say that in all these religions mankind have expressed their experience of this life; but, if they had ever pursued happiness, they would have devised a religion to express something happier than this life. They would have said, unconsciously, 'Let us believe that which will make us happy.' Their very will to power, according to Nietzsche's theory of it, would have impelled them to assert about the unknown future what would have given them joy, vitality, in the present.

If the pursuit of happiness were instinctive in man, like the instinct of self-preservation, that pursuit would express itself in cheerful affirmations about the nature of the universe; and, since no primitive religion has ever made such affirmations, we need not fear the instinctive pursuit of happiness as a danger to the morality or the reason of mankind.

The instinct of self-preservation itself certainly does not impel men to the pursuit of happiness; the more they are subject to it, the more they are filled with fears rather than hopes. It was that instinct which made men and women sacrifice their first-born to Moloch; which made the German, like the lobster, incase himself in shining armor; which set the English toiling desperately against each other and refusing pity to the poor, because they said the nature of the universe was such that it made pity a dangerous, misleading passion. No doubt it seemed so to the fathers and mothers who sacrificed their children to Moloch. They would have pitied and spared if they had dared; but Moloch, that is, the nature of the Universe, was against pity, against happiness. And who told them that, except themselves? We do not believe

that Moloch revealed it to them; but still our divines tell us that God forbids us to pursue happiness; and, if we no longer believe in a God, still we think that nature forbids us. The refusal of happiness, the fear of it, is deeper than any difference of creed. If there is no God to be malignant, there is still the nature of things, still the struggle for life imposed on us forever, so that we are still ready *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

And yet, nearly two thousand years ago, there was a happy affirmation made about the nature of the universe, and in one of the sacred books of the Christian religion. 'God is Love,' said St. John the Divine, or some other visionary — the name does not matter. There could not be a happier affirmation than that; yet it was spoiled by the statement that whom God loveth He chasteneth. If Christendom had really believed the words of St. John, it would never have believed those other words; for the love which chastens because it is love is not really love to us at all. We know the kind of parent who is always chastening his children because he loves them so well; the children resent the chastening all the more because of the reason that is given for it. 'It hurts me more than it hurts you.' The very saying is a by-word to us now; but still we impute to God a state of mind which we ourselves, as parents, are outgrowing; still, though we may say that God is love, we cannot believe that the love of God is of the same nature as the love of man.

Yet one who has greater authority even than St. John, with Christians, tells us that the love of God is of the same nature as the love of man. He has gone out of his way to assert that whom God loveth he doth not chasten. He has indeed made affirmations about God, and so about the nature of the universe, so daring, so contrary to what anyone had ever said before, that to this day we ignore them.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son is constantly read in our churches, but it is not listened to. If it were, Christians would be forced, either to believe it, or to reject it as spurious. They escape from the difficulty by not knowing what it says. No doubt the words of that parable are familiar to everyone who reads this; but I would ask the reader, for once, to take the sense of them seriously. Remember that Christ clearly implies the behavior of the father in the parable to be the behavior of God; and now consider what that behavior is. Note, first of all, that the Prodigal Son repents only when he has spent all his money and can get nothing to eat but husks meant for the swine. 'When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.' That is the reason he gives to himself why he should go home. It might be the text for a satire on human nature and on the reasons why men repent. But Christ does not use it so.

And now turn to the father. He loves his son but he does not therefore chasten him. On the contrary, 'When he was yet a great way off,' he 'had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' Then the son made his speech about having sinned; but still there was no chastening in reply, no improving of the occasion. The father — who, remember, is God — seems to have no sense of responsibility at all; he is foolishly, frivolously, pathetically happy, just because this poor creature has been driven home by his empty belly. He calls for the best robe and the fatted calf. He says, Let us eat, and be merry. Merry! He shocks the grave elder son with music and dancing. And note this also, that, when the elder son is angry and will not come in, this father, this God, does not put him in his place.

He does not say, Remember, please, that I am your father. He 'came out and intreated him.' The elder son talks sense and justice, speaks of his years and service and obedience — yet he had never been given a kid. But even this sense and justice do not anger the father; he replies, still without any spirit, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found.'

But is it not the most beautiful story in the world, and the most daring? If we could see that father behaving so, we should weep happy tears; and if we could really believe that his behavior was the behavior of God, how foolish would all our worldly wisdom and most of our religion seem to us! But do we believe it, even if we profess and call ourselves Christians? I lectured on this parable once at Oxford, and in the discussion which followed, a clergyman reminded me that we were not told what happened the next day. Then, no doubt, the father recovered from his first joy, and said and did all that we should expect of him. That clergyman, perhaps a little crudely, expressed our common refusal to believe what Christ affirmed in the parable about the nature of God and the universe. Christ said that God is really good, according to our deepest and most instinctive idea of goodness; that He is what we at our best would wish Him to be; but we cannot nerve ourselves to believe that the innermost desire of our hearts is true; we are afraid of the God within ourselves, whom Christ and all the great visionaries would declare to us.

II

They say that this God will tell us how to be happy if only we will listen to Him; but we will not listen because each one of us thinks that the God is only in himself, not in other men, and still less in the universe. There is a conspiracy against this God within us, so that, if we obeyed Him, He would lead us into danger. Therefore we must always deny ourselves, and Him, and follow the devil, whom we call duty, common sense, patriotism — a hundred names with which we conceal from ourselves the fact that he is the enemy of man and man's happiness, an enemy that man imagines and clothes with power against himself.

We talk of the seven deadly sins; but there is one behind them all that we cherish and never speak of: the one deadly sin whose name is fear, the sin that we clothe with power against ourselves and incessantly disguise as a virtue. For fear, being always ashamed of itself, is always becoming unconscious. It escapes from its own pain by becoming hatred; hatred indeed is the barren negative emotion of fear trying to be positive; it is fear taking the offensive and becoming proud of itself as if it were courage. And fear can pretend also to be religion and philosophy. When the great visionaries try to deliver us from it, it says that they are dreamers or blasphemers. So the scribes said that Christ cast out devils by the help of the devil; and He replied that, to believe thus the devil of fear, when it pretends to be wisdom or holiness, is the sin against the Holy Spirit, the God within us.

In our long struggle with circumstance we have inherited a fear of the essential malice of circumstance, as something which will surely frustrate us if we aim at that which we most deeply and permanently desire; and so deep is our fear that we will not confess, even to ourselves, what we do most desire. There are times when the words of a great visionary or the music of a great artist force us to confess it for

a moment. The Parable of the Prodigal Son, the reconciliation of Lear and Cordelia, which is the parable of the Prodigal Father, the divine compassion of Mozart — in these we recognize what we desire for ourselves and for all men. Then we see that happiness and goodness kiss and are one; but, in a moment, we say, 'This is art, or the Bible; this is a beauty, a happiness, denied to us by common sense, by each other, by the very nature of things. I myself may long for it, but I am alone in my longing, and I must suppress it lest men should think me a fool. I must run away from the very thought of this happiness, to business.' It is beauty still to us, but it is not truth; the truth is that we must still fight and punish and deny ourselves and each other the happiness whispered to us by the God within us.

But Christ dared to say that this beauty is truth. In his parable He was an artist; but he went further and said, 'Act according to this art, for it is the very nature of God.' How little has Christianity understood Him in its faint insistence upon forgiveness as if it were a painful duty. In his parable Christ presents it, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and many of us, if we met the father of the parable in real life, would condemn him as a hedonist. We should say that he forgave his son, not for his son's good, but because he enjoyed forgiving him. But, according to Christ, to enjoy forgiving is the attribute of God, and so the highest virtue in man. There is no final opposition between duty and happiness, or even pleasure. Perfect love casteth out fear, even the fear of happiness; and Christ seems to prefer the word happiness to the word goodness; He does not say, Good are the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart; He says that all these are blessed, which means happy.

The beatitudes seem negative, to many Christians, even, because they do not understand that all the renunciations implied in them are possible only to those who are allured by the positive happiness that Christ promises. Still, we believe that man does naturally pursue happiness and that, if he is to be saved, he must renounce it and pursue goodness. But man does not naturally pursue either goodness or happiness, not so much because he is foolish or evil, as because he is not yet himself at all and has no clear or single aim in life. We are not born knowing what we want; we are not born with any singleness of self or of desire; and the true aim of life is to attain to that singleness. When we speak of humanity as something existing already, we flatter ourselves; the very word is but a prophecy for us, meaning what we shall be when we have become ourselves and know our aim.

But the Word also warns us that we cannot become ourselves by ourselves. The individual does not exist, and can exist only by attaining to a right relation with other individuals. Humanity is not an abstract thing, something which exists already apart from men; any more than beauty is an abstract thing which exists apart from beautiful things. Humanity is, or will be, men in a right relation with each other, as beauty is things in a right relation with each other; but the relation that makes humanity is one altogether right; and how are we to find the test or proof of this rightness? That is the question men have always answered wrongly; they have not dared to say that happiness is the test, the symptom, of this rightness. Often they have blindly pursued happiness for themselves alone, and have done so — as it seemed to them — against their own consciences, not knowing that they could not pursue happiness for themselves alone, any more than they could play lawn tennis

by themselves alone; the lonely pursuit of it proves that they do not know what it is. And, finding that they could not pursue it alone and get it, they have despaired of it altogether, and have told themselves that it is not to be pursued. Denying it to themselves, they have denied it to others also; they have never seen that they can get it for themselves only by giving it to others.

Here I seem to be talking platitudes. Every preacher says that we can be happy only by making others happy; but those who say that so glibly do not convince either themselves or others of its truth, for they never state it rightly. It is not that we can achieve happiness only by denying ourselves for the sake of others; rather it is that happiness, in its nature, is a common thing, a right relation between us all which we have to achieve; and until we achieve it, we cannot deny ourselves or sacrifice ourselves, for we have not yet achieved a self to deny.

When Keats said that this world is not a vale of tears but a vale of soul-making, he meant that it is a vale of self-making. The error latent in all our opposition of egotism and altruism is the assumption that already we are selves to be indulged or sacrificed. The egotist is really one who tries to indulge a self he has not yet achieved; and the altruist often is one who tries to sacrifice a self he has not yet achieved. If they both knew that their task was to attain to a self, and that it can be attained to only by a right relation with other selves, they would cease to argue with each other. It is the delusion of an achieved self that makes men hard with each other, and also with themselves. It gives them the wrong sense of sin, the sense that they and others are born ready-made and wrongly made; that they are tied and bound by their own past, and must punish each other and themselves for it.

This sense of sin is merely intimidating and cruel; it makes us look back to the past, whether of ourselves or of others, and think of all things in terms of the past. We and others have to pay for the past, and it is our duty to exact payment; we are debt-collectors for God. We cannot forgive, because, what a man has been and done, that he is forevermore. But the true Christian doctrine insists that we can escape utterly from our past, because we are merely raw materials, all of us; our task is not to mortify an evil self, in ourselves or others, — a self that does not exist, — but to achieve a self, which, again, we can achieve only by entering into a right relation with each other. And according to this doctrine there is still sin and a just sense of sin; for sin is the refusal to enter into this right relation, to attain to the self, and the freedom of the self, which is offered to all men by the very nature of the universe; and the right sense of sin is the sense of refusal, and of the great thing refused. This sense is not intimidating or cruel; it does not make men judge and punish and condemn each other or despair of themselves. It makes them aware, not of a law broken, but of a heaven renounced, and, more than that, of a great gift offered and coarsely rejected. For, even if we do not believe in God and his desire to draw us all to Him; if we cannot see him as the father in the parable; still, we are all blindly and pathetically offering happiness to each other, and at the same time refusing it when offered.

All mankind is, if only we could see and know each other, like a family that loves each other but quarrels incessantly over the breakfast-table, and talks always of its quarrels, not of its love. A family exists and lives together for the sake of that which we call domestic felicity; and in unhappy families, what secret repentings and yearnings there

are! How often those who cannot meet without bitterness pity each other! all together they are missing a common happiness; willingly would they forgive each other for all bitter things said, but they cannot forbear saying them.

And so it is with all mankind. The Christian doctrine that we should love each other is not merely a command laid upon us by a God utterly and unintelligibly superior to us all: it is also the counsel of our own hearts, and that is why we know that it is divine. It is not a task imposed on us against our own natures, but the whisper and prophecy of our very selves that are not yet achieved, the promise of the happiness that we might win. If that were not so, Christianity would never have been even the ideal that it is; and those who insist that it is a revelation from without do it a poor service. It is also a revelation from within; it is what we ourselves hope, when we are not despairing. That is why hope is one of the three 'theological' virtues; men who hope logically and consistently about their own nature and the nature of the universe must be Christians in faith; and they will lose their hope and their faith, if they are not also Christians in conduct, in love.

We fail still to be Christians in hope and in faith because after so many centuries we have not achieved any technique of conduct. Christ tried to teach us one in those of his sayings which seem to us most paradoxical; in them He pointed the way to happiness. But those sayings are too exalted and passionate for us; and we cannot reconcile them with the prose and routine of our lives, as we must do if we are to live according to them. What we need now is to translate them into prose, for we cannot go through life always at the height of emotion, always loving and forgiving and pitying; we need a technique that we can take as a matter of course, without strain or the sense that we are doing something surprising. The professional Christian, who is always turning the other cheek, is surprised by his own goodness; he is mirthless and uneasy, therefore not really delightful to us; he is a parvenu saint, who never makes us wish to be like him. He has the aim of self-denial, but not the aim of happiness. A right technique would aim at happiness, not as something romantic and far-away, to be achieved only in another world by irrational acts of self-sacrifice in this, but as a state properly normal, to be achieved by rational conduct here and now.

When we are told to love one another, to love our enemies, it seems to us an impossibility because we think of love as a state of rapture, — men fall in love, — and who could now be in a state of rapture with the Germans? So love seems to us a passion fit for heaven rather than for earth, where we continue prosaically to dislike each other. But as we like ourselves, so it is possible for us to like each other; as we tolerate ourselves, why should we not tolerate each other? And what we need is a philosophy, a logic, of toleration; out of that alone can love arise. The man who is most at ease with himself is he who knows himself to be an absurd creature, the mere raw material of a self, and who is always good-humored with himself even in his worst failures, because he expects them. So with the same good-humor we may be at ease with each other; and out of this good-humor, this sense of human inadequacy as something absurd yet delightful, because full of infinite promise, love will spring.

A modern version might be written of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, without its intense and surprising beauty, but so that it would seem natural and probable, with the father

a humorist, a good-humorist, forgiving his son easily, because he can forgive himself and is therefore constrained by the logic of forgiveness. And, if we fill out the original parable for ourselves with our own imaginations, we shall see that there must have been fun in that music and dancing and feasting; it was not all a ceremony like a service in church. The father laughed, and then the prodigal laughed; everyone laughed and was merry, except the elder brother, who was thinking about the kid that had never been given to him.

But 'in our light, bitter world of wrong' we are always thinking about the kid that has not been given to us, except a few divine humorists; we forget our own absurdity in the thought of each others' sins; we put away happiness so that we may make an example of each other. Above all, we do not believe that any man will ever confess that he has sinned unless we pull long faces at him — the very thing which makes him deny his sin, even to himself. Now we insist that the Germans must make some national confession of their sin, if we are to forgive them. Many of us have looked forward to that confession as the final proof of our victory. But, so long as we all preach at the Germans, they will never confess; so long as we say they are a people unique in wickedness, they will repeat to themselves that they are unique in virtue and oppressed by the envy of mankind. That is human nature — a fact to be acknowledged in all technique of conduct. The way to make a man repent is to forgive him before he repents, as we ourselves would wish to be forgiven, and to forgive him, not as a surprising act of virtue, but in good-humor, because we are all absurd and all need forgiveness. If we all had our deserts, who would escape whipping? Needless to say, we must prevent men from doing wrong, if we can; but in the spirit of policemen, not of avenging angels; for we are not angels, and vengeance is not ours.

Life is hard for us all and full of snares and temptations. One man fails in one way, another in another; but we all fail, and we have no right to say that another man's, or another nation's, failure is worse than our own. We have no right to put any man or nation outside the pale; we are not gods, with the right or power of damnation, but men, with the common promise of a humanity to which none of us yet has attained or can attain, without the help of all.

If we would attain to happiness and to a Christian technique, we must govern our behavior to each other by the axiom that no man is to be judged by his past; that we can help each other to freedom, to life in the present, to the creative power latent in ourselves, by forgiving always, not with ceremony, as if we were doing something unnaturally good, but as a matter of course and with a smile, as a mother forgives her child; as the father forgave the son in the parable; as people forgive each other in the operas of Mozart. They are comic operas because all the people in them are absurd, like mankind; but they are comedy, that surpasses tragedy in its beauty, because their laughter ends in forgiveness, being the laughter of men, not at, but with, each other.

And is not that laughter a thousand times more serious and profound than our fits of righteous indignation, when we forget our own sins for thinking of the sins of others? Those fits are frivolous because any theory of the universe reduces them to absurdity. If there is no meaning in the universe, why are we angry? But if it has meaning, then we are all children of our Father which is in heaven; and which of us is not absurdly inadequate to that lineage?

But always it is said, we must not

encourage the evil-doer; we must make an example of him. We have been making an example of him for ages, but with little success; and, even if it were good for him, it is not good for us. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Mr. Dooley, I think, added the comment that, if you don't spare the rod, you spoil the parent. We might now try to be a little less self-sacrificing in this matter of punishment, might think of ourselves and our own characters more than of the characters of the criminals whom we labor so vainly to reform. We have built up a society on fear and punishment, and then we wonder that we are as far from happiness as ever; or we have told ourselves that happiness can never be ours, that we ought not even to aim at it. But is not that blasphemy, the only true blasphemy, as being a denial of the goodness of God? Is it not possible that, if we really and consistently aimed at happiness, we might discover what it is and so at last achieve it?

THE DIVE. I

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

No one seemed to know exactly what depth of water lay beneath the Shelf. Some said eighteen feet, some twenty-five. Payne Gilbert, an aged retired salt, with a quizzical squint, a gnarled, compact body, and a row of beautifully child-like straw-colored curls that hung below his shoulders, swore to over seventy. This was a preposterous figure — but then, old Payne swore to many preposterous facts and figures. In the fashion of all notable liars, he had made his story the most circumstantial of all. Anyone might see, hanging at the head of his bunk in a cabin up the Valley, the lead and the twelve fathoms of line which, he guaranteed, had been heaved from the Shelf without finding bottom. The lie circumstantial was Payne Gilbert's prerogative — his reputation, almost his character, from time immemorial, through the length and breadth of the Valley. One smiled indulgently at his seventy feet, and returned unruffled to the argument of twenty-five against eighteen.

As a fact, both of the lesser estimates were reasonably correct, for the water of the Reservoir had been known to lapse as much as seven feet down the vertical wall of the Shelf between April and mid-August. However, the local disputants, for purposes of debate, assumed a constant depth, scorning all estimates of variation as needlessly technical. For pure academicism, nothing can exceed the methods of such localistic disputes.

With Ronald Ronald alone, of all the men and youths in Chiswick Valley, the question stood otherwise. He did not, to be sure, care a brass penny how deep the water was; but he had a secret and romantic wish of his own, actually to see and touch the bottom. And he

meant to achieve his wish and, sooner or later, get his fingers into the jungle of rotting limbs and trailing weeds, eels and derelict fish-lines, stones and black primal ooze, which, to his imagination, constituted the floor of that abysmal gloom. Many and many a night he had sat above on the Shelf, alone or with his uncle and his father, catching prosaic strings of horn-pout, while in thought he was down there with the uncaught horn-pout nuzzling their blind way around the bottom, poking flat broad noses through the weeds, stirring up little clouds of mud with their tails. All the while that his father and his father's brother talked desultorily of the prospects for breakfast and the niceties of skinning their catch, he was vividly conscious of the queer unseen world below the level of the Shelf. He visualized it, he groped about in it; and the other two, so contentedly unaware of it, seemed to him as blind in their way as the struggling and flapping pout which, every now and then, one or the other of them pulled out into an upper world of air and trees and stars, which was to the fish as non-existent as the world below the Shelf seemed to be to his placid elders.

And in the morning, while they were sleeping away a good part of the forenoon, Ronald Ronald was as likely as not to be back on the Shelf, stripping off his clothes, stowing them at the inner end of a little cave he had discovered in the cliff at his back, and preparing to dive again and again into the cool liquid blackness below — now and then, after a perfect take-off, a few inches deeper than he had ever gone before, but never deep enough to get his fingers round a pebble or into the mud.

You would have liked to see him there on the edge of the Shelf making ready for his dive; for he was perfect and sound and strong in body, and — a poet or any genuine and simple soul would add — beautiful. A little more than boy and less than man, he had in every movement the pure lithe grace and symmetry of nature. If you had seen Ronald there on the Shelf, poised for his plunge into the water ten feet below, and standing clear-cut against the blue-black surface of it, he would have seemed as natural and as decorative, in his supreme lack of self-consciousness, as the slender and gleaming stem of a birch sapling in a sombre grove of cedars. You could have imagined as he raised his arms that, instead of dropping with the precision of old Gilbert's lead into a snarl of hideous and rotting things, he was going to spring upward like a flame and clutch at the sun.

There was nothing in the place to blend a suggestion of artifice with this naturalness of the boy. The Shelf was a narrow rock-ledge jutting over the water — a chin of rock, under which the throat fell away sheer to invisible depths. It was on the west wall of an ancient river-gorge, at this point two hundred feet wide. The gorge narrowed just above, where Salter's Run, the tributary, roared in over its cascades; below, it broadened out into the greatest diameter of the Reservoir. The whole body of water was an artificial creation, made from one valley brook caught and tamed; but it had been there ever since the decade of the Mexican War, making itself at home within its frame of rugged hills; and the dam at its southern end was two miles from the Shelf, and concealed from it by twin islands. All that was visible from Ronald Ronald's favorite haunt was in keeping with the gorge full of sluggish black water, the rugged cliffs at each side, the narrow footpath winding down to the Shelf, and the soft thunder of Salter's Run taking its final plunge. Only the local name, 'Seven Farms Reservoir,' existed

to remind the living that once, in an elder generation, engineering had inundated a whole little farming community, had blotted it out under a hundred feet of water, in order that the future generations of a great and growing city thirty miles nearer the sea might be assured of perennial clean water from the hills.

Of the detailed traditions of the Valley in which he spent his summers, young Ronald Ronald knew much less, and felt much more, than he might have done had he lived there the year round from his birth. His father, Jeremy Ronald, had been born there; but, growing up in the generation in which the country began to move cityward, he had broken the long regional habit of his ancestors by becoming a silversmith in the nearest large town, and his liking for his rural origins came out principally through the humdrum fisherman in him.

Also in the generation of Jeremy Ronald, the family had astoundingly evolved a professional genealogist and haunter of libraries — Eustace, a bachelor, the older brother of Jeremy, and the aforementioned uncle of Ronald.

These two brothers were drawn back to the old homestead often enough for it really to remain home to each of them. But they were drawn by very different considerations. Jeremy was simply a boy who would never grow up. He had performed the notable feat of establishing his place in the industrial life of the town eight miles away; but that exhausted his genius for innovation. He would always remain a supremely contented fisherman, hunter, and gatherer of nuts and berries in their seasons.

With Eustace it was different. When he accompanied Jeremy on fishing trips and rambles, it was in a sort of amused absent-mindedness. Even to Ronald it was evident that Eustace was always preoccupied with concerns that he never thought of broaching to the boy's father.

It was at the farmhouse, in talk with Elijah Ronald, the lad's grandfather, that Eustace seemed most alive. Even there, he listened much more than he talked. But it was evident that he considered Elijah's flow of anecdote and reminiscence good listening; whereas Jeremy, who talked not at all, was inclined to fall into the dozing attitude of one who thinks he has heard it all before.

Superficially, Ronald's attitude was that of his father. Long ago he had accepted unthinkingly the family attitude toward his grandfather, which was the attitude of sensible middle-aged folk, with pressing current interests, toward a garrulous old gentleman who had laughed over his own stories so often that he could certainly have told them in his sleep. Nevertheless, Ronald could not help feeling at times, in flashes, a veneration amounting to awe. His grandfather had the patriarchal beard and austere facial nobility of a major prophet. What Ronald glimpsed now and then, not quite realizing it himself, was the import of the way his Uncle Eustace hung on the old man's words — a circumstance which subtly tended to invest Elijah with the dignity of some great character in a play.

If Ronald had reached the age of self-analysis, he might have been aware that all his impressions of the region about Chiswick Valley were the resultant of an unusual triangular relationship which involved himself and his grandfather and (the boy's father, characteristically, a blank here) his Uncle Eustace. There was hardly a spot or building for miles, which was not, in the boy's consciousness, festooned with legend, humorous, sad, or grim; and the source of every one of these legends was his grandfather; and the cause of his

sensitiveness to them was his uncle. A thousand times since he had begun to spend all of every summer at his grandfather's a certain thing had happened, slight in itself, but so often repeated that it had become at once expected and momentous. It was only this: that, while Elijah was talking, and young Ronald lay sprawled on the grass or the old hair-cloth dining-room lounge or the littered shop-bench, the boy would suddenly become aware that his Uncle Eustace was looking at him in a strange way, with a peculiar fixed intentness of regard. It was a look droll, quizzical, inviting, reproving, wistful, and, in some undefined way, sad. Curiously, its effect on the boy was not to set him puzzling his wits about Eustace and what was going on in that eccentric gentleman's mind, but simply to accent and underline what his grandfather then happened to be saying. In those moments the persons, the very things, in Elijah's anecdotes came home to Ronald's mind with a strange sharp intensity, more real than anything in his daily life, and less resembling the casualness of ordinary impressions than the unearthly distinctness of dreams. In this way Ronald stored up a multitude of ineffaceable images of a past beyond living memories, just as (he once saw in a flash of intuition) Elijah himself had stored up in youth the vivid images he was now displaying — many of them from *his* grandfather and his grandfather's mother, who had died, an aged woman of nearly ninety, when he, Elijah, was in his nineteenth year, as Ronald now was.

In this three-cornered relationship Eustace might have appeared to an imaginative outsider as the embodied spirit and quintessence of the past, calling to youth to understand its own origins, to become sensitized and responsive to the dead-and-buried things that had made it. Or perhaps Eustace had reached that time of life at which a man regrets having no children to hand himself on to, and was simply groping for companionship with the boy. But certainly no such considerations touched the mind of Ronald — not even when he accidentally learned, from an overheard conversation between two maiden cousins of his father, that Eustace had once been in love with Ronald's own mother, and that he and Jeremy had been keen fraternal rivals. This fact merely seemed to him prettily pathetic and romantic. Applying one of the rigid canons of youth, he felt a mild approval of his uncle's never having married anyone else; and he was more than a little embarrassed when he reflected how near he had come, so to speak, to having Eustace for a father instead of Jeremy. But, so far, he was above everything a healthy-minded schoolboy, all of whose conscious life was absorbed in the affairs of his own lively young existence. Most of his awareness of his Uncle Eustace expressed itself in quickened appreciation of Grandfather Elijah, to whom Eustace was always deftly leading him.

There was one fact which, had Ronald ever had the chance to utilize it, might have cemented a remarkable comradeship between the man and the boy, even across the insulating gap of a generation. This was the fact that Eustace's most deliberate interest lay, and had for years lain, exactly where Ronald's own interest was constantly being drawn by the hint of submerged romanticism in his make-up — that is, at the bottom of the gorge below the Shelf, near the head of Seven Farms Reservoir. In the very moments when Ronald was thinking his elders rather stuffy because fishing meant to them only fish, one, at least, of them was mentally exploring the depths with an imagination not less keen than Ronald's own, and an infinitely better notion of

what to seek there and where to find it. A great deal of what he sought he had found in old bundles of family letters, legal documents, maps, records, manuscripts, two or three volumes of privately printed memoirs, and such tools of the genealogist's trade; and, by dint of tirelessly piecing together these and occasional illuminating scraps of Elijah Ronald's discourse, he was a long way toward having disinterred from under their seventy years' covering of waters the century and three quarters of his own ancestors' history that lay at the bottom of Lower Chiswick Valley.

This pageant of family history, almost a sealed book even to the genealogist's father, Eustace had often enough relived as he uncoiled it backward, generation by generation; and often, as he sat on the Shelf making suitable answers to the somewhat pointless remarks of his brother Jeremy, he was inwardly taking the part of one character after another in the lighted and costumed and always intensely romantic tragi-comedy of men and women, that had first been played above the very soil on which his baited hook now lay. But of all this his young nephew was to know nothing in time to make use of it. The two never, in the deep sense, found each other.

II

The summer of Ronald's nineteenth year broke the chain of the boy's vacations at his grandfather's farm above the Reservoir. A sudden project of entering the university a year earlier brought him against certain matters of quadratics and European history that had to be accounted for in short order; and he stuck faithfully with his books, living in a triangle between his own home and the rooms of two teachers. It was not until late afternoon of the first Saturday in September that he coasted his motor-cycle down the last long hill into Upper Chiswick Valley, and pulled down to dismount by the white well-house in the farmyard.

His grandmother was there weeding a flower-bed — a little lovable faded woman, who gave the effect of having been hopelessly drowned decades ago under the flood of her husband's loquacity. Ronald gave her a hug and a kiss and answered her invariable questions about his mother. And then, at the front door, appeared his grandfather with two empty pails, which he promptly set down on the well-curb in order to pump Ronald's hand.

'Well, now, my boy,' he said heartily — and then, noticing, 'What's the matter with the volcano?' This was his perennial joke about the newer modes of locomotion. He had summed up the motor-cycle when it was new by saying, 'Well, every man to his own notion; one man's meat is another's pizen, and some folks ain't all alike — but for my part, when I go to ride I dunno 's I care much about settin' a-straddle of a volcano.'

Ronald laughed. 'Oh, I just shut her off at the top of the hill,' he explained. 'Gas is up to thirteen cents now!' (This places *his* period with sufficient accuracy.) 'You 'll hear her erupt all right when I go back. Where 's dad and Uncle Eustace?'

Ronald gathered, from a circuitous explanation, that they had gone down to the Reservoir early, to see if they could not get a big pickerel or two before sunset, and that they meant then to collect a string of pout for breakfast and come back early. Laughing away his little grandmother's protests against his missing supper, he stalked off down the main Valley road to join the fishermen.

Half a mile on the sloping road, a turn at the little one-room brick-red schoolhouse, and another half-mile on a footpath through dusky woods, brought

him out at the edge of the cliff above the Shelf. At this high point he always stopped, breathless at the sudden expanse of water, and always held by a sense of living over some dim forgotten experience, half-remembered, perhaps, from a dream. The Reservoir lay under him like a sheet of gun-metal, burnished where the last glow of sunset touched its edge, dull elsewhere, and blue-black in the gorge below, where, on the Shelf, he could just make out the two expected figures.

After a little he scrambled on down the path, whistling.

'Well!' exclaimed his father, glancing up, 'here's the boy!'

'Good!' said Eustace, getting to his feet to shake hands warmly. 'And how's Ronald Square? Sit down, Ronald Square, and take over one of my poles, and tell me how goes the cramming.'

'And look at *that*,' put in Jeremy, signifying a spot behind his back. 'Four pounds and thirteen ounces, scaled. And settle down, you two: the pout are just beginning.'

Ronald exclaimed sufficiently over the big pickerel laid out on the rock; then he sat down between the others, helped himself to one of his uncle's two poles, and plunged into his account of preparations for college. The darkness grew; the talk fell off; Jeremy lighted the lantern. After a half-hour there was no sound among them except the occasional splash of a horn-pout drawn struggling from the water, and the thudding *flap-flap* of its tail as it lay gasping on the rock, waiting to be unhooked.

The stillness of the night was thick, almost palpable. The surface of the water lay unseen except where one of the lines, moving, started faint concentric rings; the great receding cliff at their backs was an ambiguous bulk, indefinitely remote. There grew upon Ronald slowly a queer illusion that the Shelf, with themselves on it, was swung floating through a misty blur of space, in a curious dreamy hinterland outside of time and dimensions and the solid earth. He felt nebulous, disembodied, strange to himself. 'Am I really I, or am I someone else, and if so who?' was the ancient and trite dilemma to which the silence and his own sensations had brought him.

Suddenly an exclamation from his father brought him back and jerked his attention upward to a lantern that was flickering down the crooked footpath. Now it disappeared as its bearer passed behind some huge rock; then it threw distorted and quivering masses of light upon the water, and cast the striding shadows of two legs on the face of the east wall opposite, like a gigantic pair of scissors opening and closing.

'Most probably old Gilbert,' said Jeremy matter-of-factly. 'Always was a night-owl.'

It was indeed Payne Gilbert, descending nimbly to them amid a rattle of dislodged stones, and looking, by the light of his own lantern, more than ever like an inconceivably aged child who had never been any different and never could be. His smooth straw-colored curls were innocence, and his dancing blue eyes were impishness. No one knew Payne's age. He laid claim to upward of a hundred, but that was neither here nor there, as Elijah said. Eustace, reckoning by things that Payne could vividly remember, gave him credit for close to ninety.

'How fi' ye? How fi' ye, Ronnie?' he cried, at sight of the unexpected third member of the group. 'Well, now, how be ye?'

Eustace saw with approval that Gilbert had an honest and hearty liking for the boy.

Ronald explained his summer as simply as he knew how. The old sailor

stared at him, with the stupefaction of one in whose universe the world of books has no orbit.

'Well, now, don't that beat the Dutch!' he exclaimed. 'I got all the lib'ry I ever expect to have right here' — And he rolled up a sleeve of his blue jumper to show, tattooed in blue India ink on his fibrous arm: 'Payne Gilbert, A.B., U.S.S. Halcyon, 1843,' surrounded by an intricacy of ropes and anchors. 'I c'n read it, 'n' I c'n write it,' he summed up with satisfaction. 'It was your father's grandfather larned me.' This to Eustace. For purposes of genealogical reminiscence, Jeremy hardly existed. 'None o' these here new-fangled *s*'s for *him!*'

'*Your* great-great-grandfather, Ronald,' supplied Eustace. 'That was Ephraim Ronald. You 've heard your grandfather tell how he made the oak water-wheel, and how it was still turning out grist a good twenty years after the iron one that old Sam Rudd put in at the same time was nothing but a mass of rusty junk. Ephraim was born in 1798. One odd fact is that he died in 1864, just about a year before his own mother did — and she was born in 1776. She, you see, was your great-great-great-grandmother — the one who had the pink lustre tea-set when she was a bride. Your grandfather, of course, remembers them both very well — but not his great-grandfather, her husband, because *he* died when your grandfather was only a baby.'

''Lije don't rec'lect his great-grandfather?' said Payne in astonishment. 'Why, it always appeared to me like 'Lije had a great power o' memory.' He seemed to imply that remembering a given thing was a feat of main strength — a sort of demonstration of virility. 'Well, *I* remember him right enough, and his father afore him.'

'Oh, come now, Payne!' said Eustace. 'You might well enough remember Sarah's husband, because he did n't die until 1850, when he was about seventy-four. But *his* father! why, he was only twenty-two when he was killed, and that was in 1777. To remember him, Payne, you 'd have to be in the neighborhood of a hundred and forty years old. I expect you 'll be remembering the assassination of Julius Cæsar next! — Ronald Ronald was that young man's name — like yours, Ronnie.'

'Now there you 're plumb wrong, Eustace,' cried Payne testily. 'I dunno nought about your Julia Cæsars, but I know about Joel Ronald's father right enough. His name was just plain John, and he lived to be a old, old man, close on to a hunderd, and died as peaceful in his armchair as airy mortal ever lasted on to second childhood. Tell ye another thing, Eustace: ye ain't come nigh on to doin' justice to that there old oak mill-wheel.'

There followed a genealogical dispute, full of the sound and fury characteristic of such discussions. Throughout it, Payne bristled with the scorn of a nonagenarian whose memory is aspersed by callow youths who cannot possibly know anything about it. Nevertheless, Ronald's paternal ancestry began for the first time to assume coherence in the boy's mind, at least in its main aspects. He did not realize that Eustace was keeping the discussion alive more to inform him than to convince the old sailor.

Ephraim, to whom Eustace had ascribed the old mill-wheel, was, he made out, his grandfather's grandfather. Ephraim's father had been Ronald Joel Ronald — he who had courted and married Sarah, the Baltimore lady of the pink lustre tea-set. What was now being interminably disputed was the paternity of this Ronald Joel Ronald. If Eustace's account were to be believed, Ronald Joel's father was a certain

youthful Ronald Ronald who had been killed in an accident in the period of the Revolutionary War. The 'plain John' whom Payne remembered from his boyhood had been the long-lived elder brother of this Ronald Ronald, and hence the uncle of Ronald Joel, who was, at the time of his father's death, a mere babe in arms. This uncle's name, moreover, had been not 'plain John' at all, but John Eustace. He it was who had brought up Ronald Joel, the child of his dead brother, young Ronald — whence Payne's idea that John Eustace had been Joel's own father. The argument went round and round in a treadmill, the disputants finding no item to agree on except the one salient romantic fact that John, or John Eustace, had fought for two years under Paul Jones.

III

At length Ronald's uncle delicately closed the issue by reintroducing the old mill-wheel.

The old sailor jumped at this bait. 'Did I onderstand ye to say,' he said, 'that Ephraim made that mill-wheel? Why, Ephraim no more made that wheel than I did. Ephraim *re*made it, and moved it up into the wheel-house where the new one is now — the one your dad's father had put in about the end of the war, in sixty-six or seven. But that fust wheel was not put in by no Ephraim, nor by Joel, nor yet by this here old John that ye call John Eustace — Joel's father that ye say was his uncle. It was put in by the own father o' this here old John, or John Eustace — and many 's the time I've heard tell of it from this same old John, just about the time Ephraim was a-rebuildin' of that wheel, when I was a young sprig the age o' Ronnie here.'

Ronald saw that his uncle was, at first, incredulous. At length Eustace said, 'I should like to think you 're right about all this, Payne — and I'm not going to say you 're not. The old gentleman was certainly a good hand at woodwork, for we know that he made the old pine case of the grandfather clock that stands in the corner by the fireplace. He bought the wooden works and the dial from a peddler, and made the case himself. And that — think of it! — was in 1748. Besides, he was something of an inventor, not to say a mechanical genius. But a wooden water-wheel that lasted — let me see — pretty nearly a hundred years and was still sound! How are we going to prove this, Payne?'

'Prove it!' snorted Payne. '*Prove* it!' Hain't I got one o' the floats from that there old wheel screwed up on to the wall o' my shanty, with the old hickory pegs still in it, one at each end, stickin' out for to hang your hat and coat on? Stop 'n' have a look at it on your way home, if what I 'm tellin' ye ain't good enough.'

Gilbert was not the first to cite the present existence of an object as conclusive proof of its antiquity. He spoke as if the ancient piece of wood were ready to shout its age and the name of its maker to the first inquirer.

Eustace, though, seemed not in the least disconcerted by this illogicality. 'We 'll do that, Payne, thank you,' he said. 'And if it was really made by the man you say — well, it 's just possible I may be able to prove it to my own satisfaction. The old man Payne means, Ronnie, was Abijah Ronald, the father of John Eustace and of the Ronald Ronald who was drowned; and he was your great-great-great-great-great- — five great's — grandfather.' Eustace ticked off the generations on his fingers as if they had been seconds.

'Yes, but, Uncle Eustace — '

'Go on, Ronnie.'

'I suppose I 'm rather mixed up

about all this family history — but there's one thing I can't make head or tail of, and that's the houses.'

'Yes — go on.'

'Well, I always supposed the family moved up the Valley into our house, grandfather's house, when the Reservoir came. But now you talk about someone long before that — Ephraim, was it? — who had a water-wheel right where grandfather's is now. And he must have lived in our house, then. What became of the old house, the one down here? and why did they leave it? Or did n't they? I suppose that 's a fool question, is n't it?'

'Indeed it is n't, my boy, not at all. Of course you would n't know. I 've spent several hundreds of hours myself, off and on, finding out things about it. It 's a rather romantic story, with a pretty enough little innocent romantic scandal bundled in with it, and some time I 'll show you all the documents — at least, all I've found. But the long and short of it is that, when your great-great-great — No, I won't do that any more, Ronnie; no wonder you make faces. Well, then, when that young Ronald Ronald was drowned in the well, — it was in 1777, and he was with the Colonial troops, only he came home on furlough, — he left his young wife with a nine-months-old baby, Ronald Joel, and a bedridden father-in-law, old Abijah, to take care of.

'She had been in a peck of trouble, that young woman, even before her husband's death. To begin with, there was not a single able-bodied man left in the Valley to work the fields, except one old Indian called Paskahegan. Then, in the summer of '77, there was an epidemic of typhoid fever, or something very like it. Finally, on top of that there was a water-famine by midsummer, with nothing left of Salter's Run except stagnant pools, and every well on the place gone dry except the Ronalds'. All this, you understand, was in the old house, right here in Devil's-Pate Valley (no, I don 't know where that old name came from), no great way from this very rock, out there toward the island.'

Payne ratified this with a nod.

'Well, this young woman, Martha Ronald, had been yoking up her ox-team every day and filling water-casks from her own well and driving clear round the Valley, stopping at every house to dole out the water. And she had spent all the rest of the time taking care of the sick as well as she could, and going with her baby to spend the night with the sickest ones. She had worked in the fields too, and brewed herbs, and prayed with the dying, and read the funeral service, and — actually — dug graves. For weeks she must have been on her feet more than twenty hours a day, doing the work of about a dozen men. The Valley was like a place under a curse that summer. The very ground burned and cracked at noonday; and yet, when night came, there was a thick, foul mist over everything, and of course mosquitoes swarmed out in clouds from the pools and the mud. There was hardly a healthy man, woman, child, or animal left. Yet through it all Martha Ronald kept herself going, and held the sickness away from her child and her father-in-law, and fed and nursed the whole Valley — and prayed for the strength to do more on top of that.

'And then, one night late in the summer, she saw a lantern coming down the cliff, — along this very path it must have been, — just as we saw yours tonight, Payne. It was her husband, young Ronald Ronald, coming home on furlough. He had been with Stark's forces up in Vermont, and they had just rounded up Baum and Breyman. Ronald had not been home since the late fall before. He had heard from an old neighbor who had come through the Valley that he was the father of a child,

born in December; but he had never seen that little son, Ronald Joel. That night he held the child in his arms for the first time. — I am piecing this together, you understand, from old letters — among them some very interesting ones written by Martha, years later.

'The next day Ronald was drowned in the well. I have never made out just how it happened; but they were evidently trying to clean the well, and a stone was dislodged somehow and fell on him, and he was either drowned or killed by the stone. Anyway, his body was in the well. And somehow or other that amazing young woman, Martha Ronald, together with old Paskahegan, got it out, and dug the grave for it in the family corner of the little community burial ground. And the next day she read the burial service again — for the last time but one, as it turned out.

'That night it set in to rain; and it rained for five nights and four days without stopping, until the Valley was threatened with a flood. The river was over its banks in places, and the wells filled, and a few of the higher patches of maize and rye began to look hopeful. And the sick people began to mend, — I suppose it was getting decent water again that did it, — and things seemed to be looking up.

'And then, one morning, Martha found old Abijah Ronald dead in his bed. He was an old man, nearly eighty, feeble and in his second childhood. He had not married until a time of life at which most of the Ronalds had grandchildren growing up. He it was who, according to Payne here, built the original water-mill. Maybe. Anyway, on this night, some time late in September, he died in his sleep. And Martha was left alone in the house, with her baby, and with no one to turn to except Paskahegan.

'It was just one thing more than she could bear. What with the work and her sorrow and all, she was probably near a collapse. And what she did was this: she sent Paskahegan on the craziest sort of wild-goose chase, to find and fetch home the one person she knew of to appeal to — her brother-in-law, Ronald's older brother, John Eustace.

'This, you see, was the "plain John" whom Payne remembers from his boyhood. He lived to be an ancient of ninety-two or -three. He long outlasted Martha, who was several years younger: she lived only till 1803, when she was less than sixty. From the Ronald point of view, this was dying in early youth.

'Now, the interesting fact here is that there had been some sort of love-affair between John Eustace and Martha before she was married to Ronald. It seems to have been about the time of the general call for troops, in the early summer of 1775, that he gave up all hope of winning her. She was married to Ronald only a few days later; and then he too hurried off to join Washington's men. Meanwhile, Eustace joined one of the first privateers that went out from New England, and from late seventy-five to early seventy-seven he was continuously with Paul Jones, under the old yellow flag with the coiled rattlesnake and the motto, "Don't tread on me." Probably all that Martha knew of Eustace was that he might be found somewhere in the Colonies' wreck of a navy.

'Well, that old Indian found him, exactly as if he had been an Indian out of a romantic story. He got to Portsmouth early in November. Paul Jones's Ranger had been expected to sail for Nantes weeks before, but had been held in port by one delay after another. In two or three days more she was actually off — but with no Eustace Ronald aboard, for Paskahegan had come on his man somewhere about the wharves of Portsmouth, and given him Martha's

letter if she sent one, as she probably did, and haled him away toward home. How he got away from the Ranger, goodness only knows: there has never been a record of furlough or discharge, and yet Eustace never came under any sort of cloud. Perhaps — '

'Perhaps nothin'!' interrupted Payne Gilbert, making Ronald jump as if a pistol had gone off at his ear. 'John Ronald had his hon'able discharge, writ in Paul Jones's own hand and signed with Paul Jones's own name. That I 've heard him say a hunderd times, if I have once.'

'Capital!' said Eustace. 'I'm glad you recall that, Payne, for I've never been able to find anything about it. And very reasonable, too, if Eustace presented his case frankly to his captain: for Paul Jones was not the man to see a lady refused anything she wanted — especially a young lady, in a romantic plight. Anyway, Eustace fought no more to the end of his days.

'Just here comes in the new house — our house — that you thought I was n't ever going to get to. Eustace came back to the Valley and took up his life with Martha and the child exactly as if he had been Ronald — so far as outward appearances went. That winter he was her good angel, and the whole Valley's. Eustace very soon saw that she would never be herself again in that place; it was too full of horrible suggestions and reminders. So with the spring of 1778 he began the new house that he had been planning in his head all winter; and before the next winter closed in, they moved up the Valley into it. That, of course, is your grandfather's house — the one your father and I were born in, and all the others, back through Ephraim. The old house simply went out of the family — to the Rudds, who had it until the Reservoir came.

'For the rest of Martha's life, Eustace tried off and on to get her to marry him, but always without success. I have their letters to each other, written during the years when he sat in the Legislature; and from the references in them it is easy to follow the queer relationship between the two. Everyone accepted it as the most natural thing in the world that he should come home to live with his brother's widow, after that ghastly summer, and in a time so troubled and abnormal anyway. But after things had settled down a bit, people began to remember that Eustace had once been head over heels in love with Martha, and there was a period when their status was regarded as — well, peculiar. Eustace, who, of course, was still in love with her, could not press his suit until she had somewhat recovered from the blow of Ronald's death; and by that time tongues were whispering and heads wagging, so that when he did finally propose marriage to her, she got it into her head that he was doing it out of pity and to save her from the gossip. Besides, she had come of a devout Established Church family, and she had more than a trace of the deceased-husband's-brother superstition.

'Anyway, the upshot of it was that they settled into a steadfast, year-in-and-year-out sort of domestic relation, exactly like that of a million married couples who have got past the hectic stage of romance and could not possibly imagine any other set of circumstances. They lived down the talk in the course of twenty years or so, and people came to take them on their own terms. It must have been pretty difficult to think any serious evil of those two, anyway! How the thing came out in the long run, you can see from Payne's idea that Eustace was the own father of Ronald Joel. People simply forgot, in time, that there had ever been anything unusual about the pair. Yet the time had been when Eustace thrashed an

itinerant preacher — this was at the Baptist meeting-house — for alluding in a prayer to "those two in our midst who are daily living in open sin."

'It may be worth adding that Eustace got one rather notable compensation out of Martha's refusal to consider marrying him. I mean his relation to the boy Joel, Ronald Ronald's son. There was something in that beyond common fatherhood. It's as if the fact that he had missed being Joel's father made him love the lad all the more. I don't mean that Eustace was sentimental about it, or even that he showed it much on the surface. For that matter, he was mostly dry and humorous. He was a good deal like father in some ways; and a man of some book-learning, too, though he did n't always choose to show it. He knew altogether more than his grand-nephew Ephraim, who taught you to read and write, Payne. — What now, Jerry?'

Jeremy, who had sat smoking and watching his pair of fishlines without a word, now deliberately drew in his poles. 'Pout quit half an hour ago,' he said. 'Moon comin' up, I should n't wonder.' He began collecting his traps. 'Got enough, anyway.'

'It 'll be a good while 'fore ye git any more off 'n *this* here platform,' said Payne. 'They was a-openin' of the gates down yonder when I come acrost the dam. Goin' to do some fixin' down to the base o' the dam. She 's a-runnin' out to beat the Dutch by now. That 's how come your fish to be gittin' narvous.'

Peering down over the edge of the Shelf, they could indeed see on the ledge, several inches above the present surface-level, a black wet streak, the high-water mark of some hours earlier.

In Ronald's Uncle Eustace this piece of chance information produced a visible preoccupation and excitement. In Ronald himself, it started a similar thrill, though he could hardly have said why, and, with the strange secretiveness of youth, he certainly meant to keep it to himself. By Eustace's recital of past events, he had been more completely taken possession of than he would have admitted even to himself — the immensity of darkness and silence round them, and the dreamy unreality of his own sensations, doubtless contributing something to the effect. The rim of the moon cut through the opposite sky-line of the gorge, diffusing a smoky red glow. Above, in the woods, a screech-owl began its everlasting plaint; against the undertone of the falls, it was like sound strained through a sieve. His mind kept churning over the odds and ends of his family's past, now for the first time directed upon his consciousness in one unbroken flow; churning away like the ancient mill-wheel which had perhaps been made by his — how many great's had Eustace said? — grandfather Abijah. He quite lost himself among the scattered items — and yet with an inexplicable sensation of groping for, almost finding, himself. The twentieth-century Ronald Ronald seemed to him, in this hour of sensibility, the least actual of actualities. He tried to imagine what he would have seemed like to one of the other two Ronald Ronalds, if they could have looked down upon him from their point of vantage; to Ronald Ronald who had been the victim of a tragic accident at twenty-two, just when he had come back to the arms of his young wife and the first glimpse of his child; or to Ronald Joel Ronald, who had never known, and therefore never known how to miss, his father.

Time presented itself to the boy as a sheer wall of centuries, near the top of which stood those others, looking down upon him at his lower level. Perhaps this was nothing more than a subconscious effect of his present physical

ascent of the cliff. However that may have been, on a sudden he himself seemed to be at the top, looking down at himself, as if in good earnest he *had* been one of those others. He could not in that instant have told you *who* he was. Again, in his abstraction, he was revolving the old dilemma, 'Am I truly myself, or am I some other?' He was not enough of a philosopher to surmise that perhaps every one of us is, in part, a congeries of unknown selves, some of them with their roots deep in the soil of historic generations, and all of them walled apart from each other by a solid masonry of the common human limitations — the limitations, notably, of mere human memory. He had only his vague sense of the wall, and that, perhaps, only because he was near one of those points at which the wall is thinnest or lowest. It was as if, by going on a little farther in the same direction, he could completely pierce it. There came a sharp tug of instinct for clinging tenaciously to his direction, going on and on through, resisting any possible diversion away from his present wistful and tantalizing sense of the past.

It was no diversion, but rather an energetic shove of propulsion along the same path, that Ronald received in the smoky lantern-light of old Gilbert's cabin, just off the main path in the woods above. There was no doubt, it seemed, about the authorship of the old oaken float from the mill-wheel, when Payne unscrewed it from the wall above his bunk and handed it silently over for inspection. This piece of the ancient overshot mill-wheel had originally been of Abijah's making, as certainly as if his signature were carved in the grain of its wood, with a date that would carry one back to a time earlier than the Peace of Paris. A word from Eustace, and in a twinkling the thing had grown a century older while Ronald stood there gazing at it.

The stout hickory pegs or spikes at each end were what told the story. These their maker had shaped out of the wood with a draw-shave, or perhaps a spoke-shave. In the blade of his tool some accident had once left a tiny semi-circular nick. Instead of tossing the instrument aside to be reground, he had shrewdly surmised that it would make better pegs as it was, and increase their holding power by leaving on the surface of each a multitude of fine, slightly rough parallel grooves. By this trivial accident he had found the easy and unexcelled way of making a peg hold as if it were literally of greater diameter than its socket; and thereafter he had saved the tool for that one use. That the draw-shave in question was indeed Abijah's, Eustace knew because the same nicked blade had left its signature on the pegs of the old pine clock-case in Elijah's kitchen. This case, once refastened by Eustace himself where it had warped, was certainly known to have been made by Abijah. On the pegs of the float, where they had been tightly imbedded in the frame of the great wheel and shielded from the action of the water and of time, the same tiny grooves and ridges were unmistakable. There they were, a sort of sign-manual of the whole unique old Yankee tradition of workmanship — the workmanship that had astonishingly known how to exact from the imperfection of the blind tools a crowning individual perfection of success for each thing made with them.

IV

Wakeful in his bed at the farmhouse that night, Ronald Ronald remained for hour after hour a being strange to himself, if by 'himself' one should happen to mean a certain twentieth-century Yankee schoolboy who whizzed about on a motor-cycle at demented

and forbidden speeds, and masked all the more serious parts of himself under a protective coloring of slang. He was in the path of an imminent landslide of things that only yesterday had been tombed in oblivion.

He was, in the most literal sense, not himself. He seemed to be nobody in particular — just a suspended consciousness played upon forcibly by a jet of other men's memories, sensations, experiences, hopes, regrets, and whirled round and round in them, churning them into a spray of images. Once he was his ancient ancestor Abijah Ronald, opening the wheel-house gate for the first time upon the floats of the new and untried mill-wheel. His heart tightened within him like a tuned string as, with a ponderous and mighty deliberation, the wheel began to revolve. It picked up speed and momentum, threw off a suggestion of incalculable power; and as he stood listening to its slow, musical *clink-clink'*, *clink-clink'*, the deep chuckle of a gigantic throat, he felt himself at a summit of achievement, of creation, such as few lives scale.

Again, he was Eustace, the brother of the first Ronald Ronald, busily absorbed in the finishing details of a house he had built. For whom had he built that house? Oh, yes: for Martha, of course, and her child Joel, his dead brother's child. He must not forget a place for the tall clock; and in his mind he planned the box-like inset in the low-studded kitchen ceiling. That would be better than the bare square hole that his father Abijah had cut in the ceiling of the old house, for the cornice of the clock's hood to stick through. Why had the old gentleman made that clock-case so tall, anyway? Straight came the answer from somewhere inside him, as if he had merely forgotten it: why, Abijah had had to allow at least that much fall for the weights, or the unwieldy old colossus of a timepiece would not have room to run itself through the twenty-four hours.

And so on, interminably. While these images, the blown spindrift of the past, were beating upon the consciousness of Ronald, he was acutely aware of his sleeplessness: yet later, when he came to himself and saw that the sky was graying into pearl, he felt as if reality had thrust itself irritatingly into the midst of dreams that wanted to go on and on to some proper *finis*.

He got up, dressed himself rapidly, and tiptoed down the narrow stairs, carrying his shoes and stepping over the boards that creaked. From the hall, with its almost unused front door, he passed through the great living-room and into the kitchen.

Something strange in the silence there arrested him. It was like an empty ringing in his head. For a second, he thought that his grandfather had inexplicably forgotten to wind the great clock, and that it had stopped in the night. He had the distinct thought that he must wind and start the clock, and was even wondering whether he could do it without too great a clacking of the old wooden machinery. Then the illusion passed: the venerable timepiece ticked stolidly away as ever, beating off the seconds in the hush of the sleeping house. Ronald passed on through the back room into the wood-house, put on his shoes, and let himself out at the barn door.

Under the lustreless gray sky he set off down the road toward the Reservoir. Once he noticed, in the dimness, the strips of grass and weeds on each side of the horse-path, and the ghostly wayside bushes that encroached in places on the wagon-ruts. He kept suffering the illusion that the road was completely overgrown and lost just ahead; but when he came to the spot, it was always the old familiar way. It was as if two faint photographs of different roads were

superposed on the same film. His attention was behaving oddly. The proof was that he felt aware of no oddness.

At the schoolhouse he struck off as before into the woods, running surefootedly until he came out in the little clearing at the edge of the cliff above the shelf. Again, as he looked out over the Valley, he had that queer sense of having been there before in exactly the same circumstances; having been there *this very time* before, so to speak, as if he had really gone there but once long ago, and thereafter repeated the moment of arrival in recurring cycles, as one seems to do in a dream. For an instant he had the impression that the Reservoir had been drained dry over-night. He looked out into a landscape of misty low-lying meadows instead of a lake. The leaves round him whispered in a cool breath from the east wall opposite. At the same instant it crossed his mind that the dull light was, inexplicably, that of evening twilight rather than of dawn. He brushed a cold hand across his eyes. Silly, of course: there under the thin covering of mist lay the surface of the water, looking like tarnished silver in the early light. It was the reflection of the mist in the water, which had created the illusion of a dry valley blurred with fog. Nevertheless, another unaccountable thread wove itself into the pattern of his thought, taking form in the definite question, 'Where's the pony?' Well, sometimes there *was* a pony — one that blundered up through the woods and bushes from a pasture farther down the Reservoir. So this too was all right. He went along down the path, saying over and over to himself that it was all right.

Arrived on the Shelf, he looked over the edge to see how far the water had fallen during the night. Five feet, he estimated. The smooth roar of Salter's Run, entering above, was intensified by the increased depth of its fall. He wondered idly whether, to do the proposed work on the dam, they would have to lower the water enough to uncover the floor of the gorge.

It was then that, with a sudden obviousness, the idea struck him. He must, by his own unaided efforts, reach that floor, while it was still wrapped in its aqueous and romantic gloom, and before they had laid it prosaically bare to the inquisitive sunlight. He stripped off his clothes and pushed them in a neat bundle to the innermost crevice of the little cave. A moment later he was poised on the edge, his whole body one pæan of exultation as he thought that now, at last, he was almost certain to reach his goal. An instant he stood there, swaying lithely on his toes. Then, aiming at a far point to escape any possible projection of the wall below, he flung himself outward and down.

Why could n't he see anything? Water roiled. A cold layer, unexpectedly. Must n't shiver: body rigid, like an arrow. Strong current: was he being carried downstream? Oh, yes: they were drawing off the water, and that would make a current. Could he reach it? Brrr! icy. Next time, perhaps.

At the bottommost point of his dive, and while his body was still vertical and taut, he brought his hands to his thighs in one powerful and sweeping stroke, at the same time kicking with his feet. Am I there? *Crash!* What is that? Pain, stinging pain. Head. — Time to turn. Why don't I turn? No, keep on! keep on, same direction. Must get through. Through *what*? Who am I? Ronald. Who screamed 'Ronald!' in that terrible voice? — Can't move. Wedged in, somehow. Funny! — Who wants to move, anyway? And who the deuce am I?

He strained his eyes toward something. Was it light, or was it such a hideous depth and eternity of blackness as his eyes had never looked into?

Light! A blinding white light flashed upon him, as if some window in his brain had opened and closed like the shutter of a camera.

There was something that he must beat his way through until he came out clear beyond. He wished he understood what it was that he must beat his way through, what it was that lay waiting for him beyond.

(*To be concluded*)

WRITTEN, BUT NEVER SENT

I. TO A RICH RELATIVE

My dear Cousin, —

You are very kind. You are noble. There is a beauty in your devotion to duty, in your power of self-dedication, which brings tears to my soul and joy to my heart. If I could take gifts of money from anyone gladly, it would be from you. I do take the money, but I am hurt when I take it. Nevertheless, I know that you would be hurt more if I did not take it. So I do not refuse.

You think I take it gladly because I need it, though you know I take it reluctantly because I am proud. You think I am really thankful to piece out our scanty income this way, and to save the family from indigence or overwork. Yes, I am thankful. Of course, it does ease things to have an addition of twenty per cent to one's income once or twice a year. Five hundred dollars is not much to you, but it is undeniably much to us. Nevertheless, we should get along and be happy, and the children would become liberally educated ladies and gentlemen, even if you did not help us.

I accept the money because there is no really good reason why I should be too proud to take it and the pleasures it brings; because there is no really good reason why you should not part with it; and because the cordiality between us would vanish if I did not take it. You would be hurt, deeply hurt.

But I am deeply hurt in taking it, because I know you believe that it is my husband's inadequacy which makes his income so small. You believe that the reason his whole profession is so poorly paid is because the job does not require first-rate ability. You believe exceptional capacity commands high prices. You believe that rarity makes value. When, as so often happens, one of his profession goes into a lucrative occupation and gets rich, you believe this is because 'he was too good for his former job; it could not hold him; it was not a man's job.' The men who stay in the profession are to your mind weak brothers, and not fit for anything better.

But, inside the profession, we know that those 'successful' men are usually men who were not good enough for their job among us, or, more rarely, men whose ability was recognized in the profession but was not at all exceptional — plenty of others here could have done as well if they too had changed

their work. Plenty do change and make good, every year. But the best ones almost all stay — because it is a profession where a man can live up to his conscience and not blink contradictions. And also because it is a profession which looks to the future, deals with the invisible, and taxes a man's whole intelligence.

My own husband, for instance, would have made a capital lawyer (as he was advised upon graduation from college). But there are too many 'fictions' in the law and too much outworn precedent to be followed. The integrity and clarity of his mind made that profession impossible to him; yet fortunes are made in the law.

He would have made a good politician. His keen practical sense, his constructive imagination, his intelligence in government, finance, and sociology, and his wide outlook would have fitted him well for that. He impressed men, too, and has a power of command. But he hates a lie, he hates a subterfuge, and he hates self-interest. He hates a weakening compromise and he looks for perfect results. Yet fortunes are made in politics.

He would have made a highly successful business man. You smile; you 'know better.' Yet he is always made treasurer or chairman of the finance committee wherever he works; and he has financed our family affairs so that always we could have gone on without your aid. He has given his children every advantage in *kind* that your children have had — besides a good many which yours have gone without. Our children have had everything that is worth while except gardening and horseback riding; and by going to a farm some summer, we can give them those. He is resourceful, imaginative, quick to think in figures, clever at finance, determined, and tireless. He would have made an exceptionally able business man, only — he has a clear intelligence, an over-powering sense of justice, and an unquenchable reforming spirit. The absurdities, inequalities, clumsiness, crudities, and ridiculous guesswork of business would have been unendurable to him. Yet fortunes are made in business.

In one other occupation he would have been preëminent — burglary. His ingenuity, his daring, his caution and wariness, his practical sense, his constructive imagination, his suspiciousness, his power over men, his quick accuracy in action, would have made him a superlative crook. But — his conscience, and his kind heart — alas! — Yet fortunes are made in burglary.

So having, besides all the qualities which I have mentioned, a clear talent for his own profession, he adopted that and has stuck to it, because there he need never offend his conscience or silence his kind heart. Nor need he hoodwink his observation or blinder his intelligence.

As for you, you silently despise him, because you believe that his not earning much proves that he is of mediocre capacity as a mind and as a man. Very nearly every rich man looks upon a man who has not made money as having made a failure — unless he has gained fame. Even then, the moneyed man doubts the claims of a fame which has not received financial recognition. Very nearly every famous man, however, sees life otherwise. He usually rates an intelligent obscure man at least as highly as he rates himself, and he knows that money is no measure of worth. The famous man seems to look upon his fame more or less as a matter of accident; but every moneyed man tends to believe his own money to be a proof of his own superiority. This may be because fame has always been gained by some past achievement, and the famous one does not feel certain of

his ability to maintain fame by further successes. He has to earn his reward as he goes along. But money is present power, and much money is almost sure evidence of future increase of that power. This gives the moneyed man assurance, while the famous man is modest. The trouble is, you do not realize that *money* is made merely by providing successfully for people's immediate obvious needs. What people think they must have right off, they will pay for. And if you are able to provide it quicker or better than other men, they will pay you high for it. They will not pay high for future benefits or for any other benefit which is invisible.

If you were accustomed to wide ranges of thought, and to observing the large motions of mankind in history; if you were a comprehensive thinker by habit, you would have noticed that from my husband's profession and its cognates have sprung all the ideas which have later led to the progress of mankind. But men do not pay high for the production of ideas which may benefit posterity.

And so, what a man is paid for his work is no measure of his real worth to the world, and no measure of the rarity of his intellect or of his virility. What is uncommon and out of the fashion is not in much demand. No one demands very eagerly to be benefited in ways which he cannot fully understand.

If you were accustomed to wide areas of thought, instead of courteously sitting opposite each other and trying each to get through the evening without being rude (to the other), you and my husband would spend long hours in productive conference. Your virility, your sincerity, your incisive mind, and your experience in a field different from his, would meet his virility, sincerity, incisiveness, and separate experience in delighted exploration of causes and planning for results.

But, your education stopped short just where you most needed it. You never were led out into the open fields of imagination and larger sympathy where he lives all the time. So you despise him, and he is hopelessly baffled by your unspoken scorn and your incomprehension. Your splendid mind is but half used, and he does not know where to meet you.

You have not exactly blindered your intelligence or offended your conscience, because your intelligence was never given scope enough in your youth. You had the power, but not the training, to be wise. Your mind sees only straight ahead. But you have hoodwinked your observation and silenced your kind heart, and you are well aware of that yourself, now that the excitement of rivalry is over, and old age is creeping upon you.

You are naturally very kind; you are truly noble in your steady self-sacrifices; your devotion to duty as you see it, is beautiful. I accept your money because I love and admire you; but I do wish you had intelligence, conscience, and observation sufficient to make you love and admire my husband.

My dear cousin, it is one of the saddest places in our family life, this failure to 'connect' with you. But it would be worse if we broke the bond completely. I could not bear to refuse your money. If only you knew how we admire and honor and love you — if only you could see our worth as plainly as we see yours!

Ever with devotion and despair,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE KINSWOMAN.

P.S. If only I could send this letter! But you would not believe it. You would not understand; you would be hurt; and we should just be further apart than before.

II. TO A VERY RICH NEIGHBOR

My dear Mr. Aristos, —

Since you moved into this neighborhood and bought a thousand acres of land, we have lived within five hundred feet of one another for seven years. Your lady and I exchange calls and have long pleasant chats. Our children lunch together at each other's houses; we accept each other's invitations to dinner, and I think we all four enjoy these occasions. The boys and girls exchange proffers of outdoor sports to be enjoyed together; though yours seldom accept because they are too busy with lessons, and so ours are sparing of their own acceptances.

Certain privileges of wood and water which we enjoyed before you created your estate, we continue to enjoy with your courteous encouragement and apparently to your entire satisfaction. You also offer to sell us vegetables at low rates, or to give us kindling from the enormous piles of packing-boxes which accumulate in your back premises from time to time; and you do various other little acts, trying to help make life agreeable for us.

When we asked you to sell us a parcel of land — sixty by seventy feet — which we had not been able to secure from the former owner, in order to complete our precious three acres, you offered us the free use of that bit 'just as if it were ours, without payment,' saying that you disliked ever to part with any land.

When we heard you were coming near us, we were troubled, for we feared the close neighborhood of elaborateness and formality and pride. We were afraid our children might have to learn that there is arrogance even in America. But not so. You are simple. You are kind. You have been in every way a good neighbor, a remarkably good neighbor.

It is curious that, after seven years of such perfectly friendly intercourse, we are not friends. We know a great deal more about each other than we did in the beginning; but we do not really know each other any better at all. This is the more odd, because we have so many points of agreement in matters which make the most difference between folks. A sense of duty is the leading emotion in your lives as well as in ours. You are sincere; you, too, are interested in social betterment, in religious enlargement, and in educational improvement; you like the same sports. We all four enjoy the same magazines (the *Atlantic* being the sole reading of any one of us sometimes for weeks), and we admire the same public men. Your land is just like ours, only there is more of it. Your house has the same appointments as ours, only there are more of them and they are finer. We all wear the same kind of clothes, only you have more of them. Each couple loves its own children more than anything else except, of course, each other. We all admire and cultivate the same kind of manners; we even enjoy the same kind of jokes. What more is necessary to make people friends?

And yet, we are not friends. As I see it, the explanation is *your money*, — your extra money, — not the money you spend, but the money you have not spent.

We are so afraid that you will think we are after it, that we dare not talk freely on any of the subjects which interest us most deeply — because those subjects are all *objects;* and *objects* always need money. You are so redundantly rich! Whatever one of our dreams we might begin to be eloquent about, we could not long conceal the fact that it was still but a little way toward fulfilment — for lack of money.

In short, whatever we said, we should consciously fear that we sounded like beggars. And beggars, satellites, or dependents, we will not be. We have a fixed determination not to ask money for any of our projects from people who are not already eager to give.

And on your side, we are utterly at a loss to know how you feel. We have an impression that we do not seem to you of the slightest importance. Your refusing to sell the strip of land to us seemed to us equivalent to saying, 'We do not care to make you at home near us. We think of you as of birds who have nested close by. We treat you with consideration, and we watch you with interest, but we shall not care when you flit, leaving the nest empty and ourselves more free to range at pleasure beneath your trees.'

Nothing you ever say or do seems to prove anything different. There is, indeed, a possibility that you are as diffident as we. Perhaps you like us as fully as we like you, but are afraid that we do not find you interesting. But no! A rich man practically always looks upon a man who has not made money as a failure, unless he has gained fame. Even then, he inclines to doubt the value of a fame which cannot gain financial recognition. As a matter of fact, are you not all the while silently on the watch to avoid encroachments from us, and to elude possible openings for favors to be asked? Are you not all the time on guard against our becoming beggars, satellites, or dependents?

And so it goes: we take the privileges of wood and water, because we believe that in a. properly conducted state those opportunities would be ours of public right. We do not take other favors which you offer, because we believe that in a properly conducted state those things would still be matters of private right, and we have no special claim upon you. We have not the claim of friendship, which is the only basis upon which one can accept private favors. In a friendship the mutual exchange of invisible benefits is so great, so constant, and so valuable, that tangible benefits are given and received without consideration of money value, simply as outward expressions of that inner interchange.

Do you remember that, several years ago, after we had once or twice invited your boys to go sailing or snowshoeing with us, you offered to employ my husband to take charge of their sports all the time? So it goes. You look upon us as a duty, and as a possible convenience, but never, it seems to us, as possible friends. We are sorry, for we like you candidly, and you are our nearest neighbors. Very cordially,

YOUR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR.

P.S. I cannot send you this letter, because you might think it sheer impudence; or, if you did not, any efforts which you made thereafter to become friends would seem to us to spring from your all-pervasive sense of duty, and we should give them a cold reception as being favors which we had asked for. We will not be beggars.

A JAVANESE WEDDING[1]

MORE LETTERS FROM JAVA

BY RADEN ADJENG KARTINI

WHEN I received your letter, we were about to go to a wedding. It is not customary for young girls to go to weddings and sit among the wedding guests, but Mamma graciously gave us her consent. If the bride's mother, an old friend of ours, had not pressed us to 'honor her' with our presence at the great feast, we would gladly have stayed away. Before we started from our house, we saw the retinue of the bridegroom going toward the mosque; there was a downpour of rain, and the carriage in which the bridegroom sat was closed, as were the other carriages which followed it. Gold-striped banners were streaming over the *aloen-aloen*. It was a melancholy-looking train; we were depressed by it. Indeed, it made us think of a funeral procession. When we came to the home of the bride, we found her sitting in front of the *kwada* [an article of furniture with three doors in front] waiting for the bridegroom. Father went with us, too.

We sat on the ground close by the door; the eldest between the two little sisters. Incense and the perfume of flowers filled the room. *Gamelan* music, and the soft buzzing of voices reached us from outside. The gamelan broke into a song of welcome: the bridegroom was coming.

Two women seized the bride by the arms, lifted her up, and led her to meet the bridegroom, who was also being led toward her by two persons. After a few steps, they are opposite each other, and bride and bridegroom give, each one to the other, a rolled-up *sirih*[2] leaf. A few steps nearer and both sink to the ground. The bride prostrates herself on her knees before him, as a symbol of her subjection to the man. Flat before him, she makes a respectful *sembah*, and humbly kisses his foot! Again, a submissive sembah, and both rise and go hand in hand and seat themselves under the canopy.

'Joe, Joe,' whispered Kleintje to me with dancing eyes and a roguish twist to her mouth. '*Hè!* I should go wild, if I could only see a bridal pair come smiling to meet each other and hand the sirih leaf with eyes sparkling with joy. Of course, that would have to be among the younger generation — a bridal pair who had known each other beforehand. Would not that be fine — eh, Joe? Will it ever happen? I should go crazy with delight, if I could ever see it.'

'It will come,' I said mechanically, and smiled; but in that room, I felt as if my heart were being pierced with a dagger; and there at my side, with face beaming and dancing eyes, sat my sister.

I thought to myself that, if I did

[1] Translated from the original Dutch by AGNES LOUISE SYMMERS.

[2] A kind of paste which is eaten by the Javanese women. At weddings bride and bridegroom present it to each other in a golden leaf. — THE TRANSLATOR.

something terrible, which would call down universal scorn upon my head; if everyone passed me by, and I were showered with insults, would father and would mother turn away from me? No, they would not. I should still be their child, and have a place in their hearts. All the time we were sitting quietly here in our room, sewing on Kleintje's clothes. She will have nothing that a strange hand has touched. We must do everything for her ourselves. The door opened a little way, and father came from behind it to stroke the rebellious head that surged with so many unruly thoughts.

After four weeks, sister will be with us no longer. 'You will all miss me very much; I know it,' she said. 'In everything, always we three have been together.'

Forgive me for having taken so long to write. After the departure of our darling, our heart and soul sister, I could not write.

Sister went from here to her new home on the thirty-first of January. You know how we three have always clung together, and that she has been our darling, because she is not strong, and has always needed our care. Before her marriage, we thought so much about the coming separation; but when the blow fell, we felt nothing. We were so dismally calm, we were incapable of thought. We saw her go, with dry eyes.

Annie Glazer, our companion, who came on a visit, reminded us so much of sister. One evening she played on the piano the pieces that sister had loved most. And under the spell of her music the ice-crust melted from our hearts. But with the warmth the pain too came back. 'Thank God, that we could feel again. Thank God, thank God!' we said, in spite of the pain. For those who cannot feel pain are not capable, either, of feeling joy.

She has gone far away from us, and we cannot realize that she will be with us no more — our Kleintje, our own little girl. We see her in everything, she is with us always, only we cannot prattle aloud to her as formerly. We can only do that in our thoughts. It is still so strange to us that we must take a pen and paper to tell her something or other.

There is a young man with a very clever head, and at the same time of high position, who does not know us personally, but who has much sympathy for our struggle, and takes as much interest in it as if he were our own brother. We correspond with him and, later, he is coming himself to make the acquaintance of his sisters. He is so different from all the other men that we know. I read once that the greatest thing in the world was a noble man's heart. I understand now, truly a noble man's heart is the most priceless thing in the world; it is so rare. We are happy because we have found such an one.

Sister Roekmini thinks of you often and has such a high opinion of you. She is a fine child, so good, so faithful. You would like her, I know, if you could meet her; but you do know her already through me, do you not?

When I was sick, I tried to make her write to you, but she would not because it might make you uneasy. When she was with me, and I was so very sick, I thought to myself it was very discouraging. Here is someone who glows with enthusiasm for a noble cause; who longs to be strong and brave, to overcome mountains, and see! now she lies helpless, powerless. If someone picked her up and threw her into a well, she could make no resistance because she would be wholly defenseless.

Of the wedding here, I shall only say that sister was a lovely bride.

She was married in *wajang* costume

and looked beautiful. In the evening, at the reception, she looked like a fairy princess from the *Thousand and One Nights*. She had on a golden crown, with a veil hanging down behind. It was a new idea, but I have no doubt that it will be imitated.

Resident Sijthoff was much interested in seeing sister for the last time as a young girl. He stayed through everything. He would have liked to press her hand in farewell, but that might not be. He could only greet her with his eyes.

As though carved in stone, she sat straight as an arrow, before the glittering golden canopy. Her head was held proudly high, and her eyes were looking straight ahead as though staring at the future that was so soon to be unraveled before her. There were none of the usual tears, but even strangers were affected. Only she and her two sisters were calm. Our emotions had been lulled to sleep by the gamelan music, by incense, and the perfume of flowers.

We talked to the Resident of our plans that very evening. Imagine our speaking at the end of a crowded feast about a cause which is so earnest and so sacred; but it was our only opportunity to talk to him alone, and we had to make the most of it. Alone! all around us there were people, and still more people. Surrounded by evergreens and flowers, with a shimmer of silk, and the glitter of gold and jewels before our eyes, amid the buzzing of a thousand voices, in a very sea of light, we sat there at midnight, with champagne glasses in our hands, to speak of grave matters.

We were afraid that he would laugh at us or at least think us 'silly.' But we did not let him frighten us. He talked first with me, and then with Roekmini, separately, to make sure that our ideas were our own and not borrowed from each other. Several times he left us rather abruptly, but each time he would come back to resume the conversation.

If we could go to Holland to study, would it be best for us to go or to stay here? What do you and your husband think? Will you give us an answer? You are not able to see my face as I write this, so I must tell you that I ask it from my heart, and expect you to answer me from yours.

I have still another request to make of you, an important one: when you see your friend, Dr. Snouck Hurgronje, ask him if, among the Mohammedans, there are laws of majority, as among you. Or should I write myself to his Excellency for enlightenment? There are some things I should be so glad to know about the rights and duties, or, better still, the laws concerning the Mohammedan wife and daughter. How strange for me to ask! It makes me ashamed that we do not know ourselves. We know so bitterly little.

The influence of blood cannot be denied. I attach a certain value to the descent of everyone around me, and I have an idea that I shall be blessed by the ancestors of those persons whom I love and honor.

I have already written you about my sister in a former letter. It is such a great loss, we miss our heart and soul sister all the time. Happily we have already had encouraging letters from her. She is such a dear, noble child. She is worth more than the other two of us put together.

Sister can do much for our cause if she can arouse the interest of the wives of the native officials. You know already, from the marriage announcement that was sent you, that her husband is Patih; that is one of the highest ranks in our native official world; besides, our brother-in-law is heir to a throne. When his father ceases to reign, he will, of course, succeed him. As the

wife of a regent, sister will be able to do a great deal for the education of women, much more than we shall ever be able to accomplish. We have great hopes that her husband will support her; at least, he was much in favor of the plans of the Heer Abendanon.

He is devoted to his little wife, has a cheerful, energetic disposition and sympathetic heart. He maintains a whole multitude of poor families; that is pleasant, do you not think so? But many Javanese do that; they have much consideration for their poor neighbors.

You are right. The separation from sister has been a great grief to us, we have been together so long, and so intimately. People were not wrong when they said that we three had grown to be one in thought and in feeling. We cannot realize that sister has really left us; the idea that she has gone away never to return is unbearable. We try to imagine that she is only away on a visit, and will be back some day.

We miss our Kleintje very much. But happiness will not stand still; this will not be the only hard parting, we know that; many others await us in the future.

> It is wise from time to time,
> When a tender strong bond,
> Binds and caresses the poor heart,
> To tear it asunder with our own hands,

says Genestet. But it is easier said than done. Do you not find it so? We receive encouraging letters from little sister. She is happy and pleased with her surroundings. That makes us so thankful; her happiness is our happiness. And now I shall try and tell you something of her wedding.

A native marriage entails a heavy burden upon the family of the bride. Days and weeks beforehand, the preparations for the solemnity are begun. Sister's wedding was celebrated very quietly on account of a death in the family. You must know that Kleintje is married to her own cousin. His mother is father's sister. He was here with us long ago, but then she was only a schoolgirl and no one thought of an engagement; though it has happened that children have been affianced and married, and later, when both were full grown, the marriage would be celebrated over again.

The acquaintance of sister and her husband was renewed when the Governor General was at Samarang. It is not customary among us for young girls ever to leave the house until they follow a strange bridegroom; but as I have already told you, we have broken with many traditions, and can do what others cannot, on account of the unusual freedom of our bringing up; and now we are working to break tradition still further.

No Javanese girl must be seen before her marriage; she must remain in the background, usually in her own chamber; and in December we were at Samarang with sister, and she went openly into the shops to buy some things she wanted, herself.

A Javanese girl receives no good wishes upon her engagement; the subject is not mentioned before her; still less does she mention it herself. She acts just as if she knew nothing of it. I should have liked to read the hearts of our fellow countrywomen when they heard sister speak openly and freely of her coming marriage.

A day or two before the wedding, we commemorated our dead. That is our custom: in the midst of joy we always invoke the memory of our dead. There was a sacrificial meal, during which their blessing was asked for the offspring of the coming nuptials.

This takes place in the bride's family. My brother-in-law and his family came on the day before the wedding. The first thing that a European bridegroom would do on arriving at the home of his

bride would be to go to her. But among us that would be out of the question. The bridegroom must not see his bride until the knot is tied. Even his family must not see her.

On the day of the wedding, the bride was bathed in a bath of flowers, and after that she was taken in hand by the *toekang paès*, a woman whose business is the dressing of brides. The bride takes her seat on a cloth that is especially prepared for the occasion: it consists of *katoentjes* and *zidjes*, enough for a *kabaja*, joined together. This is the property of the toekang paès. At her side are placed sweetmeats, besides sirih, pinang nuts, bananas, a jug of water, a roasted hen, a live hen, and a burning night candle. Incense is burned and the toekang paès cuts the fine hair from the bride's neck and face; the hair on the forehead is cut, too; even the hair over the ears. And the eyebrows are shaved off with a razor. One can always tell a newly married woman, by the shorn hair across the forehead and ears and by the shaved eyebrows.

At about one o'clock in the day, the toilet of the bride begins. The forehead is covered with a soft salve, even to the ears, while the hair is dressed in the form of a cap, and ornamented with flowers.

On the headdress are seven jewels, fastened upon spirals, which are constantly waving up and down.

A gold embroidered *kain*, and a kabaja of silver gauze, with the usual jeweled ornaments, such as brooches, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and sleeve-buttons, completed her toilet.

In Java, young girls must not wear flowers in the hair; only married women do that; one often sees very old women going around with flowers in their hair.

The evening before the wedding is called *widodarenni* — *widodari* means angel, heavenly being. On the last evening of her maidenhood, the girl on the threshold of matrimony is compared to such a heavenly being, and the occasion is celebrated.

A handsome carved kwada, covered with gold figures on a purple ground, was in the great hall at the back of the *kaboepatin* [the dwelling-place of a regent]. All tables, chairs, and benches were removed from that apartment, and the floors were covered with a great *alcatief*.

On both sides of the kwada, which was draped and ornamented with flowers, stood two large copper vases, filled with young cocoanut leaves and flowers. These vases are called *kembang majang*, and must not be broken at a wedding.

At about half-past seven in the evening, when all of the women guests had assembled in the kwada-hall and were ranged on the ground in two rows, one on each side of the kwada, sister came in, led by the hand of our married sister and our sister-in-law, and followed by a woman who carried her *sirihdoos*[1] and *kwispeldoor*.[2] Sister sat down in the middle of the room, near her family and the most prominent guests. The sirihdoos and the kwispeldoor were placed next to her only as a matter of form, for Kleintje eats no sirih; behind her, a little girl waved a *koelte* [fan].

Sister sat with crossed legs before the shining gold kwada, motionless as an image of Buddha, between the gravely dressed, solemn-looking wives of the native dignitaries, equal in rank to her husband. Tea and cakes were served; everyone took a cup of tea and several kinds of small pastries. The bride and the most distinguished guests each had an individual tea-service, and a tray of

[1] The box to hold the sirih paste.

[2] A spitting-box; for it is necessary to spit after chewing sirih. These boxes are often of gold or tortoise-shell, and beautifully ornamented. They are placed by a Javanese lady on all formal as well as informal occasions. — THE TRANSLATOR.

pastries. It was as if a whole carpet of pastries were spread out before the guests, here and there broken by sirih-doozen and kwispeldoors of gold and tortoise-shell, of wood, or of silver. The company was composed entirely of married women. We unmarried ones were not there.

You have certainly heard that among the Javanese it is a great misfortune for a woman to remain unmarried. It is a disgrace as well. Not so long ago, in enlightened Europe it was looked upon in the same way; is not that true? So we must not think ill of the foolish uncivilized Indians.

If the bridegroom has a mother, on this evening she must be at the feast of her daughter-in-law-to-be.

Our masculine guests ate with father in the *pendopo*, or large hall, while the bridegroom stayed in his lodgings.

Sister was so glad when, at half-past nine, the ceremonial was over, so far as she was concerned. She walked decorously and sedately from the hall, through the throng of women sitting around; but as soon as she was out of sight and safe in our room, all the formality was gone. She was again our little sister, our dear happy Kleintje, and no Buddha image. That evening was sacred to the prophet. In the mosque there was a great *Slamatan* (sacrificial meal), celebrated with prayers; the blessing of heaven was asked upon the approaching marriage.

At that meal only men were present, our women guests, even the Regent's wives who had come to sister's wedding, ate at home with us.

Early the next morning, there was a stir in the kaboepatin. It looked quite gay, with its decorations of greens and flags. Outside on the highway, there was bustle and noise. The tricolor waved merrily among the rustling young cocoanut trees that bordered the road which led to the house of the bridegroom. In the green covered *pasébans*, two little houses on the aloen-aloen before the kaboepatin, the gamelan played lustily.

We were on the back gallery, where stood baskets of *kanangas*, *tjempakas*, and *melaties*. Women's hands were arranging the flowers into garlands, or suspending them on little swings, or tearing the blossoms from the leaves, so that they could be strewn in the way of the bridal pair wherever they might go. The kaboepatin was filled with gamelan music and the perfume of flowers. Busy people walked to and fro. In our room, the toilet of the bride was begun. Her forehead had been painted dark before; now it was decorated with little golden figures.

Sister lay down during the operation. Behind the figures there were two borders fastened to the hair — a dark one behind the gold; into this, jeweled knobs were stuck. With other brides the border-work is made of their own hair; but for sister we had a false piece set in, because the elaborate process is painful, and the poor child had just recovered from a fever.

Above the border-work came a golden diadem, and her hair at the back of the head was dressed like a half-moon and filled with flowers; from that, a veil with a border of melati flowers fell and reached to her shoulders. Her head was again surmounted by the seven jewels glittering on their spirals. Behind these, there was a jeweled flower, from which hung six chains of real flowers, suspended behind the ears, over the breast, and down to the waist. These chains, which were about as thick as one's fingers, were made of white flowers linked together with little bands of gold and ending in a round knob which was stuck full of melati flowers.

Her *wawang* costume was décolleté in front, so that neck, face, and arms were

entirely uncovered. All that was visible of sister except the face, which was whitened, was covered with a fragrant salve. She wore a gold-embroidered *kain*, over which there was a drapery of gold woven silk; the whole was held up by a sash of yellow with long hanging ends of red silk painted with figures of gold. A dark green sash, growing lighter till it was pale green in the centre, was bound around the upper part of her body. Little glints of gold showed delightfully through this. Her arms and shoulders were left entirely free. The yellow girdle around her waist was called *mendologiri*. Sister wore one of gold, three fingers broad and ornamented with jewels; garlands of flowers, with hanging ends, were fastened to it, reaching from behind one hip to the other. Around her neck, she wore a collar, with three wing-shaped ornaments hanging down over her breast and almost to her waist. There were bracelets on her wrists and on the upper part of her arms, shaped like serpents with upraised tails and heads; golden chains dangled from these.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. In the kwada-hall the wives of the native nobles assembled in gala attire. From the kwada to the pendopo there was a carpet of flowers, over which the bridal pair must walk. The bride was led forward by her sisters and took her place before the kwada. The lights were already lighted in the pendopo; the regents stood assembled in official costume, and there were a few European acquaintances who were anxious to see sister for the last time as a maiden. In the aloen-aloen, and all outside the kaboepatin, it was dark with people; only the road, which was decorated with flags and green leaves, remained free.

A streak of yellow could be seen in the distance; it drew nearer, till there appeared a train of open gold-striped parasols (*pajongs*), under which the native officials walk on great occasions.

It was the retinue which preceded the bridegroom, who, with the other regents, was in an open carriage, which was covered with a glittering golden parasol. Gamelan music sounded from the pasébans and the kaboepatin, to greet the approaching procession.

It reached the kaboepatin and halted at the door of the pendopo. The whole company squatted down; the bridegroom got out of the carriage, and was led forward by two unmarried regents. They went into the pendopo, and all three knelt down in the middle of the room to do homage to father and the other regents. The two regents moved back, still on their knees, and left the bridegroom alone in the middle of the pendopo. The chiefs formed a circle around him, within which there was a smaller circle of priests. Father sat at the head of the regents, and the High Priest who was to perform the ceremony, next to the bridegroom. Father announced to those present the reason for the calling of this assembly, and said that he now sought the assistance of the High Priest to bind his daughter in marriage to the bridegroom.

From the crowd of people in the pendopo there arose a mystic buzzing noise. They were praying.

I was so sorry that I could not be near enough to hear. A teacher who is a friend of ours, sister Roekmini, and I were the only women in the pendopo, which was filled with men.

But we were very glad to be allowed there at all, and to have that much freedom granted us. It would not have been seemly for us to appear among a crowd of men during the celebration of a marriage ceremony. It was a pity, as we should have been glad to hear the betrothal formulas. We could only see that during the betrothal service the Priest held fast to the hand of the

bridegroom, who had to respond after him. The solemnity lasted a quarter of an hour at most; but we did not have a watch with minutes, so we could not tell exactly. It was impressive and still in the pendopo; not a sound could be heard save the mystic droning of the priests.

There was a stir among the crowd of men, and the priests rose from their knees. The ceremony was over.

The regents stood up; two of them lifted up the bridegroom, and now they started off over the carpet of flowers, followed by the most prominent regents. Back in the kwada-hall, the bride was raised up by her sisters, and, supported by them, she too started down the road of flowers, followed by Mamma and all the women guests. As the bride and bridegroom came within a few steps of each other, those who were leading them fell back, and the bridal pair gave, each to the other, a rolled up sirih-leaf filled with flowers. They took a few steps nearer, and then both knelt down and with them the whole company.

The bridegroom sat; on her knees, the bride moved nearer to him and made a sembah — both hands held together and brought down under the nose; that is our mark of reverence. Then she kissed his right knee. Again the bride made a sembah. The bridegroom rose and raised his wife, and hand in hand the young pair walked over the carpet of flowers to the kwada, followed by the whole company except the regents, who turned back to the pendopo.

Bride and bridegroom sat before the kwada like two images of Buddha; the family and the lady guests thronged around them. Behind the bridal pair sat two little girls waving their fans to and fro.

In most cases, husband and wife see each other for the first time at this ceremony. At the stroke of half-past seven the regents came back, and formed a half-circle on the ground around the bridal pair; the women of their families formed the other half of the circle.

The bride and bridegroom saluted the older relatives with the foot-kiss. The bride first raised herself on her knees and shuffled forward toward Mamma; she made a sembah and kissed Mamma's knee, to beg her mother's blessing on her marriage. From Mamma, sister went to the aunts, sisters, and cousins, — to all those who were older than she, — and went through with the same ceremony. Then she went to Father and kissed his knee, in order to receive his blessing; from him she went to her father-in-law; after that to her uncles and cousins. When she had finished kissing the feet of all and had returned again to her place, the bridegroom began the foot-kiss journey. He followed the example of his wife. When he had completed this ceremony, the regents went out, and tea and pastry were served as on the evening before.

At half-past eight bride and bridegroom departed. Hand in hand they left the hall. Usually they must go out on their knees; but as both of them had just recovered from illness, they were allowed to walk.

In other families the bridegroom must creep up the steps instead of walking, on coming to the house of his parents-in-law, before he pays his respects to the ladies of the family; that is the perfection of good manners.

The bridegroom went to the bridal chamber, and sister to our room, where we dressed her for the reception to Europeans.

Her bridal toilet, which had been the work of a whole day, was undone in five minutes. Only the headdress and the decorations on her forehead were left unchanged. We young girls ought not

to have dressed her alone, but we did it just the same. We thought that it was entirely too stupid for us not to be allowed to touch sister in her bridal toilet. Sister now put on a kain of silk interwoven with gold, and a kabaja of ivory-colored satin with silver embroidery. She wore another jeweled collar; the jeweled flowers in her hair and the diadem were taken off. In their stead she wore a golden crown from which hung a veil. On her head jeweled flowers on spirals were fastened. The costume was very becoming to her. What a pity that she could not have been photographed in it!

The bridegroom appeared in his official dress. Again the bridal pair sat before the kwada. At nine o'clock, they went arm in arm to the front gallery, where two gilded settees stood ready for them before a background of palms.

They received the good wishes of the European ladies and gentlemen, standing.

It was called a reception, but at the sound of the music, the dance-crazy feet turned toward the empty pendopo; bride and bridegroom both took a few turns around the pendopo.

It is not customary for young girls to appear at a wedding, but it would have been foolish for us to remain away from sister's feast.

It was not yet twelve o'clock, when the Resident, who was among the guests, toasted the young pair; his speech was answered by Father. Soon after the European guests took their leave, all but the Resident and a few others, among them a lady who is an intimate friend of ours. They remained for the native part of the feast.

After the departure of the European guests, the native nobles, who had absented themselves from the pendopo during the reception, came in and formed a half-circle, before which the bridegroom must give a proof of his proficiency in dancing.

The regents as well as the other chiefs had meanwhile dressed in more informal costume.

The gamelan played; a dancing-girl entered and began to dance. The Patih of Japara brought, on his knees, a silver waiter to the bridegroom, on which there was a silken cloth. When the bridegroom had taken the cloth, the patih fell back.

Soft gamelan tones again sounded: it was a prelude, an invitation to the hero of the day to open the feast. The bridegroom rose and went to the middle of the pendopo; he fastened the silken cloth around him and named his favorite air to the gamelan players. The gongs chimed; the air was immediately struck up.

I shall not attempt to describe the dance; my pen is inadequate. I shall only say that it was a joy to the eyes to follow the agile dancer in his graceful movements as he kept time to the beautiful gamelan music. Behind him danced the dancing-girl, also singing. The circle of native dignitaries accompanied the music by singing and beating their hands together. Toward the end of the dance the Resident went forward with two glasses of champagne. The gong sounded, and both dancers fell upon their knees. With a sembah the bridegroom accepted a glass from the Resident. He drank it and the Resident emptied his at the same time amid joyful gamelan tones and sounds of general mirth.

A servant took the empty glasses, and the Resident fell back. The bridegroom stood up and again began to dance. Now his father-in-law brought him a health to drink; dancing, they advanced to meet each other, and at the sound of the gong, the young man knelt down to receive the wine-glass from the hand of the older one.

After a health had been brought to him by all the regents present, he left them and went back to sit by the side of his wife. Soon after that the bridal pair left the assembly; the European guests went home, but the feast was kept up till early in the morning. The European gentlemen had danced too, and our Assistant-Resident acquitted himself excellently.

Mamma, our friend, sister Roekmini, and I stayed till the last European guest had gone.

The next day there was quiet in the house. In the afternoon the last ceremony took place. That is the first visit of the bridal pair to the parents of the groom. It is called in Javanese *ngoendoh mantoe*, which, literally translated, means 'daughter-in-law plucking'! The daughter-in-law is compared to a flower which her husband's parents will pluck.

For this occasion both bride and groom should again put on their bridal costume; but that would have been much too wearisome, so the groom was dressed as usual and sister wore a kain interwoven with gold and a silk kabaja; her hair was dressed in the form of a cap, and on her head was a small sheath in the shape of a cross, which was filled with flowers, and over the whole was a network of melati blossoms, and again the jeweled spirals waved to and fro above her head.

The bridal pair went in procession, followed by the native chiefs on foot, to the house where the father of the bridegroom lodged.

Days and weeks after the wedding the newly married pair are still called bride and bridegroom. The bride is a bride until she becomes a mother. But there are women, mothers, who all their lives are called *nganten*, short for *penganten*, which means bride and also bridegroom.

The day after the ceremony was spent in receiving visits from both Europeans and natives.

Five days later there was again a feast in the kaboepatin; the first return of the holy day which had opened the wedding ceremonies was celebrated.

The young couple left a week after the wedding; they were fêted everywhere by various family connections with whom they stopped on their journey home. At Tegal the marriage was celebrated all over again; they remained there a week, and finally they reached their own home at Pemalang.

There you have a description of a Javanese wedding in high circles. Sister's marriage was called only a quiet affair, and yet it entailed all that ceremony. What must one be that is celebrated in a gala way?

We were dead tired afterward.

The Javanese give presents at a marriage: things to wear, such as kains, stomachers, head-dresses, silk for kabajas, cloth for jackets; and also things to eat, such as rice, eggs, chickens, or a buffalo. These are merely meant as marks of goodwill.

Kardinah also received a splendid bull from an uncle. This had to be placed on exhibition with the other presents!!

When a buffalo is killed at the time of a wedding, — and usually more than one is needed for the feast meals, — a bamboo vessel filled with sirih, little cakes, pinang nuts, and pieces of meat must be mixed with the running blood of the slaughtered buffalo. These vessels, covered with flowers, are laid at all of the cross-roads, bridges, and wells on the estate, as an offering to the spirits who dwell there. If these bridge, road, and water spirits are not propitiated, they will be offended at the festivities, and misfortune will come of it. That is the belief of the people; its origin I do not know.

A friend of ours says rightly that the Javanese are a people who are filled with legends and superstitions. Who shall lead the people out of the dusky realm of fairy tales into the light of work and reality? And then, when superstition is cast off, we do not want the poetry to be trampled under foot.

But of what good is my prattling? Let me rather ask you if you have been interested in this epistle, and if you will now forgive me for my long silence?

There is so much that is lovable in my people, such charm in their simple naïve beliefs. It may sound strange, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that you Europeans have taught me to love my own land and people. Instead of estranging us from our native land, our European education has brought us nearer to it; has opened our hearts to its beauties, and also to the needs of our people and to their weaknesses.

Do not let me tire you any longer with the scribbling of a silly Javanese girl; I have written enough.

In some places it is the custom when the bridal pair meet for the first time for the bride to wash the groom's feet as a token of submission, before she gives him the knee-kiss. Whenever a widower marries a young girl, or a widow a young man, the giving of the sirih at the wedding is omitted. The one who has already been married hands the other, who carries a watering-can, a piece of burning wood, the contents of the can are poured upon the fire, which naturally goes out; whereupon the charred wood is thrown away and the watering-can broken into pieces.

The symbolism of this I do not have to explain. It is plain enough. You should have seen sister as she sat there before the kwada. She ought to have been photographed, or, better still, painted, because that would have shown the coloring.

She stepped so calmly and sedately down the carpet of flowers; everywhere there were flowers and the perfume of incense; yes, truly, she was much like an incarnation of Buddha.

I cannot hear the gamelan, or smell the perfume of flowers and incense, without seeing her image before my eyes.

The people picked up the flowers over which sister had walked and kept them; they bring good luck, it is said, and to young daughters, a husband!

(More Javanese letters will be published next month)

CONSOLATIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THERE is a story of Hawthorne's which is little known, because it is too expansively dull to be read. It tells how the nations of the earth, convulsed by a mighty spasm of reform, rid themselves of the tools and symbols of all they held in abhorrence. Because they would have no more war, they destroyed the weapons of the world. Because they would have no more drunkenness, they destroyed its wines and spirits. Because they banned self-indulgence, they destroyed tobacco, tea, and coffee. Because they would have all men to be equal, they destroyed the insignia of rank, from the crown jewels of England to the medal of the Cincinnati. Wealth itself was not permitted to survive, lest the new order be as corrupt as was the old. Nothing was left but the human heart with its imperishable and inalienable qualities; and while it beats within the human breast, the world must still be moulded by its passions. 'When Cain wished to slay his brother,' murmured a cynic, watching the great guns trundled to the blaze, 'he was at no loss for a weapon.'

If belief in the perfectibility of man — and not of man only, but of governments — is the inspiration of liberalism, of radicalism, of the spirit that calls clamorously for change, and that has requisitioned the words reform and progression, sympathy with man and with his work, with the beautiful and imperfect things he has made of the checkered centuries, is the keynote of conservatism. The temperamental conservative is a type vulnerable to ridicule, yet not more innately ridiculous than his neighbors. He has been carelessly defined as a man who is cautious because he has a good income, and content because he is well placed; who is thick-headed because he lacks vision, and close-hearted because he is deaf to the moaning wind which is the cry of unhappy humanity asking justice from a world which has never known how to be just. Lecky, who had a neat hand for analysis, characterized the great conflicting parties in an axiom which pleased neither: 'Stupidity in all its forms is Tory; folly in all its forms is Whig.'

These things are too easily said to be quite worth the saying. Stupidity is not the prerogative of any one class or creed. It is Heaven's free gift to men of all kinds, and conditions, and civilizations. A practical man, said Disraeli, is one who perpetuates the blunders of his predecessor instead of striking out into blunders of his own. Temperamental conservatism is the dower (not to be coveted) of men in whom delight and doubt — I had almost said delight and despair — contend for mastery; whose enjoyment of color, light, atmosphere, tradition, language and literature is balanced by chilling apprehensiveness; whose easily won pardon for the shameless revelations of an historic past brings with it no healing belief in the triumphant virtues of the future.

The conservative is not an idealist, any more than he is an optimist. Ideal-

ism has worn thin in these days of colossal violence and colossal cupidity. Perhaps it has always been a cloak for more crimes than even liberty sheltered under her holy name. The French Jacobins were pure idealists; but they translated the splendor of their aspirations, the nobility and amplitude of their great conception, into terms of commonplace official murder, which are all the more displeasing to look back upon because of the riot of sentimentalism and impiety which disfigured them. It is bad enough to be bad, but to be bad in bad taste is unpardonable. If, for the past thirteen months, we had resolutely severed the word idealism from the bloody chaos which is Russia, we should have understood more clearly, and have judged no less leniently, the seething ambitions of men who passionately desired, and desire, control. The elemental instinct of self-preservation is the first step to the equally elemental instinct of self-interest. Natural rights, about which we chatter freely, are not more equably preserved by denying them to one class of men than by denying them to another. They have been ill-protected under militarism and capitalism; and their subversion has been a sin crying out to Heaven for vengeance. They are not protected at all under any Soviet government so far known to report.

Nothing is easier than to make the world safe for democracy. Democracy is playing her own hand in the game. She has every intention and every opportunity to make the world safe for herself. But democracy may be divorced from freedom, and freedom is the breath of man's nostrils, the strength of his sinews, the sanction of his soul. It is as painful to be tyrannized over by a proletariat as by a tsar or a corporation, and in a measure more disconcerting, because of the greater incohesion of the process. It is as revolting to be robbed by a reformer as by a trust. Oppressive taxation, which forced the great Revolution upon France, dishonest 'deals,' which have made a mockery of justice in the United States, ironic laws, framed for the convenient looting of the bourgeoisie in Russia — there is as much idealism in one device as in the others. Sonorous phrases like 'reconstruction of the world's psychology,' and 'creation of a new world-atmosphere,' are mental sedatives, drug words, calculated to put to sleep any uneasy apprehensions. They may mean anything, and they do mean nothing, so that it is safe to go on repeating them. But a Bolshevist official was arrested in Petrograd last March, charged with embezzling fifteen million roubles. Not content with the excesses of the new régime, he must needs revert to the excesses of the old — a discouraging study in evolution.

When Lord Hugh Cecil published his analysis of conservatism eight years ago, the British reviewers devoted a great deal of time to its consideration — not so much because they cared for what the author had to say (though he said it thoughtfully and well), as because they had opinions of their own on the subject, and desired to give them utterance. Cecil's conception of temperamental, as apart from modern British political conservatism (which he dates from Pitt and Burke), affords the most interesting part of the volume; but the line of demarcation is a wavering one. That famous sentence of Burke's, concerning innovations that are not necessarily reforms, 'They shake the public security, they menace private enjoyment,' shows the alliance between temperament and valuation. It was Burke's passionate delight in life's expression, rather than in life's adventure, that made him alive to its values. He was not averse to change: change is the law of the universe; but he changed

in order to preserve. The constructive forces of the world persistently won his deference and support.

The intensely British desire to have a moral, and, if possible, a religious foundation for a political creed, would command our deepest respect, were the human mind capable of accommodating its convictions to morality and religion, instead of accommodating morality and religion to its convictions. Cecil, a stern individualist, weighted with a heavy sense of personal responsibility, and disposed to distrust the kindly intervention of the State, finds, naturally enough, that Christianity is essentially individualistic. 'There is not a line of the New Testament that can be quoted in favor of the enlargement of the function of the State beyond the elementary duty of maintaining order and suppressing crime.'

The obvious retort to this would be that there is not a line in the New Testament which can be quoted in favor of the confinement of the function of the State to the elementary duty of maintaining order and suppressing crime. The counsel of Christ is a counsel of perfection, and a counsel of perfection is necessarily personal and intimate. What the world asks now are state reforms and social reforms — in other words, the reformation of our neighbors. What the Gospel asks, and has always asked, is the reformation of ourselves — a harassing and importunate demand. Mr. Chesterton spoke but the truth when he said that Christianity has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and not tried.

Cecil's conclusions anent the unconcern of the Gospels with forms of government were, strangely enough, the points very ardently disputed by Bible-reading England. A critic in the *Contemporary Review* made the interesting statement that the political economy of the New Testament is radical and sound. He illustrated his argument with the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, pointing out that the master paid the men for the hours in which they had had no work. 'In the higher economics,' he said, 'the State, as representing the community, is responsible for those who, through the State's malfeasance, or misfeasance, or nonfeasance, are unable to obtain the work for which they wait.'

But apart from the fact that the parable is meant to have a spiritual and not a material significance, there is nothing in the Gospel to indicate that the master considered that he owed the late-comers their day's wage. His comment upon his own action disclaims this assumption: 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?' And it is worthy of note that the protest against his liberality comes, not from the other vine-growers, objecting to a precedent, but from the laborers who cannot be brought to see that an hour's work done by their neighbors may be worth as much as twelve hours' work done by themselves. Human nature has not altered perceptibly in the course of two thousand years.

Great Britain's experiment in doling out 'unemployment pay' is based on expediency, and on the generous hypothesis that men and women, outside of the professional pauper class, would prefer work with wages to wages without work. A cartoon in *Punch* representing the Minister of Labor blandly and insinuatingly presenting a housemaid's uniform to an outraged 'exmunitionette,' who is the government's contented pensioner, suggests some rift in this harmonious understanding. Progressives have branded temperamental conservatism as distrust of the unknown — a mental attitude which is the antithesis of love of adventure. But distrust of the unknown is a thin and

fleeting emotion compared with distrust of human nature, which is perfectly well known. To know it is not necessarily to quarrel with it. It is merely to take it into account.

II

Economics and ethics have little in common. They meet in amity, only to part in coldness. Our preference for our own interests is essentially and vitally un-Christian. The competitive system is not a Christian system. But it lies at the root of civilization; it has its noble as well as its ignoble side; it is the mainspring of both nationalism and internationalism; it is the force which supports governments, and the force which violently disrupts them. Men have risen above self-interest for life; nations, superbly for a time. The sense of shock which was induced by Germany's acute reversion to barbarism was deeper than the sense of danger induced by her vaulting ambitions. There is no such passionate feeling in life as that which is stirred by the right and duty of defense; and for more than four years the Allied nations defended the world from evils which the world fancied it had long outgrown. The duration of the war is the most miraculous part of the miraculous tale. A monotony of heroism, a monotony of sacrifice, transcends imagination.

Now it is over. Citizens of the United States walked knee-deep in newspapers for a joyous night to signify their satisfaction, and at once embarked on vivacious disputes over memorial arches, and statues, and monuments. The nations of Europe, with lighter pockets and heavier stakes, began to consider difficulties, and to cultivate doubts. No one can fail to understand the destructive forces of the world, because they have given object-lessons on a large and lurid scale. But the constructive forces are on trial, with imposing chances of success or failure. They are still in the wordy stage, and now, as never before, the world is sick of words. 'This is neither the time nor the place for superfluous phrases,' said Clemenceau (ironically, one hopes), when, on the seventh of May, he placed in the hands of Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau a peace treaty which some stony-hearted wag has informed us was precisely the length of *A Tale of Two Cities*. The appalling discursiveness of the Versailles Conference has added to the confusion of the world; but fitted into the 'Preamble' of the Covenant of the League of Nations are five little vocables, four of them monosyllabic, which embody the one arresting thought that dominates and authorizes the articles — 'Not to resort to war.' These five words are the crux of the whole serious and sanguine scheme. They hold the hope of the weak, and the happiness of the insecure. They deny to the strong the pleasures — and the means — of coercion.

The rapid changes wrought by the twentieth century are less disconcerting to the temperamental conservative, who is proverbially slow, than movements which take time to be persuasive. For one thing, the vast spiral along which the world spins brings him face to face with new friends before he loses sight of the old. The revolutionary of yesterday is the reactionary of to-day, and the conservative finds himself hob-nobbing with men and women whom he had thought remote as the Poles.

Two interesting examples are Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya and Mr. Samuel Gompers. Time was, and not so many years ago, when both condoned violence — the violence of the Russian Nihilist, the violence of the American dynamiter — as a short road to justice. Their attitude was not un-

like that of the first Southern lynchers: 'We take the law into our own hands, because conditions are unbearable, and the state affords no adequate relief.' But Madame Breshkovskaya has seen the forces she helped to set in motion sweeping in unanticipated and shattering currents. She has seen a new terrorism arise and wield the weapons of the old to crush man's sacred freedom. The peasants she loved have been beyond the reach of her help. The country for which she suffered thirty years of exile repudiated her. Radicals in Europe and in the United States mocked at her. The Grandmother of the Revolution has become a conservative old lady, concerned, as good grandmothers ought to be, with the welfare of little children, and pleading pitifully for order and education.

As for Mr. Gompers, his unswerving loyalty to the cause of the Allies, his unswerving rejection of Germany and all her works, will never be forgiven by pacifists, by the men and woman who had no word of protest or of pity when Belgium was invaded, when the Lusitania was sunk, when towns were burned, civilians butchered, and girls deported; and who recovered their speech only to plead for the nation that had disregarded human sufferings and human rights. Mr. Gompers helped as much as any one man in the United States to win the war, and winning a war is very distasteful to those who do not want to fight. Therefore has he been relegated by international Socialists, who held hands for four years with Pangerman Socialists, to the ranks of the conservatives. When the *Nation*, speaking *ex cathedra*, says, 'The authority of the old machine-type of labor leader like Mr. Gompers is impaired beyond help or hope,' we hear the echo of the voices which babbled about capitalism and profiteering in April, 1917. The Great War has made and unmade the friendships of the world. If the radicals propose it as a test, as a test the conservatives will accept it.

III

The successive revolutions which make the advance-guard of one movement the rear-guard of the next are as expeditious and as overwhelming in the field of art as in the fields of politics and sociology. In the spring of 1877 an exhibition of two hundred and forty pictures, the work of eighteen artists, was opened in the rue le Peletier, Paris. For some reason, never sufficiently explained, Parisians found in these canvases a source of infinite diversion. They went to the exhibition in a mood of obvious hilarity. They began to laugh while they were still in the street, they laughed as they climbed the stairs, they were convulsed with laughter when they looked at the pictures, they laughed every time they talked them over with their friends.

Now what were these mirth-provoking works of art? Not cubist diagrams, not geometrical charts of human anatomy, not reversible landscapes, not rainbow-tinted pigs. Such exhilarants lay in wait for another century and another generation. The pictures which so abundantly amused Paris in 1877 were painted by Claude Monet, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir — men of genius, who, having devised a new and brilliant technique, abandoned themselves with too little reserve to the veracities of impressionism. They were not doctrinaires. The peace they disturbed was only the peace of immobility. But they were drunk with new wine. Their strength lay in their courage and their candor; their weakness in the not unnatural assumption that they were expressing the finalities of art.

Defenders they had in plenty. No pioneer can escape from the hardship of

vindication. Years before, Baudelaire had felt it incumbent upon himself, as a professional mutineer, to support the 'fearless innovations' of Manet. Zola, always on the lookout for somebody to attack or to defend, was equally enthusiastic, and equally choleric. Loud disputation rent the air, while the world sped on its way, and lesser artists discovered, to their joy, what a facile thing it was to produce nerve-racking novelties. In 1892, John La Farge, wandering disconsolately through the exhibitions of Paris, wondered if there might not still be room for something simple in art.

Ever and always the reproach cast at the conservative is that he has been blind in the beginning to the beauty he has been eventually compelled to recognize; and ever and always he replies that, in the final issue, he is the guardian of all beauty. His are the imperishable standards, his is the love for a majestic past, his is the patience to wait until the wheat has been sorted from the chaff, and gathered into the granaries of the world. If he be hostile to the problematic, which is his weakness, he is passionately loyal to the tried and proven, which is his strength. He is as necessary to human sanity as the progressive is necessary to human hope.

Civilization and culture are very old and very beautiful. They imply refinement of humor, a disciplined taste, sensitiveness to noble impressions, and a wise acceptance of the laws of evidence. These things are not less valuable for being undervalued. 'At the present time,' says the most acute of American critics, Mr. Brownell, 'it is quite generally imagined that we should gain rather than lose by having Raphael without the Church, and Rembrandt without the Bible.' The same notion, less clearly defined, is prevalent concerning Milton and Dante. We had grown weary of large and compelling backgrounds until the Great War focused our emotions. We are impatient still of large and compelling traditions. The tendency is to localization and analysis.

The new and facile experiments in verse, which have some notable exponents, are interesting and indecisive. Midway between the enthusiasm of the experimenters (which is not contagious) and the ribald jibes of the disaffected (which are not convincing) the conservative critic practises that watchful waiting, so safe in the world of art, so hazardous in the world of action. He cannot do as he has been bidden, and judge the novel product by its own standards, for that would be to exempt it from judgment. Nothing — not even a German — can be judged by his — or its — own standard. If there is to be any standard at all, it must be based on comparison. Keen thoughts and vivid words have their value, no matter in what form they are presented; but unless that form be poetical, the presentation is not poetry. There is a world of truth in Mr. Masters's brief and bitter lines: —

> Beware of the man who rises to power
> From one suspender.

It has the kind of sagacity which is embodied in the old adage, 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' and it is as remote from the requirements of prosody.

The medium employed by Walt Whitman, at times rhythmic and cadenced, at times ungirt and sagging loosely, enabled him to write passages of sustained beauty, passages grandly conceived and felicitously rendered. It also permitted him a riotous and somewhat monotonous excess. Every word misused revenges itself forever upon a writer's reputation. The medium employed by the unshackled poets of today is capable of vivid and accurate

imagery. It has aroused — or revealed — habits of observation. It paints pen-pictures cleverly. In the hands of French- and English-speaking experts, it shows sobriety, and a clear consciousness of purpose. But it is useless to deny that the inexpert find it perilously easy. The barriers which protect an ordinary four-lined stanza are not hard to scale; but they do exist, and they sometimes bring the versifier to a halt. Without them, nothing brings him to a halt, save the limits of the space allotted by grudging newspapers and periodicals.

Yet brevity is the soul of song, no less than the soul of wit. Those lovely lyrics, swift as the note of a bird on the wing, imperishable as a jewel, haunting as unforgotten melody, are the fruits of artifice no less than of inspiration. In eight short lines, Landor gave 'Rose Aylmer' to an entranced and forever listening world. There is magic in the art that made those eight lines final. A writer of what has been cynically called 'socialized poetry' would have spent the night of 'memories and sighs' in probing and specifying his emotions.

The conservative's inheritance from the radical's lightly rejected yesterdays gives him ground to stand on, and a simplified point of view. In that very engaging volume, *The Education of Henry Adams*, the autobiographer tells us in one breath how much he desires change, and, in the next, how much he resents it. He would like to upset an already upset world, but he would also like to keep the Pope in the Vatican, and the Queen in Windsor Castle. He feels that by right he should have been a Marxist, but the last thing he wants to see is a transformed Europe. The bewildered reader might be pardoned for losing himself in this labyrinth of uncertainties, were it not for an enlightening paragraph in which the author expresses unqualified amazement at Motley's keen enjoyment of London society.

'The men of whom Motley must have been thinking were such as he might meet at Lord Houghton's breakfasts. Grote, Jowett, Milman, or Froude; Browning, Matthew Arnold, or Swinburne; Bishop Wilberforce, Venables, or Hayward; or perhaps Gladstone, Robert Lowe, or Lord Granville. . . . Within the narrow limits of this class, the American Legation was fairly at home; possibly a score of houses, all liberal and all literary, but perfect only in the eyes of a Harvard College historian. They could teach little worth knowing, for their tastes were antiquated, and their knowledge was ignorance to the next generation. What was altogether fatal for future purpose, they were only English.'

Apart from the delightful conception of the author of *Culture and Anarchy*, and the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*, as 'only English,' the pleasure the conservative reader takes in this peremptory estimate is the pleasure of possession. To him belongs the ignorance of Jowett and Grote, to him the obsoleteness of Browning. From every one of these discarded luminaries some light falls on his path. In fact, a flash of blinding light was vouchsafed to Mr. Adams, when he and Swinburne were guests in the house of Monckton Milnes. Swinburne was passionately praising the god of his idolatry, Victor Hugo; and the young American, who knew little and cared less about French poetry, ventured in a half-hearted fashion to assert the counter claims of Alfred de Musset. Swinburne listened impatiently, and brushed aside the comparison with a trenchant word: 'De Musset did not sustain himself on the wing.'

If a bit of flawless criticism from an expert's lips be not educational, then there is nothing to be taught or learned

in the world. Of the making of books there is no end; but now as ever the talker strikes the light, now as ever conversation is the appointed medium of intelligence and taste.

IV

It is well that the past yields some solace to the temperamental conservative, for the present is his only on terms he cannot easily fulfil. His reasonable doubts and his unreasonable prejudices block the path of contentment. He is powerless to believe a thing because it is an eminently desirable thing to believe. He is powerless to deny the existence of facts he does not like. He is powerless to credit new systems with finality. The sanguine assurance that men and nations can be legislated into goodness, that pressure from without is equivalent to a moral change within, needs a strong backing of inexperience. 'The will,' says Francis Thompson, 'is the lynch-pin of the faculties.' We stand or fall by its strength or its infirmity. Where there is no temptation, there is no virtue. Parental legislation for the benefit of the weak leaves them as weak as ever, and denies to the strong the birthright of independence, the hard resistant manliness with which they work out their salvation. They may go to heaven in leading-strings, but they cannot conquer Apollyon on the way.

The well-meant despotism of the reformer accomplishes some glittering results, but it arrests the slow progress of civilization, which cannot afford to be despotic. Mr. Bagehot, whose cynicism held the wisdom of restraint, maintained that the 'cake of custom' should be stiff enough to make change of any kind difficult, but never so stiff as to make it impossible. The progress achieved under these conditions would be, he thought, both durable and endurable. 'Without a long-accumulated and inherited tendency to discourage originality, society would never have gained the cohesion requisite for effecting common action against its external foes.' Deference to usage is a uniting and sustaining bond. Nations which reject it are apt to get off the track, and have to get back, or be put back, with difficulty and disaster. They do not afford desirable dwelling-places for thoughtful human beings, but they give notable lessons to humanity. Innovations to which we are not committed are illuminating things.

If the principles of conservatism are based on firm supports, on a recognition of values, a sense of measure and proportion, a due regard for order — its prejudices are indefensible. The wise conservative does not attempt to defend them; he only clings to them more lovingly under attack. He recognizes triumphant science in the telephone and the talking machine, and his wish to escape these benefactions is but a humble confession of unworthiness. He would be glad if scientists, hitherto occupied with preserving and disseminating sound, would turn their attention to suppressing it, would collect noise as an ashman collects rubbish, and dump it in some lonely place, thus preserving the sanity of the world. He agrees with Mr. Edward Martin (who bears the hall-mark of the caste) that periodicals run primarily for advertisers, and secondarily for readers, are worthy of regard, and that only the tyranny of habit makes him revolt from so nice an adjustment of interests. Why, after all, should he baulk at pursuing a story, or an article on 'Ballads and Folk-Songs of the Letts,' between columns of well-illustrated advertisements? Why should he refuse to leap from chasm to chasm, from the intimacies of underwear to electrical substitutes for all the arts of living? There is no hardship involved

in the chase, and the trail is carefully blazed. Yet the chances are that he abandons the Letts, reminding himself morosely that two years ago he was but dimly aware of their existence; and their 'rich vein of traditional imagery,' to say nothing of their early edition of Luther's catechism, fades from his intellectual horizon.

If we are too stiff to adjust ourselves to changed conditions, we are bound to play a losing game. Yet the moral element in taste survives all change, and denies to us a ready acquiescence in innovations whose only merit is their practicality. Through the reeling years of war, the standard set by taste remained a test of civilization. In this formidable year of peace, racked by anxieties and shadowed by disillusions (Franklin's ironic witticism concerning the blessedness of peace-makers was never more applicable than to-day), the austerity of taste preserves our self-respect. We are under no individual obligation to add to the wealth of nations. It is sometimes a pleasant duty to resist the pervasive pressure of the business world.

Political conservatism may be a lost cause in modern democracy; but temperamental conservatism dates from the birth of man's reasoning powers, and will survive the clamor and chaos of revolutions. It may rechristen its political platform, but the animating spirit will be unchanged. As a matter of fact, great conservatives have always been found in the liberal ranks, and Tory Cassandras, who called themselves radicals, have prophesied with dismal exactitude. It was a clear-eyed, clear-voiced Socialist who, eight years before the war, warned British Socialists that they would do well to sound the temper of German Socialists before agitating for a reduction of the British navy. M. Paul Deschanel says of the French that they have revolutionary imaginations and conservative temperaments. An English critic has used nearly the same terms in defining the elemental principles of civilization — conservatism of technique and spiritual restlessness. It is the fate of man to do his own thinking, and thinking is subversive of content; but a sane regard for equilibrium is his inheritance from the travail of centuries. He sees far who looks both ways. He journeys far who treads a known track.

Resistance, which is the function of conservatism, is essential to orderly advance. It is a force in the social and political, as well as in the natural order. A party of progress, a party of stability, — call them by what names we please, — they will play their rôles to the end. The hopefulness of the reformer (Savonarola's bonfire of vanities is an historic precedent for Hawthorne's allegory) is balanced by the patience of the conservative, which has survived the disappointments of time, and is not yet exhausted. He at least knows that 'the chief parts of human doom and duty are eternal,' and that the things which can change are not the things essential to the support of his soul. We stand at the door of a new day, and are sanguine or affrighted according to our temperaments; but this day shall be transient as the days which have preceded it, and, like its predecessors, shall plead for understanding and pardon before the bar of history.

NATIVITY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

My soul and life a stable are,
Dark, warm within — outside, a star.
Lord Christ, thy home is high and far.

My stable, though a sheltering thing,
It was not built to shield a king,
Nor angels with up-pointed wing.

The cattle, simple, dumb, and kind,
In it a humble comfort find
'Gainst cold and hunger and rough wind;

They look not if the roof be tall;
Each takes his rest within his stall,
Nor finds his sweet-breathed portion small.

Yet, Lord, if Thou shouldst ever be
In need — or any dear to Thee
Want shelter — Lord Christ, think of me.

II

Within the stable safe and low,
Behold now great winged angels go
How worshipfully to and fro;

Where humble cattle came and went,
With food appeased, with rest content,
Wise kings in worship now are bent;

And where the stable-master plied
His simple task, with heart untried,
Glad shepherds kneel, awed, sanctified;

Gifts of the first fruits of the fold,
Of frankincense, and gems, and gold,
Spread on the humble straw, behold!

Thus on a night Lord Christ, his grace,
Remembered me, and for a space
Made my abode his dwelling-place.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING A PROFESSOR

BY ONE

I

'So they're going to pass up increases in your salaries again this year, are they?' said Charles. 'Damned shame!' he added with conviction.

You will infer at once (and rightly) that I am a teacher. I belong to one of those institutions of learning where the traditional method of meeting increased expenses is to penalize the teaching staff. This will not enable you to identify the institution. I never intended that it should. On the contrary. For I would have you think of me as a class and not as an individual.

Charles is my brother-in-law. He is in business. What kind of business I do not exactly know. It has something to do with mergers — whatever a merger may be. Anyhow, he makes money out of it; and, judging by the way he spends it, he is always superbly confident of making more. He is the sort of man who knows what a sinking fund is, and the difference between common and preferred stock. He uses terms like 'collateral' and 'overhead expenses' with a fluency which puts to shame my ignorance. It is useful to know a man like that. If ever I can afford to take out any life insurance, I shall certainly get Charles to arrange it all.

He is a great comfort to me. I see him about three or four times a year, when he 'stops off' on one of his business trips — those undertakings which, to an outsider like myself, seem all Pullman and taxi and hotel. I will get a telephone call from some place about a hundred miles away, telling me that Charles proposes to 'run over' and see me for a few hours that evening. When he arrives, he will stand me a dinner at our best hotel. At this dinner I must act like a starved creature, for I fancy

that he derives the same kind of pleasure from watching me eat it as you or I would get from watching the maxillary processes of a hungry tramp. Afterwards we will fall into easy chairs, and Charles, large, genial, self-made, elder-brotherly Charles, will tell me about conditions in the world of business, and how the government is making a mess of everything it touches. Then he will want to know how goes the academic life.

I, you see, had just been telling him. Hence his remark.

'It's a damned shame!' he repeated. 'Especially when you consider the value of you men to the community.'

Naturally, I agreed with him. Between us we discovered that, after eleven years spent in school and college and eight years of teaching, I was drawing a salary a little more than that of a janitor and a little less than that of one of Ford's office-boys. And what use were janitors and office-boys, anyway? Of what value were *they* to the community? Office-boys, of course, I was not sure of; but I knew all about janitors.

I became fired with righteous indignation. I saw myself as a member of the exploited classes. I thought of Karl Marx and the Social Revolution; of sabotage and the red flag. Charles added fuel to the flames.

'If I had a man with your brains and education, with a training as long as yours, I could put him where in twelve months he'd be making five thousand a year.'

My heart sank for a moment as I wondered whether Charles knew that I had n't the faintest idea what collateral means. Somehow I have a feeling that you can't get very far in business unless you have a firm grasp on the meaning of collateral. But Charles was going on.

'What you men ought to do is to strike. I have n't much use for strikes in my business, but yours would be a strike with some point to it. Go to your president, or whatever you call your boss, and tell him that you are n't anxious to be nasty or to make trouble, but that you 're simply going to down tools until they give you a living wage. That would soon produce results.'

I should have seen the comedy in the idea, in that picture of the senior member of the faculty leading a deputation of full professors to the president's office, tapping on the sacrosanct door, and then trying to look and speak like a strike leader presenting an ultimatum. I should have laughed, but I did n't. I saw only the word JUSTICE written in letters of fire across the sky of my imagination.

In this exalted mood I went home. Charles always makes me feel like that. That is why he is such a comfort to me. Most of the time I feel like a sheep; but now I was a viking. I was conscious of my power. What a success I might have made in business! I saw myself grappling with strong men, and outwitting them. I saw myself accumulating wealth. Wealth! And then —? Theatres, automobiles, real servants, and never another baked bean. Not on your life!

How unappreciated I was! Think of what we teachers meant to the community and look at the community's black ingratitude!

Next morning such emotions and sentiments had no chance in the atmosphere which surrounds the effort to get to an eight-o'clock class in elementary logic. And I have never regained those peaks of insight and enthusiasm. I don't think I ever shall. For I have been soberly reflecting on my value to the community, and I am a little chilled by the result.

You will be, too, before you have finished with my cogitations.

II

The first thing to disturb the self-assurance which Charles had aroused in me was the meeting of the faculty which I attended a few days later. I arrived late and took a seat near the door.

The members of the faculty sat facing a table where chairman and secretary had their places. The company was made up of men of different ages, of different characters, of different interests and attainments; but in one thing they were all alike — in the look of unmitigated boredom which rested upon their features.

This was not surprising. The chairman of the Committee on Degrees was reading his report, and this is what he was saying: 'The first is the case of Mr. Collins of the class of 1905. He left college in the spring of 1905 with two credits lacking. He now writes that he spent three years, from 1905 to 1908, in Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of French both written and spoken. For the last two years he has been in Brazil engaged in the study of Brazilian butterflies. He now asks that this work in French and Zoölogy be reckoned as the equivalent of his deficiencies, and that he be enrolled with his class. The committee feels that this request is so unusual that they would like to have the opinion of the faculty.'

A few barely audible titters were cut short by the stern voice of the chairman: 'Will you discuss the case of Mr. Collins?'

There was a pause. Then a cheerful voice asked nonchalantly: 'Mr. Chairman, what Collins is this? The son of Judge Collins of Cleveland?'

'I don't know;' from the chairman. 'Perhaps the committee can tell us.'

The committee had no information about the parentage of Mr. Collins.

Another silence. A man with a mouth like a steel trap and a for-God's-sake-let-us-get-on manner snapped out, 'I move that Mr. Collins's request be denied.'

An old gentleman rose. His air of diffidence was at once pathetic and lovable. He spoke in the tone of one who does not expect anyone to pay any attention to what he says, but who is none the less determined, for duty's sake, to say it.

'Mr. Chairman, I think it is hardly fair that Mr. Collins should be penalized in this way. I knew him well. He was in my class in mathematics and did good work there. He was a man of unusual charm. His father, as it happens, is Judge Collins of Cleveland, a graduate of ours in the class of '78. I think we should look into his case very carefully before committing ourselves to action which we might later regret. Of course, I do not want to do or say anything which will not commend itself to the faculty or to the Committee on Degrees, but still, as I say, I feel, and I feel that others will feel — '

He ended in the middle of a sentence and sat down.

'Motion!' snapped the steel trap.

'The motion before the faculty is that Mr. Collins's request be not granted. Is there any seconder?'

It then appeared that there had been a seconder, but his contribution had not been heard. Garbed in formal decency, the motion was again set up for contemplation. A serious-looking man forestalled the imminent vote.

'Mr. Chairman, before we act on this matter, should we not have some principle to guide us? Are we prepared to go on record as approving of the reading of French newspapers as counting toward the degree?'

The committee, on being pressed to fulminate a principle, confessed that they had none, but preferred to deal with each case on its merits. They felt,

however, that the case of Mr. Collins presented so many unusual features that they would prefer, as they had said, to be guided by the judgment of the faculty.

The collective wisdom of the faculty was still to seek, and the member who had pressed for a principle crossed his legs and settled back hopelessly into his chair. There was an awkward silence. The older men relapsed into the resignedness of those who for years have been expected to waste their time and their intelligence on such matters. The younger, including myself, were shy of speech, and looked round expectantly for something to happen.

'Are you ready for the question?' asked the chairman.

The thought of actually having to come to a decision struck a chill of horror to the heart of a conservative in the back of the room. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said slowly, 'I should like to know, before we settle this question, what the feeling of the committee themselves is. What do they themselves recommend?'

'The committee have already said that they have been unable to agree on any recommendation,' replied the chairman, with a touch of pardonable asperity.

'Oh, I 'm sorry; I did n't know,' murmured the victim; and began to whisper to his neighbor what he really thought of the rough-and-ready methods of the chairman. He seemed to be under the impression that he had opened up a new and promising line.

The case of Mr. Collins was at last disposed of, together with a few less grave and complicated matters concerned with degrees.

Then, with an air of putting away things at once tedious and frivolous and coming to the real business of the afternoon, the chairman announced that we would continue from the preceding meeting the discussion of the proposed new courses in the science of business.

Heavy lethargy brooded over the company. No one seemed capable of initiating a discussion of anything. A gloom was settling down upon the minds of all of us, as outside it was gathering about the trees on the campus. One man looked at his watch and tiptoed to the door with the look of a hunted criminal; but his heart within him was as a dancing star. The less courageous followed him with eyes of envy. I suddenly had a vision of excavations being carried on here thousands of years hence, when the searchers in our antique civilization would come upon the room and the members sitting just as they were, mummified, and still waiting for something to happen. The secretary would be frozen in an attitude of resigned despair; Professor X——, wise old veteran, would still be dozing with the peace of the ineffable upon his face; the chairman would still be gazing out upon us with that frown of perplexity; all of us paralyzed by the baneful influence of a system which nullified intelligence and good-will and set a premium on human weakness. The whole situation became dream-like.

I was awakened by a speaker whose quiet competent tones were evidence that he was immune from the spell.

'I thought we had settled that last time, Mr. Chairman. As I understand it, we voted to include the science of business among the subjects leading to the degree, and to-day we were to hear from the Committee on the Curriculum about the nature of the course and the amount of credit to be assigned to it.'

The chairman looked puzzled. While he was still trying to formulate a reply, he was interrupted by a voice saying, in mingled surprise, pain, and indignation, 'Mr. Chairman, that was certainly not my understanding of our action. I was under the impression that we were simply stating our desire that the

committee should draw up a scheme of instruction for us; but I should never have voted for it if I had thought that we were committing ourselves irrevocably to business science as part of the curriculum.'

These remarks created a mild consternation. Here was the faculty congratulating itself upon actually having done something last time, only to be faced with the awful problem of discovering what the devil it had done.

An elderly supercilious-looking man, with an air of caustic weariness, as if for one who was in possession of all truth these signs of human finitude were too much, made a show of coming to the rescue: 'Perhaps the secretary can enlighten us.'

The secretary read from the minutes: 'Voted to refer to the Committee on the Curriculum the question of the amount of credit to be given to courses in the science of business.'

'Does n't seem to help us much,' muttered the chairman.

There was a moment of silence during which we cogitated upon the pregnant possibilities of that vote. Then the gentleman who knew Mr. Collins's father seized the opportunity to make a speech which perhaps he had long meditated.

'I do not know, Mr. Chairman, whether it is proper for me to say what I am going to say or not; but I cannot help feeling, and I feel that the faculty will feel as I feel, but, as I say, I am rather under the impression that we ought to go very carefully in this matter. Are n't we really rather in danger of rushing things and taking precipitate action which we may subsequently regret? Of course, I realize that the matter is urgent, and I do not wish for a moment to obstruct the faculty if they have really decided to go ahead with this matter; but nevertheless we should exercise caution and study the proposal in all its bearings before rushing blindly into a course of action which, as I say, although I would not be thought to be resisting an innovation, if that should really turn out to be for the best, after mature consideration of the matter from all sides and in every angle and light.'

He paused to clear his throat. In imagination one could see him taking the orator's sip of water.

My neighbor groaned.

'Sh!' said the man next to him. 'I think it 's immense. I would n't miss a word. He 's going on.'

He was. He went. He spoke for ten minutes. For five of these he was in favor of instruction in the science of business, and for five against. But he did not leave his audience in doubt about his final verdict. He closed his magnificent career of irrelevance by bringing forth a treasure of conservative wisdom. 'But finally, Mr. Chairman, I cannot conceal from myself the fact that this is, after all, a change.'

While we were still turning this jewel of thought so that the light might catch it on all its facets, a cool business-like voice broke in: 'Mr. Chairman, may we have the vote read again? I have forgotten the exact wording of it.'

This was the moment when a malign, or rather a beneficent, voice within me whispered, 'What price the value of all this to the community?'

A pause. Then, 'And you need n't be superior. What have you contributed to the discussion? Nothing but sneers and profitless criticism. A little humility, my son, a little humility.'

That punctured me. But the owner of the voice must have taken pity on my crestfallen condition, for, after a few moments, it spoke again, very seductively, — this was in the Good Old Days, — 'Don't you think you need a drink?'

Gentle reader, if you are still gentle,

what would you have done? Remember, I was sitting near the door. — I am glad to see that we agree. I did not even stay to consult my watch. I beat it.

III

I had been conducting an examination in one of my courses, and about noon I dropped into the University Club to look at the newspapers. Before I had settled myself to my reading Dick Remington strolled up. Dick is about thirty-eight, a physically robust specimen, frank, breezy, and always amusing. He is one of those enviable people who can use the most frightful language without offending anyone. At college he had the reputation of being a good sport, and he has maintained it since. He is in the insurance business, has plenty of money, and spends it freely. He was now waiting for a guest and had no intention of reading himself, or, apparently, of letting me read. He caught sight of the bundle of examination books under my arm.

'Got to correct all those? Gosh! I don't see how you do it. Let 's see: philosophy is what you teach, is n't it?'

I nodded.

'I only took one course in philosophy when I was in college; with old Professor Gilbert. Say, do you remember him? No, you would n't. He must have been before your time. Well, believe me, he was a queer duck. Gee! I 'll never forget that course I took with him. You could n't do anything to please him. No matter what you said or wrote, it was always wrong. I 'd bone up that stuff, you know, and put down everything just as it was in the book, and then get a flat zero. There were about ten of us in the class, and it was the same with all of us. I guess we none of us understood much about the subject anyway; and as for understanding his lectures — My Lord! He 'd come in to class, you know, and begin to talk about some problem, and in five minutes we 'd all be up in the air. He might just as well have been spouting Hebrew at us.

'Well, by and by, I began to get a bit sore at getting zeros all the time, and I suppose I must have showed it, because after one test on which he gave me two — two, mind you! — out of a hundred he called me up to the desk and sailed right into me. Told me that I was loafing, and that I must make up my mind whether I wanted to work in his class or play football. You bet I was n't half mad. I told him I 'd play football. And with that I faded away. I had just about decided that all was over between us.

'And then what do you suppose happened? A few days later we heard that he 'd had a son. He had been married about fifteen years and had had no kids, and I guess never expected to have any; and now, bing! along comes a son. Can you beat it?

'That morning I and a couple of the fellows in the class who were collecting zeros thought up a scheme. We went down to Burgess the jeweler's and asked to see some silver cups. Finally we picked out a walloping great thing — it cost us about twenty-five dollars — and had it engraved: "To Professor A. M. Gilbert, with the cordial congratulations of" the class in philosophy, whatever it was. Then came the names of all the members of the class, and the date of the kid's birth. Believe me, it was some cup when we got through. We had it sent out to his house.

'Well, sir, you should have seen the old boy's face when he came into class the morning after — fairly beaming all over. He made us a little speech of thanks; told us the kid's weight and everything. Then he wound up by saying that he had decided that he had been rather severe with the class so far, so he was going to change his methods

and adopt a new plan for the examination at the end of the term. He was going to give us fifteen questions beforehand, from which he would pick out eight for the examination. And sure as you live, he did! Well, of course, that was pie for me. I boned up the answers to those questions until I could have written them out on my head. And I got a final stand of eighty. Eighty, mind you, after all those zeros! he must have given me about a hundred and fifty per cent on the examination. And it only cost me about five dollars in the end. — Albert Murchison Gilbert! Well, he certainly was a great old boy. You know, there was another story they used to tell about him —'

But at this point I interrupted. 'No, Dick,' I said, 'I'm not going to let you tell me any more. As it is, I am a broken man. I'm going home to have a good cry.'

IV

I went home; but not to the luxury of a good cry. The afternoon and evening found me reading those examination books.

The answers were of two kinds — those that represented two hours' reflection by an immature mind on a series of problems which had perplexed the ablest thinkers throughout the generations, and those that represented absolutely nothing at all. If I might have had my way, I should have marked two per cent of the papers, 'Intelligence: a trace'; the remaining ninety-eight per cent, 'Would be better advised to take up plumbing.' But, for various reasons, that would never do. So I knew that I would pass ninety-eight per cent of the papers, with marks ranging from 100 to 50. To the absolutely worthless two per cent I would give marks between 50 and 40. Thus I would perpetuate the arrangement whereby in the heaven of academic attainment there is standing-room only, while the echoing corridors of hell are crying out for more.

It is hard to locate the responsibility. Let us take the easy way out and put the blame on the System.

On this particular evening the System filled me with a despair more profound than usual. Dick Remington's story kept nagging my mind. His cheerful assumption that education was a farce, and that both parties to the enterprise knew it to be so, was a more damning indictment of education than any petulant or indignant attack on the System could have been. Here was I, reading examination papers, partly in contempt, partly in despair of the writers; at any rate, suffering fools sadly. Now I suddenly saw myself through their eyes. Were they just enduring me, reading their assignments and taking notes, 'with humble underbearing of their fortune,' because they knew that I, too, was a victim of the System and that a man has to earn his living somehow?

I thought of that little book in which from time to time I had noted down the more breath-taking howlers that my pupils committed. In my early days of teaching I had looked upon these blunders as good fun, as so many diverting comments upon the level of undergraduate intelligence. As my collection grew, I had thought of working it up into an entertaining and quite innocuous little article. I had hit upon a good title too: a remark attributed to a fifth-century Greek philosopher concerning one of his alleged disciples: 'What lies the young man tells about me!' That would have had the faint aroma of culture needed to set off the article. In imagination I had already heard the thin bland mirth of the complacent reader.

But now, as I took out the little book and ran my eye over its pages, I

knew that my article would never be written. One could not be facetious before so scorching a revelation of the teacher's guilt for his part, willing or unwilling, in the Great Conspiracy. Look over my shoulder, reader, as I turn the pages, and see if you will not agree with me.

Philosophy did not begin until an idle set of men began to think.

The Pythagorean way of life was very practical and in many instances it had customs which were based on implicit knowledge. E.g. They said: Never eat beans.

Xenophanes said this in the first flush of the doctrine of relativity.

Aristotle's doctrine of the mean is that everything is in a mean state between an excess and a dirth.

With Aristotle Christianity began to break forth.

The chief Stoics were Anaxagoras, Socrates and Aristotle's Encheridion.

Protagoras believed that everything is what it appears to the individual. In the case of a pig, a pig would be the measure of all things. Here we have the beginnings of transcendentalism.

Spinoza was an optimist about the bright side of life and a pessimist about the dark side.

The United States, through over-emphasis of freedom, have allowed elements within the body politic such free play that they may have injected a gangrene that will suck out her life.

A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.

In departing from the mores or customs of the state the person is liable to get himself into trouble, as for instance a free thinker or a believer in so-called 'absolute motherhood' or some fanatical scheme of the sort.

You laugh? Yes, of course you do. But listen a moment, and you will surely detect some quality of bitterness in the echoes. 'A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.' Consider what lies behind that statement. A vast institution, with millions of dollars' worth of pretentious buildings sprawling over a large tract of land, and those buildings pullulating with busy men. Trustees sitting solemnly about a table to decide matters of high finance or of educational policy; committees forming and reforming; instructors lecturing and preparing to lecture. Clerks and sub-clerks swarming like ants about miles of card-index drawers. The cacophony of batteries of typewriters going up to heaven, to mingle with the noise of innumerable telephones.

In the Dean's Office they are busy adding marks, computing averages, recording cuts. The Dean himself is hard at work upon three new disciplinary measures. A thousand books are on their way to the Library. In the Gymnasium a small army of freshmen are being weighed, measured, and questioned upon the color of their parents' eyes. A wrecking company is tearing down our last original building, to make room for the new school of journalism. Hundreds of students are preparing hundreds of assignments for the next day's classes. Carloads of beef and eggs and vegetables are rolling into town, to feed the bodies of the members of this great society, and officials are busy dictating invitations to distinguished preachers and lecturers for the nourishing of their minds.

Think of this huge and complex machine turning over night and day, of the labor that has gone to the making of it, of the toil of hand and brain that keeps it in operation, and then see the result. 'A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.' That is what it all comes to. That is the finished

product. — Does your laughter sound quite so spontaneous now?

'Xenophanes said this in the first flush of the doctrine of relativity.' How came human pen to set down that?

As I see it, there are three possible explanations. First, the writer is a defective, a moron, or whatever is the latest jargon for the old-fashioned and more expressive 'dolt.' If so, how did he manage to enter college? And now that he has succeeded in getting in, how has he survived two years of it, so that in the third he can come to plague me and drag a dead weight upon his companions?

Second, the writer's brain and will may be sound enough, but were never designed by the Lord to occupy themselves with philosophy. Why, then, is he allowed to take philosophy? In all probability he is a demon chauffeur, with a taste for mechanics; but I will surely flunk him, and his low mark in philosophy will reduce his mark in some course where his natural abilities may have enabled him to shine. And in after years, when he has amassed a fortune in carburetors or something of the kind, he will think and talk of philosophy as rubbish and education as a farce. And who will blame him for it?

The third explanation is that I have no business to be teaching philosophy. After all, every human being must have some interest in that subject, whether he is aware of it or not: he must find the universe exciting or delightful or mysterious or terrible. What have I done to him to make him talk of 'the first flush of the doctrine of relativity'? I must be responsible, for no human being, left to himself, could ever come to think and write like that. I have turned his world into a jig-saw puzzle, the *disjecta membra* of which are the fragments of a hideous terminology. But the teacher in whose hands philosophy becomes either a slayer of enthusiasm or a silly game of abstract ideas has missed his vocation.

No matter which of the explanations proves to be correct, I cannot escape some of the responsibility. Either I am tainted with the guilt of the institution which admits dullness and stupidity, or I am a cause of dullness and stupidity in others. In neither case am I of conspicuous value to the community.

And so, the next time that the good Charles comes to feed me and to sympathize with my lot, I am going to surprise him. I am going to sing the praises of the janitor and the office-boy. I am going to point out to him that the community could get along very well without its professors, but that it can by no means afford to dispense with the janitor. I shall turn the cutting edge of socialistic doctrine in an unexpected direction: I shall try to convince him that a more just distribution of wealth will surely mean that some of my salary shall be deducted and added to that of the man who takes care of the furnace. I shall do it reluctantly, even sadly; not only because I cannot afford to have my salary reduced, but because I fear it means that brother Charles can no longer be a comfort to me.

LIBERTY AND THE NEWS[1]

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

THE debates about liberty have hitherto all been attempts to determine just when in the series from Right to Left the censorship should intervene. Last month I ventured to ask whether these attempts do not turn on a misconception of the problem. The conclusion reached was that, in dealing with liberty of opinion, we were dealing with a subsidiary phase of the whole matter; that, so long as we were content to argue about the privileges and immunities of opinion, we were missing the point and trying to make bricks without straw. We should never succeed even in fixing a standard of tolerance for opinions, if we concentrated all our attention on the opinions. For they are derived, not necessarily by reason, to be sure, but somehow, from the stream of news that reaches the public, and the protection of that stream is the critical interest in a modern state. In going behind opinion to the information which it exploits, and in making the validity of the news our ideal, we shall be fighting the battle where it is really being fought. We shall be protecting for the public interest that which all the special interests in the world are most anxious to corrupt.

As the sources of the news are protected, as the information they furnish becomes accessible and usable, as our capacity to read that information is educated, the old problem of tolerance will wear a new aspect. Many questions which seem hopelessly insoluble now will cease to seem important enough to be worth solving. Thus the advocates of a larger freedom always argue that true opinions will prevail over error; their opponents always claim that you can fool most of the people most of the time. Both statements are true, and both are half-truths. True opinions can prevail only if the facts to which they refer are known; if they are not known, false ideas are just as effective as true ones, if not a little more effective.

The sensible procedure in matters affecting the liberty of opinion would be to ensure as impartial an investigation of the facts as is humanly possible. But it is just this investigation that is denied us. It is denied us, because we are dependent upon the testimony of anonymous and untrained and prejudiced witnesses; because the complexity of the relevant facts is beyond the scope of our hurried understanding; and finally, because the process we call education fails so lamentably to educate the sense of evidence or the power of penetrating to the controlling centre of a situation. The task of liberty, therefore, falls roughly under three heads: protection of the sources of the news, organization of the news so as to make it comprehensible, and education of human response.

II

We need, first, to know what can be done with the existing news-structure, in

[1] Other phases of this subject were discussed by the author in the *Atlantic* for November. — THE EDITORS.

order to correct its grosser evils. How far is it useful to go in fixing personal responsibility for the truthfulness of news? Much further, I am inclined to think, than we have ever gone. We ought to know the names of the whole staff of every periodical. While it is not necessary, or even desirable, that each article should be signed, each article should be documented, and false documentation should be illegal. An item of news should always state whether it is received from one of the great news-agencies, or from a reporter, or from a press bureau. Particular emphasis should be put on marking news supplied by press bureaus, whether they are labeled 'Geneva,' or 'Stockholm,' or 'El Paso.'

One wonders next whether anything can be devised to meet that great evil of the press, the lie which, once under way, can never be tracked down. The more scrupulous papers will, of course, print a retraction when they have unintentionally injured someone; but the retraction rarely compensates the victim. The law of libel is a clumsy and expensive instrument, and rather useless to private individuals or weak organizations because of the gentlemen's agreement which obtains in the newspaper world. After all, the remedy for libel is not money damages, but an undoing of the injury. Would it be possible then to establish courts of honor in which publishers should be compelled to meet their accusers and, if found guilty of misrepresentation, ordered to publish the correction in the particular form and with the prominence specified by the finding of the court? I do not know. Such courts might prove to be a great nuisance, consuming time and energy and attention, and offering too free a field for individuals with a persecution mania.

Perhaps a procedure could be devised which would eliminate most of these inconveniences. Certainly it would be a great gain if the accountability of publishers could be increased. They exercise more power over the individual than is healthy, as everybody knows who has watched the yellow press snooping at keyholes and invading the privacy of helpless men and women. Even more important than this, is the utterly reckless power of the press in dealing with news vitally affecting the friendship of peoples. In a Court of Honor, possible perhaps only in Utopia, voluntary associations working for decent relations with other peoples might hale the jingo and the subtle propagandist before a tribunal, to prove the reasonable truth of his assertion or endure the humiliation of publishing prominently a finding against his character.

This whole subject is immensely difficult, and full of traps. It would be well worth an intensive investigation by a group of publishers, lawyers, and students of public affairs. Because in some form or other the next generation will attempt to bring the publishing business under greater social control. There is everywhere an increasingly angry disillusionment about the press, a growing sense of being baffled and misled; and wise publishers will not pooh-pooh these omens. They might well note the history of prohibition, where a failure to work out a programme of temperance brought about an undiscriminating taboo. The regulation of the publishing business is a subtle and elusive matter, and only by an early and sympathetic effort to deal with great evils can the more sensible minds retain their control. If publishers and authors themselves do not face the facts and attempt to deal with them, some day Congress, in a fit of temper, egged on by an outraged public opinion, will operate on the press with an axe. For somehow the community must find a

way of making the men who publish news accept responsibility for an honest effort not to misrepresent the facts.

III

But the phrase 'honest effort' does not take us very far. The problem here is not different from that which we begin dimly to apprehend in the field of government and business administration. The untrained amateur may mean well, but he knows not how to do well. Why should he? What are the qualifications for being a surgeon? A certain minimum of special training. What are the qualifications for operating daily on the brain and heart of a nation? None. Go some time and listen to the average run of questions asked in interviews with Cabinet officers — or anywhere else.

I remember one reporter who was detailed to the Peace Conference by a leading news-agency. He came around every day for 'news.' It was a time when Central Europe seemed to be disintegrating, and great doubt existed as to whether governments would be found with which to sign a peace. But all that this 'reporter' wanted to know was whether the German fleet, then safely interned at Scapa Flow, was going to be sunk in the North Sea. He insisted every day on knowing that. For him it was the German fleet or nothing. Finally, he could endure it no longer. So he anticipated Admiral Reuther and announced, in a dispatch to his home papers, that the fleet would be sunk. And when I say that a million American adults learned all that they ever learned about the Peace Conference through this reporter, I am stating a very moderate figure.

He suggests the delicate question raised by the schools of journalism: how far can we go in turning newspaper enterprise from a haphazard trade into a disciplined profession? Quite far, I imagine, for it is altogether unthinkable that a society like ours should remain forever dependent upon untrained accidental witnesses. It is no answer to say that there have been in the past, and that there are now, first-rate correspondents. Of course there are. Men like Brailsford, Oulahan, Gibbs, Lawrence, Swope, Strunsky, Draper, Hard, Dillon, Lowry, Levine, Ackerman, Ray Stannard Baker, Frank Cobb know their way about in this world. But they are eminences on a rather flat plateau. The run of the news is handled by men of much smaller calibre. It is handled by such men because reporting is not a dignified profession for which men will invest the time and cost of an education, but an underpaid, insecure, anonymous form of drudgery, conducted on catch-as-catch-can principles. Merely to talk about the reporter in terms of his real importance to civilization will make newspaper-men laugh. Yet reporting is a post of peculiar honor. Observation must precede every other activity, and the public observer (that is, the reporter) is a man of critical value. No amount of money or effort spent in fitting the right men for this work could possibly be wasted, for the health of society depends upon the quality of the information it receives.

Do our schools of journalism, the few we have, make this kind of training their object, or are they trade-schools designed to fit men for higher salaries in the existing structure? I do not presume to answer the question, nor is the answer of great moment when we remember how small a part these schools now play in actual journalism. But what is important is, to know whether it would be worth while to endow large numbers of schools on the model of those now existing, and make their diplomas a necessary condition for the

practice of reporting. It is worth considering. Against the idea lies the fact that it is difficult to decide just what reporting is — where in the whole mass of printed matter it begins and ends. No one would wish to set up a closed guild of reporters and thus exclude invaluable casual reporting and writing. If there is anything in the idea at all, it would apply only to the routine service of the news through large organizations.

Personally I should distrust too much ingenuity of this kind, on the ground that, while it might correct certain evils, the general tendency would be to turn the control of the news over to unenterprising stereotyped minds soaked in the traditions of a journalism always ten years out of date. The better course is to avoid the deceptive short cuts, and make up our minds to send out into reporting a generation of men who will, by sheer superiority, drive the incompetents out of business. That means two things. It means a public recognition of the dignity of such a career, so that it will cease to be the refuge of the vaguely talented. With this increase of prestige must go a professional training in journalism in which the ideal of objective testimony is cardinal. The cynicism of the trade needs to be abandoned, for the true patterns of the journalistic apprentice are not the slick persons who scoop the news, but the patient and fearless men of science who have labored to see what the world really is. It does not matter that the news is not susceptible of mathematical statement. In fact, just because news is complex and slippery, good reporting requires the exercise of the highest of the scientific virtues. They are the habits of ascribing no more credibility to a statement than it warrants, a nice sense of the probabilities, and a keen understanding of the quantitative importance of particular facts. You can judge the general reliability of any observer most easily by the estimate he puts upon the reliability of his own report. If you have no facts of your own with which to check him, the best rough measurement is to wait and see whether he is aware of any limitations in himself; whether he knows that he saw only part of the event he describes; and whether he has any background of knowledge against which he can set what he thinks he has seen.

This kind of sophistication is, of course, necessary for the merest pretense to any education. But for different professions it needs to be specialized in particular ways. A sound legal training is pervaded by it, but the skepticism is pointed to the type of case with which the lawyer deals. The reporter's work is not carried on under the same conditions, and therefore requires a different specialization. How he is to acquire it is, of course, a pedagogical problem requiring an inductive study of the types of witness and the sources of information with whom the reporter is in contact.

Some time in the future, when men have thoroughly grasped the rôle of public opinion in society, scholars will not hesitate to write treatises on evidence for the use of news-gathering services. No such treatise exists to-day, because political science has suffered from that curious prejudice of the scholar which consists in regarding an irrational phenomenon as not quite worthy of serious study.

Closely akin to an education in the tests of credibility is rigorous discipline in the use of words. It is almost impossible to overestimate the confusion in daily life caused by sheer inability to use language with intention. We talk scornfully of 'mere words.' Yet through words the whole vast process of human communication takes place. The sights and sounds and meanings of nearly all

that we deal with as 'politics,' we learn, not by our own experience, but through the words of others. If those words are meaningless lumps charged with emotion, instead of the messengers of fact, all sense of evidence breaks down. Just so long as big words like Bolshevism, Americanism, patriotism, pro-Germanism are used by reporters to cover anything and anybody that the biggest fool at large wishes to include, just so long shall we be seeking our course through a fog so dense that we cannot tell whether we fly upside-down or right-side-up. It is a measure of our education as a people that so many of us are perfectly content to live our political lives in this fraudulent environment of unanalyzed words. For the reporter, abracadabra is fatal. So long as he deals in it, he is gullibility itself, seeing nothing of the world, and living as it were in a hall of crazy mirrors.

Only the discipline of a modernized logic can open the door to reality. An overwhelming part of the dispute about 'freedom of opinion' turns on words which mean different things to the censor and the agitator. So long as the meanings of the words are not dissociated, the dispute will remain a circular wrangle. Education that shall make men masters of their vocabulary is one of the central interests of liberty. For only such an education can transform the dispute into debate from similar premises.

A sense of evidence and a power to define words must for the modern reporter be accompanied by a working knowledge of the main stratifications and currents of interest. Unless he knows that 'news' of society almost always starts from a special group, he is doomed to report the surfaces of events. He will report the ripples of a passing steamer, and forget the tides and the currents and the ground-swell. He will report what Kolchak or Lenin says, and see what they do only when it confirms what he thinks they said. He will deal with the flicker of events and not with their motive. There are ways of reading that flicker so as to discern the motive, but they have not been formulated in the light of recent knowledge. Here is big work for the student of politics. The good reporter reads events with an intuition trained by wide personal experience. The poor reporter cannot read them, because he is not even aware that there is anything in particular to read.

And then the reporter needs a general sense of what the world is doing. Emphatically he ought not to be serving a cause, no matter how good. In his professional activity it is no business of his to care whose ox is gored. To be sure, when so much reporting is *ex parte*, and hostile to insurgent forces, the insurgents in self-defense send out *ex parte* reporters of their own. But a community cannot rest content to learn the truth about the Democrats by reading the Republican papers, and the truth about the Republicans by reading the Democratic papers. There is room, and there is need, for disinterested reporting; and if this sounds like a counsel of perfection now, it is only because the science of public opinion is still at the point where astronomy was when theological interests proclaimed the conclusions that all research must indicate.

While the reporter will serve no cause, he will possess a steady sense that the chief purpose of 'news' is to enable mankind to live successfully toward the future. He will know that the world is a process, not by any means always onward and upward, but never quite the same. As the observer of the signs of change, his value to society depends upon the prophetic discrimination with which he selects those signs to place before his readers.

IV

But the news from which he must pick and choose has long since become too complicated even for the most highly trained reporter. The work, say, of the government is really a small part of the day's news, yet even the wealthiest and most resourceful newspapers fail in their efforts to report 'Washington.' The high lights and the disputes and sensational incidents are noted, but no one can keep himself informed about his Congressman or about the individual departments, by reading the daily press. This failure in no way reflects on the newspapers. It results from the intricacy and unwieldiness of the subject-matter. Thus, it is easier to report Congress than it is to report the departments, because the work of Congress crytallizes crudely every so often in a roll-call. But administration, although it has become more important than legislation, is hard to follow, because its results are spread over a longer period of time, and its effects are felt in ways that no reporter can really measure.

Theoretically Congress is competent to act as the critical eye on administration. Actually, the investigations of Congress are almost always planless raids, conducted by men too busy and too little informed to do more than catch the grosser evils, or intrude upon good work that is not understood. It was a recognition of these difficulties that was the cause of two very interesting experiments in late years. One was the establishment of more or less semi-official institutes of government research; the other, the growth of specialized private agencies which attempt to give technical summaries of the work of various branches of the government. Neither experiment has created much commotion: yet together they illustrate an idea which, properly developed, will be increasingly valuable to an enlightened public opinion.

Their principle is simple. They are expert organized reporters. Having no horror of dullness, no interest in being dramatic, they can study statistics and orders and reports which are beyond the digestive powers of a newspaper man or of his readers. The lines of their growth would seem to be threefold: to make a current record, to make a running analysis of it, and on the basis of both, to suggest plans.

Record and analysis mean an experimental formulation of standards by which the work of government can be tested. Such standards are not to be evolved off-hand out of anyone's consciousness. Some have already been worked out experimentally, others still need to be discovered; all need to be refined and brought into perspective by the wisdom of experience. Carried out competently, the public would gradually learn to substitute objective criteria for gossip and intuitions. One can imagine a public-health service subjected to such expert criticism. The institute of research publishes the death-rate as a whole for a period of years. It seems that for a particular season the rate is bad in certain maladies, that in others the rate of improvement is not sufficiently rapid. These facts are compared with the expenditures of the service, and with the main lines of its activity. Are the bad results due to causes beyond the control of the service? do they indicate a lack of foresight in asking appropriations for special work? or in the absence of novel phenomena, do they point to a decline of the personnel, or in its morale? If the latter, further analysis may reveal that salaries are too low to attract men of ability, or that the head of the service by bad management has weakened the interest of his staff.

When the work of government is

analyzed in some such way as this, the reporter deals with a body of knowledge that has been organized for his apprehension. In other words, he is able to report the 'news,' because between him and the raw material of government there has been interposed a more or less expert political intelligence. He ceases to be the ant, described by William James, whose view of a building was obtained by crawling over the cracks in the walls.

These political observatories will, I think, be found useful in all branches of government, national, state, municipal, industrial, and even in foreign affairs. They should be clearly out of reach either of the wrath or of the favor of the office-holders. They must, of course, be endowed, but the endowment should be beyond the immediate control of the legislature and of the rich patron. Their independence can be partially protected by the terms of the trust; the rest must be defended by the ability of the institute to make itself so much the master of the facts as to be impregnably based on popular confidence.

One would like to think that the universities could be brought into such a scheme. Were they in close contact with the current record and analysis, there might well be a genuine 'field work' in political science for the students; and there could be no better directing idea for their more advanced researches than the formulation of the intellectual methods by which the experience of government could be brought to usable control. After all, the purpose of studying 'political science' is to be able to act more effectively in politics, the word effectively being understood in the largest and, therefore, the ideal sense. In the universities men should be able to think patiently and generously for the good of society. If they do not, surely one of the reasons is that thought terminates in doctor's theses and brown quarterlies, and not in the critical issues of politics.

On first thought, all this may seem rather a curious direction for an inquiry into the substance of liberty. Yet we have always known, as a matter of common sense, that there was an intimate connection between 'liberty' and the use of liberty. Everyone who has examined the subject at all has had to conclude that tolerance *per se* is an arbitrary line, and that, in practice, the determining factor is the significance of the opinion to be tolerated. This study is based on an avowal of that fact. Once it is avowed, there seems to be no way of evading the conclusion that liberty is not so much permission as it is the construction of a system of information increasingly independent of opinion. In the long run it looks as if opinion could be made at once free and enlightening only by transferring our interest from 'opinion' to the objective realities from which it springs. This thought has led us to speculations on ways of protecting and organizing the stream of news as the source of all opinion that matters. Obviously these speculations do not pretend to offer a fully considered or a completed scheme. Their nature forbids it, and I should be guilty of the very opinionativeness I have condemned, did these essays claim to be anything more than tentative indications of the more important phases of the problem.

V

Yet I can well imagine their causing a considerable restlessness in the minds of some readers. Standards, institutes, university research, schools of journalism, they will argue, may be all right, but they are a gray business in a vivid world. They blunt the edge of life; they

leave out of account the finely irresponsible opinion thrown out by the creative mind; they do not protect the indispensable novelty from philistinism and oppression. These proposals of yours, they will say, ignore the fact that such an apparatus of knowledge will in the main be controlled by the complacent and the traditional, and the execution will inevitably be illiberal.

There is force in the indictment. And yet I am convinced that we shall accomplish more by fighting for truth than by fighting for our theories. It is a better loyalty. It is a humbler one, but it is also more irresistible. Above all it is educative. For the real enemy is ignorance, from which all of us, conservative, liberal, and revolutionary, suffer. If our effort is concentrated on our desires, — be it our desire to have and to hold what is good, our desire to remake peacefully, or our desire to transform suddenly, — we shall divide hopelessly and irretrievably. We must go back of our opinions to the neutral facts for unity and refreshment of spirit. To deny this, it seems to me, is to claim that the mass of men is impervious to education, and to deny that, is to deny the postulate of democracy, and to seek salvation in a dictatorship. There is, I am convinced, nothing but misery and confusion that way. But I am equally convinced that democracy will degenerate into this dictatorship either of the Right or of the Left, if it does not become genuinely self-governing. That means, in terms of public opinion, a resumption of that contact between beliefs and realities which we have been losing steadily since the small-town democracy was absorbed into the Great Society.

The administration of public information toward greater accuracy and more successful analysis is the highway of liberty. It is, I believe, a matter of first-rate importance that we should fix this in our minds. Having done so, we may be able to deal more effectively with the traps and the lies and the special interests which obstruct the road and drive us astray. Without a clear conception of what the goal of liberty is, the struggle for free speech and free opinion easily degenerates into a mere contest of opinion.

But realization is not the last step, though it is the first. We need be under no illusion that the stream of news can be purified simply by pointing out the value of purity. The existing news-structure may be made serviceable to democracy along the general lines suggested, by the training of the journalist, and by the development of expert record and analysis. But while it may be, it will not be, simply by saying that it ought to be. Those who are now in control have too much at stake, and they control the source of reform itself.

Change will come only in the drastic competition of those whose interests are not represented in the existing news-organization. It will come only if organized labor and militant liberalism set a pace which cannot be ignored. Our sanity and, therefore, our safety depend upon this competition, upon fearless and relentless exposure conducted by self-conscious groups that are now in a minority. It is for these groups to understand that the satisfaction of advertising a pet theory is as nothing compared to the publication of the news. And having realized it, it is for them to combine their resources and their talent for the development of an authentic news-service which is invincible because it supplies what the community is begging for and cannot get.

All the gallant little sheets expressing particular programmes are at bottom vanity, and in the end, futility, so long as the reporting of daily news is left in untrained and biased hands. If we are to move ahead, we must see a great

independent journalism, setting standards for commercial journalism, like those which the splendid English coöperative societies are setting for commercial business. An enormous amount of money is dribbled away in one fashion or another on little papers, mass-meetings, and what not. If only some considerable portion of it could be set aside to establish a central international news-agency, we should make progress. We cannot fight the untruth which envelops us by parading our opinions. We can do it only by reporting the facts, and we do not deserve to win if the facts are against us.

The country is spotted with benevolent foundations of one kind or another, many of them doing nothing but pay the upkeep of fine buildings and sinecures. Organized labor spends large sums of money on politics and strikes which fail because it is impossible to secure a genuine hearing in public opinion. Could there be a pooling of money for a news-agency? Not, I imagine, if its object were to further a cause. But suppose the plan were for a news-service in which editorial matter was rigorously excluded, and the work was done by men who had already won the confidence of the public by their independence? Then, perhaps.

At any rate, our salvation lies in two things: ultimately, in the infusion of the news-structure with men with a new training and outlook; immediately, in the concentration of the independent forces against the complacency and bad service of the routineers. We shall advance when we have learned humility; when we have learned to seek truth, to reveal it and publish it; when we care more for that than for the privilege of arguing about ideas in a fog of uncertainty.

FAITH

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THAT life shall aye endure,
Beyond the passing breath,
I know no proof secure,
Save death.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE LOSS OF PARADISE

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

In old Hittite documents it is truthfully related how Paradise was lost, and we find there some strange deviations from the usual story. Of course, it is hardly scientific to accept the Hittite version without proper criticism; yet even the casual reader will detect some plausibility in the tale as there given.

Adam and Eve lived in the Paradise of the Hittite people just as happily and contented as in the Biblical one. They had given names to all the animals, they had visited all spots of interest, they had tasted of all the fruits except the forbidden one, and for this one they had not even the slightest desire. But Satan, who, since he himself has lost his heaven, can hardly bear to see someone else live peacefully and contentedly in the Paradise of Love, assumed the appearance of a glittering serpent and began to make friends with Eve. He told her funny little amusing, teasing, and flattering things — things the more awkward and sluggish Adam would never have dreamed of saying; and though no one can accuse Eve of having directly flirted with Satan, yet it is true that she found a strange and wicked pleasure in hearing — and some times pretending not to hear — things which had a sulphurous aroma, and in watching the graceful serpent around which little rainbow-colored, glittering, underworld flames were playing.

And by-and-by Satan began to talk of the wide, wide world and of the strange and marvelous fortunes and manifold adventures in that world, of which one who lived always in Eden could scarcely have an adequate idea.

Eve, of course, became curious, but she knew full well that her curiosity was useless and vain. The garden of Paradise had great and forbidding walls, its gates could not be opened by mortal hands, and the tempting world was thus quite out of the question for her. Yet Satan simply smiled away all these obstacles.

'Pluck one of these forbidden apples,' he said; 'eat of it, and give Adam to eat, and the gates will open of themselves, and the world with all its wonderful possibilities will lie before you. "Adventures are for the adventurous," as Lord Beaconsfield will one day say. Dare and you will succeed.'

It sounded wonderful, yet Eve hesitated to pluck a fruit that was strictly forbidden to her; and when she cautiously broached the question to Adam and proposed to serve the forbidden fruit as an extra course of their Sunday dinner, she got but scant encouragement.

'That is not for me,' Adam said, 'dyspeptic as I am. I have no use for such new-fangled dishes. Give me peaches with goat-milk or some berries with honey-dew; then I know what I get, and I know it will agree with me. Your apples are certainly unhealthful and indigestible. Otherwise they would n't be forbidden.'

'But Satan says,' explained Eve, 'that they are not forbidden. This is simply a superstition.'

'And what, then, is superstition,' lectured the pedantic Adam, 'but in-

herited experience? Your apples are unwholesome, take my word for it. I don't care what your friend Satan may or may not say.'

And thus the matter rested. The apples were not plucked and not eaten, because Adam was against it, and Eve did not care greatly, and whenever she did not care greatly, she was quite willing to be amiable and submissive.

Satan was in despair. If he could not entangle the happy couple in the meshes of sin, what hope was there for him and his power? Darkly brooding, he sat on a blackened rock, when suddenly an old and hag-like woman stood before him and surveyed him with a toothless and evil smile.

'Satan,' she said, 'Prince of Sin and Darkness, never, never will you be able to destroy the Paradise of Love if I do not lend my help. Your time has not yet arrived. Leave Adam and Eve for a while to my tender and skillful ministrations, and they will soon be your prey. When I have paved the way for you, you will conquer.'

'And who are you?' asked Satan surprised. 'Who are you who claim to be more powerful than Sin itself? What is your name?'

'My name,' said the hag with her repulsive smile, 'my name is Ennui; I am Dame Boredom.'

And as the hag had prophesied, so it happened. As soon as she appeared in Paradise, the end of all happiness was in sight. Soon the first couple plucked the forbidden fruit and ate it, only to escape the intolerable ennui that had settled upon them; then the gates of Paradise opened, and they went out to meet Satan, who was smilingly waiting for them.

What happened further is not disclosed. Like many other tales, the Hittite manuscript breaks abruptly off just when the real story begins; but someone who has studied the subject extensively assures us that there is very much truth in this version, and that in the Paradise of Love, after an unbelievably short time, one still becomes, as in the days of Adam and Eve, a helpless prey to the same old and intolerable boredom.

PLAIN TALK TO TEACHERS

BY A. R. BRUBACKER

I

THE 'learned professions' were once an inner circle of distinction. Every family cherished the ambition to have representation in this court of honor. Divinity, Law, and Medicine, these three, and the greatest was probably Divinity. Greatness was not yet measured in cash-value, nor did the proletariat regard these distinctions as invidious. Not yet. Now we have new aspirants for place in the inner circle. Engineering professes a body of special knowledge and expert experience; special schools alone can give this knowledge; and the trained engineer renders a specialized service to society. And

nursing. Who shall deny that nursing demands special knowledge, and that it renders important service to society? Then there are the social workers, business engineers of various kinds, philanthropists — and teachers. Some will have it that not all philanthropists are teachers, but that all teachers are philanthropists.

Shall all these be recognized as professions? The exclusiveness of the inner circle is in danger. The term 'learned' may have to be abandoned. Or, possibly, terms of initiation can be defined in such a way that some may qualify and others not. What is a profession, then? Samuel Johnson defines it merely as a 'vocation, known employment, a calling.' This, of course, includes shoe-shining. Surely teaching is not behind shoe-shining in its claims, although it is certainly behind shoe-shining in cash-value. 'An occupation that involves a liberal education, and mental rather than manual labor.' This is the definition of a recent maker of dictionaries, and has a tendency to restore the sacred inner circle of the 'learned profession.' But what will the first proletarian glossary offer as a modification? Will it blot out finally, and perhaps ruthlessly, the early and late distinctions between occupations and professions? or is there no distinction between surgeons and barbers, between lawyers and lathers, between teachers and tinkers?

A profession may be distinguished from a trade, vocation, occupation, or business by the following well-marked characteristics: —

1. A profession presupposes a body of scientific and technical knowledge and corresponding skill in practice.

2. This knowledge and skill can be acquired only by extended study and careful practice by persons who have the necessary native endowment.

3. The welfare of community, state, and nation depends on services which can be rendered only by those who have this knowledge and skill; and

4. The practitioners, or members of the profession, by virtue of their special qualifications and by virtue of the public service rendered by them, incur definite moral obligations to each other and to the community. These obligations are the basis of professional ethics.

These characteristics cannot be disregarded. The character of the service rendered will be the touchstone. Communities may differ in their estimate of the value of a particular public service. The same service will have a varied rating in different periods. What was a trade in one period may become a profession in another. But the basis of judgment will be the four here named — a special body of knowledge, an extended period of study and practice, a service deemed essential to public welfare, and a body of professional ethics.

II

We are passing through a period of self-examination in education. Like the seeker after grace, we are almost morbid in our self-reproach; and like him, we are entreating fervently the gift of professional salvation. We covet the things that will make teaching an undoubted, unchallenged profession. The college professor is pleading for a salary on which he can live decently, and rear a family, without doing the family washing and working as a 'scab' carpenter at eight dollars a day during the long vacation. This same college professor also asks for a larger share of self-determination in the academic organization. To him professional salvation means financial recognition and a better social and professional status.

The common-school teacher organizes and makes a show of numerical and political strength, in order to secure

a minimum living salary. She identifies herself with the ranks of labor, skilled and unskilled, or less skilled. As yet she has not succeeded in raising this minimum up to the wage of the municipal street-sweeper. Self-examination brings home to her that she is not received into the habitations of the social pace-maker, that she is not a social entity at all. She is treated very much like the trainer of horses, like the chauffeur, like the caretaker — except that she receives a smaller wage. Salvation is conceived by her in terms of social recognition and an equivalent salary; and she seeks this salvation, to the prejudice even of her professional status, largely because she has as yet only a trade and not a professional consciousness.

The educational leader and administrator, too, has become introspective and has discovered the 'national emergency in education.' The emergency consists in poorly paid teachers, untrained teachers, 'deplorably low professional standards, and the immaturity of teachers.' He seeks professional salvation in federal financial aid, and a seat among the powerful in the President's Cabinet.

These individual plaints are made acute at this time by the universal expectation of a new world after the Great War. They come to expression as part of the great longing for better things. But not one element is new. Teachers' salaries have long been below reasonable expectations. College instructors are to-day working for salaries which good chauffeurs decline; and grade teachers receive less than journeymen barbers, less than garbage-collectors, less than street-sweepers. This has been true almost *ab initio*. The social status of public-school teachers has never been determined by the importance of their service to community life. The preparation of teachers for their work has been disgracefully inadequate, because we have had, and now have, the absurd belief that 'anybody can teach reading, writing and arithmetic,' and therefore boys and girls fresh from the grammar schools, sixteen years of age, are employed as teachers. Sixteen per cent of the public-school teachers in the United States are between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. This is an old story. As for professional standards, is not that a preposterous term to use of child-workers? Can we regard children under twenty-one as constituting a profession, especially when most of them remain in the work of teaching less than five years?

III

A frank statement of conditions seems advisable. There are forces that hinder the development of a teaching profession. There are elements in the work of teachers that are common to the crafts. And human nature is triumphant in teachers as in other folk, expressing itself in conduct that is sometimes less than professional. Since these conditions prevail from the kindergarten through the university, — or so far as they do prevail, — they are symptomatic, and must be clearly defined and commonly recognized and classified before they can be corrected.

Divinity has maintained itself as a learned profession in spite of low salaries. Country physicians, likewise, constitute an important and honored element of the medical profession, in spite of low earnings. On the contrary, the better salaried groups of teachers, supervisors, principals, high-school teachers, do not usually display clearer professional characteristics than the lower salaried groups. May it not, then, be true that low salaries are due in part at least to lack of professional qualities? Group solidarity and length

of service, professional fitness, high professional ethics, and professional alertness will, to some extent at least, tend toward better salaries. Social recognition almost certainly waits on evidence of professional qualities in the teacher. No social group can afford to deny itself the benefit of social intercourse with men and women of refinement, broad learning, and of expert knowledge in any field of usefulness, least of all in the teachers of its children.

Low salaries and lack of social recognition are two conditions that exist by common consent. There is no room for argument here. Our economic and social behavior toward teachers has been and is disgraceful. The remedy awaits the assertion by the teachers themselves, in word and act, but especially in professional conduct, that they are worthy of larger salaries and of social equality. These disabilities may be effect as well as cause. At any rate we should frankly raise the question. For example: group-consciousness or solidarity is notably lacking among teachers. Women teachers frequently avoid classification and identification as teachers. In public places, at public resorts, they try to give the impression that they are not teachers. Schoolteacher is accepted as a term of reproach. Even during educational conventions, when the streets of the convention city are inevitably overrun by teachers, when hotel lobbies and dining-rooms are monopolized by women teachers, there is this same desire to escape identification as of the genus teacher. It is a token of the fact that there is no group pride. A strange phenomenon. Its explanation probably lies in the fact that the basis of unity among teachers is still the external and comparatively unimportant coincidence of name or place or occupation. The cohesive power of high scholarly purpose, of common civic service, is apparently absent.

The American public-school teacher is young and immature. Fully forty per cent of her is under twenty-five years of age. That is a significant fact. The woman teacher begins before she is twenty years of age, teaches three or four years, marries, and drops all interest in teaching as a life-work. That young women should marry before twenty-five is reasonable and natural; but it is wholly impossible to build up a professional *esprit de corps* in a force that has to be recruited so frequently from such immature material. For it should be remembered that few women — it might be questioned if any do — look upon teaching as a life-work before they have passed thirty, which is equivalent to saying that women teachers under thirty are not likely to have a professional attitude toward their work. Since this group constitutes so large a percentage of the entire body, the result is inevitable. Teaching is a temporary employment to them. It fills the marriageable interim between normal school or college and matrimony. In that interim the attention is naturally fixed on the main chance. Time devoted to professional reading is reduced to a minimum; time spent in attendance on educational conferences is not given with professional enthusiasm. Teaching is not a career, but a vestibule to a career.

The few men who continue to drift into teaching are subject to similar temptations. Most men begin teaching because it is the most ready means of turning their education into cash-value. Between twenty and twenty-five teaching offers these young men as large financial rewards as business. But the break comes between twenty-five and thirty. Business offers larger rewards then, or they leave teaching, to complete courses in law or medicine. In

either case they are lost to teaching, and their places are filled by inexperienced recruits.

This is doubly hard on the smaller school, since these tender youths occupy places of administrative importance before they have maturity of judgment and thought. They hold places of professional importance, in spite of the fact that they are not seeking careers in teaching.

This apparently leads to the conclusion that the body of teachers consists of forty per cent of immature women and men, sixty per cent of unmarriageable women and unsaleable men. This is, of course, only partly true. But it is a fact that men teachers are too frequently effeminate. Someone has said, 'There are three genders, the masculine, the feminine, and the "male teacher."'

Teachers are constantly changing, then, partly because they like to migrate, partly because they leave the profession and their places to young recruits. In rural districts it is not unusual to have ninety per cent of the force new each year. In cities, twenty to thirty per cent of the force is annually changed. The migratory habit is due partly to a desire for better salaries, partly to instability in the employing agencies, and partly to a love of change for its own sake.

The teaching force of these communities is extremely variable because it is mobile and temporary. Methods are necessarily unstable, and under such conditions the school product cannot be standardized. Mobility and professional spirit are clearly inconsistent, mutually exclusive.

One damning heresy continues to plague teachers and teaching — a heresy held, it is true, by the laity rather than by the teachers, but not entirely renounced even by the latter. 'Anyone can teach.' This is a negation of all professional aspirations. The taxpayer and the school trustee assume the truth of this and act upon it. In the country school, therefore, boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen, without any training in method, with no schooling beyond the grammar grades, are employed as teachers; while in the high schools, college graduates are asked to teach subjects for which they have no special preparation. This is particularly true of English and of history. By accepting employment on these terms teachers of course subscribe to the heresy; and by holding to it, teacher, trustee, and taxpayer together put the stamp of approval on inadequate teacher-training standards. In this, as in other fields, democracy shows its impatience of expert service.

The expert school administrator is free from this heresy. He may be guilty of others — not of this one. He demands adequate scholarship *plus* professional training, even for the lowest-salaried teacher. But democracy is not yet willing to accept the school expert. The definition of standards of preparation — even the selection of teachers — is still prevailingly in the hands of school trustees who have no correct basis of judgment. Consequently, too often they choose teachers for their good looks or because they know persons of importance. To expect a professional *esprit de corps* in a body of teachers so selected is the height of folly.

Out of these several conditions arises an inevitable tendency on the part of teachers to stagnate. Teachers must grow in knowledge and in the graces of their art if they wish to remain professionally alive. Stagnation in teaching is certain professional death. But the normal-school graduate is proverbially stagnant. She reads no books, she investigates nothing for herself; she expects the impetus provided by the

normal-school training to last through her teaching life, and the community she serves receives rapidly diminishing returns. And college graduates are not notably more progressive. While it is true that they start with a wider horizon and with more extensive scholarship, their enthusiasm for learning is not notably contagious.

Even the late crop of 'teachers' colleges' and 'schools of education' does not contribute vigorously to a spirit of progress and the advancement of learning. These institutions love pedagogy and pursue it, sometimes to the exclusion of other good things. They are magnifying the teaching process to the detriment of the learning process. Teaching skill is refined to the point where the child is *taught* everything so skillfully that he *learns* nothing. That is to say, he makes no effort to learn because effort is unnecessary. Under this 'soft pedagogy' the learner is chronically passive, even if he is receptive. The 'School of Pedagogy' is concerned with method, rather than with the matter of knowledge, and the product is therefore somewhat pedantic, as might be expected. It mistakes the shadow for the real substance, and accepts for its standard the mere conceit of learning.

Now this new pedagogy is harmful in what it fails to do rather than in what it does. That is, its method is harmless, nay, helpful, if it is founded on adequate knowledge of subject-matter. But the pedagogue wants ever more and more method. The summer sessions of our colleges find the 'Methods' courses vastly more popular than the informational and cultural courses. The teacher makes her annual pilgrimage to the 'seat of learning,' not to get *learning*, but to refine the mechanics of method, thus becoming, not more cultivated, but more mechanical in her teaching.

IV

Teaching is nevertheless entitled to be rated among the learned professions. Its claim rests squarely on the importance of the service rendered, on the breadth and depth of the body of prerequisite knowledge, on the special technique by which alone success can be attained, and on a common ethical obligation which rests on those persons who have acquired this knowledge and the technique of teaching.

The service rendered by teachers has very great value, rising distinctly above the vocations and trades in this respect, and comparing favorably with the learned professions. Take the blacksmith's trade, for example. When his work is well done, he has a well-shod horse and a satisfied customer; when it is poorly done, he causes a small financial loss and has a displeased customer. The transaction involves a single customer, and has small significance to the community. The same is true of the trades generally.

Contrast with this the work of the physician or the lawyer. The failure of the former means physical death; his success, physical fitness. The public health is in his keeping. His work has direct social significance. He subtracts from or adds to the common welfare, according as he fails or succeeds. In a similar manner, the lawyer who errs secures less than justice for his client; while the lawyer who succeeds gets justice for his client and promotes the cause of justice generally. The tranquillity and the security of the community are in his keeping.

But the teacher surpasses each of these in value to the community, for the teacher who errs injures the cause of truth. By teaching vicious doctrines, he may undermine government, misdirect the mental energies of youth, and retard the development of society.

The forward movements in human welfare become possible only from correct teaching. Civilization advances in accordance with the quality of teaching service. The influence of the great teacher extends through many generations, doing high service beyond the limits of his natural life. It transcends geographical and national boundaries. Witness Socrates and Jesus. Judged by the character of the service rendered, teachers clearly form a distinctive and homogeneous group, which by its peculiar knowledge and special skill controls the general community welfare.

The teacher necessarily professes knowledge on the subject he essays to teach. Generally speaking, then, he should have a liberal education in the best sense. That he should 'know something about everything and everything about something,' is a hard saying but a true one. And then there is a body of scientific and technical knowledge relating solely to the art of teaching, which must be mastered. With this special knowledge goes a related skill. Persons who have this prerequisite liberal education and the special knowledge and skill are experts, differentiated from tradesmen and purveyors of commodities, forming a group which may be called a profession under the most rigorous definition of that term.

Because this distinctive group, which we are pleased to call the teaching profession, possesses a knowledge and a skill which are vital to the welfare of community and national life, on which depends the continuity of civilization, there rest upon the group definite obligations toward the community and toward each other. These obligations are moral, and form a body of professional ethics. That teachers are becoming aware of their obligations is shown by the fact that codes of professional ethics for teachers have been formulated in several teachers' organizations, notably by the State Associations of New York and Massachusetts. Briefly stated, these codes seek to fix standards of professional qualifications, to outline the principles of professional conduct, and to provide for the advancement of the profession as a whole. In so far as the teaching body generally accepts its ethical obligations, it has acquired a professional consciousness.

The fundamental question for all of us who give thought to education and the advancement of teaching is the creation and the increase of the professional solidarity which comes from a common consciousness of work well performed. The charlatan with his conceit of learning must give place to the genuine scholar with sound learning. The pedagogue with his pedantry must yield to the simple teacher with rich personal power. The vocationist must not be admitted with his cash-value doctrine until the groundwork of an education has been laid. 'Soft pedagogy' must be displaced by a vigorous, self-directed learning process. The temporary time-serving teacher must go. The feminizing process, by which even male teachers lose their virility, should cease. Our watchword should be, *professional conduct.* The new world demands more of teachers than any previous period has demanded of them. Education is the means of social salvation for modern peoples. The teachers must, therefore, have scholarship and technical skill, and also high moral purpose. They must recognize their ethical obligations to the point where they become a cohesive body, a profession. For such a body of teachers the rightful place in the sacred circle of the learned professions is prepared.

CHRISTMAS ROSES. II

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

STILL, Mrs. Delafield knew no remorse. Rather, a wine-like elation filled her. She thought of her state of consciousness in terms of wine, and ordered up from her modest cellar a special old port, hardly tasted since her husband's death, and, all alone, drank at lunch a little glass in honor of Jane Amoret's advent. Also, though elated, she was conscious of needing a stimulant. The scene with Rhoda had cost her more than could, at the moment, be quite computed.

What it had won for her she was able to compute when, after lunch, she went upstairs to look at Jane Amoret asleep in her white cot. She did not feel like a robber brooding in guilty joy over ill-gotten booty. She could not feel herself that, nor Jane Amoret booty. Jane Amoret was treasure, pure heaven-sent treasure, her flower of miracle. Christmas roses had been in her mind since morning, and the darkness, the whiteness of the child, as well as her beautiful unexpectedness, made her think of them anew; her gravity, too — something of melancholy that the flowers embodied; for they were not smiling flowers — gazing rather at the wintry sky in earnest meditation.

Jane Amoret's black lashes lay upon her cheek, ever so slightly turned up at the tips, and her great-aunt, leaning over her, felt herself doting upon them and upon the little softly breathing profile embedded in the pillow, a bud-like, folded hand beside it.

'Little darling — we will make each other happy,' she whispered.

Rhoda had passed from their lives like a storm-cloud.

Jane Amoret was still sleeping, and she had gone downstairs to the little morning-room where, since the war, she had really lived, to settle with herself what she must say to Tim, when there came a ringing at the front-door bell. The morning-room, at the back of the house, like the nursery, overlooked the southern lawn and the walls of the kitchen-garden; but she could usually hear if a motor drove up, and, in her still concentration upon the empty sheet lying before her on the desk, she was aware that there had been no sound. It was too early for a visitor, too early for the evening post, and she looked up with some curiosity as Parton came in.

'It 's a gentleman, madam, to see you,' said Parton; and her young, trained visage showed signs of a discomposure deeper than that Rhoda's coming had evoked. 'Mr. Darley, madam; and he hopes very much you are disengaged.'

Mrs. Delafield had, as a first sensation, that of sympathy with Parton. Parton evidently knew all about it and was evidently in distress lest her face betrayed her knowledge. In her effort to maintain her own standards of impassivity she suddenly blushed crimson, and Mrs. Delafield then felt that she was very old and Parton very young, and that in that fact alone was a bond, even if there had been no other. She had many bonds with Parton, and now,

seeing her so soft, uncertain, and dismayed, she would have liked to pat her on the shoulder and say, 'There, my dear, it does n't make any difference. I assure you I'm not disturbed.' And since she could not say it, she looked it, replying with the utmost equability, 'Mr. Darley? By all means. Show him in at once, Parton.'

There was, after Parton had gone, a short interval, while Mr. Darley, doubtless, was taking off his coat, and during which she felt herself mainly engaged in maintaining her equability. But, after her encounter with Rhoda, was n't she equable enough for any situation? Besides, Mr. Darley could in no fashion menace Jane Amoret, and under all her conjectures and amazements there lay a certain satisfaction. She knew, from her encounter with Parton, that she was interested in all young creatures when they were nice, and she was not sorry to have another look at Mr. Darley.

When he entered and she saw him, — not in khaki as that first time, but in a gray tweed suit, — when Parton had softly and securely closed the door and left them together, she found herself borne along on a curious deepening of the current of sympathy for mere youth. She had not remembered how young he was; she had not had that as her dominant impression at Rhoda's tea, as she had it now. He must be several years younger than Rhoda; hardly more than twenty-two or three, she thought; and it must have been as a mere child that the war had swept him out into maturing initiations. Something of an experience, shattering yet solidifying, was in his face, fragile, wasted, yet more final and finished than one would have expected at his time of life; and also, in curious contrast to his boyish, beardless look, a deep line was engraved across his forehead; whether by suffering or by the trick she soon discovered in him of raising his eyebrows in an effort of intense concentration, she could not tell.

She gave him her hand simply, and said, 'Do sit down.'

But Mr. Darley, though he looked at the chair she indicated, did not take it. He remained standing on the hearth-rug, facing the windows, his hands clasped behind him, and she then became aware that he was enduring a veritable agony of shyness. It did not take the form of blushes, — though his was a girlish skin that would display them instantly, — or of awkward gesture or faltering speech. It was a shyness wild, still, and bereft of all appeal, like that of a bird, — the simile came sharply to her, — a bird that had followed some swift impulse and that now, caught in a sudden hand, relapsed into utter immobility. His large eyes were on hers — fixed. His expression was like a throbbing heart. She knew that all that she wanted, for the moment, was to show him that the hand was gentle.

'I'm afraid you came hoping to find Rhoda,' she said, looking away from him and giving her chair, as a pretext, sundry little adjustments before drawing it to the fire. 'But she left this morning, after seeing me, and you must have crossed her on the road. At least — have you motored?'

The large eyes, she found, were still fixed on her as, with the question, she glanced up at him; but he answered immediately — rather as if with a croaking cry from the blackbird when one pressed it, —

'No; I came by train. I left a little after Rhoda did.'

'By train?' she marveled kindly. 'But we are four miles from the station here. Are n't you, at your end, as far? And such roads!' She saw now that his boots and upturned trousers were, indeed, deeply mired.

'Oh — I did n't mind the walk,' said Mr. Darley. 'It was n't far.'

She was sure he had n't found it far. His whole demeanor expressed the overmastering impulse that had, till then, sustained him.

'Have you had any lunch?' she went on. 'I can't think where you can have lunched. There's nothing at the station. Do let me send for something. I've only just finished.'

It seemed strangely indicated that she should, to-day, feed Rhoda and her lover.

But the caught blackbird was in no state for feeding. More wildly, yet more faintly than before he gave forth the croaking cry with, 'Oh, no. Thanks so much. Yes. At our station. I found something at our station. Sandwiches; no, a bun. I had a cup of Bovril.'

And now, curiously, poignantly to her, he began to blush as though suddenly and overwhelmingly aware of himself and of how idiotically he must be behaving. Poor child! How young he was! And how ill he had been in the trenches; and how beautiful it was to remember — as she did suddenly, and not irrelevantly, she knew, though she could not trace the relevance — that, in the little volume, written since his return, there had not been a shadow of the ugly rancor, revengeful and provocative, one met in some other soldier-poets whom one might have fancied to be of his kind. For how he must have hated it! And, at the same time, memory brought back a line, a stanza here and there, from her snatched reading — how holy he had found it; seeing so much more than error, death, and suffering!

Her eyes dwelt on him with something beyond the kindly wish to spare him as she said, 'Please sit down. You must be very tired and you are not strong, Rhoda told me. Don't be afraid of me. I am an old lady who can listen to anything and, I think, understand a great deal. I've already heard a great deal from Rhoda. I'm anything but unfriendly to you, I assure you.'

It was — she was aware of it when it had crossed her lips — a curious thing to say to her niece's lover, to the man who had destroyed Tim's happiness and wrecked Niel's home; but it was too true not to be said. And she was perfectly sure now that it was not Mr. Darley who had wrecked and destroyed. It was Rhoda who had taken him, of course; not he Rhoda. He would never take anybody. He would stand and gaze at them as he now gazed at her, and only when they threw out appealing arms, would he move toward them. Rhoda had thrown out appealing arms — after she discovered that alluring arms had no effect. Mrs. Delafield's impressions and intuitions tumbled forth in positive clusters as she took in her companion. Allurements, Russian-ballet background, snowy throats and velvet eyes, would have no effect upon him at all; he cared as little about them at one end of the scale of sensations as about rats and corpses at the other. He would not even see them. It was something else he had seen in Rhoda; something she had found herself driven to display. And if she were getting tired of him already, it was simply because, having trapped him with the artifice, she now found herself shut up with him in a cage which, while it was of her own making, was extremely uncongenial to her.

Mr. Darley was far too absorbed in what she had just said to him to think of taking the chair. It had helped him incalculably — that was quite apparent; for though the blush stayed, and though he was still wild and shy, they had already, indubitably, begun to understand each other.

'Do you mean,' he asked, 'not unfriendly to me or not unfriendly to Rhoda?'

This was an unexpected question, and for a moment, not knowing what it portended, she hardly knew how to meet it. But the understanding that seemed to deepen with every moment made truth the most essential thing, and she replied after only a hesitation, 'To you.'

Mr. Darley looked all his astonishment. 'But why? Do you feel that you like me, too? Because, of course, I've never forgotten you. That's why I felt it possible to come to-day.'

And since truth was essential, it was she, now, who looked, with her surprise, something that she felt to be a recognition, as she replied, 'I suppose it must be that. I suppose we liked each other at first sight. I certainly did n't know the feeling was reciprocal.'

'Nor did I!' Mr. Darley exclaimed. He took the chair at the other end of the hearth-rug, facing her, his knees crossed, his arms clutched tightly across his chest; and now he was able to reach his journey's goal. As all, on Rhoda's side, had been made clear to her that morning, so, on his, all was clear as he said, with a solemnity so young, so genuine, that it almost brought tears to her eyes, 'Then, since you do like me, please don't let her leave me!'

It was before her in the definite, overpowering mass of it; but how it could have come about made a sort of mist enveloping the approaches to the mountain.

'Does Rhoda want to leave you?' she questioned.

'Why — did n't you know?' Mr. Darley's face flashed with a sort of stupor. 'Did n't she come for that?'

'You answer my questions first,' Mrs. Delafield said after a moment.

He was obedient and full of trust. 'It's because of the child, you know, that lovely little creature in London. From the first — you can't think how long ago it already seems, though we have hardly been a week together — I've seen it growing, that feeling in her that she could n't bear it. Other things, too; but that more than all. At least,' he was truthful to the last point of scruple, 'I think so. And though she did not tell me that she was saying good-bye this morning, I knew — I knew — that she was coming to you because she wanted her child, and would accept anything, endure anything, to be with it again.'

'What do you think Rhoda had to endure?' Mrs. Delafield inquired.

'Oh — you can't ask me that! I saw you in it and you saw me!' Mr. Darley exclaimed. 'You *will* be straight with me? You saw that soulless life of hers, with that selfish figurehead of a husband for all guide. She was suffocating in it. She did n't need to tell me. I saw it in her face before she told me. How can a woman live with a man she does n't love? When you said not unfriendly to me, did you mean to make a difference? Did you mean that you don't care for Rhoda? Yet she's always loved and trusted you, she told me, more than anyone. You were the one reality she clung to. That's why *she* could come to you to-day.'

'What I mean is that I'm on your side, not on Rhoda's,' said Mrs. Delafield, and at the moment her charming old white face expressed, perhaps as never before in her life, the quality of decisiveness. 'I am on your side. But I have to see what that is.'

He was feeling her face even more than her words. He was gazing at her with a rapt scrutiny which, she reflected, exonerating Rhoda to that extent, would make it difficult for a woman receiving such a tribute not to wish to retain it permanently. It enriched and sustained one and — although it was strange that she should feel this — troubled and moved one, too. A sense of pain stirred in her, and of wonder about

herself and her fitness to receive such gazes. One really could n't, at sixty-three, have growing pains; yet Mr. Darley's gaze filled her with that troubled consciousness of expanding life. He wanted Rhoda. She wanted Jane Amoret. So, was n't it all right? Was n't she all right? His side was her side. They wanted the same thing. But the troubled sap of the new consciousness was rising in her.

'My side is really Rhoda's side,' said Mr. Darley, as if answering her thought. He held his knee in gripped hands and spoke with rapid security. He was still shy, but he now knew exactly what he wished to say, and how to say it. 'It 's Rhoda's side, if only she 'd see it. That 's why I was not disloyal in asking my question when you said you were n't unfriendly. Really — really — you *will* believe me — it 's for her, too. I would n't have let her come with me if it had n't been. I'm not so selfish as I seem. I know it 's dreadful about the child. But — this is my secret; Rhoda does not guess it and I could never tell her — she does n't love the child as she thinks she does. Not really. In spite of her longing. She longs to love it, of course; but she is n't a mother; not to that child. That 's another reason. It was all false. The whole thing. The whole of her life. The real truth is,' said Christopher Darley, gazing large-eyed at her, 'that Rhoda is frightened and wants to go back. She 's not as brave as she thought she was. Not quite as brave as I thought. But if she yields to her fear and leaves me, — she has n't yet, I know, I see that in your face, — but if she goes back to her old life, it will mean dust, humiliation, imprisonment forever.'

'That 's what I told her,' Mrs. Delafield said, her eyes on his.

'I knew! I knew!' cried the young man. 'I knew you 'd done something beautiful for me — for us. Because you see the truth. And you were able to succeed where I failed! You were able to convince her! You 've saved us both! Oh, how I thank you!'

'It was n't quite like that,' said Mrs. Delafield. 'It was n't to save either of you. I don't think it right for a woman to leave her husband with another man because she has ceased to love her husband. But I made her go back. I would n't even let her tell me that she wanted to leave you. I did n't convince her. I merely made it impossible for her. She left me reluctant and bewildered. You have n't found out yet,' — Mrs. Delafield leaned forward and picked up the little poker; the fire needed no poking and the movement expressed only her inner restlessness, — 'you have n't found out that Rhoda, at all events, *is* very selfish?'

Christopher Darley at that stopped short. 'Oh, yes, I have,' he answered then; but the frightened croak was in his voice as he said it.

'And have you found out, too,' said Mrs. Delafield, eyeing her poker, sparing him, giving him time, 'that she's unscrupulous and cold-hearted? Do you see the sort of life she'll make for you, if she is faithful to you and stays with you, not because she's faithful, not because she wants to stay, but gagged and baulked by me? Have n't you already, yourself, been a little frightened sometimes?' she finished.

She kept her eyes on her poker and gave Mr. Darley his time, and indeed he needed it.

'If you've been so wonderful,' he said at last, with the slow care of one who threads his way among swords; 'if, though you think we're law-breakers, you think, too, that we've made ourselves another law and are bound to stand by it; if you've sent her back to me — why do you ask me that? But no,' he went on. 'I'm not frightened. You see — I love her.'

'She does n't love you,' said Mrs. Delafield.

'She will! She will!' — It made Mrs. Delafield think of the shaking heart-throbs of the blackbird. — 'All that you see, — yes, yes, I won't pretend to you, because I trust you as I've never before trusted any human being, because you are truer than anyone I've ever met, — it 's all true. She is all that. But don't you see further? Don't you see it 's the life? She 's never known anything else. She 's never had a chance.'

'She 's known me. She 's had me.'

Mrs. Delafield's eyes did not leave the poker. But under the quiet statement the struggle in her reached its bitter close. She had lost Jane Amoret. She must give her up. Not for her sake; nor for Rhoda's, — oh, in no sense for Rhoda's, — but for his. She could not let him pay the price. She must save him from Rhoda.

'What do you mean?' he asked; and it was as if crumbling before her secure strength, almost with tears.

'I mean that you 'll never make anything different of her. I never have, and I've known her since she was born. You won't make her, and she 'll unmake you. She is disintegrating. She has always been like that. Nothing has spoiled her. From the first she 's been selfish and untender. I don't mean to say that she has n't good points. She has a sense of humor; and she 's honest with herself: she knows what she wants and why she wants it — although she may take care that you don't. She is n't petty or spiteful or revengeful. No,' — Mrs. Delafield moved her poker slowly up and down as she carved it out for him, and it seemed to be into her own heart she was cutting, — 'there is a largeness and a dignity about Rhoda. But she feels no beauty and no tragedy in life, only irony and opportunity. You 'll no more change her than you 'll change a flower, a fish, or a stone.'

Holding his knee in the strained grasp, Christopher Darley kept his eyes on her, breathing quickly.

'Why did she come with me, then?' he asked, after the silence between them had grown long. (Strange, she thought, so near they were, that he could not know her heart was breaking, too. All the time it was Jane Amoret's sleeping eyelashes she saw.) 'Why did she love me? I am not irony or opportunity.'

'Do you think she ever loved you?' said Mrs. Delafield. 'Was it not only that she wanted you to love her? Was n't it because you were different, and difficult, and new? I think so. I think you found her at a bored, antagonistic moment; money-quarrels with her husband, — he is a good young fellow, Niel, and he used to worship her, — the war over and life to take up again on terms already stale. She is calculating; but she is adventurous and reckless, too. So she went. And of course she was in love with you then. That goes without saying, and you 'll know what I mean by it. But Rhoda gets through things quickly. She has no soil in her in which roots can grow; perhaps that 's what I mean by saying she can't change. One can't, if one can't grow roots. But now you are no longer new or difficult. You are easy and old — already old; and she 's tired of you. You bore her. You constrain and baffle her — if she 's to keep up appearances with you at all; and she 'd like to do that, because she admires you exceedingly. So she wants to go back to Niel. I know,' said Mrs. Delafield slightly shaking her poker, 'that if I 'd given her a loophole this morning, she 'd be on her way to London now.'

'And why did n't you?' asked Christopher Darley.

Ah, why? Again she brooded over the softly breathing little profile, again met the upward gaze of Jane Amoret's

gray eyes. Well might he ask why. But there was the one truth she could not give him. There was another that she could, and she had it ready. 'I had n't seen you,' she said.

'You thought it right for her to come back to me, until you saw me?'

'I thought it beneath her dignity — as I said to her — to be unfaithful to two men within a fortnight.'

'But why should you care for her dignity?' Mr. Darley strangely pressed. 'Why should n't you care more for your brother's dignity, and her husband's, and her child's — all the things she said you 'd care for?'

He had brought her eyes to his now, and, for the first time since they met, it was he who had the advantage. Frowning, yet clear, he bent his great young eyes upon her and she knew, dismayingly, that her thoughts were scattered.

'I have always cared for Rhoda.' She seized the first one.

'Is it a future for Rhoda to disintegrate the life of the man who loves her and to get no good of him? Is n't it better for a woman like Rhoda to go back to the apparent dignity, since she has no feeling for the real? Is n't that what you would have felt, if you 'd been feeling for Rhoda? It was n't because you felt for her,' said Christopher Darley. 'You had some other reason. You are keeping another reason from me. You know,' he urged upon her with a strange, still austerity, 'you know you can't do that. You know we must say the truth to each other. You know that we simply belong to each other, you and I.'

'My dear Mr. Darley — my dear young man!'

She was, indeed, bereft of all resource. She laid down her poker and, as she did so, felt herself disarming before him. His eyes, following her retreat, challenged her, almost with fierceness.

'I know — I know that you are giving up something because of me,' he said. 'You want her to go back to her husband now, so that I may be free. It was n't of me you thought this morning; nor of your brother, nor of Rhoda. Everything changed for you after you saw me. What is it? What is it that made you send Rhoda back to me and that makes you now want to free me? You are beautiful — but you are terrible. You do beautiful and terrible things. And you must let me share. You must let me decide, too, if you do them for me!'

He had started up, but not to come nearer in his appeal and his demand. Cut to the heart as he was, — for she knew how she had pierced, — it was rather the probing of some more intolerable pain that moved him. And looking down at her with eyes intolerant of her mercy, he embodied to her her sense of a new life and a new conscience. Absurd though his words might seem, they were true. Though never, perhaps, again to meet, she and Christopher Darley recognized in each other some final affinity and owed each other final truth.

She no longer felt old and wise, but young and helpless before the compulsion of the kindred soul. She owed him the truth, and in giving it she must risk his freedom and his happiness. Looking up at him, that sense of compulsion upon her, she said, 'It was because of Jane Amoret. It was because I loved her and wanted to keep her.'

Christopher Darley grew paler than before. 'She is here?'

'Yes. She came this morning. She is upstairs, sleeping.'

'Rhoda saw her?'

'Yes.'

'And left her? To you?'

'Yes. Left her to me.'

He raised his head with a backward jerk and stared out of the window before him. She kept her eyes on his face,

measuring its strength against hers. He was not measuring. He seemed to be seeing the beautiful and terrible things of which, he had told her, she was capable. She felt, when his eyes came back to her, that he had judged her.

'You see you can't,' he said gently.

'Can't what? Can't keep her, you mean, of course.'

'Anything but that. You can't abandon her — even for my sake.'

So that had been the judgment. He saw only beauty.

'I shan't abandon her. I shall always be able to see as much of her as I did of Rhoda, and more. And she is different from Rhoda. I shan't have the special joy of her, but I shall have the good.'

'Moreover,' he went on, with perfect gentleness, putting her words aside, 'I can't abandon Rhoda. All that you have said is true. But it does n't go far enough. You yourself, you know, see life too much in terms of irony, of fact rather than faith. You've owned that Rhoda is adventurous and honest; you've owned that she does n't lie to herself. Then she has growth in her. No human being can be like a flower or a fish or a stone. It was mere literature, your saying that. Every human being has futures and futures within it. You know it really. Why you yourself, though you are so old and fixed, are different now from what you were an hour ago. I am different, of course. And Rhoda will be different, too. She won't disintegrate me. She'll make me very miserable, doubtless; she has already. And I shall make her angry. But I shall hold her, and she'll change. You shall see. I promise you. And you will keep Jane Amoret, and she will be eternally different because of you.'

Mrs. Delafield, while he spoke, had risen. She stood before him, grasping her gold chain on either side, her eyes very nearly level with his, and she summoned all her will, her strength, her wisdom to meet him. Yes, they had come to that, she and this boy.

'I accept all your faith,' she said. 'Only you must help me to make my world, and not yours, with it. Don't be afraid for Jane Amoret. I shall be firmly in her life. Rhoda shan't keep me out. She won't want to keep me out. Rhoda has far more chance of changing, of learning something from this experience, as a disconcerted and forgiven wife than as a sullen adventurer; and you — you will not be miserable; not with Rhoda, at all events; and you will be free. I am going to send a wire to Rhoda, at once, and tell her that I have reconsidered my advice to her. That, in itself, will show her how I managed her this morning. I shall tell her that she must go to London to-night, to her father. And to-morrow I'll take Jane Amoret up and bring Rhoda and Niel together.'

He took it all in, wide-eyed, he too now measuring the threat.

'You can't,' he said; 'I won't let you!'

'You'll have to let me. I have the fact on my side as well as the faith. She wants to leave you. She wants only the excuse of being asked. You can't stop my giving her the excuse.' Yes, after all, her fact against his faith, she must have her way. What could his love for Rhoda — and his feeling for her — do against the ironic fact that Rhoda, simply, was tired of him? 'You must see that you can't force her to stay,' she said. 'You could n't even prevent her coming to me this morning.'

She looked at him with all the force of her advantage and saw that before the cruel fact, and her determination, he knew his helplessness. It was, again, the bird arrested in its impulse; and a veil seemed to fall across his face, a shyness, almost a wildness to shut them

out from each other. He dropped his eyes before her.

'Dear Mr. Darley, my dear young friend, see that it's best. See that it's best all round. See it with me,' she begged. 'I was wrong this morning; wrong from the very first. Let it come to that only. Count yourself out. It was of myself, of my own delight in the child that I was thinking. No, not even thinking; I tried to think it was for her; but it was my own feeling that decided. If you had never come, it would still have been right to give her up — though I should never have seen it unless you'd come. It was almost a crime that I committed. They had asked me to implore her to go back; they trusted me. And I prevented the message coming to her. I did not believe the things I said to her — not as she thought I believed them. I did not care a rap about her dignity; you saw the falsity at once. I cared only about keeping Jane Amoret.'

He stood there before her, remote, unmoved, with downcast, unanswering eyes.

'Are you angry? Don't you see it, too?' she pleaded.

'No.' He shook his head. 'You had a right to keep the child.'

'Against all those other reasons? Against my own conscience?'

'Yes. Because you were strong enough. You were right, because you were strong enough. I believe in law, too, you see — unless one is strong enough to break it for something better. You were. It was a beautiful thing to do.'

'But then, if you think me so strong, why not trust me now? This, now, is the thing I want to do.'

'Because of me. It is n't against the law you are acting now; it's against your own life. I am not angry. But it crushes me.'

They stood there then, she deeply meditating, he fixed in his unyielding grief, for how long she could not have said. Parton's step outside broke in upon their mute opposition.

II

She and Mr. Darley, Mrs. Delafield was aware, presented precisely the abstracted, alienated air that Parton would expect. The young man moved away to the window while she took from the salver the note Parton presented. Then, her hand arrested in the very act by a recognition, 'Is there an answer?' she asked.

'No answer, madam.'

'Who brought it?'

'A man from the station, madam.'

'Very well, Parton.'

Parton was gone. Mr. Darley kept his back turned. She held the note in her hand and stared at it. The writing was Rhoda's; the envelope one of the station-master's. She had been at the station, then, when she wrote, four miles away. The London train, for which she had been waiting, had gone long since; it had gone before the arrival of Mr. Darley's.

An almost overpowering presage rose in Mrs. Delafield; she could hardly, for a moment, summon the decision with which to open the envelope. Then, reading as she stood, she felt the blood flow up to her face.

For it was almost too much, although it was, through Rhoda's act, she who had won finally. Even she, then, had not yet correctly measured Rhoda's irony or Rhoda's sardonic assurance. Rhoda, after all, did not care to keep up appearances with her; and, after all, why should she? Here was fact, and it had been fact all through. She wanted most to go back. She wanted it more than to be dignified in her aunt's eyes, or, really, in anybody else's. Once back Rhoda would take care of her dignity.

In a flash Mrs. Delafield saw how little, when all was said and done, Rhoda would pay.

DEAR AUNT ISABEL [she wrote in her ample, tranquil hand]: I've been thinking over all you said and have come to the conclusion that you are considering me too much. I feel that I must consider my child. I have made a grave mistake and am not too proud to own it. Christopher and I are not at all fitted to make each other happy. So I have wired to father that I arrive this afternoon, and to Niel that I will see him to-morrow. I have written, too, of course, to my poor Christopher. But he will understand me. Thank you so much, dear Aunt Isabel, for your kindness and helpfulness.

Your affectionate RHODA.

P.S. Will you send nurse up with Jane Amoret within the week. Not at once, please; that would look rather foolish.'

With the accumulated weight of absurdity, relief, dismay, she had sunk down into her chair, still gazing at the letter, and it was dismay that grew. As if with a violent jolt back to earth, Rhoda seemed to show her that life was not docile to nobilities. She hated to think that he must feel with her that shattering fall. There was nothing for them to do now for each other; no contest and no sacrifice. Rhoda had settled everything.

She spoke to him at last, and, as he came to her, not looking around at him, she held out the note. He stood behind her to read it; and after that he did not speak.

She heard him move presently, vaguely, and then, vaguely, he drifted to and fro. He walked here and there; he paused, no doubt to feel his bones and to count how many had been broken, and then, with a start, he went on again.

'Please come where I can see you,' she said at last.

He came at once, obediently, standing as he had stood a little while ago before the fire, his hands locked behind him, but now with face bent down, fixed in its effort to see clearly what had happened to them.

'You see, it was over. You see, you could n't have made anything of it.' It was almost with tears that she besought him not to suffer too much. 'You have nothing to regret, except having believed in her. Tell me that you are not too unhappy.'

'I don't know what I am,' Christopher said. 'But I know I've more to regret than having believed in her. I've all the folly and mischief I've made.' He had thought it out and she could not deny what he had seen, not even when he went on, 'If it could have been in our way, — yours and mine, or, at least, what was yours this morning, when you thought you had kept her with me, — everything might have been atoned for. It might have meant a certain kind of beauty, and a certain kind of happiness, even, perhaps. But in this way, the way she's chosen, it only means just that — folly, mischief,' — he turned to the fire and looked down into it, — 'sin,' he finished.

She could not deny it, even to give him comfort; but she could find something else. 'It was Rhoda who chose. You, whatever your mistakes, chose very differently. I'm not trying to shift responsibility; to make mistakes is to be foolish and mischievous. But can't even sin be atoned for? Does n't it all now depend on you? That you should make yourself worth it. You are the only one of us who can do that.'

He turned to her and his eyes studied her with an unaccepting gentleness.

'You mean because I'm a poet? It

is n't like you, really, to say that. You don't believe in poets and their mission in that sense. It's too facile.'

'Not only because you are a poet. I was n't thinking so much of that, although your gift helps. But simply because you are young and good.'

'I'm not good enough,' said Christopher. 'And I'm too young. You've shown me that. I am afraid of myself. I see what one can do while meaning the best.'

She watched him with grave tenderness, feeling again, in his dispassionate capacity for accepted experience, his strange maturity. And knowing all that might be difficult, yet knowing that it would be, after all, to a decision like her own, the merest gossamers of convention that she must brave, she said, — and as she looked up at him, his face seemed to blend with the face of her little, sleeping, lost Jane Amoret, — 'Don't you think I, perhaps, could be of help, while you are so young?'

He did not understand her at all. He, too, was absorbed in his inner image of loss, yet he, too, was almost as aware of her as she of him, and his eyes, with their austere gentleness, dwelt on her, as if treasuring, of this last encounter, his completed vision of her.

'Yes, you will be. I shall never forget you and what you've been to me. I'll do my best,' he promised her. 'But I seem to have lost everything. I could be strong for her; I don't know that I can be strong enough for myself.'

'That's what I mean,' said Mrs. Delafield. 'It takes years to be strong enough for one's self, and even when one's old one has n't, sometimes, learned how to be. I'm not sure, after this morning, that I've learned yet. But I know that I could be strong for you. Will you let me try? Will you let me take care of you a little and guard you from the Rhodas until the right person comes?'

'What do you mean?' he asked; and, answering the look in her face, tears sprang to his eyes.

'We belong to each other. Did n't you say it?' she smiled. 'We are friends. We ought not to lose each other now.'

'Oh! But —' He gazed at her. 'How could you! After what I've done!'

'You've done nothing that makes me like you less.'

'Oh — I can't! I can't!' said Christopher Darley. 'How could I accept it from you? Already you've been unbelievably beautiful to me. It's not as if you were a Bohemian sort of creature, like me. Appearances must count for you. — And the appearance of being friends with your niece's discarded lover — no — I can't see it for you. I can imagine you being above the law, but I can't imagine you being above appearances. I don't think that I should want you to be. I care about appearances, too, when they are yours.'

It crossed her mind, with almost a mirthful sense of the sort of appearances she would have to deal with, that Parton's face would be worth watching. Poor Tim's hovered more grievously in the background. But, after all, it would be a Tim with wounds well salved.

'It's just because mine are so secure and recognized, don't you see, that I can do what I like with them,' she said. 'It's not for me a question of appearances, but of realities. After all, my dear young man, what am I going to get out of it all? My roots have been torn up too, you know.'

'Because of me! Because of me!' Christopher groaned. 'Do you think you need remind me of that? Shall I ever forgive myself for it? Get out of it? You'll get nothing. You've been tormented between us all, and you lose Jane Amoret.'

'Then don't let me lose you too,' said Mrs. Delafield.

Again, with the tears, his blush sprang to his face, and he stood there incredulous, looking down at her, almost as helpless in the shyness the unexpected gift brought upon him as he had been when he first came in to her.

'Really you mean it?' he murmured. 'Really I can do something for you, too? Because, unless I can, I could n't accept it.'

'You can make me much less lonely, when she's gone,' said Mrs. Delafield.

She knew that this was to give the gift in such a way as to ensure its acceptance; but he murmured, stung again intolerably by the thought of Jane Amoret, 'Oh — I can't bear it for you!'

'You can help me to bear it.'

Still he pressed upon her what he saw as her sacrifice.

'You mean that I may see you when I like? I may always write and you'll always answer? I can sometimes, even, come and stay, like any other friend? Please realize that if you let me come down on you like that, I may come hard. I'm frightfully lonely, too.'

'As hard as you like. I want you to come hard. Like any friend. Yes.'

She was smiling up at the young man, and, as she had promised herself years for Jane Amoret, she promised herself now years — though not so many would be needed — for Christopher Darley. It was in the thought of what she could do for Christopher Darley that she saw Rhoda's punishment. Not for having left him but for having taken him; for not having known what to do with him without taking him. And Rhoda would see it with her, if no one else did.

'Come, you must quite believe in me,' she said. 'Give me your hand, dear Christopher, and tell me that you take this meddling, commanding old woman to be your friend.'

He had no words as he took the hand she gave him, but from his look it might have been as if he at last received into his keeping the great gift, the precious casket of the future; and his eyes, like those of a devout young knight, dedicated themselves to her service.

It was again gift and miracle; and though in her mind was the thought of all her mournings, and of the lost Jane Amoret, she felt, rooting itself in the darkness and sorrow, yet another flower.

'And now,' she said, for they must not both begin to cry, 'please ring the bell for me. The time has not quite come for your first visit; but before you go, we will have our first tea together.'

(*The End*)

TREES ARE FOR LOVERS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Trees are for lovers.
A spirit has led them
Where young boughs meet
And the green beam hovers
And shadowy winds blow sweet.
Trees spring to heaven!
So their hearts would spring,
So would they outpour
All the heart discovers
Of its own wild treasure
Into speech, and sing,
Like the tree from its core,
Sweet words beyond measure;
Like the leaves in the sun,
Dancing every one
And weaving a fairy
Cave of quivering rays
And shadows starry,
Where those lovers, drowned
Each in the other's gaze,
Lose all time, abound
In their perfect giving;
Give and never tire
Of their fullness, mute,
But in the fresh leaves living
One full song unsated
Of the flower Desire,
And Delight the fruit;
Love, that's mated.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHACMA BABOON

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

ALTHOUGH simians are widespread and occasionally numerous in South Africa, more especially in those parts which are wooded or mountainous, they belong to only five — or, if one excludes the northeastern section of Southern Rhodesia, three — species. These are of two genera, *Papio* and *Cercopithecus*. Papio is represented by one species, *P. porcarius*, the large baboon which, as a rule, frequents high, treeless mountain ranges with broken, rocky summits. This animal when referred to in Europe is usually termed the chacma — a word derived from the Hottentot name *t'chatikamma*. Cercopithecus includes two species, *C. lalandii*, the vervet, and *C. samango*, the samango. These are arboreal monkeys found only in more or less densely forested areas.

The chacma baboon, when full grown, is about the size of a fairly large mastiff; but in this respect there is considerable individual variation; some old males of comparatively enormous dimensions having been shot. The general color is dark brown. A ridge or mane of longer hair extends from the neck over the shoulders. The lower parts of the legs and arms are almost black, the hair on the back of the hands and feet being completely so. The naked skin of the elongated face and of the chin is brownish black, while the upper eyelids are flesh-colored. The ears are round, flattened, and nearly naked. The posterior callosities are dark sienna red in the adult males. The length of the head and body is between three and four feet, that of the tail being about half that of the body.

There is one strange peculiarity in the dentition of the baboon — one which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. This is a deep groove down the front of the large canine tooth, exactly like that found in the fang of the cobra and other colubrine snakes. It has been suggested that the groove facilitates the withdrawal of the tooth after a bite, and is thus of use. But the invariable method of biting precludes this view. The canine teeth are used only in fighting, never for the securing of prey, and the baboon seizes its enemy with its teeth, and then with both feet and hands pushes the victim violently away, thus tearing out the whole piece it has bitten. These canine teeth are terrible weapons, occasionally reaching a length of two inches.

The baboon feeds mainly upon vegetation, such as fruit, bulbs, fleshy taproots, and the pith of the aloe. It also feeds freely on the fruit and *thalli* of the opuntia, or prickly pear — a plant which was originally introduced from America, but has now spread over large areas of Southern Africa. The thalli are armed with sharp spines; these can be got rid of without much difficulty, but the fruit is thickly covered with small nests of minute thorns, which become easily detached. So minute and plentiful are these that a human being — even with the aid of a suitable implement — has to exercise considerable trouble and skill in getting rid of the

tough outer envelope containing them, and thus avoiding a most serious and painful irritation of the mouth and throat. But the baboon just rolls the fruit over a few times in the sand with its paw, and then munches it without apparent inconvenience — a striking instance of the creature's adaptability. It may be noted that the monkey — Cercopithecus — although it eats the thallus of the opuntia, avoids the fruit.

But the baboon is very partial to certain kinds of animal food — scorpions, spiders, centipedes, insects, lizards, and the eggs of wild birds, all being eaten with relish. The scorpion is evidently regarded as a tid-bit. If one is released near a captive baboon, the latter will hold its hand extended over the prey until a suitable opportunity for attack offers. Then the hand will descend with a sweeping slap, which is followed by a swift, circular, rubbing motion. This disables the scorpion, which is then picked up and carefully examined until the sting is located. The latter is then picked out between finger and thumb, and thrown away as far as possible, after which the scorpion is munched with every appearance of satisfaction.

On mountains frequented by troops of baboons, most of the stones not too heavy to be moved will often be found to have been recently overturned in the search for prey. It is probable that, owing to the baboons having been driven from the fertile to the more arid regions, they have had to take more and more to an animal diet. The nests of wild bees are often robbed — for both the honey and the larvæ. Usually several baboons will combine to raid a nest, which is generally situated in a rock-crevice. One will tear out the combs and scatter them on the ground; then the others will rush in, seize a comb apiece, and scatter. Although distinctly objecting to being stung, the baboon apparently does not suffer so much pain from a bee-sting as does a human being.

It is somewhat remarkable that, although a baboon in captivity will not eat raw meat unless extremely hungry, it will eat with avidity meat which has been cooked. Since the large extension of sheep-farming and the consequent restriction of their natural food-supplies, baboons in some parts have developed the habit of raiding flocks in the lambing season and tearing open the stomachs of the lambs for the sake of the milk which these contain. This practice has led to the virtual extermination of baboons over large areas. However, in justice to the raiders it should be noted that it is only when food is very scarce indeed that this criminal practice is indulged in.

But it is not only in respect of killing lambs that the baboon does damage. The nests of wild as well as domesticated ostriches are apt to be pillaged. The eggs are either fractured by being knocked against each other, or else they are rolled or carried away to be smashed against the nearest suitable stone. Fruit-orchards and maize-fields also suffer, especially the latter, for the orchard is usually near the homestead, while the maize-field is not, and in these days baboons seldom approach the dwellings of Europeans, owing to their dread of firearms. But the maize-crops of the natives dwelling and cultivating in the gorges between the foothills of the lofty Drakensberg range are often badly plundered. The alleged manner of plundering implies a high degree of intelligence. I have not personally seen it in operation, but the accounts given by the natives on the subject are so widespread and so circumstantial that one can hardly doubt their genuineness. It is said that a troop of baboons steals silently down to some suitably situated patch of forest or scrub, and from there

forms a chain to the maize-field. Along this chain the maize-cobs are passed from hand to hand. When a sufficient supply has been accumulated, the baboons, each carrying several cobs under one arm, scatter and retreat up the mountain-side. The natives have no firearms, so, even if the marauders are discovered, they can easily escape. A well-grown baboon is more than a match for any dog available. Nevertheless, a combat with a dog is always declined if possible, unless the females or the young are interfered with.

II

The commonest sound made by the baboon is something between a deep bark and a short roar. 'Hoch,' or 'Hoach,' somewhat drawn out, might express it. I have occasionally heard them utter some such sound as 'Hoahaouw.' But when one develops intimacy with a tamed baboon, it becomes clear that its vocabulary includes several sounds, indicative not alone of satisfaction or the reverse, but of a desire to communicate ideas. These sounds are of varying inflexion and intonation, and are accompanied, not only by appropriate changes in the animal's facial expression, but by various gestures of undoubted meaning. In contradistinction to human beings, the faces of baboons all have (as is the case with every species of wild animal) exactly the same expression when in repose; yet by movement of the scalp, ears, eyelids, nose, and lips, as well as by erection or flattening of the hair surrounding the countenance or the mane, the baboon's expression is susceptible of modification to a most extraordinary degree. Muscles such as the *occipito-frontalis* and the *attolens aurem*, which have largely lost their function among humans, are still fully operative among baboons. The minor sounds uttered by these creatures cannot be expressed in terms of the alphabet; they are generated mainly somewhat deep down in the throat. Personally I am convinced that baboons possess a rudimentary language — if that term may be permitted for a system in which gesture and change of facial expression play a greater part than sound.

The ordinary gait of the baboon is a deliberate walk, all four limbs being used. When in a hurry this breaks into a sort of canter. But the real dynamics of locomotion are provided by the hind limbs. This is shown by an examination of the tracks left in sand, where the print of the foot is more than twice as deep as that of the hand. In the canter the main function of the hand appears to be of a steadying nature. My own view is that the baboon's mode of locomotion is in a transition stage between going on all fours and walking upright. They often stand up when taking observations from the top of a rock, and will walk erect when carrying a load, if the latter entails the use of both front limbs. The tail curves upward for about one third of its length, the remaining two thirds swaying as the animal moves.

When a troop is out foraging, sentinels are posted on commanding points, and the older animals form flanking and rear guards. The front is unprotected, but is under observation by the sentinels. On one occasion, when stalking a troop of buck in very hilly country, I came suddenly in sight of a sentinel posted upon a high rock. The troop to which he belonged was not visible to me. The sentinel stood up to his full height, uttered a warning shout, and pointed to me with extended arm. It was clear that this was done for the purpose of indicating to the troop where I was.

Next to man, the chief enemy of the baboon is the leopard, which, however,

by day preys only upon stragglers unwittingly venturing near its lair. For the baboon becomes a fierce and reckless fighter if its females or its young are attacked, and takes no account of odds. Several men have lost their lives through shooting a female and attempting to capture its young. The scream of a baby baboon in distress fills the troop with frenzy, which often overcomes the dread of firearms. But at night the baboon is a timorous creature, and as its sight in the dusk is far inferior to that of the leopard, the latter sometimes steals up to where the troop is sleeping, makes its pounce, and escapes with a shrieking victim. I have more than once been awakened by the din of such a tragedy, when camped below a *krantz*, or cliff, occupied by baboons. But the leopard does not invariably have the best of it. There are several well-authenticated instances of such a night-marauder being surrounded and torn to pieces.

Another enemy much dreaded by baboons inhabiting the warmer localities is the rock-python. But there are instances of even the python being destroyed by the combined fury of a troop. All snakes, whether poisonous or not, are equally feared by baboons. This is somewhat strange in view of the circumstance that the latter can at once distinguish between berries that are wholesome and those that are poisonous, even though they may never have seen them before. The hiss of a snake will reduce the most enraged baboon to a state of abject terror, and a dead snake placed in the vicinity of one will drive it almost distracted.

One of the most disturbed nights I ever spent was close to the foot of an immense rock cone with a blunted summit — a giant monolith some 500 feet high. On and around its top lay numbers of boulders. Here a large troop of baboons had taken up their quarters. During the whole night not half an hour passed without a disturbance. The sounds did not suggest alarm so much as anger. Each outburst was preceded by a rapid muttering; this swelled quickly to a chorus of fierce, coughing barks. Then one individual would utter shrill cries, and evidently rush round and round the height, pursued by others. In the end he would apparently be caught, for the cries would develop into agonized yells. Now and then small boulders, dislodged in the turmoil, came bounding down the sides of the eminence, often in quite dangerous proximity to my camp.

This drama was repeated at short intervals until daybreak. In default of any other feasible explanation, I attributed what happened to the exercise of disciplinary measures against young males guilty of unauthorized flirtation. The phenomenon was quite extraordinary.

On only one occasion have I seen a troop of baboons assume a threatening demeanor; they occupied a mountain saddle just below which I was engaged in collecting botanical specimens, and probably numbered upwards of fifty individuals of all ages. As I advanced, those in front gave way, but the flankers on each side moved forward and closed in, as if to cut off my retreat. They leaped about, with erected manes, uttering strident barks and showing every indication of fury. I retreated, and they followed, but did not approach much nearer than a hundred yards. I had a pistol, and this I fired, thinking that the shot would scare them. But it had the opposite effect; they became more furious and advanced toward me in short rushes. When I reached a ledge where my horse was tied to a tree, the pursuit ceased.

On another occasion I was riding along the side of a cañon; it was not more than fifty yards across. A troop

of baboons occupied the other side. They walked along, showing neither alarm nor anger, for about half a mile, just keeping pace with me. One incident was extremely funny: a baboon turned and boxed the ear of another which had taken a liberty. The human suggestion in the matter of the delivery of the blow was most remarkable. Had I been carrying a gun on either of the foregoing occasions, the demeanor of the animals would, I am convinced, have been quite different.

The sleeping-places of the baboons are generally rocky eminences broken into crannies. In these they curl up, usually crouching together in groups for the sake of warmth. If the weather be cold, the whole troop may lie together in one heap. Once I camped on a high mountain-ridge, within a few hundred yards of a saddle over which a troop of buck were in the habit of passing in the early morning from the westward, for the purpose of meeting the rising sun. When I awoke at dawn, the ridge was covered by a dense mist. Knowing the country well, I made for the saddle. My course led through a gap in a much-broken cliff. As I descended, the mist began to clear and the light to improve.

All at once I found myself in the middle of a large troop of sleeping baboons. They lay huddled together in heaps, almost filling several of the clefts. They must have been sunk very deep in slumber, for before the alarm was given, I was within a few feet of some of the bunches. There was a scene of wild alarm as the sleepers disentangled themselves and swarmed up the broken cliff-faces on either side. The young ones clung to the elders, grasping the hair with both hands and feet. I noticed one large baboon climbing away with three babies of different sizes clinging to it. All were gasping and coughing with terror. Had I not been carrying a gun I might have been in danger. Baboons seldom sleep two nights successively in the same place.

In the arid, barren uplands of the Cape Province baboons suffer badly from thirst in seasons of drought. When traveling through the Karroo region by rail, I have seen them digging for water in a dry river-bed; they had apparently excavated to a depth of some three feet. The train passed within less than fifty yards of them, but they did not even desist from their work. In seasons of great scarcity they have been known to venture down to the seashore and eat shellfish.

The baboon is a long-lived animal; his span of life is probably nearly equal to that of man. Maturity is reached when they are about fifteen years old, but their muscularity appears to increase indefinitely. In captivity the temper of a baboon becomes much soured after maturity has been reached; but when young they make playful and entertaining pets, being very good-natured toward those to whom they are accustomed or who treat them with kindness.

III

From the earliest days of European occupation, travelers in South Africa have been struck by the baboons' intelligence. Le Vaillant, writing in 1782, gives a most entertaining account of Kees, the tame baboon which accompanied him on his travels. Kees was not only an incorrigible thief, but was exceedingly greedy: he consistently refused to share with his master any of the edible roots or fruit which he discovered. Yet his other qualities were so engaging that these faults were excused.

As he was extremely familiar, and attached himself to me in a particular manner, I made him my taster. When we found any fruit or roots unknown to my Hottentots, we never touched them until my dear Kees

had tasted them; if he refused them, we judged them to be either disagreeable or dangerous, and threw them away. I often carried him along with me in my hunting excursions. . . . When we could not find gum or honey he searched for roots, and ate them with much relish, especially one of a particular species, which, unfortunately for me, I found excellent and very refreshing, and which I greatly wished to partake of. But Kees was very cunning; when he found any of this root, if I was not near him to claim my part, he made great haste to devour it, having his eyes all the time directed toward me. By the distance I had to go before I could approach him, he judged of the time that he had to eat it alone, and I indeed arrived too late. . . . To tear up these roots he pursued an ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, and pressing his forepaws firmly against the earth, and drawing his head backwards, the root generally followed. When this method, which required considerable force, did not succeed, he seized the tuft as before, as close to the earth as he could; then, throwing his heels over his head, the root always yielded to the jerk which he gave it. . . . In our marches, when he found himself tired, he got upon the back of one of my dogs, which had the complaisance to carry him for whole hours together. . . . It appeared to me extremely singular, and I could not account for it, that, next to the serpent, the animal which he most dreaded was one of his own species. . . . Sometimes he heard other baboons making a noise in the mountains, and, notwithstanding his terror, he thought proper, I know not for what reason, to reply to them. When they heard his voice they approached, but, as soon as he perceived any of them, he fled with horrible cries, and running between our legs implored the protection of everybody, while his limbs quivered through fear. He was much addicted to thieving. He knew perfectly well how to untie the ropes of a basket, to take provisions from it, and, above all, milk, of which he was inordinately fond. I often beat him pretty severely myself, but, when he had escaped from me, he did not appear at my tent till toward night.

The most remarkable instance of simian intelligence which has come under my personal observation was that of a baboon which did duty as pointsman at the important railway junction of Uitenhage, in the Cape Province. This animal was owned by the man who worked the points, but who had had both legs cut off in a railway accident. On the platform in his charge there were six levers, to each of which was given a name. The man sat in a little wooden cabin with his understudy, and whenever a lever required shifting, he would call out its name. At once the baboon would swing the lever over. After he had been thoroughly instructed, he was never known to make a mistake. In the morning he ran his master down to the scene of his work on a little hand-trolley which, on arrival at its destination, the baboon shifted from the line and stowed away. At night he replaced the trolley on the line and, when his master had taken his seat, pushed it home again. Most of the journey to the scene of the work was down grade. On reaching the slope the baboon would spring upon the vehicle and evinced the liveliest satisfaction as it skimmed along by gravitation.

Occasionally this animal was brought to the bar of a certain hotel and induced to act as waiter. He would carry a large tray on which were glasses containing the various drinks ordered by the company. However, he insisted upon one condition — a glass containing his own favorite tipple had to be placed on the tray with the others. On entering the room where the guests were assembled the waiter would set the tray down on the floor, after which he would empty his glass. Then he would walk with the tray from one guest to another. But if anyone attempted to help himself from the tray before he had consumed his own drink, trouble ensued: he would become violently enraged and scatter the

glasses in every direction. This remarkable animal died after a lingering illness induced by a blow on the back of the head, inflicted by a drunken man with a bar of iron.

It will have been noticed that in this case, as in that of Kees, greed was a salient characteristic. I once made a practice of feeding a captive baboon almost every day. The animal and I were on the best of terms usually, but when I had given him an apple, a banana, or any other comestible, he would fly into a violent rage, shriek, erect his mane, and threaten me with his fangs. This all arose from fear that I might interfere with his feast. I tried putting food in my pocket and allowing him to steal it; exactly the same result followed as soon as he had possessed himself of the spoil.

A baboon which was chained to a pole near my camp at Kimberley, in the early days, was much persecuted by boys and other loafers. This animal used to hurl stones at its tormentors in a peculiar manner. It would seize the missile in both hands and fling it back over the left shoulder. Just previous to the act the baboon would glance over its shoulder for an instant, evidently for the purpose of estimating the distance and direction of its enemy. The accuracy and force with which he threw the stone were astonishing.

There are several instances of baboons having been trained to the calling of a shepherd. In a case which came under my personal observation the baboon had several hundred sheep in his charge. He became passionately attached to the members of the flock, remained with them all day long when at pasture, and brought them back to the corral in the evening. His only fault as shepherd was the outcome of extreme solicitude; if he heard the voices of wild baboons in the distance at any time of the day, he would at once collect the sheep and, with every appearance of the liveliest terror, hurry them homeward. Here, again, is a suggestion of the distinguished Kees, and a testimonial to the accuracy of Le Vaillant's record just quoted.

I have often wondered why the training of baboons to the shepherd's calling is not more widely pursued. These creatures invariably develop an absorbing affection for any young animals, human or other, placed in their charge. There is one well-authenticated instance of a motherless Kaffir infant being taken charge of by a baboon and guarded night and day for upwards of two years. With the exception of feeding the child, every necessary function was performed by the simian foster-parent.

A baboon chained to a pole, exposed to insult and torment at the hands of thoughtless and mischievous passers-by, and probably condemned to frequent hunger and thirst owing to forgetfulness on the part of its owner, inevitably tends to become savage and dangerous — as a human being would under like circumstances. But even one left free around the homestead or the farmyard generally comes to a bad end, usually owing to the fact that the dog hates all of the simian tribe bitterly and instinctively. This hatred can be overcome and changed to affection and esteem if the animals are allowed gradually to become accustomed to each other.

The baboon possesses most estimable qualities, but its apparently ineradicable greed and propensity for pilfering render it highly undesirable as an inmate of a household. Moreover, it is apt to be dangerous to strangers, upon whom it always looks with suspicion, which, in view of its experience of the human race in general, has ample justification. But as shepherds the baboon tribe should have a useful future in the

service of man. A deep, absorbing, and self-sacrificing love for any creature which is helpless and is dependent upon it in any way, is one of the baboon's most striking characteristics. This love on occasion prompts the despised chacma to deeds of unsurpassed heroism. They have even been known — so it is stated on apparently good authority — to fling themselves upon a lioness in defense of their helpless young. But that they will, when so provoked, unhesitatingly attack and destroy the leopard, the python, and even more dreaded man, armed with his mysterious fire-stick, is undoubted, and may be taken as a proof of noble and self-sacrificing courage.

MILITARY MADNESS

BY HENRY NOYES OTIS

Over in Poverty Hollow sumer is i-cummen in.

Poverty Hollow? That's the soldiers' quarters. There is a group of fifteen little wooden shacks, quite ancient; the 'cellar,' a space of two inches between the floor and the ground, is the home of thrifty and agile rodents of large proportions and rakish appearance. The view to the west is a magnificent mountain of soft coal, towering into the blue; it is sublime; its base is twenty feet away as the crow flies, or twenty miles as the man fetching in the coals will tell you. To the south lies a splendid railroad embankment; laborers are at work on it nearly every day to keep it from crumbling into ruin. To the north you can clearly make out, ten feet away, the rusty girders that uphold the great, rumbling cranes overhead; through them you behold the gaunt ribs of submarines, from which the riveting hammers roar at you incessantly. From your eastern doorway you can, in a single hop, land on another railroad track, and, without undue energy, two more hops will land you in a doorway of a combination paint-and-machine-shop. Indeed, the machine-shop has already reached out and spread its tinware department into one of the shacks, and is doing a clattering business there.

But here in Poverty Hollow, in spite of all obstacles, sumer is surely i-cummen in; the baseball is i-cummen out; and old spring beds, broken wash-basins, discarded chairs, and antique knick-knacks of all sorts are i-cummen out too, and the joys of intermittent house-cleaning are in full swing.

Here abides Albert who, on a rainy day, was sent over to 'Siberia,' that most desolate of yard-wildernesses, where steel piles stretch for acres. There is a restaurant, however, on the way there. Albert was to carry a message to a fellow soldier on guard. The trip was scheduled to consume half an hour. A shower came on just after the departure of the expedition, and lasted three hours. Back comes Albert as the sun comes out.

'That's a long half-hour,' observes the sergeant, pondering.

'Many a mile I've walked,' says Albert.

'I've never yet seen a soldier with an umbrella,' murmurs the sergeant.

Following the sergeant's gaze Albert surveyed the dryness of his uniform.

'Oh!' says he, 'when the rain began to pour down I just looked up and said, "Quack!" '

Now he is Albert the Duck.

And the next day he brought in from the Outside World the theorem that the Kaiser is an example of energy and will-power exerted in the wrong direction. Simultaneously Billy Moffit arrived with a goat, which would have been promptly christened after its new owner, if it had not been for the pat application of the Duck's theorem to the case.

Said Moffit, on hearing this view of the Prussian madman, 'Old son,' — thus the preliminary of his lecture to his new protégé, — 'we can't have you a-jeopardizing of the world like that. We must start you right.' He hitched the phlegmatic animal to the foot of his cot, sat down, and took off his hat.

'Philip,' he commanded, 'out with your ink-horn, quill, and tablets and inscribe that word Kaiser —'

'He ain't on my correspondence list,' interrupted the injured scribe emphatically.

'Now,' continued Moffit, as if his orders were no sooner given than obeyed, 'now, write it backwards. — That's,' he spelled slowly, 'R-E-S-I-A-K, Resiak. Reezy,' he continued, patting the goat's head, 'you're named. We'll start you right, and, if the Kaiser insists on going on in the wrong direction, why, when you've each gone half-way around the globe, you'll meet, and that'll be the end of the war — I'll bank on that, Reezy; we'll give you a helmet with a spike on it, so's you can meet him even.'

The next day, Reezy wandered out, helmetless (it had not yet arrived from his costumière's, the tin-shop in the end shack), and wreaked considerable damage on traffic, tulips, and labor progress. Toward the end of a perfect day he met the Duck with a nicely calculated abruptness that left the Duck ruffled and outraged. For there had been, where the Duck landed, a pail of red paint; it is a flaring red paint; a pail of it looks like a pail of fire. An army uniform will absorb paint like a blotter. Apparently Resiak knew this. But he had started wrong; he had not traveled half-way around the globe, and the Duck was not the Kaiser.

The next day his helmet arrived from the tin-shop, and promptly did Resiak commence to live up to it.

In the cracks of the floor, between the deviltry of the soldiers, and the deep sea of the rats, dwell crickets.

Irish, a red-headed, martial imp, vies with Moffit as the practical joker of the outfit. He, too, must needs possess a mascot; such was the result of deep thought in the sunshine of the front doorstep. Out of his bag he brought a spool of thread; from the restaurant he brought a cracker-box. This latter he fashioned into a miniature house, with two windows, a door, and a door-mat. Over the door he put up a sign: 'The Cheer-up Inn.' Then he got down on his hands and knees, and with infinite patience pursued crickets; he would stop for long periods and listen, then would move stealthily toward the merry chirping of his quarry.

'Is n't he a daisy?' asked Moffit of the others, watching Irish at his manœuvres. 'I'm going to take him pheasant-shooting in the fall. See his point! Just a few dog-biscuits and he'll be the finished article!'

Irish proceeded, deaf to all but the chirping in the cracks. Toward evening he won his reward, and with gentle dexterity slipped a loop of thread over his

cricket's leg; while the other end of the thread was fastened to the doorway of the cracker-box house.

'What's his name?' queried Moffit dubiously, eyeing the cricket through the window of his cracker-box residence.

'Kitchener,' replied Irish solemnly. He folded up the door-mat against the doorway, thus closing it, and thrust in a bit of wire to secure it.

'Taps!' said he.

But the cracker-box windows were open; and in the dead of night Kitchener hopped out one window, listened to the snore of Company E, and, dismayed, hopped in through the other window on the other side of the door. His thread tether followed him and left him scant leeway; he kicked; the cracker-box resounded with the scratching. Resiak, rousing himself, came sniffing over to the window-sill where Kitchener's abode was placed. His investigating nose soon displaced the cricket's house, tumbling it to the floor. Kitchener became desperate and rattled about in his house like a bee inside a bass-drum; Resiak nosed the box about, his interest growing rapidly. His bumping roused Philip from slumber. Philip sat up on the edge of his cot and groped in the dark for the mysterious visitor. Resiak resented the competition and became violently belligerent, Philip landing on the peaceful Moffit. Thus the turmoil grew, reaching a mad climax when Irish, who profited by the leniency of yard-discipline to affect a hammock, was capsized on to the back of the careering Resiak.

At the door were heard the fist and voice of a yard watchman; with a hasty decision the watchman opened the door; out shot Resiak, who had begun to find the interior of the shack a mad and dangerous place for a proper goat to roam. He overturned the watchman as he shot forth and sped, teetering, out into the searchlight beams and blackness of the night.

'Masons?' queried the watchman.

'Dainty little shepherds,' retorted Irish, glaring at the watchman and rubbing a rapidly growing bump on his head.

Down by the dock was a huge cargo-boat, reeling from stem to stern with weird fantastic streaks of colored paints, designed to outwit the Prussian. Down upon it charged Resiak; probably in the mad, chaotic coloring of the ship's side he saw a repetition of the scene he had just left, and with a vast, renewed courage and great joy, he lowered his head and charged furiously against this nautical windmill.

Near the dock, at the side of the pipe-shop door is a bit of a box; it bears an inscription: 'Stretcher Inside'; thus was Resiak toted by Philip, Moffit, and an attending throng of wondering night-workers, to the yard First-Aid station. His first and last lapse from total abstinence left him gasping and kicking; the brandy was all that was needed. Pondering over its fiery power and with an aching head where he had hit the ship, he returned, wobbling and tethered to Moffit, to Poverty Hollow.

Kitchener had escaped; his tether had worn through and he had returned to his haunts in the cracks of the floor, pondering over the madness of man. His old habit of chirping, however, gradually returned with his confidence, and with the undeniable fact that, as mascot, he had the shack to himself. As mascot of the interior, he could now chirp in the joy of sole possession.

For outside, tethered to a trolley that runs between two shacks, and, for 'fatigue,' wearing his helmet through the drill-hour, Resiak trots demurely back and forth and nibbles at the grass; for sumer is i-cummen in, and peace dwells again in Poverty Hollow.

MR. CARNEGIE'S SERVICE TO THE TEACHER

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

Omnem spem delectationis nostræ, quam cum in otium venerimus habere volumus, in tua humanitate positam habemus. — CICERO, *Letters to Atticus.*

IN the early days of the month of August Mr. Carnegie passed away. It is too soon to attempt to appraise his great service to humanity or his contributions to industry and science; but in the institution of a retiring fund for college teachers he performed a service of peculiar kindness and thoughtfulness, the quality of which may well be recalled in the days when the sense of his presence has not yet left us.

Mr. Carnegie had a respect for the teacher, and an interest in the teacher's service to the world, which was unusual and, in some respects, extraordinary. Most men whose memories go out in kindness to the college teacher recall some old teacher of their own who has been a help or an inspiration in their own lives. Mr. Carnegie had no such memory. So meagre had been his opportunities for formal education, so short the time that he spent in school, that he had no enduring recollection of any teacher who visualized for him the service of all teachers. His effort to be of service to the college teacher was part of a general desire to strengthen those forces in the social order that make for progress, for finer and simpler living, for nobler ideals. In a very real sense, he idealized the profession of the teacher. He deplored the meagre remuneration that came to men in the teaching profession, and desired, in the foundation of a pension system for college teachers, to strengthen one of the great forces in the world making for better conditions; and he sought to show at the same time his personal regard for the men of the teaching profession. It seemed to him that he could do nothing better to accomplish these two purposes than to establish some agency that would increase the rewards of the teacher's life, and that would remove some of the uncertainties which confront the man whose income is small and whose obligations are large.

His original notion was to carry out this intention by a fund intended to increase the salary of college teachers. It was very evident, however, that even a small increase of salary for the great body of college teachers in America meant a sum far beyond even Mr. Carnegie's fortune. In the end, he decided to make his contribution in the form of a pension, to be paid to the old and faithful teacher who had reached the end of active service.

As originally proposed, the income of this fund would have been apportioned to those teachers who applied and who seemed to the trustees of the fund the most deserving. This plan was given up because it was finally decided that pensions assigned by this process, however grateful they might be to the recipients, would not permanently strengthen the profession of the teacher, and that it was wiser to confer pensions upon a smaller number of teachers according to definite rules.

In the fifteen years that have elapsed since the inauguration of the plan, the

whole conception, both of Mr. Carnegie and of his trustees, as to the function of the college pension has undergone a transformation. An exhaustive study and examination of the whole field convinced him and his trustees that a free pension could not be a solution of the teachers' problem in a democratic community; that a system must be set up which should be contractual, which should rest upon the coöperation of the teacher and of his college, and which should give, at the same time, the greatest freedom of movement for the teacher from one college to another. It is one of the great satisfactions of Mr. Carnegie's trustees that he lived to take part in the working out of this plan, and that every step by which the original pension system has been transformed into a contractual and contributory plan was taken only with his approval, and after his sound judgment had coincided in the wisdom of the change.

The transformation through which the Carnegie Foundation has gone is, after all, only an illustration of the process by which men come in the long run to the sound and firm ground which experience and patient seeking alone can discover. Mr. Carnegie's desire was to be of service to the great body of college teachers. The service that he has rendered is measured only in small part by the seventy or more millions of dollars of his money that will be spent in paying the pensions of college teachers in the first fifty years of the history of the Carnegie Foundation. The essential service that he has rendered lies in the fact that, through the agency which he set up, under the necessity which it faced to deal with the actual problems of the teachers' profession, in the endeavor to conform with sound principles, — social, educational, financial, — the problem of the teachers' pension has finally been solved by the only solution which is just, feasible, and permanent. The beneficiary of Mr. Carnegie's contribution to the teachers' profession is not only the man who will receive a full-paid pension provided through his generosity: the true beneficiaries are they who, in generations to come, will have the privilege of taking part in a system instituted through his generosity, but sustained and in the end controlled by them. Younger men who come to avail themselves in succeeding years of these opportunities will also say, quite as truly as the men of this generation, in the words of Cicero, 'All my hopes of enjoying myself when I retire rest on your kindness.'

It is impossible to convey to those who did not know Mr. Carnegie personally a fair conception of the regard which he had for the profession of the teacher, or of the kindness and goodwill which he sought to express to them. Scattered through the country are many old teachers, and many widows of such teachers, who to-day enjoy annuities granted out of Mr. Carnegie's personal fortune, but who, for one reason and another, were not eligible for pensions under the rules established by the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. The number of these will never be known, but it is so large as to form a distinct tribute to Mr. Carnegie's deep regard for the men who teach. To these his death will bring a feeling of real personal loss. Very few of them ever saw him. All they know about him is that he sympathized sincerely with the difficulties of the teacher's life; that he had so high a regard for the part which the teacher plays in the progress of mankind that he reached out a friendly hand to those whom he had never seen, but whom he honored as members of a high and noble profession.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY GORDON S. WATKINS

I

As a result of important developments in the Socialist assemblies held in Chicago during the first week of September, 1919, a revolutionary reconstruction of the Socialist movement in the United States is taking place. Each of the Socialist groups which met in convention at that time committed itself definitely to a distinct party, with a specific programme of action. Exclusive of the Socialist Labor Party, which is allied with the Workers' International Industrial Union, or Detroit I.W.W., the three major divisions of American Socialist forces are the Socialist Party on the Extreme Right, the Communist Labor Party in the Centre Left, and the Communist Party on the Extreme Left. The numerical strength of each of these parties cannot be determined accurately, because the realignment of forces is too recent to permit an authoritative enumeration. Moreover, the migration from one group to the other will doubtless continue at an accelerated rate, until the excitement of the reconstruction is over and the rank and file has found its place. It is estimated by one group, however, that the Socialist Party has at most a membership of 39,000; while the Communist Labor Party, if it can be said to have a membership at all, represents not more than 10,000 members, and the Communist Party a membership of 60,000, of whom one half belong to the foreign-language federations which are predominantly Russian in their constituency. According to another official estimate, the Communist Party has about 30,000 members, of whom 25,000 are connected with foreign-language federations, while the Communist Labor Party represents a membership of 30,000, of whom 20,000 belong to English-speaking locals.

The Socialist Party is still under the leadership of Adolph Germer, Victor Berger, Seymour Stedman, Morris Hillquit, and James Oneal. At the helm of the Communist Labor Party are more radical individuals, such as A. C. Wagenknecht, John Reed, John Carney, William Bross Lloyd, and Ben Gitlow. The destinies of the Communist Party — the American Bolshevists — are intrusted to a group of extreme radicals, including C. E. Ruthenberg, Louis C. Fraina, Isaac E. Ferguson, and Karl Brodsky. If some of these names are unfamiliar to us now, there is every probability that they will become familiar in the immediate future; for there is little room to doubt that under these leaders American Socialism is to become a dynamic factor in future political and industrial developments in this country Moreover, it is the avowed intention of the three divisions to spread their propaganda to South America.

The immediate antecedents of the recent disruption in the old structure of American Socialism date back to the months preceding the Emergency Convention in Chicago, August 30 to September 6, 1919; while the more remote

causes appeared in the years just before the world-war. Previous to the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, serious differences as to principles and methods were found in the organizations within the Second Socialist International. The dominant element in the Socialist Party in practically every country was the faction which placed major emphasis on the constructive value of participation in the so-called bourgeois parliaments. This faction directed its energy toward gaining a majority in the parliaments of capitalistic states, with a view to securing legislation which would after a time overthrow the régime of modern capitalism and build a new structure of political and industrial life under complete control of the proletariat. Reform measures, therefore, were indorsed as conducive to the ultimate realization of the aims of Socialism — the gradual creation of a proletarian state within the shell of a decayed capitalistic society. Members of this group have long been familiar to us under the name of 'Moderate Socialists' or 'Opportunists.' The extreme Revolutionary Socialists of the United States denounce them as a party of 'petty-bourgeois Socialism, of Laborism,' destined to drift logically with the Labor Party.

Diametrically opposed to the Moderate Socialists in Europe were the Revolutionary Socialists, who rejected the concept that the class-struggle could be waged and won effectively in the bourgeois parliaments, and contended that the emancipation of the proletariat could be achieved only by mass action of the workers. The objective of mass effort was preached unequivocally as consisting in the creation of a new order of society in the form of a dictatorship of the proletariat, for the transformation of capitalism into communism. Between the Moderate Socialists on the one hand and the Revolutionary Socialists on the other, stood a group of vacillating Socialists, commonly known as Centrists, who discountenanced parliamentary action as ineffective, and verbally championed revolutionary tactics, but who failed to divorce themselves entirely from the hope that capitalism might be eliminated *via* the parliamentary machinery of the bourgeois state.

In considering the more remote antecedents of the recent differentiation in the structure of American Socialism, there is no mistaking the potent influence of the eventful experiences in Russia, Hungary, and Bavaria. Lenin, Trotsky, and the whole fabric of Soviet philosophy have been powerful determinants of the content of the manifestos, constitutions, platforms, and programmes that have issued from recent conventions. Just as German Socialism moulded the thought and action of earlier Socialist groups in this country, so now Russian Bolshevism is the invisible power that is shaping the philosophy and methods of the new Socialism that was formally organized in Chicago during the first week of September.

II

With this general statement of the remote causes of disruption in American Socialism clearly in mind, it will be easier to understand its immediate antecedents. These are found in the action of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party in expelling certain foreign-language federations and some three or four state Socialist organizations. To comprehend the significance of the committee's action, it is necessary to review in some detail the several cases in question.

A few months prior to the Emergency Convention the Executive Committee suspended the Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Lettish, Polish, South Slavic, and Hungarian federations for alleged

violation of the national constitution. Section 2 of Article XII of the constitution provides that a national language federation shall elect an officer known as the Translator-Secretary, whose duty it shall be to serve as a medium of communication between his federation and the national organization of the Socialist Party. It was found that the translator-secretaries abused this function of communication by frequently reversing the decisions of the National Executive Committee. The alternatives open to the committee were, either to concede that the offending federations were a self-constituted supreme court, with power to veto the decisions of the committee, or to suspend them for violating the constitution. In addition to this offense, the publications of foreign-language federations, openly sympathetic with the extremely radical programme of Russian Bolshevism, had repeatedly denounced the Socialist Party as a party of Scheidemanns and Kolchaks, betrayers of Socialism and the working class. Their sympathy with ultra-radicalism led the language federations to assume relationship with the Left-Wing organization and programme that were developing within the party, and this was interpreted by the committee as a violation of Section 3 (a), Article X of the constitution, which makes the platform of the Socialist Party the supreme declaration, to which state and municipal platforms must conform, and prohibits state and local organizations from fusing, combining, or compromising with any other political party or organization. The insurgent, ultra-radical Left Wing was declared to be a separate organization and in no sense an authoritative representative of the Socialist Party.

Besides the language federations, the state Socialist organizations of Michigan, Massachusetts, and Ohio suffered revocation of their charters. The charter of the Michigan group, representing 6000 members, was revoked because of the action of the State Convention in adopting an amendment to the state constitution which provided that any member — local or branch of a local — advocating legislative reforms or supporting organizations formed for the purpose of advocating such reforms, should be expelled from the Socialist Party and its charter revoked by the State Executive Committee. Clearly this constitutional provision makes it imperative that a member who supports the position of the national party in this regard — a position decidedly favorable to economic and social reform along legislative lines — should be expelled from the party. Not only was the position of the Michigan organization diametrically opposed to the opportunist procedure of American Socialism as expressed through the Socialist Party, but it was also a violation of the constitutional provision that binds members in all their political action to be guided by the constitution and platform of the party, and demands adherence thereto of all state and municipal platforms.

The National Executive Committee's vigorous defense of political action is also manifest in the case of the Massachusetts Socialist organization. In that state the foreign-language federations dominated the state organization, since among some 5000 party members less than 1000 were English-speaking. Even after suspension by the National Executive Committee, the Left-Wing language federations were retained as integral parts of the state party, being permitted to vote for delegates to the National Emergency Convention which convened in Chicago, August 30, 1919. Moreover, the State Convention, held in June, voted to eliminate from the state Socialist constitution a clause which approved political action and to

substitute therefor a provision repudiating political action and enunciating the principle of industrial action as the more effective means of overthrowing the capitalistic system. The convention also passed two resolutions, by the large majority of 117 to 40, urging all locals to elect delegates to the National Conference of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party, held in New York on June 21 of this year.

It was clear to the National Executive Committee that these actions were violations of the national constitution, and especially of Section 3 (a) of Article X, cited above, for the Left-Wing faction was deemed a rival political organization.

The charter of the Ohio Socialist organization was revoked on account of the adoption of an amendment to the state constitution which sanctioned affiliation with that section of the National Socialist Party which indorse the Left-Wing programme, and openly recognized the suspended foreign-language federations. As in the case of the Massachusetts group, this action was considered by the National Executive Committee as a violation of the national constitution, and conducive to dangerous differentiation and disintegration.

From this brief sketch of the cases that came before the National Executive Committee, it will be seen that the immediate causes of the recent disruption of the Socialist Party and the resultant division of American Socialism into three major parties are: (1) The rapid development of ultra-revolutionary ideas and principles among American Socialists who have found encouragement in the success of their European comrades; (2) the action of these revolutionary insurgents in causing state Socialist organizations and foreign-language federations to abandon political action in favor of industrial mass action; (3) the unconstitutional procedure of state organizations in providing for accredited delegates to the National Conference of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party, which was looked upon by the National Executive Committee as an independent political organization. In addition, there were minor controversies over election procedure and the confiscation by state bodies of the revenue from the sale of assessment stamps.

The action of the National Executive Committee occasioned bitter opposition, particularly because the constitution nowhere expressly delegates power to the committee to suspend organizations and revoke their charters. Regardless of the decisions of the committee, there is every reason to believe that reconstruction of American Socialism was inevitable, for recent years have uncovered an unmistakable growth of ultra-radical, anti-opportunistic philosophy within the ranks of the Socialist Party. Impatience with political reformation and pronounced sympathy with the International Communist — Bolshevist — movement have at last culminated in the organization of the ultra-radical parties — the Communist Labor Party and the Communist Party.

III

The similarities and differences that obtain in the philosophy and methods of the three divisions of American Socialism can be seen by an examination of the manifestos, platforms, constitutions, and programmes that emanated from their recent conventions. It is very clear that the Socialist Party has not ceased to be opportunistic, and has not yet divorced itself from the programme of *evolutionary* displacement of the bourgeois state by a proletarian régime. To the observer at the Emergency Convention it was evident that

the majority of the leaders of the Socialist Party have little sympathy with the ultra-radicalism of the communistic groups that have broken away from the parent organization. The opportunism of the old party is manifested in its indorsement of the coöperative movement, the Plumb Plan idea, and parliamentary action in changing the basis of Congressional representation. Indorsement of the coöperative movement, which is experiencing unprecedented growth in the United States, especially in the Middle West and the Far West, is given on the ground that such a movement furnishes the workers an invaluable training in the conduct of industry, as has been demonstrated in Russia and throughout Europe. The party does not approve of the method by which the Plumb Plan proposes to acquire the railroads, but recognizes in such plan the first concrete evidence of the spread among American workers of the Soviet idea of proletarian control of industry. It is worth noting at this point that the I.W.W. and the Communist Party, in common with the Socialist Party, urge conscious, intensive effort on the part of the workers to familiarize themselves with industrial processes and management as practical preparation for the critical period when the proletariat shall take over the machinery of production. Moreover, the I.W.W. organization is constructing a detailed plan for successful and efficient administration of industry under control of the workers, according to a recent statement made by one of its leaders. One's conception of the visionary type of mind that directs these radical forces gives way to a conception of decided practicality, as he observes the close attention to the minutiæ of industrial organization and operation.

The recent manifesto of the Socialist Party reveals little that is new in its denunciation of modern capitalism as the cause of monopolized control of industry, the concentration of wealth, the reign of wars fought in defense of commercial interests, and the 'unspeakable oppression of the proletariat.' The 1919 manifesto contains a very confident and optimistic note, to the effect that the capitalist class is now making its last stand in history and is practically bankrupt. The same optimism was evident in all the Chicago conventions. The Socialists condemn the League of Nations as the 'Capitalist Black International,' designed to defend capitalistic imperialism and to crush the efforts of the proletariat for freedom. The faith of the Socialist Party in the ultimate redemption of the workers by the establishment of an international Socialist régime, composed of free and equal Socialist states, is not destroyed. In fact, the party sees signs of this new order of civilization in the achievements of the proletariat in Russia, Germany, and Hungary, and in the spread of Soviet philosophy in the United Kingdom, France, and Italy, where the temporizing programmes of the pre-war labor reform are said to have been replaced by revolutionary aims and the determination of the workers to control political and industrial machinery.

The Socialists are less optimistic concerning the disintegration of capitalism in the United States. Here, indeed, capitalism is declared to have emerged from the world-war more reactionary and aggressive, more insolent and oppressive than ever, and our government is vilified for having betrayed its democratic purposes in entering the war, by the creation of alliances with the reactionary imperialism of Europe and Asia. But even in the United States the Socialists see symptoms of a rebellious spirit in the ranks of the proletariat, manifested by extensive strikes for better conditions of employment,

the demand of two million railway workers for control of their industry, the resolution of the miners calling for nationalization of mines, and the sporadic organization of labor parties.

The attitude of the Socialist Party toward Bolshevism is not at all clear, and at times seems inconsistent. The party pledges support to the revolutionary workers of Russia in the maintenance of their Soviet government, and indorses the movements toward the Soviet system in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It goes further, and justifies the violent tactics of the Russian Bolshevists on the ground that the latter, were forced to resort to violence to obtain and hold their freedom. Nevertheless, there is no mistaking the desire of the old Socialist Party to effect the transition from Capitalism to Socialism by *evolutionary* rather than *revolutionary* methods. The workers of the United States are urged to endeavor to regain the civil liberties of which they were deprived during the war, to the end that the transition from Capitalism to Socialism may be effected without resort to the drastic measures made necessary by autocratic despotism. Although violent methods are not openly indorsed, the purpose of the Socialist Party is accepted as being fundamentally similar to the aim of all proletarian movements, namely, to wrest the industries and the government from the capitalists, and to place them under the control of those who work with hand or brain, to be administered for the benefit of the whole community.

The attitude of the Socialist Party toward industrial organization of the workers, and the substitution of occupational representation for geographical representation in parliamentary bodies reveals the influence of the programme of Soviet Russia. Mass action is possible only when all the workers are organized both politically and industrially, or industrially alone, into one powerful, harmonious class. In other words, a distinct class-organization must replace craft or trade-unionism, since the latter destroys solidarity. The similarity between this idea and the 'One Big Union' doctrine of the I.W.W. is unmistakable, and it is significant that the three major parties of American Socialism have indorsed it. The purpose of this industrial solidarity is declared by the Socialist Party to be to prepare the masses 'for cases of emergency, to reinforce the political demands of the working class by industrial action.' Political action is still to be dominant, and industrial mass action a sort of *vis a tergo* at the opportune moment.

Here the Socialist Party differs from the Communist Labor Party and the Communist Party — pronounced advocates of Bolshevism. The Communists have declared against parliamentary participation except as a means of spreading propaganda, and have openly espoused industrial action. Declarations in favor of industrial organization are aimed directly at conservative trade-unionism as represented in the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods, and are said to be an endeavor 'to win the American workers from their ineffective and demoralizing leadership, to educate them to an enlightened understanding of their own class-interest, and to train and assist them to organize politically and industrially on class lines, in order to effect their emancipation.'

The substitution of occupational representation for geographical representation in parliamentary assemblies is advocated by the Socialist Party, on the ground that the old system of representation is not truly representative of social and economic interests, and does not, therefore, give adequate representation to the wage-earners as a class. The proposed system of parliamentary

representation is the same as that established by the Soviet government of Russia. This is the first step made by the old Socialist Party toward the Soviet plan, and some of the anti-Communists within the party endeavored to soften the action of the majority by proposing a system of both geographic and occupational representation.

In spite of this apparent sympathy with the aims and organization of Bolshevism, the Socialist Party cannot be said to have accepted the complete Soviet programme of action. It is true that the report of the Committee on International Relations to the Emergency Convention, passed by a vote of 56 to 26, declared that the Second International is no more, repudiated the Berne Conference as retrograde because of its failure to act in the interest of the working class, and urged the calling of a reconstituted Socialist International of adherents to the class-struggle, in order that 'Revolutionary proletarian forces of the world may at every critical moment be effectively mobilized for simultaneous and harmonious action.'

But this report contains no open indorsement of the Third (Moscow) International, which was called by Lenin and Trotsky, and to which American Communists have subscribed. Failure to indorse the Communist International was denounced bitterly by the more radical minority report of the Committee, but this did not change the conservative element in the old party.

IV

The Communist Labor Party of America had its genesis in Chicago, after all efforts of the radical faction to gain control of the Socialist Emergency Convention had failed. Although some of the bolting delegates advocated the organization of a new party under the title of the Left Wing Socialist Party, there was a large majority that wanted to abandon completely the term Socialist; and this group, under the leadership of John Reed, who was converted to Bolshevism while a correspondent in Russia, won the day, and the name Communist Labor Party of America was adopted. The new name was accepted as the best means of announcing to the world that the party stands foursquare with the Bolshevists of Russia and the Communists of Hungary. Not all of the members of this new party indorse the entire programme of the Soviets as practicable in the United States, and some of them warned the Convention that the time is not opportune for the adoption of the name Communist, with its implication of a dictatorship of the proletariat, inasmuch as in the United States the struggle is still between Socialists and capitalists, and not, as in Russia, Germany, and Hungary, between the radicals and the Moderate Socialists. Moreover, it is feared by this more conservative faction that the terms Bolshevism and Communism will not attract American workmen, who are not kindly disposed to a dictatorship of the proletariat. This feeble protest failed to move the majority, and not only was the designation Communist accepted, but an emblem which is essentially a copy of the emblem of Bolshevist Russia was endorsed. Brief examination of the platform will make clear the nature of the aims and methods of this Centre-Left group of American Socialists.

There is some difference of opinion within the ranks of the Communist Labor Party regarding the amount of emphasis that should be placed upon mass industrial action as opposed to political action. By liberal construction, however, the party has defined political activity and industrial action as one and the same thing for all practical purposes. This elastic interpretation has

been made with a view to ready readjustment to that mode of party tactics which circumstances may indicate to be most expedient in the social revolution which the party declares to be inevitable. Although members like William Bross Lloyd, the millionaire Socialist, have warned against the use of violence, the party's platform is openly revolutionary, and emphasis is placed on industrial mass action. In common with the conservative Socialist Party, the Communist Labor Party recognizes that there is need of immediate changes in the political and industrial structure of the world, and that the vital question is whether all power shall remain in the hands of the capitalists or shall be transferred to the working class. The ultimate purpose of the party is, therefore, similar to that of its more conservative contemporary, namely, the organization of the workers into a class, the overthrow of capitalistic rule, and the conquest of political power by the proletariat. The workers, organized as the ruling class, are, through the government, to make and enforce the laws, own and control land, factories, mills, mines, transportation-systems, and financial institutions. In brief, all power is to be vested in the hands of the workers, for whom the socialization of the instruments of production and the machinery of the distribution of wealth must be effected, with the ultimate objective of guaranteeing to all the proletariat the full social value of their toil.

Unlike the old Socialist Party, the Communist Labor Party frankly affirms its identity with Bolshevism and indorses without qualification revolutionary methods of attacking the capitalistic order. It differs from the old party also in relegating to the background all parliamentary action, which, if ever resorted to, must be used for purposes of propaganda only. The programme — an elaboration of the principles laid down in the platform — states expressly that the most important means of capturing state power for the workers is direct action of the masses, proceeding from the places where the workers are gathered together — the shops, factories, mills, and mines. The use of bourgeois parliaments for this purpose must ever be incidental. Mass action functions readily and forcibly through strikes; and while the Communist Labor Party does not openly advocate violence, the voice of its first convention frequently intimated the necessity and justification of force at the opportune moment. In fact, delegates on the floor declared that the gun and the strike are both political weapons in Communist parlance.

In spite of its revolutionary phrases and its frank sympathy with the Soviet system, the Communist Labor Party is manifestly a vacillating group of Centre-Left Socialists who are too radical to feel comfortable in the Socialist Party and not sufficiently communistic and revolutionary to gain admission to the Communist Party. The inadequacy of its organization and the uncertainty of its position bespeak the possibility of an early demise, when its members will affiliate with the conservative Right Wing or the Extreme Left Wing.

Just as the German element has dominated the policies of the Socialist Party since its inception, and the American faction controls the Communist Labor Party, so the Russians have played the major part in the organization of the Communist Party. The solidarity of the Russian-language federations is so well effected as to guarantee domination of the Communist Party for some time to come. The party's first convention might well have been carried on in the Russian language. This large Russian constituency accounts for the pronounced influence of Lenin and Trotsky

in the formulation of the philosophy and the programme of action enunciated by the convention. The Communist Party is truly the party of Revolutionary Socialism in America, and its members are self-declared disciples of Bolshevism. Any doubt that one might have entertained relative to the teaching of Bolshevism in this country was dispelled completely by the sentiment of the first convention of this party, held in Chicago last September. The English element of the party is represented by members of the Left Wing National Council who deserted the old Socialist Party and immediately accepted the Soviet programme, and by the Michigan Socialists who were expelled from the Socialist Party.

Of all the programmes ever advanced by radical thinkers in the United States, that of the Communist Party forms the most unequivocal challenge to defenders of the existing order of society. It is difficult to conceive a more definitely formulated plan for the revolutionary demolition of accepted political and economic institutions. The communistic diagnostician pronounces immediate death for the present order and deplores all reformative attempts to effect a cure. To the Communist mind, moderate, opportunistic Socialism is directly and manifestly counter-revolutionary, and the Centrists, who organized the Communist Labor Party, are revolutionary in phrases, but in action are betrayers of the class-struggle and the Third (Moscow) International. Failure to apply the principles and methods of Marxian Socialism to present-day conditions, as they were applied by Lenin and Trotsky, is the basis of this condemnation.

Like the other two Socialist groups, the Communist Party is convinced that 'Capitalism is in collapse.' The manifesto and the programme of the party are patterned after the declarations of the Third International, held at Moscow, March 2 to 6, 1919, the declarations of which were signed by Lenin and Trotsky. The Communists are waging relentless war against Socialism, trade-unionism, and Capitalism. They do not accept the conception of the state which Moderate Socialism holds, namely, that the bourgeois parliamentary state is the basis for the introduction of Socialism. Such a conception is denounced as directly counter-revolutionary. The Communist Party believes that the class-struggle is essentially a political struggle, in the sense that its objective is political, which means that the political organization upon which Capitalism depends must be destroyed and in its stead a proletarian state power established. Proletarian dictatorship is looked upon as a recognition of the fact that it is necessary for the proletariat to organize its own state for the coercion and suppression of the bourgeoisie. Such dictatorship, however, is expected, not only to perform the negative task of crushing the old order, but also to fulfil the function of constructing a new régime. 'Out of the workers' control of industry, introduced by the proletarian dictatorship, there develops the complete structure of Communist Socialism — industrial self-government of the communistically organized producers.' These tasks performed, the dictatorship will end, in its place coming the 'full free social and individual autonomy of the Communist order.'

The ultimate aim of the Communist Party is the creation of a Communist order, with the proletariat as the only class. To achieve this end mass industrial and political action is to be used, but participation in parliamentary campaigns is to be merely for purposes of propaganda. The general strike is accepted as the most forcible expression of mass action; and to guarantee such

a strike at the opportune time, the party is agitating the construction of a general industrial union organization embracing the I.W.W., the W.I.I.U., independent and secession unions, militant unions of the A.F.L., and the unorganized workers, on the basis of the revolutionary class-struggle. The struggle in the United States is expected to be more bitter than in Europe, for the war is stated to have strengthened American capitalism. For this reason the Communists warn that the problem is not one of immediate revolution, but rather the maintenance of revolutionary action that may last for years and tens of years, until the final collapse of Capitalism and the creation of the structure of Communist Socialism, with complete expropriation of the bourgeoisie and the liberation of the proletariat, who will then become the owners of the instruments of production and the rulers of the world.

In this brief survey of contemporary Socialism in America, space allows only a suggestion of its salient doctrines and methods of action. Sufficient has been said, however, to show that the recent schism in American Socialistic forces was due to a fundamental difference in the conception of the most expeditious method of destroying modern capitalism. The three parties are in perfect agreement regarding the necessity of overthrowing the present order. There are several points of disagreement, especially between the Socialist Party and the Communist Party, the chief of which is the attitude of each group toward parliamentary action. The conservative Right Wing is convinced that bourgeois parliaments constitute the most suitable channels for the introduction of Socialism within the archaic structure of Capitalism, and is, therefore, kindly disposed toward parliamentary participation and opportunistic social reforms. The Centre-Left and the Extreme Left, especially the latter, repudiate parliamentary action in bourgeois states as a reactionary compromise, and maintain that, although parliamentary participation may be used for propaganda purposes, ultimate reliance must be placed on mass action and revolutionary efforts, expressed through a general industrial organization of the workers using the general strike.

Another important difference is revealed in the attitudes of the Socialist and Communist parties toward the church and religion. The former holds religion to be a private matter and has looked upon the church with indifference, an attitude also manifested by the I.W.W. The Communist Party, however, interprets religion as a social phenomenon and explains the church in the light of the materialistic conception of history — an institution that 'befuddles the minds of the masses, and defends the capitalistic order.' The three Socialist groups agree in the condemnation of trade-unionism, in the endorsement of the general industrial union, and in the enlistment of the negro in the class-struggle.

It is quite probable that the near future will find American Socialism divided into two major parties, the Socialist Party absorbing all of the moderates and the Communist Party enlisting the revolutionists. The conflict is between these two groups. There is an unmistakable tendency toward revolutionary doctrines and Bolshevistic philosophy, and the ready capitalization of this tendency by Leninists in America contains ominous signs of a concentrated, revolutionary attack upon the economic and political foundations of the present order of society.

THE HOPE OF RUSSIA

BY DOREMUS SCUDDER

I

It takes a bold man to dare a forecast of the road which Russia will find out of her difficulties. A writer in a recent issue of a popular periodical staked his reputation as a prophet upon the prognosis of a split into a Russian state in Europe and a Kolchak Siberia in Asia. He based his conclusion, first, upon a geographical cleavage. The Siberians are 'cut off from the mother country by natural land divisions.' 'The map shows northern Asia cut off from Europe by a chain of mountains, the Urals, that extend to the limits of the land.' Although this is approximately true as a matter of geography, it amounts to nothing practically, because along the two railroads the Urals are a negligible quantity. Having crossed them twice, and driven through a part of them, I found them, except for some distant summits, hardly deserving the name of hills. This applies to the region along the line from Chelyabinsk to Ufa. 'On the road from Perm to the east it [the slope] is scarcely perceptible.' Furthermore, the Russia–Siberia border does not follow the Ural Mountains throughout their course. Where the population is densest along the political boundary, the Urals are several hundred versts to the west. The 'natural-land-divisions' theory is a figment of the imagination.

Another argument of this author declares that the people 'have also come to feel that Siberia is something apart from Russia'; but ten months of residence there, punctuated with daily interviews with representatives of all classes, from Admiral Kolchak to roadside peasants, never brought me into touch with a single person who either in the remotest way hinted at possessing this separative feeling or suggested such a possibility as a divided country. Not even among the motley array of foreigners cocksure of the future — and Siberia holds its share of them — did I run across one who entertained such an opinion. In some respects Siberia is more typically All-Russian than the mother-country itself, because, first, the Great War, and second, the Bolshevist régime, drove into its cities and villages people from all over European Russia; who are becoming welded together by common interests, and are having the dividing lines due to race and former spatial separation smoothed out. Thus something like a united Russian people and consciousness is being slowly created. Hundreds of thousands of these folk own land in their former habitats and intend to return home, where they will carry the unifying forces developed during their Siberian sojourn. So far as the Kolchak government is concerned, it has never contemplated anything short of a reunited Russia.

One more remark of this writer deserves a word: 'The country was too big and too unacquainted with itself to hold a popular election; the situation [evidently the summer of 1918 is alluded to] was too critical to trust to a ballot, when eighty per cent of the

people could not have read and would not have known how to mark one.' But already in 1917 this electorate, with that in Russia, had in universal, secret, direct, and equal ballot, at what has been called 'the greatest and most democratic election ever held on earth,' chosen a most remarkable group of representatives to the first Constituent Assembly. It had also elected its own Siberian Duma, charged with the duty of setting up a local government for Siberia as one of the constituent states of the great Russian Republic.

Now, all of the foregoing is offered, not in denial of the possibility of a division into two independent governments, — Russia and Siberia, — as the outcome of the present chaos, for anything is possible in such a fermenting process as is now going on in that country; but merely to show that the considerations urged in its favor will hardly bear scrutiny. It is very easy to fancy that one sees what one is predisposed to look for in a kaleidoscope like Siberia. Every interpreter of conditions there needs the grace of a large consciousness of an erring personal equation. A number of these snap conclusions, which form the stock in trade of almost all recently arrived foreigners, and not a few long residents whom one encounters in that fascinating country, have been exported and have prejudiced the judgment of some Americans at home.

One of these is that 'the Russian has no organizing ability.' In the early weeks of my administration of the department of civilian relief in Vladivostok, not a few circumstances which favored such a generalization compelled my attention. The local government was in a semi-chaotic condition — as indeed there was ample cause for its being, with Japanese, American, British, French, Italian, and Chinese expeditionary forces and military missions insisting on having fingers in the political pie, and none of them coördinated to any definite policy, except the Japanese, who knew what they wanted and promptly grabbed it whenever possible. Not much dependence could be placed upon the word of men in charge of local affairs, especially when that charge was largely a misnomer. Accurate information was very hard to secure. Everything was at sixes and sevens.

But wider acquaintance with the facts of the situation advised patience in drawing conclusions. It was necessary, first of all, to abdicate the habit of seeing through the spectacles of a well-ordered social consciousness. The conviction soon developed that rightly to judge the Russian after his experience of struggle for life with Germany, the most titanic power this world ever knew; of the sudden awakening to a régime of liberty supervening upon ages of despotic rule; and then of the awful submergence of that régime in an abyss of hellishness absolutely unique in human history, was a task demanding all the powers of the most highly trained judicial mind. The overwhelming impression remaining after months of intimacy with Siberian conditions was that of a vast organism from which the binding force had been largely dissolved. There was an almost utter lack of social cement. Men did not trust one another; they could not. Dread, nameless dread, was everywhere, and out of the nightmare of all the months since 1914 a new object of fear, Japan, was crystallizing as these remorseless militarists of the Far East pushed their silent campaign of absorption, profiteering, and international pawnbrokerage, while the Allies, whom alone the Russians had supposed they could trust, had abandoned them to Bolshevism on the one hand, and reactionary monarchism on the other.

Once get the point of view of the liberty-loving Russian, and the scene his country presented was maddening. His financial ship was beached on the Isle of Shoals in a howling easter. Commerce was *nil*, because there was nothing to buy. The transportation system was in the hands of robber bandits like Semyonov, or of Czechs or Japanese, or Allied commanders. These helpers invaded his cities and commandeered the best buildings for their troops or their nationals, or the Red Cross, and therefrom flew their motley flags. Disorganization was everywhere, and the government had neither money nor munitions with which to overcome the incubus of allies who ought to have helped, but too often merely cursed; for soldiers quartered in a foreign land, who have nothing to do, are apt to become a menace both to themselves and to those who surround them. All of this certainly formed a poor stage for the exhibition of organizing genius.

II

But, amid it all, unseen by the average observer, one of the most remarkable social agencies in the world was being steadily built into larger proportions. Back in 1865 the first coöperative association was formed in Russia. Tsarism frowned upon the infant, and in thirty years, or in 1894, it had grown to number only 353 coöperatives. But with the world-war and the breakdown of the government transportation system, the aid of these societies of coöperators was welcomed, and they saved the situation by furnishing both the army and the civil population with food. At the same time they began to unify their organization. Since 1916 they have accomplished nothing less than a miracle. In Siberia three great amalgamations have developed to enormous proportions. They are, first, the *Zakoopsbit*, or Union of Consumers' Unions, formed in 1916, with an annual turnover (figures for 1917) of more than 250,000,000 roubles, and losses of 46,000 covered by a gross profit of 573,912; second, the Union of Siberian Creamery Associations, with more than 1400 creameries and an annual business of 160,000,000 roubles; and, third, the Sincred Sayus, or Union of Siberian Credit Coöperatives, dating from 1917, which embraces more than 4000 credit — or loan — banks which finance local coöperatives and unions. All these institutions are embraced in the Vcerko Soviet or Congress of Coöperative Unions of Siberia. Besides this, the Consumers' Unions of Siberia, and some of the larger individual associations, head up together with those of Russia in the Centro-Sayus, or Moscow Union of Consumers' Societies; while the Moscow Narodny Bank is the central banking institution for all the credit unions of Russia and Siberia.

Still more comprehensive, and uniting all those named above, stands the Vcerko Sayus, or Congress of all the Russian Coöperatives. There are embraced in this organization no less than 45,000 coöperative societies, representing 90,000,000 Russian citizens, of whom 11,000,000 are in Siberia. And the larger part of this work has been done since the revolution of 1917. While I was in Omsk this spring, all the Siberian coöperatives pooled their educational work in the only coöperative union of consumers of education in the world — the Altai Educational Coöperative Union. This marvel of social organization has been engineered by Russians, many of them peasants, and much of it during the terribly depressing days when the Bolsheviki have been holding power and have been discouraging, as far as they have dared, this great people's experiment. For the one feature of Russia's economy with

which Lenin and Trotsky have not had the courage to tamper has been the coöperative movement, although they have regarded it with the same negative favor that Nicolas II exhibited. My opinion is that the Russian has as much genius for organizing as the next man. All he needs is a chance.

A second sentiment expressed to me by strangers in Siberia as well as by reactionary Russians was, 'The peasant cannot be trusted with the ballot.' In 1864 Alexander II established the Zemstvos. From that date until about 1890 these were comprised of three groups of electors, determined, speaking generally, on the basis of property ownership, and giving to the gentry about 43 per cent of the deputies, about 38 per cent to the peasants, and about 19 per cent to all others in the population. After 1890 the lines were drawn to represent social classes more accurately. The gentry secured 57 per cent of the seats, the peasants 30 per cent, and all others, excepting the clergy, 13 per cent. After instituting these popular assemblies and assigning to them the levying and collection of rates, construction and care of roads, oversight of local charities, and of relief in years of crop-shortage, public sanitation, the quartering of soldiers, direction of fire-control, and the management of popular education, the Tsar's government became insanely suspicious and fearful of its creatures, and for two generations tried to curtail the privileges it had granted them. Nevertheless, as Professor Vinagradoff has pointed out, 'It would be not only wrong, but absurd, to disparage the immense work achieved by the Zemstvos in an exceedingly short space of time. The wonder is, not that they were hampered and distracted, but that they achieved so much. It is not an exaggeration to say that a new age was initiated by their activity in Russia.'

For half a century, then, from 1864 until the world-war, the peasants of Russia proper had been trained in the art of choosing wise men to represent them. The character of this school of civics was not to develop politicians among the people, but to lead the electors to select men who could by their wisdom and patience allay the suspicions of the Tsar's advisers and accomplish something positive for the common good. And it is the universal testimony that the peasants learned to choose the kind of men worthy of their confidence.

Because my duties confined me almost entirely to Siberia, I saw very little of the results of this process in European Russia, where alone the Zemstvos existed until the time of Kerensky, in 1917. It was then that the Zemstvos were first set up in Siberia, to be ruthlessly overthrown by the Bolsheviki and reëstablished after the expulsion of the latter in 1918. But I was frequently called upon to consult with men elected to the Zemstvos by the peasants, and to the city Dumas (assemblies) by town-folk. These men seemed the most reliable, and from the standpoint of character the most substantial, of all the classes of persons I encountered in that country. The same impression, I was told, was produced upon the chief of the American Expeditionary Force, and, according to his own statement to me, upon Mr. George S. Phelps, the head of the Y.M.C.A. in Siberia. The Russian peasant has been trained to elect men whom he can trust with the community's affairs, and when transported to Siberia by emigration or government action, as well as when born there, the experience gained by himself or his forbears in Russia serves to direct his civic activity in the newer country.

I cannot escape the conviction that the safest man to whom to intrust the

ballot to-day in Russia is the peasant. He wants most of all public security and good government. This word has come to me from him again and again. And he knows from whom of his kind he may expect the sort of government that will attend to the civic housekeeping he most desires and needs. This was well proved by the character of the representatives sent by him to the Constituent Assembly which the Bolsheviki dissolved. The little which that Assembly attempted showed its calibre, and made the crime of Lenin and Trotsky all the blacker.

About the middle of the last century, a fantastic soul named Constantine Aksakoff, an author of considerable repute, wrote a comedy entitled *Prince Lupovitsky*. The hero, burning to civilize the peasants on his estate, discloses his ambition to two of his gentry friends. One of them, a Count Dobinsky, exclaims: 'Our peasants! Are they men? Do you know what their destiny is? They exist that we, the intelligentsia, may enjoy all the pleasures of civilization. That is more than enough of an honor for them.'

A second, Baron Salutin, breaks in. 'You will want an iron hand. Make the peasants into paste and then knead it as you like.'

These sentiments still exist among the reactionary intelligentsia, some of whom, ranged behind that honest democratic leader, Admiral Kolchak, have been making his task all the harder. 'The peasant must be ruled with a big stick. They need an iron hand over them,' has been said to me more than once by Russians of charming personality. 'Twenty years of repression, and then we can give them the ballot,' is another point of view, shared, I regret to say, by not a few foreigners long resident there. But in Aksakoff's play, Lupovitsky, after getting close to his peasants, is impressed with the common sense and moral standard of the Mir, the Village Community, and ends by saying, 'I shall leave with the greatest respect for the peasant.'

III

The war called not a few social workers into Russia and Siberia, whose knowledge of the peasant has been gained by several years of constant association with him. Their experience has been that the peasant responds to kindness like every other well-ordered human being; that there is an immense capacity in him for coöperative effort, and that unselfish leadership finds him a rare follower.

A few weeks ago, one of Russia's patriots, General Boldyreff, said, 'This idea of refusing to permit the people to have any hand in the control of their own affairs is based upon the theory which is entertained by some Russians, and most unfortunately, finds support abroad, that the Russian people are backward, and for their own good must be governed by force, with all the privileges enjoyed by the people of the West and the more progressive of the East, withheld from them until they are regarded as mature enough to be trusted.

'It is not true that the Russian people are unable to govern themselves in a democratic way. This people has lived through four years of war, for which they mobilized sixteen million men and paid far heavier sacrifices in life than any of their allies, and they could not have remained blind to the events of the war and could not have helped judging what they desire for the future in the light of the past and the present.

'The coöperation of the Russian people is not only needed by the leaders, but is most essential to them, in fact, from the point of view of having

the people generally share the responsibility, and thus lessen the burden now being borne by these leaders. It should be given them now for the reason that it will enable them to learn how to exercise their rights through their experiences at this most critical time. They will learn now, through the stern necessities of the times, to distinguish between those things that are mere words and only idle appeals, and those things that are to be applied in a practical way to their lives. Give the people their rights and they will soon learn to use them.'

These are the words of one of the great generals who kept the German hordes at bay, who in the Revolution became a trusted popular leader, and whom the members of the Constituent Assembly who escaped from Petrograd and gathered in Ufa in 1918 elected to the directorate of the All-Russian government, the only democratically elected government Eastern Russia and Siberia have had. The reactionary *coup d'état* which placed Admiral Kolchak in power ended this government and practically exiled General Boldyreff.

If there be anything that can be taken as bedrock politically in Russia, it seems to be that the Russian people are capable of self-government. Indeed, the progress of events since the beginning of June, has been eloquent of this conviction. At that time, the forces of reaction behind Admiral Kolchak had decided that the *Sibzemgor*, the Union of Zemstvos and City Dumas of Siberia, should not be allowed to meet and organize. This decision was a blow keenly felt by the people all over the country.

Reverses at the front now set in, and the Bolsheviki in short order pushed back the Siberian army until the situation became very grave. Desertions of bodies of Kolchak's troops to the enemy increased, and it soon was apparent that, unless ardent popular support could be secured, the Siberian government was doomed. By early July, the decision was taken by the cabinet to authorize the meeting of the Sibzemgor.[1] Next, Admiral Kolchak issued a stirring appeal to the Siberian people to rally about his government.

'We are fighting for the national Russian cause; for the regeneration of Russia; for her unification and indivisibility. We are fighting for the rights of our nation; for the right to decide, through a Constituent Assembly, freely chosen by the people, the administration of the State; to decide the agrarian question; and to improve the life of the workmen.' This appeal went on to point out the failure of Bolshevism to fulfill its promises, as well as its crimes against liberty and the consequent necessity of annihilating it. It showed the impossibility of summoning a Constituent Assembly, representing the entire nation, until Bolshevism should be wiped off the slate. 'The struggle is for free Russia and for the rights of the people. We must be victorious or die. There is no other choice.' The Admiral reminded the peasants that in the history of Russia the people have always united in critical moments and found in themselves the strength to save the country.

It is worthy of remark that this state paper contained the first pledge of a Constituent Assembly made by Admiral Kolchak. He had always before talked publicly of a national assembly based on universal suffrage, to which he would turn over his power when he had pacified Russia.

This impressive declaration that the government, headed by Admiral Kol-

[1] The last advices from Siberia are that this assembly has been called to meet by the government. Some friends of Russia think this may prove a long step toward a unique national congress. — THE AUTHOR.

chak, which from the first had been engineered by reactionaries who had felt themselves free to choose as dictator a man of recognized democratic sympathies, was now convinced that Russia's only hope of salvation rested with the people, met with immediate popular response. The All-Russian National Union at once issued a summons to all citizens to make a supreme effort to save the nation, because no reliance could be placed upon any other agency than the people themselves. Russia must achieve her own deliverance, and that through a great popular uprising. 'The fight against Bolshevism is the fight for right and liberty. Victory will give us an indivisible and United Russia.'

Immediately the people were heard from. Cities in Siberia which had been openly apathetic and secretly antagonistic to the Kolchak government have begun with enthusiasm to organize infantry and cavalry companies. In the country the peasants, not to be left behind, have formed themselves into detachments of volunteers. The Cossacks, on a large scale, have responded to an appeal of the government to mobilize. Desertions from the army have decreased, and the spirit to fight, which for months has been notably absent in the Kolchak army, has risen steadily. And best of all as an indication of popular confidence, the Council of the All-Siberian Congress of Coöperative Societies has recently voted to place its organization at the disposal of Admiral Kolchak.

Meantime, General Denikin, Commander-in-Chief in South Russia, who has consistently maintained that he is loyal to the Kolchak government, has been asked by the Chief of the British Military Mission in that section of the country, General Sir C. G. Briggs, to define his aim, and has responded most frankly. He declares that his objective is, first, overthrow of Bolshevism and restitution of law and order; second, reconstruction of a powerful united and indivisible Russia; third, convocation of a people's assembly based on universal suffrage; fourth, decentralization through wide regional autonomy and liberal local self-government; fifth, guaranties of civil and religious freedom; sixth, land-reform; and seventh, generous labor legislation.

Out of the dense political chaos order seems certainly beginning slowly to evolve. It is marked on the one hand by a growing conviction that Russia must not depend upon foreign military assistance to rid herself of her internal enemies, and on the other hand, by a clarifying consciousness that Russia's chief hope lies in her people, in the patient, strong, reliable, and long-exploited peasant population. This, by getting together with the intelligentsia, who are animated by unselfish public spirit, and the city workmen, may, so a considerable number of Russians believe, save the great Republic.

ADVENTURES IN BOLSHEVISM

BY CLARA SAVAGE

I

ONE of the latest popular songs in Paris is called '*Tout Tombe*' — 'Everything Falls.' They were whistling it and singing it and playing it in all the restaurants when I came back to Paris from Budapest. I had gone to Hungary to get a good look at Bolshevism. And I had had it. Ten days of living in a formerly fashionable hotel, renamed the 'Soviet House,' Bela Kun on the next floor down, the entrance guarded by machine-guns, the Red Army patrolling the streets. Rather a rare experience even in these days of revolution! But back again in gay, worldly-wise Paris, the latest song hit came as an augury. Sure enough, in a few days the Bela Kun régime fell.

What was Bela Kun trying to do anyway? What is this communistic talk all about? How will five months of Bolshevism affect the future of Hungary? What is its significance for the rest of the world? These are much-discussed questions in official circles. In considering them, the testimony of one who saw the Bela Kun régime in full swing may be valuable.

The scrap of paper for which I had endured all the hardships and exasperations incident to obtaining passports nowadays stated that 'Frau Klara Savage' might proceed from Vienna to Budapest and back again.

'If you can get back!' remarked one of the Austrian officials. 'You had better not stay too long or you may never get out. It's about time for a counter revolution in Hungary. I'd advise you not to get caught in it.'

I had visions of being strung up by the Red Army, and the young Hungarian business man we met on the train encouraged the belief. Through him we got a rather incoherent impression of the capital's reaction to Bolshevism.

'You see before you a ruined man,' he said sadly. 'I was formerly a member of a large business firm; but my shares have been taken over by the government. I am not permitted to draw more than a small sum from my bank account per month; I must work for almost nothing.'

In a pause of the conversation he drew me aside and whispered, 'Would you do me a great favor?'

I saw myself involved in a plot to bring about a counter-revolution.

'Would you put sister's silk stockings in your suitcase?'

Here was our first hint of some of the practical difficulties involved in Bolshevism. He explained that such necessities as silk stockings were not to be obtained in Budapest; that he had bought a pair in Vienna, but that unless I, an American, would get them through the customs for him, he was afraid the Red Guard would confiscate them for their own sisters. I took them.

Leaving the train at the frontier, you must walk about a quarter of a mile till you come to a bridge that is the connecting link between Austria and Hungary. No one can pass here without a permit. Was it not Carlyle who said that one of the first signs of evolution

was man's acceptance of standing in line, instead of knocking his neighbor down with a club and getting there first? Hours and hours of standing in line for official *visés* make one wish, however, for more club and less evolution. It was some time before the official in the hut at the side of the bridge stamped our passes. Then we forward-faced out of Austria straight into a line of Red Guards standing, guns in hand, on the Hungarian side of the bridge.

I confess to being nervous. Their red cap-bands, red sleeve-bands, red buttons and rosettes, and their guns gave them a decidedly ferocious appearance. But, as usually happens when you have been dreading things, they are n't so bad as they look. For all their red bands and guns and general fierceness, they seemed, when you talked to them, surprisingly like any boys in uniform.

There were three of us, and as many Red Guards escorted us to a special train guaranteed to arrive in Budapest at two in the morning. They even stopped and refreshed us along the way with coffee at their barracks. Why?

'Because you are Americans.'

'American' is a magic word that opens every door. What is it that makes them like us so much? I began to ask myself after traveling through Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary. Perhaps it is because we live so far away! But, seriously, I believe it is because, in spite of all our mistakes, they believe in us.

We rode through the fertile country lands of Hungary. The fields promised a plenteous harvest. In the rolling meadows great herds of cattle browsed. Wheat rippled in the breeze. Men and women trudged home after the day's work. Hungary is a lush country, fertile and self-supporting as far as agricultural products are concerned.

Late afternoon deepened into night. I was tired and sleepy, and when one of the Red Guard invited me to stretch out on one seat in his compartment, while he occupied the other, I forgot that he was what is commonly called a bloodthirsty Bolshevist, and accepted. As a matter of fact, he was a mild-looking Bolshevist, wearing eyeglasses, and he insisted that I have his overcoat for a cover. Beneath it I slept an untroubled sleep till I felt him shaking me. It was two in the morning, and we had arrived at Budapest.

II

We stumbled out into the darkness. The Red Guards found a coachman driving a bedraggled horse hitched to a musty hack, and in we piled. How still the streets were! How deserted! No late revelers returning home at this hour in the morning. Did no one revel in a communistic state? The slow hoofs of the old horse reëchoed on the asphalt with a ghostly rhythm. Then, turning a corner, we were suddenly halted by a Red Guard with a gun. He inquired in Hungarian who we were and where we were going. Not knowing any Hungarian, and having very little idea where we were going, we answered as best we could. We flourished beneath the light of his pocket-lamp our voluminous American passports. We learned afterward that one of the unwritten laws of Hungary — Bolshevist or not Bolshevist — is unerring politeness to the stranger within their gates. In no country does one meet with such courtesy.

The Red Guard saluted, and we rode on. One after another, we stopped at the hotels. They were all full. At last, we decided to try the stronghold of Bolshevism itself, the Soviet House, where Bela Kun and almost all the other government officials lived. It was a good deal like walking up to the White House in Washington and demanding bed and board; but with the usual American audacity we did it.

Here again the word American opened the door to us. We were given the best rooms in the house. Hot tea came up at three in the morning. We tumbled into bed and slept an untroubled sleep in this very hotbed of Bolshevism.

Waking up in communistic Budapest was like waking up in a strange new world, where most of the ideas with which you had been brought up, concerning government, society, life in general, did n't fit. The result was that you did one of two things — became immediately disgusted with this whole new state of affairs and went home to condemn it, or decided to try to be as open-minded as possible, to look it over carefully and dispassionately, and then decide what you thought of it.

Unless you were unalterably convinced that the particular form of government, of social life, of industry, to which you were accustomed was the right one for all times and places, you found it absorbingly interesting to watch this experiment along totally different lines. At times one would feel irritated, at times enthusiastic, at times homesick, because one was n't used to this new state of affairs, and found it difficult to adapt one's self to it.

At times, I went up to my room to laugh, for Bolshevism certainly has its humorous aspects. At other times, I felt strongly the sincerity, the groping after truth which actuate the real Communist, and was stirred, as any human being must be stirred, to see men struggling after an ideal. And all the time I found myself more awake mentally, more keenly concerned with fundamental questions affecting society, than ever before. You may not sympathize with this attempt at a communistic state in Hungary, you may eventually condemn it, but you've got to think about it. Russia lighted the red fire of Bolshevism, and the flames are spreading. Signs of unrest and Bolshevist tendencies are expressing themselves in strikes and labor demonstrations all over the world. You can't really be alive to-day unless you realize the seriousness of this fact and try to understand it.

The fundamental idea in the communistic state of Hungary was that every adult person, man or woman, should earn his own living. Imagine living in a place where they take that story about Jesus Christ declaring that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into heaven, literally, and begin to take away his riches from the poor rich man! Imagine a place where no one can earn more than forty to fifty dollars a week, and no one less than fifteen!

That was the kind of a place communistic Budapest was trying to be. To understand it you have to understand the scheme of things — the plan of government. Briefly, it is like this.

The governing body of the state was the National Soviet or Workingman's Council (*Múnkástanacs* they call it in Hungarian), which is composed of representatives elected from the local Soviets of the various cities, towns, and counties. The local Soviets are made up of workers representing the various trades or professions, and are elected by their fellow workers. You would find artists, ditch-diggers, bank presidents, dressmakers, and other widely varying professions represented in the Soviet. The National Soviet elected the heads of the government departments, called commissars. There were twenty-six commissars acting as heads of the twelve departments. There were, for instance, the commissary of education, of hygiene, of production, of transportation and railroads, of justice, and so on, corresponding to the administrative departments of our government.

I attended a big meeting of the Budapest Soviet, at which the chief question discussed was the distribution of food.

It was a burning question. There was plenty of food in the country, but to organize the distribution of it and relieve the shortage in the cities was a difficult task, complicated by the shortage of coal resulting in poor railroad service. The National Commissar of Food addressed the meeting. Men and women delegates listened to what he had to say, interrupting him, from time to time, with shouts of approval or disapproval, with questions or suggestions. There was no doubt that this man was directly responsible to the people. He talked over with them his difficulties and his plans for overcoming them; he listened to their suggestions and complaints. There was no feeling that the speaker was removed from his audience because he held an official position. He was one of them. If he had better ideas than the rest, all right; if not, they said so and suggested others.

Hungary under Bela Kun, who was nominally the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, but actually the leader of this communistic state, patterned its government after that of Russia. Bela Kun is a former co-worker and close friend of Lenin. They were in communication every day by wireless. But Hungary avoided some of the mistakes made by the Russian Bolshevists. For instance, in Russia one of the first steps was the confiscation by the government of all land privately owned. Now Hungary, as an agricultural country, has a large peasant population. Peasants, in the main, are a peaceful, conservative class. They live far removed from the seething unrest of cities, and when crops are plenteous and prices good, grow rich and contented. If you own your own farm, have plenty to eat and wear, and money saved, you are not apt to be the stuff of which Bolshevists are made. You are apt to think that the world as it is is a very good place and wonder why anyone tries to change it.

So it was with the peasants of Hungary. If when the Communists came into power they had followed the example of Russia and confiscated all land, including the peasants' holdings, they would at once have alienated the strongest class. Bela Kun was wise. Peasants were allowed to keep their land up to a limit of two hundred acres.

On the other hand, the estate of the squire, who was the landlord in many rural districts of Hungary, was 'socialized.' The squire had formerly held much the position of a feudal lord owning a great estate worked by vassals. Under communism the estate was divided among peasants, who worked it on a coöperative basis. In the main, the peasants of Hungary were left unmolested by communism, and, as a class, were rather indifferent to what form of government existed, so long as crops were abundant and prices good.

When I was in Hungary the wage-scale for workers had not been entirely worked out, but three thousand kronen (about $120 in American money, as exchange went then, but with a value of not quite twice that amount to Hungarians) was fixed as the largest salary per month that anyone could earn. Society was divided into groups, according to professions and trades, by a government committee. Highly skilled manual workers, professional men, and artists earned the same pay in some cases. Every adult who was able to work was compelled to do so, but special provision was made for the sick and the old.

One morning we were admitted to the Military Tribunal, which is the court of justice in a communist state. As a rule, it was not open to the public, and it was with some difficulty that we were admitted. A man who had been the trustee of a great munitions factory before the days of communism was being tried on the charge that he had kept his workingmen from organizing

in trade-unions and had in other ways interfered with what they believed to be the rights of the workers. The accused was a tall, iron-gray man, with a lantern jaw and sharp eyes. He stood stiffly erect in his military uniform and faced his three judges with an arrogant dignity. There was no jury. The man stated his case. Without understanding Hungarian, one could see that he was making a straight-to-the-point, dignified statement. When translated, we found he had said that, as his factory was a munitions plant, it was operated under military law; that he was, first of all, a soldier, and had simply obeyed the commands of those above him.

His statement finished, four witnesses appeared, three for and one against him. They were workingmen from his own factory. Three of them declared that he was right: he had been the tool of powerful military authorities; that he meant no harm, but had not been strong enough to withstand pressure brought to bear by those higher up. I watched the face of the prisoner. It must have been hard for him to listen to these workmen over whom he had formerly tyrannized declare that he meant well, but was weak! The fourth witness attacked him bitterly, but his questioning brought out the fact that he had an irrelevant personal grievance.

The entire trial was conducted with the utmost calm, dignity, and fairness. There was no bullying by the judges, no attempt at tricky cross-questioning, no sharp practices. We heard, the next day, that the man was acquitted.

This trial seems to me fairly representative and important. Here was a man of the hated bourgeois class, who had been ruthless in attempting to curtail the rights of the workingmen. He was brought to trial by the workingmen, before workingmen judges, and they said he was not to blame, that he was merely the tool of an old system, and acquitted him. After all the tales of bloodshed and public execution for offenses, which have been attributed to Bolshevism, I was glad to see an actual trial by the Military Tribunal.

That same day I went out to one of the big prisons on the outskirts of the city, for the purpose of seeing political prisoners. (As an aside, I must remark that Hungarian prisons are models which put ours to shame. They are light, airy, spotlessly clean. They are surrounded by lawns and gardens, where the prisoners take daily recreation.) A young college man, the son of a wealthy banker, took us to visit this prison. I have my suspicions that he was no Communist, although he did n't say so. It was about as risky to go about in Budapest declaring that you were n't a Communist and a believer in Bolshevism as it is in other countries to declare that you are a Bolshevist! Many of this young man's friends were political prisoners. It made visiting prison with him seem much like attending a delightful official reception.

'Oh, how do you do?' he exclaimed, seeing a distinguished-looking gentleman sitting under a tree, reading, in the yard. 'Let me introduce you to our former minister of war,' he said to me.

The minister laughed and shook hands. He showed us the book he was reading. 'Light stuff,' he remarked, 'light stuff. I never had time enough to read before. I was always too busy, but now I'm enjoying myself.'

We walked on and were introduced to several counts, barons, former state officials, and a bishop. They admitted that they were treated with the utmost courtesy in prison, that their rooms were comfortable and clean, that their friends were allowed to come each day, and might bring them food to supplement the plain prison fare. They could read and write whenever they wished, and were free to stroll about the prison

lawn and talk together. They were gradually being freed. Many of them were going back to government positions. One of the astonishing points about this Communist government in Budapest was its absorption of all elements. They were willing to have as government workers men who had not been Communists, who had actually been political prisoners because of their antipathy to this form of government, if they professed a change of heart and gave pledges of good behavior.

On the whole, I would describe these political prisoners as fundamentally rebellious and thoroughly frightened at the state of affairs in Hungary. They were afraid that a new order had come, and that they of the aristocracy would never find a place in it.

We had another glimpse of this side of things in Hungary, when we dined with a family which had formerly been wealthy. Now they had no more money, no more food than anyone else; their retinue of servants had been reduced to one maid, and on the next day their large apartment was to be divided so that another family would occupy a part of it. They were utterly rebellious. After a simple, but very good dinner, for which the mother apologized profusely, we went to the reception-room for coffee and were joined by a girl cousin, who was a perfect specimen of this type of family, delicately bred, sensitive, with a fragile blonde loveliness. She had been used to having everything she wanted. She was an artist, had studied in Italy.

'I want to go back to Italy,' she said, 'but I can't leave this abominable country. All our money is confiscated. They have taken away several rooms of our apartment, though I managed to keep an extra one by calling it my studio. And they have seized our summer home on the Danube, and filled it full of dirty little proletariat children.'

I asked her what her work was under the new government.

'Oh, they classify me as a "young artist!" I'm allotted 2500 kronen [$100.00] a month, because my work has won some recognition. It's about enough to pay for one of my hats!'

By way of contrast, I visited one of the former slum districts of Budapest. Many of the families had moved to better quarters, but we found one family of thirteen living in two rooms. The father was then earning 2000 kronen a month as a skilled workman, and they were about to move to a better house.

'We're getting our chance,' said the father of the family. 'We're going to live like decent folks and take care of the children and have some comfort.'

There you have the two sides of the picture—the rebellious bourgeoisie, resentful at having their big houses, their servants, their limousines, their bank-accounts taken from them, forced to live simply and to work, and the proletariat, who believed they were getting a chance they had never had to live comfortably and bring up their children decently.

III

But, to get right down to it, how does communism affect the welfare of children? About the most important question you can ask of any government is what it is doing for the next generation. I had come to Hungary from Austria, where children were starving to death by the hundreds. Four years of food-blockade is having its effect. I saw hospitals filled with children slowly dying from hunger—'Angel Factories,' they call them. You could n't see this in communistic Hungary. When the Bolshevist government tackled the food-problem, it decreed, first of all, that children should have milk, that they should be well fed. The children in Hungary are plump and well.

Forms of government are interesting enough, but the thing that came nearest to making me a Bolshevist was a visit to the big baths in Budapest where all the school-children are bathed once a week. Just before the Bolshevists came into control, a magnificent new hotel had been built on the shore of the Danube, with all the elaborate perfection necessary to satisfy the most exacting, sophisticated taste. Then along came the Bolshevists. They took it over and decreed that its famous mud baths and sulphur baths should be open to everyone for a nominal sum. Certain days a week are reserved for the children.

If you could have seen them! Five hundred small boys, with straight, supple little bodies, standing in line to march in front of the doctor and be examined before being allowed in the bath. Children with weak hearts, any form of skin-disease, or contagion, must be bathed separately. Once pronounced fit, off they scampered to scrub themselves earnestly with soap and water in the showers, and then rush out and into the big pool. The bathing-rooms were of white marble, the great pools lined with turquoise-blue tiles and filled with crystal-clear water. Into them splashed the small boys. You can't imagine a happier sight, unless it was the five hundred little girls in the next room bathing in another great turquoise-blue pool, their softly curved, beautiful little bodies flushed pink from splashing and swimming. Such perfect joy as that one hour a week was to those children! And then to see them coming away, hand in hand, with damp curls or pigtails and shining, scrubbed little faces. You had to stop and think for a moment to know whether you had stepped into the Kingdom of Heaven or into a Bolshevist state.

'But,' says someone, 'public baths for children are perfectly possible without Bolshevism.'

Yes, it seems as if they ought to be. I do not claim that the world should go Bolshevist so that children may have a weekly bath; but I would like to point out that any form of government that puts food for babies and the health of its children first is a form of government worth consideration.

The housing problem was one which was creating a good deal of difficulty in Budapest. The Communist government had decreed that no family should be entitled to more than three rooms, in addition to the kitchen, bathroom, and rooms set apart for definite work. Stories have been current that in Hungary millionaires and street-sweepers had been forced to share the same apartment; but although some curious combinations resulted as a rule, families with similar tastes and professions were encouraged to live together.

One Sunday afternoon a young woman invited us to tea. She and her husband were living in a delightful apartment which they shared with two other families. She was an ardent Communist, but even she admitted it was inconvenient to 'socialize' the one bathroom and the one kitchen to such an extent that all three families used them. She hastened to explain, however, that she believed the embarrassment would be only temporary, since extensive plans for building new model apartments, better fitted to communist ideas, were under way.

We had some difficulty in getting away from Hungary. Budapest was almost surrounded by its enemies, the Roumanians, Serbs, and Czechs. We took the train one evening, rode for ten minutes, and woke next morning exactly where we had gone to sleep the night before. The advance of the enemy had made further travel unsafe.

The next night we repeated the experiment. This time we rode until an early

hour of the morning, when those of us who had had war experiences heard a familiar sound — bombardment. The Czechs were bombarding Komoron, and, carelessly enough, our train had steamed in the direction of the bombardment. It backed out. Trains armed with machine-guns passed us. How we finally got out of Hungary after three days and three nights travel is a story not without its picturesque details, but its main importance lay in the fact that it gave us time to get a perspective on this communistic state.

My main criticism of Bolshevism, as I saw it in Hungary, is that it did not seem to be a spontaneous movement on the part of the majority of the people. Rather, it was something imposed on them from without. As a result it had to be enforced with all the rigor possible. Bolshevism is a synonym for anarchy and chaos to many people. Instead of anarchy and chaos in Hungary, there was the other extreme — over-organization, over-control. Talk about freedom and personal liberty! There was n't any in Budapest. You could not walk down certain streets, or eat, or buy a pocket-handkerchief without a permit; you could n't do this, and you could n't do that. The newspapers — all government-owned — printed long columns every day of rules to govern your daily life. And you could n't get away from it all. You could n't leave town without a government permit, and you could n't go home and be alone, for there were other families living in your apartment, sharing your bath. It's a terrible thing to be so utterly government-regulated!

And Bela Kun? Bela Kun was an absolute dictator. He could not very well help being, because there was n't another man among the Bolshevist group in Hungary who could compare with him from the point of view of personality, intellect, and executive ability. When I first shook hands with him, I saw a dark, squat, thick-set man, with great rolling lips and a thick nose in a broad face. An ugly little man, more muscular than intellectual in appearance. Then I sat near him on a platform, while he addressed an immense audience of men and women. He put one foot up on the edge of his chair and leaned toward them, the perspiration pouring from his forehead, his right arm driving his words home with hammer-strokes in rhythm with his short sentences. Then you saw his real self — the self of a man who is absolutely sincere, pledged to what he believes is a great ideal, fired with a great faith, and willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of his cause. Ask even his enemies, and they will tell you that Bela Kun is all that I have said.

But is an absolute dictatorship at the head of an over-organized form of government a step forward? Or is the present situation in Hungary merely temporary? Will the communist ideals be able to emerge from the red tape of regulations and prove themselves to the rest of the world? These were some of the questions I asked myself as I came away from Hungary.

The answer is postponed. At present, Hungary has swung back to the old form of government by the aristocracy, with an archduke on the throne. The French keep right on singing '*Tout Tombe.*' And it is a well-known fact that a pendulum is apt to swing far in one direction and then in the other, before it hits the happy medium.[1]

[1] Since the above was written, the pendulum has swung back once more, and the archduke has been dispossessed, after a very brief tenure of office, at the demand of the Allies. — THE EDITORS.

OUR RAILROAD PROBLEM

BY GEORGE W. ANDERSON

I

For ninety years we have had a railroad problem. It grew out of undertaking to make public highways sources of private profit. It was formerly a state problem. It is now a national problem. The war compelled recognition of the utter inadequacy of our transportation system and its financial unsoundness and of the resultant menace to the nation's capacity to mobilize for the great struggle. Our habitual American luxuries — inefficiency and waste — were instinctively agreed to be inadmissible indulgences in war-times. With general assent the railroads were, on December 26, 1917, taken under government control by the President. Under the Federal Control Act of March 21, 1918, government operation may, if the President so decides, continue for twenty-one months after the proclamation of peace. No one expects or desires the return of the roads to former conditions.

For a generation railroad-security-holders have had worse treatment than railroad-users. For two prior generations the chief victims were the using public. The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 asserted, in meagre and inadequate fashion, that the state-chartered railroads are essentially national highways. The Interstate Commerce Commission has now eliminated the worst of the extortions and discriminations from which the using public suffered for nearly eighty years. But the security-holders had, until Federal control came, no protection from the nation. The Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction in that regard. By the Federal Control Act, Congress empowered the President to contract to pay compensation on a basis not exceeding the average net earnings for the three years ending June 30, 1917. This measure assured regular payment of accruing interest on bonds and all regular dividends on stock. The security-holders have thus for two years been well taken care of by the government. If they could have a permanent status even somewhat less favorable, their lot, as compared with the past, would be a safe and happy one. The number of stockholders owning a few shares each has recently been increasing, indicating that many people have confidence in the ultimate sanity and justice of the American government.

Since the government took control, railroad rates have been raised about 25 per cent — a less increase than has obtained in the selling price of the product of any other great industry; wages have been increased, perhaps 60 to 70 per cent — also a less increase than has obtained in any other great industry. If railroad rates had been increased as have the prices of steel and most other products, the sky-rocketing spiral of high prices would have been made much worse. Increased freight rates are always reflected several times over in increased prices of the freight moved. The disproportion between the increase in the price charged for transportation and the increase in the cost thereof has necessarily resulted in diminished net

earnings. The government will not earn the amount that it agrees to pay for the use of the roads by about $300,000,000 a year. No disbursement of, perhaps, $600,000,000, from the Federal Treasury for war purposes, will compare in value of return to the American people with this railroad expenditure, with its resultant financial soundness of railroad securities and but moderate increases in the cost of transportation service. Railroad rates are to-day the lowest in the history of railroading. Considering the conditions with which the companies would have had to deal if the government had not assumed the burden, the management for two years has been the most efficient and the most economical the country has ever had.

Congress is now struggling with the problem of creating a real national transportation policy. More than thirty plans have been submitted. Only a brief sketch dealing with generalizations—which are always inaccurate—can here be attempted.

At the outset it is desirable to have in mind some fundamental facts and guiding principles that ought to control. There are three, and only three, parties in main and controlling interest:—

1. The public served — essentially a unit; not divisible into manufacturers, farmers, shippers or other special classes. Railroad rates are generally absorbed into the prices paid by the general consumer; everyone is interested in railroad service and in railroad rates.

2. The operating forces: numbering about 2,250,000 employees and operating officials, mostly of a superior type, who make railroading their life-work — a very stable and intelligent class.

3. The security-holders; the owners of about $10,000,000,000 at par of bonds bearing an average interest rate of a little less than 4½ per cent, and the recipients annually of about $300,000,000 in dividends upon about $4,000,000,000 at par of regularly dividend-paying stocks; besides the odds and ends of other stocks and bonds, largely speculative or representative of wrecked or embryonic railroad enterprises. Directly and indirectly the owners aggregate millions, in large part women.

The problem before Congress is how to coördinate these three factors so as to do essential justice to all. The corporations that have hitherto managed our railroads ought, for most purposes, to be ignored. They are largely legal myths, increasingly for many years nests of financial and political intrigue. For two years they have had a moribund and nearly useless existence, wasting large sums on official and legal forces that have contributed little to the solution of our transportation problem.

The first and most obvious economic right and need of the railroad-using public is uninterrupted service. This can be obtained only by the coördinated, continuous activities of Class 2, the operating forces. The American public now has no generally accepted *legal* right to continuous service. Otherwise stated, the operating forces have a legal right to strike.[1] The primary and most fundamental change required is, therefore, to provide for continuous service. That can be done only by creating a radically new legal status for labor. No plan of reorganization is worth discussing, or has the slightest prospect of satisfying the just demands and desires of the American people, that does not make

[1] This statement is not intended as an expression of opinion on a point of law — which, under the doctrines of the Supreme Court laid down in the Debs case (158 U.S.S.C. Reports, 564), as well as under some of the war legislation of 1918, might, under quite conceivable circumstances, be open to serious doubt. It is the present practical condition — not an arguable legal theory — as to the right of the public to have uninterrupted service from essential public utilities, with which we are now concerned. — THE AUTHOR.

railroad strikes illegal and practically impossible. With illegal strikes, plainly the courts of equity and the courts criminal have long dealt efficiently. With this fundamental right of the public to continuous service, the forces most active and vociferous in Washington show little disposition to deal in any hopeful fashion. The perspective of the railroad presidents is perhaps indicated by the fact that they have submitted an elaborate bill of eighty sections, dealing in detail with the return of the railroads to corporate management, their consolidation into so-called rate-group systems under Federal charters, and the restoration of railroad credit — and containing on page 85, in fine print, the statement: 'Note. Provision as to Labor Controversies to be added.'

These and most of the other capitalistic forces now contending in Washington regard the relation of dollars to railroad service as primary, and the relation of the human workman to railroad service as of but minor and secondary significance. But railroad transportation now bears a relation to the safety and comfort of the American people fairly commensurate with the relation of the crew of a ship on the ocean to the safety and comfort of the passengers thereon. A strike of the crew of a ship has always been mutiny — crime.

The right of the individual employee to leave the railroad service should remain inviolate. But the present legal right of the mass of the employees, by combination and conspiracy, to take the country by the throat until it assents to their demands, just or unjust, must be taken away. No people can be really free while their right to a life of peaceful activity lies subject to the control of extra-governmental bodies. Labor unions to-day are extra-governmental bodies. They have the powers, but not the responsibilities, of government. Their domination is as intolerable as the capitalistic 'invisible government' that we have been fighting for a generation, until the Germans diverted our attention to world-affairs. Our dominating forces must be governmental, official. Then, when they do not suit us, we may change them through orderly political processes. Thus only can there be evolutionary democratic progress.

Assuming, then, that it is an essential part of any sound and constructive railroad policy that strikes be made illegal, how may this be effected justly and as matter of practical politics? It can be done in one way and in one way only: the management and control of our transportation industry must be turned over to such forces as ought to command and will command the confidence of the mass of the employees that they will hereafter receive just and human treatment. Giving up the right of strike, they must have a substitute which will effectually ensure them justice and which they will recognize as ensuring them justice. This weapon of economic war cannot be taken away, as a matter either of justice or of practical politics, without giving to railroad labor an entirely different status from that which has obtained under capitalistic domination of our transportation industry. Any attempt of capitalistic forces to ride rough-shod over several million organized voters will fail.

Probably no plan can be suggested for making strikes illegal which will not command the opposition of most of the prominent labor leaders of to-day. These men are now in the seats of power. For a generation capital has taught them lessons in arrogance and in disregard of paramount public right. It may be that they have learned these lessons. Some recent occurrences indicate that they have. But the solidarity and power of our labor unions are more dependent upon pressure from without

than attraction from within. It is the pressure of outside injustice which drives men in the mass into organizations having purposes and control that many of them dislike. Intelligent citizens, such as constitute the mass of our railroad employees, will welcome a self-respecting status that will release them from the obligation to strike under orders.

II

In measuring the forces at work and the way in which the problem must practically be dealt with, some important historic facts should not be overlooked. In the light of those facts, the cause for surprise is, not that union labor in the railroad industry has been so strong, but that it has been so weak. Only the four brotherhoods have ever been sufficiently organized to affect substantially their wage and other labor conditions; other railroad labor has been shamefully underpaid and exploited.

The popular impression as to railroad wages, both before and during Federal control, is largely the result of misrepresenting propaganda. Until action was taken under the report of the Wage Commission appointed by Director-General McAdoo on January 18, 1918, wages were astonishingly low. In the report, dated April 30, 1918, of this bi-partisan commission, of which Secretary Lane was chairman, is the following summary of wage conditions: —

> It has been a somewhat popular impression that railroad employees were among the most highly paid workers. But figures gathered from the railroads disposed of this belief. Fifty-one per cent of all employees during December, 1917, received $75 per month or less. And eighty per cent received $100 per month or less. Even among the locomotive engineers, commonly spoken of as highly paid, a preponderating number receive less than $170 per month, and this compensation they have attained by the most compact and complete organization, handled with a full appreciation of all strategic values. Between the grades receiving from $150 to $250 per month, there is included less than three per cent of all the employees (excluding officials), and these aggregate less than sixty thousand men out of a grand total of two million. The greatest number of employees, on all the roads, fall into the class receiving between $60 and $65 per month — 181,693; while within the range of the next ten dollars in monthly salary there is a total of 312,761 persons. In December, 1917, there were 111,477 clerks receiving annual pay of $900 or less. In 1917 the average pay of this class was but $56.77 per month. There were 270,855 sectionmen whose average pay as a class was $50.31 per month; 121,000 other unskilled laborers whose average pay was $58.25 per month; 130,075 station service employees whose average pay was $58.57 per month; 75,325 road freight brakemen and flagmen whose average pay was $100.17 per month; and 16,465 road passenger brakemen and flagmen whose average pay was $91.10 per month.

Not only were railroad wages unconscionably low before the government took over the railroads, but the ghastly burden of industrial accidents was until a few years ago left to rest almost entirely upon labor. The compensation acts, enacted against violent opposition by most of the railroads, have now to some degree ameliorated the fate of the victims of our numerous railroad-employee accidents. But the fellow-servant doctrine, the assumption-of-risk doctrine, the contributory-negligence doctrine, all had their origin or greatest operation in the field of railroad-employee accidents. Broadly speaking, the old railroad management treated labor as a commodity to be bought in the lowest market and junked when shattered in service.

Labor has not, and has no reason to have, confidence in getting a square deal if the railroads are returned to corporations operating them for private

profit and dominated by the financial cliques that have of recent years controlled our great railroad systems. For that matter, neither have the security-holders. Labor is embittered by generations of ill-treatment and exploitation. The representatives of labor say, and with substantial truth, that the forces which, until December 26, 1917, dominated our transportation industry, are representative neither of the rights of the millions of human beings who have done the essential transportation work, nor of the rights of the other millions who have furnished the money to pay for the transportation facilities.

Accordingly, railroad labor has prepared a programme of its own. As might be expected, it asks more than it ought to have. The 'Plumb plan' provides that the government shall take by eminent domain the railroad properties. This is fair enough to the owners; indeed, far more favorable to security-holders than most of the plans urged by capitalistic forces. The owners of property taken by eminent domain generally get more, not less, than they ought to have. The Plumb plan proposes that the roads thus nationally owned shall be operated by a corporation controlled by directors, one third appointed by the President, one third elected by the railroad operating officials, and one third by classified labor. It claims to put an effective check upon such directorate's making undue increase in railroad wages by providing for an excess-profits fund to be divided between the operating officials and classified labor and the public, the officials, who are initially to make wages, to have a dividend at twice the rate accruing to employees. The argument is that the desire for large dividends will give the operating officials a sufficient incentive to economy and consequent dividends for themselves to ensure reasonable railroad wages. But the fact would remain that two thirds of the directors would represent employees and not the public served, or owners of the property used.

Manifestly, the American people ought never to accept a management of their transportation industry controlled by, and in reasonable prospect largely in behalf of, the employees. The railroad business is a public business. It must be controlled by and in behalf of the public. Labor is entitled to a full and fair representation in the management; it is not entitled to control.

But, viewed in proper perspective, the opportunity of the holders of bonds, or of stock, or of both, to participate intelligently in the selection of the management of a great industry is very much less than the opportunity of the employees in that industry. The mass of us bondholders or stockholders know practically nothing about the industries in which we are thus part-owners. In large corporations, stockholders exercise no more selective power over directorates than do bondholders. Employees of an experienced, intelligent type, like the mass of the railroad employees, know very much about the industry in which they labor. They may, and must, if the industry is to be progressive and efficient, have an incentive and an opportunity to contribute to sound and efficient management.

But our national highway-carrier industry must be dominated, not by those who live out of its treasury, but by those owing no duty except to the general public served, or else by a system of such checks and balances between labor, capital, and the public, as to give reasonable prospect of a management just, efficient, economical, and progressive. Such meagre representation as two directors out of from eleven to fifteen, given by the bill under consideration by the Senate Committee, known as the Cummins bill, will not, and I think ought not, to satisfy la-

bor's just demands. The Cummins bill leaves the full control of the railroad industry where it was prior to Federal control, in the hands of capitalistic interests. To put two labor directors into a large board would give labor little or no influence in determining proper wage and other labor conditions. Such labor directors would be almost certain to find their efforts futile; they would be disregarded and discredited. Discord and distrust between a management so constituted and the mass of the labor forces would be fairly certain.

Moreover, viewed in proper perspective, to give labor strong and self-respecting representation in the management of our transportation industry is not to extend a privilege, perhaps not even to recognize a right; it is, rather, to place responsibility where, in the public interest, responsibility belongs. As already indicated, railroad labor as now organized has great — too great, almost dominant — power, without proper legal responsibility for the use of that power. Labor must hereafter be so related to the management and continued and efficient operation of our public utilities as to take its full share of responsibility for their continuous, economical, and efficient operation. In my view, this can be done only by ousting capital from the dominant managerial control it has hitherto had. Capitalistic control in the management of our railroad industry is a failure. The combination of capitalistic control with national and state regulation is a failure.

III

Few people are in a position to know how bad our railroad management has been. Most of those who do know are in no position safely and frankly to tell. This indictment does not run against the operating management; most of the men directing actual operation are faithful and efficient. But no body functions well without a head. Good arms, legs, and trunk are valueless until coördinated and directed by a good head. The railroad arms, legs, and trunk are fairly good; the head is muddled, incompetent, non-coördinating — determined to pervert the uses of the body from their normal and wholesome functions. We ought either to put our railroad industry fully under public direction, or to try the experiment of a balanced administration — making, say, one third of the directors public directors, probably appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, one third capitalistic directors chosen substantially as hitherto, and one third labor directors. I think it clear that in the management of a public business like the railroad business, labor is as much entitled to representation as capital, and that neither is entitled to control. The control must, directly or indirectly, be by the public for the public.

Even with such full and self-respecting representation of labor in the management, wage and other labor controversies would surely arise. These must be settled by some competent, courageous, permanent, and therefore trusted, tribunal — organized with an efficient staff for the purpose of keeping in close touch with labor conditions, and receiving salaries equal to those paid the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, or other persons holding important positions in the management and control of our railroad industry. Nothing could be more unfortunate than to minimize the importance of such a tribunal by providing, as does the Cummins bill, for a labor court, the members of which are to be paid $4000 each, while the salaries of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners are raised to $12,000. Labor will certainly look askance at a proposition to put $4000 men in control of the rights of

human beings in this hazardous industry, while $12,000 men are required to fix proper rates for carrying coal and calves. Confidence in a square deal is not promoted by such propositions.

Doubtless, as the railroad presidents contend, if private capital is to furnish the money requisite for needed railroad development, new credit based on radically changed financial conditions is necessary. But new management grounded on a radically changed attitude toward the human factors is far more essential. Money can be obtained on the public credit if necessary or desirable. Continuous, efficient, and economical service is impossible so long as our railroads are run by or for absentee landlords engaged in rack-renting schemes. The tenants will not work for such landlords.

The railroads lost their credit largely because there was no confidence that the management would use honestly, and in the public interest, the proceeds of increased rates if granted. Generous rates might well have been allowed if railroad management had shown any sign of using the proceeds, above a fair return to security-holders, with conscientious regard for public right, or even for the interests of their widely scattered stockholders Outside the manipulations and speculations of the stock market, and such wreckings as the New Haven, Rock Island, and Frisco, the Interstate Commerce Commission has been compelled to face possible serious results to the public, arising out of the constitutional claims urged upon them by highly paid railroad counsel concerning rates and valuation. These counsel claim a constitutional right to capitalize any excess earnings (thus making the rate-payer furnish both capital and a return thereon), as well as unearned increment in land (an important factor in the values of the terminals in our rapidly growing cities), going-concern values, besides other sorts of intangible and artificial so-called values representing in no part investors' money put with honesty and reasonable prudence into the public service, but rather ingenious legal schemes of public extortion. To the creation of our railroads, the public has contributed about $700,000,000 of public moneys and a land area about equal to that of Texas. The value of these lands to the railroads cannot now be estimated, but it is enormous. For this tremendous contribution of public property to railroads privately owned, the public now has nothing to show.

Under such circumstances, no tribunal having any justice-loving instincts or regard for the public interests could allow increases in rates not demonstrated as necessary. No such demonstration was or could be made by the railroads, whose management has persistently refused to adopt modern bookkeeping methods in charging maintenance and depreciation in the annual expenses, so as to show with approximate accuracy the real cost of the product sold. The only rate base presented to the Commission has been 'property accounts' bearing no sound relation to original cost, to reproduction cost less depreciation, or to any other arguably sound value of the property used in the public service. A worse or more inadequate system it would be hard to create, or even conceive.

Nor should we forget the national scandal of the interlocking directorates, now made illegal by Section 10 of the Clayton Act of October 15, 1914. The real object of these interlocking directorates was the despoilment of the railroad corporations for the benefit of the other concerns with which they interlocked. Otherwise stated, many of the railroad directors represented adverse interests, and operated from within, to the great damage of their trust estate.

These criticisms, necessarily general, should not be applied too broadly. It is, of course, not true that all, or nearly all, of the men who have served and are serving as railroad directors and as railroad presidents have been engaged in schemes of graft and conscious breaches of trust. But the system under which our great railroads have for a generation been controlled has, as it were, offered a premium for so-called 'honest graft' and breaches of trust. The Pennsylvania management to-day may be as honest and high-minded as any court in the land; a year hence the road may be in the hands of spoilers, who will wreck it as the Alton and New Haven were wrecked. The point is that the present system offers no security either to the investing or to the railroad-using public.

Some of the opponents of a real national transportation policy have humorously expressed a fear that thus 'the railroads might get into politics.' They have never been out of politics. For half a century they have been the most corrupt and corrupting influence in American political life, except possibly the liquor interests, with which they have been found in frequent coöperation. Their degradation of our newspaper press has been a menace of hardly less importance. Genuine democracy and a venial press cannot permanently coexist. Gratitude — 'a lively expectation of favors to come' — accounts for the gross misrepresentation in the current newspaper press of the achievements of the Federal War Control of our railroads and of the real significance of most of the plans now being urged upon Congress.

The fact is that the forces represented by the Association of Railroad Presidents have even now accepted, only under compulsion and with mental reservations, the proposition that the railroad business is really public business. Their, perhaps unconscious, attitude is like that of the clergyman who said confidentially, 'The curse of my profession is that one has constantly to pander to the moral sentiment of the community.' Such pandering by our railroad magnates is a present distressing necessity from which they are struggling to be relieved by plans of reorganization little comprehended by the American people. A few years ago many of these same men were advocating rebating as but the exercise of a 'constitutional right to use our own money as we please.' As well depute the task of rebuilding the social and political structure of Continental Europe for real and effective democracy to the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs and their Junker clans as turn back our national highways to the exploiting forces that have controlled them for a generation. The talk about 'returning the railroads to their owners' would be nonsense if it did not connote a hidden menace both to the 'owners' and to the American people. The 'owners' have had nothing to do with managing the great railroad properties for thirty years.

IV

Next in importance to providing a new status for labor which will make it both just and politically possible to take away the right to strike, is the question whether we shall retain the competitive theory in our railroad organization and management, as an assumed incentive to efficiency and progressive development. Several chambers of commerce have advocated what is called 'competition in service' a taking phrase. The Cummins bill provides that it shall be the policy of the United States as soon as practicable to consolidate the railroads, in ownership and for operation, into not less than twenty, or more than twenty-five, separate and distinct systems. For such meagre

and utterly inadequate coördination the American public is to submit to seven years of '*voluntary* consolidations,' as Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Failing such results from seven years of financial manœuvring, compulsory consolidation is to ensue.

The Cummins bill also provides that 'competition shall be preserved as fully as possible.' But on analysis the contention for what is called competition seems to be almost entirely delusive. What is really wanted is not competition, but an incentive to efficiency, economy, and progressive development. Under such regulation as is proposed, there can be nothing fairly called competition. The essence of competition is the right and opportunity of the managers of a property to get business on their own terms and make all the profits they can. There is general agreement that competition must be eliminated from rate-making, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have the right to prescribe minimum as well as maximum rates, so as to eliminate such vestiges of rate-competition as have survived the regulation of the last thirty years. With rates made by public authority, the selling price of the product of the railroad industry is put out of the management's control. Wages, which cover more than half the cost of the transportation product, are also expected to be made by other than the nominal employer. The railroad presidents do not expect, probably do not desire, to take the burden of dealing with the wage question. National control over railroad labor conditions was asserted by the Adamson Act. It will never revert to the boards of directors of privately owned and managed railroad corporations. New securities are to be issued only after public approval. Common use of terminals is to be determined by paramount public interests, as obviously it ought to be. Extensions, whether for new business or demanded in the public interest, — and whether profitable or not, — are to be made only under public approval or pursuant to public mandate. If, perchance, any competition survives under such extensive regulation, — so that two railroads are found competing for the same line of business, — then pooling of earnings is, under public approval, intended to end such competition.

Adequately to discuss the pros and cons of the competitive theory as applied to the highway-carrier industry would require a book. But it is safe to assert that the great weight of sound and informed opinion is that competition in railroading has, certainly for a generation, done the American people more harm than good. The wastes of competition in railroading are great and obvious; the economies delusive and theoretical. Some other incentive for efficiency must, and I think may, be found in a plan for guarded and limited profit-sharing.

Moreover, the Cummins bill, as does also the bill presented by the railroad presidents, provides that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall divide the railroads into 'rate-making groups,' having 'in view the similarity of transportation and traffic conditions therein. There is no such thing as a rate-making group of railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission cannot perform this task. It is impossible of performance.

V

The conclusion is that we shall never have any railroad transportation system worthy the name of 'system' until the roads are unified. Every road worth talking about is a factor in interstate commerce. Railroads are interrelated national highways. They are bounded only by the ocean — hardly by our

national boundaries either on the north or on the south. Until this fact is recognized, we shall make little sound progress toward a national highway-carrier system.

Unification and federalization are both absolutely essential. To continue the struggle under the competitive theory, and under the absurd and complicated provisions of state charters and inconsistent and hampering state laws, is to invite failure.

Paradoxical as it may at first seem, the unification of our railroads under a single Federal charter makes far easier of proper and satisfactory solution the problem of local and state control over transportation problems that ought to be locally controlled. When our national highways are operated under a Federal charter, the Federal government may safely delegate in large measure to state authorities the enforcement of Federal rights — such as commutation rates around our large cities, the elimination of grade crossings, and local questions of train service and safety appliances. As the agency is a Federal agency, the Federal government can retain for itself full reviewing control over all questions having real national significance — such, for instance, as the building of an expensive station in Boston, Buffalo, or Denver.

The law should also require the Federal directors to provide to the utmost practicable degree for local administration. A centralized administration of a single Federal railroad company, under a statute requiring regional administration to the full extent practicable, is far easier of management than are complicated systems such as the Pennsylvania. These great railroad systems are now as bureaucratic as the most over-grown government bureaus. Besides, they have all sorts of troubles arising from conflicting state charters, state laws, and state regulating commissions. In other words, unification is a condition precedent to effective local control over local interests in an essentially national highway system.

It hardly need be pointed out that the much-discussed problem of the strong and the weak roads vanishes when we have unification. This problem can be solved in no other way. All other proposed solutions either play into the hands of speculators and exploiting interests or utterly fail to meet the difficulty.

Over this question whether the railroads shall be incorporated under Federal charters is raging a violent conflict between contending capitalistic forces. The railroad presidents advocate Federal incorporation, voluntary for a period and thereafter compulsory, somewhat as does the Cummins bill. But a fierce attack is made upon this proposition by the representatives of the railroad security-holders, the proponents of the so-called Warfield plan. They allege that compulsory Federal incorporation is unconstitutional, and buttress their allegation by the learned opinion of eminent counsel. They contend that the railroads should continue under state charters. They have become, for present purposes, ardent supporters of state rights; and would gain political support from the natural state jealousy of Federal encroachment, and the desire of state commissions to continue to make intro-state rates, with little regard to the paramount rights of interstate commerce to move on equal and undiscriminating terms.

These two great financial forces — the railroad presidents, representing in a general way the old régime, and the National Association of owners of Railroad Securities, represented by forces that desire to get into the seats of power and pleasing profits — are engaged in violent and acrimonious controversies as to the respective merits and demerits,

the constitutionality and unconstitutionality, of their opposing schemes. Perhaps they are rendering a valuable public service by showing up the unsoundness, if not the unconstitutionality, of each other's plans. The plans of both contestants are essentially private-interest-serving and not public-interest-serving. It is manifest to the outside and detached observer of their contest, that they are carrying on an old-fashioned railroad fight, where the gist of the question is which of two sets of exploiting forces shall get control of the financial and political situation for purposes of private profit.

The Cummins bill resembles in some important respects the plan of the railroad executives. It endeavors to deal with the problem of the strong and the weak roads by taking from the strong roads the excess earnings above a fair return (whatever that may be held to be), and turning one half thereof into a labor-welfare scheme, and turning the other over to the contemplated transportation board for the purchase by the nation of equipment, or for loans to other carriers for the purpose of equipment and other transportation facilities. While this plan attempts to avoid the alleged vicious exploiting features of the Warfield plan, in that the excess profits of the strong roads are not thus diverted to the purpose of putting value under watered or otherwise unsound stocks, it is attacked by the railroad executives as being unconstitutional. Only a decision by the Supreme Court, probably rendered after years of confusion, uncertainty, and litigation, can determine that question. No such question should be left open.

VI

But no one has yet suggested that the United States has not a plain constitutional right to charter a Federal corporation with power to issue its stock in exchange for the stocks of existing corporations, and to take by eminent domain for national transportation purposes any property fit therefor. The very simplicity of this plan seems to be one — perhaps the controlling — reason why it is not acceptable to the forces that profit by chaos and contention.

If the views thus crudely outlined — that we must have a new management for railroads in which labor is an efficient and responsible part, and that our railroads must be unified into a single national system — are sound, what are the rights of the security-holders and how shall a plan for reorganization and unification be most easily accomplished?

Manifestly, no such eminent domain proceedings as are provided by the Plumb plan are necessary or desirable. Railroad-security-holders are to-day in a trading mood. Good railroad securities are selling on a basis of eight to ten per cent return from dividends regularly paid for the past five years. No security-holders who are intelligent and informed desire to return to the old régime, perhaps to share the fate which befell the security-holders of the New Haven, Boston & Maine, Frisco, Rock Island, Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton — not to mention others in the not remote past. It is entirely clear that railroad-security-holders need and are probably entitled to have their just rights protected by the Federal government, which has for years regulated, and now controls, the operations of the railroads owned by these security-holders. The bonds outstanding in the hands of the public and bearing an average interest rate less than that paid by the government on the Victory Loan should, with certain exceptions for present purposes negligible, be paid according to their tenor. Pending payment, they should be guaranteed, prin-

cipal and interest, by the Federal government. As to the stockholders in receipt during the past five years of regular dividends, plainly they would be justly, even generously, treated if given an opportunity to exchange their stocks for stock in a Federal corporation on which standard dividends should accrue at such a rate as to give them as much as, or even somewhat less than, the regular dividends paid during the past five years. The plan is as simple as the consolidation of any great railroad system. It is merely a stock-swapping proposition.

If the railroads were once unified under Federal charter, with a statute permitting the new corporation, and requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission, to make rates adequate to pay a standard dividend of not less than five or more than six per cent, then the relations of these stockholders to the Federal government would be substantially like those of the Boston Elevated to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In the new stock certificates there should be a provision that the Federal government may at any time expropriate the stockholders at par and accrued standard dividend. This would insure the government in its right at any time to change the plan of organization and control, as experience might dictate. Such a provision in the stock certificates would affect to no substantial degree the market value or other rights of the stockholders.

Such exchange of stock would not, of course, take care of wrecked, embryonic, or otherwise unfortunate railroad properties. The rights of the owners of such properties might have to be determined by due process of law. But as soon as the Federal government was in control, not only, as now, of the rate-making power, but also of the actual ownership in a single Federal corporation of all the great systems and trunk lines, the owners of the remaining railroad properties would be in no position to force exorbitant prices from the Federal government. The question would be, what, in justice, should the new railroad company pay such owners for their rights and interests in the odds and ends of railroad properties not included in the great consolidation which would be effected without litigation and as matter of trade.

Whether the Federal government should guarantee a minimum dividend of, say, four per cent on the stock of such unified railroad company, would be a question for fair discussion. Probably such guaranty would improve credit, reduce the cost of capital, and thus the ultimate cost of transportation, while costing the government nothing.

Railroad rates should be so adjusted as to make the railroad users pay the real cost of transportation, including interest on the bonds, standard dividends on the stock, and the full cost of maintenance of the properties. An incentive to efficiency, economy, and progress might well be furnished by providing that any excess profits made in fat years above the standard dividend should be divided into thirds — one third to go as a dividend on wages on a classified schedule to be worked out under the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission; one third to stockholders to be used in fat years up to a reasonable maximum dividend, probably not exceeding seven per cent, any balance to be put into a reserve fund to meet possible deficiencies in standard dividends in lean years; and the other third for public uses, perhaps to amortise capital investment or to provide for government equipment.

Many of the plans now before Congress contemplate some such species of profit-sharing as an incentive to efficiency, economy, and progress. Competition has utterly failed to give us these

results; profit-sharing is an experiment worth trying.

It is perhaps not surprising that the forces now active in Washington are essentially private-interest-seeking forces and not *public*-interest-serving forces. Our railroads have always been purveyors of perquisites and of special privileges. Our railroad fights have almost always been contests to see which of two financial cliques should have the chance of exploiting either the railroad-using public, or the railroad-owning public, or both. This general characterization is in the main applicable to the present Washington situation. The railroad presidents represent the dominating financial forces whose mismanagement is illustrated, perhaps in extreme degree, by the fate of the New Haven, Rock Island, and Frisco.

In the view of the railroad presidents the whole question of railroad reorganization is a question of railroad credit. They say, in effect, 'Raise rates twenty-five to fifty per cent, and put us back into our comfortable seats of power, with salaries ranging from forty to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and all will be well.' They demand railroad rates sufficient to provide a six per cent return on the full value of the railroad property (whatever that may be), plus three per cent more to be ploughed into the property, so as to take proper care of maintenance, depreciation, and expenditures for non-revenue producers, like grade-crossing elimination, ornate stations, etc. They are probably correct in their claim that for many years most of the companies have been charging too much to capital account. In part, this is due to the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in part to the fact, already adverted to, that railroad managers have persistently refused to keep their books so as to show their actual expenses. This muddled and inadequate book-keeping system is here adverted to as but another illustration of the sort of management that has brought our railroads to their present financial slough, and that is almost certain to result from tying up the national highway business with Wall Street and profit-seeking manipulation.

But rates based on nine per cent for capital will create no enthusiasm among shippers when the days of war-profits have passed.

Whether out of this chaos of conflicting interests the Congressional committees — on which are serving many men of superior abilities, large experience, and unquestionable desire to perform their duties in statesmanlike and effective fashion — will succeed in working out this year a sound and effective railroad system may well be doubted. The year preceding a presidential election is rarely a time for strong and constructive statesmanship. Rather is it a time for manœuvring for political position; a time when men in office are afraid to deal boldly and radically with great problems of which any attempted solution is sure to offend some influential political interest. The temper of the times does not seem constructive.

Haste makes waste. It would be a calamity to the nation and to railroad-security-holders to have the roads turned back to corporations under any plan now under apparently serious consideration. Moreover, out of the present urgent desire to 'do something, even if crude and merely tentative,' arises another danger too serious to be passed unmentioned. That danger is that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be ruined by being over-burdened, not only with an intolerable mass of work, but by imposing upon it functions which it is not, by training, tradition, organization, or personnel, fit to perform. That Commission has done work of great value to the country. It com-

mands and deserves public confidence. It is our only present national transportation instrumentality. But, like other human institutions, its capacity is limited. It cannot successfully run the railroads or solve problems of organization which require bold and far-reaching legislative enactments. It must be kept to its quasi-judicial and administrative tasks, under statutes capable of intelligent and coherent construction and covering all essential principles for rate-making, security-approving, and other properly delegated, regulatory provisions — else it will break under the burden.

It is broadly true that we have our present railroad chaos because the national legislature has failed to meet and deal with problems that only it can deal with. If now, in haste and confusion, the burden of solving the insoluble is thrown, in indefinite, incoherent fashion, upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, a bad situation will be made worse. Congress will destroy the only effective national transportation institution that the country now has.

If by the time this article is published some measure much sounder and more constructive than any yet formulated is not well on its way toward enactment, the best thing that can happen to the American public — and especially to the railroad-security-owning public — is an extension of Federal control until after the next presidential election. This may be done either by the President under the authority of the present act, or by joint resolution of Congress. The responsibility obviously ought to be taken in part by Congress, and not be borne by the President alone. If the roads are turned back under any of the pending plans, most of them will be in the hands of receivers within six months; manipulators, speculators, and exploiters will flourish at the expense of the railroad-using public and the railroad-owning public.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

GRAM NEGATIVE DIPLOCOCCI

(The laboratory of an American Base Hospital in France)

I WAS working intently over my microscope, searching amid the débris of a stained slide for lurking cocci. Back and forth, through a labyrinth of red and blue fibres, I wandered: here a cell — here another; red-stained leucocytes, these. No organisms here. Good. More cells — a group this time; still nothing suspicious. I lifted my focus a trifle: two tiny red spots —

A knock at the door interrupted me, and I looked up, calling, 'Come in.'

No one entered. It was very quiet in the laboratory that afternoon — Christmas afternoon. A fire hummed in the iron stove; a coal settled quietly down into place. Over in the far corner a mouse had discovered my precious cake of chocolate, and was gnawing away at the paper wrapper. Rain poured down in a dismal patter on the roof and swished against the windows. No one was stirring. Probably I had been mistaken: it was only the wind rattling the paper windows in the door. I bent again to my red spots. Intra-cellular Gram

negative cocci, when found in the spinal fluid, could mean only one thing —

The knock again, — tap, tap, — more distinct this time.

'Come in!' Who on earth would stand out in the rain and knock on the door so timidly? No one had ever entered so ceremoniously before. Still no one came in. Strange. No sound now save the fire and the rain: the mouse had stopped when I spoke. I sat a moment, listening. Faint voices reached me from the wards across the street; someone passed, slushing through the deep mud; someone laughed. Then, quite unmistakably, I heard a sob. I sat very still. Seconds passed; another sob; then another followed it in quick succession. Silence again. The mouse was at work once more; it was working on the chocolate now.

Crossing to the door, I threw it open.

A strange figure stood there in the twilight — a strange little old man, stoop-shouldered, bare-headed, the rain streaming down on the few matted gray hairs. He was dressed in the nondescript garb of the Spanish laborer — great wooden shoes, baggy patched trousers, and ragged coat. A great olive-drab muffler was wound several times around his neck, yet the two ends hung nearly to the ground. In his hands — dirty, black-nailed, work-worn hands — he fidgeted an old cap. His face was deeply lined and overgrown with a gray stubbly beard of several days' growth — a thin, starved face, with deep-set, bleary eyes.

A great sob shook him from head to foot. I stood there in the doorway and waited, knowing neither French nor Spanish, and knowing full well that English was useless.

'Monsieur,' he sobbed.

'Monsieur,' I repeated, not knowing what else to say.

Sob after sob ran through his bent frame, but there were no tears: he was *very* old. Puzzled, I awaited further developments, while the old man fingered his cap and sobbed.

'Monsieur,' he repeated, but seemed unable to go on.

'Oui, monsieur.' Then, plucking up courage, I adventured further: 'Entrez-vous?'

The ancient did not move. Finally, 'Christoval — ici?' he sobbed.

Christoval! I began to understand in spite of myself.

'Oui; Christoval ici,' I replied.

A sob a little deeper than the others was the only reply. Then, quite suddenly, his cap crushed in his palm, he raised his face, and both arms shot toward me.

'Christoval — mon fils!' he cried.

Ah, the anguish of it! So that was it. Yes, I understood. Christoval, the Spanish laborer who had died that Christmas morning of spinal meningitis; Christoval, who lay in the adjoining room wrapped in a white sheet; Christoval, for whom we had fought a losing fight for days.

'Entrez-vous, monsieur,' I repeated; and helped the tottering old man to a seat by the stove. What a picture of utter misery he made, sitting there, sobbing. I hardly knew what to do. If only he could cry a *tear!*

I patted him gently on the shoulder, with a vague idea of quieting him. The effect was quite unexpected. He looked up at me, then reached for and took my hand in both his calloused palms.

'Mon fils,' he repeated.

I hesitated no longer; contagion or no contagion, I could not send him away unsatisfied. His sacrifice was enough: he had the right to see his boy. Taking him gently by the arm, I led him to the door of the adjoining room. There I paused for just a moment: the sobbing had stopped — in fact, he seemed scarcely to breathe. It was very quiet: only the rain on the roof. I looked at

the old man: he was very calm. I opened the door.

Then, in the twilight, father and son met for the last time.

Kneeling near the body of his boy, his head buried in his poor old hands, the ancient prayed — half to himself, half aloud — prayed with all the strength of his body and the power of his soul — prayed over the body of his dead son. Surely, if ever prayer ascended, that one did. And then the sobbing began again, but deeper, slower. In fear that he might get too close to the body, I led him gently — very gently — from the room. And as he passed out into the rain again, — childless, crushed, convinced, — he turned and faced me. A great tear sparkled in the corner of each eye! So Nature relented at the last moment and granted him the blessed relief of tears!

'Merci, monsieur; merci, merci!' was all he whispered. And touching his finger to his forehead, he turned and plodded off through the mud and rain.

I closed the door, and with a very deep sigh, returned to my microscope and the little red spots. Long I studied over that field and others. More and more tiny red spots revealed themselves where no spots should be. Intra-cellular Gram negative diplococci, when found in fluid taken from the spine, could mean only one thing. And I knew even without further culture, that up in our 'contagious ward' one of Uncle Sam's boys was well started along the same path that the younger Christoval had so lately followed.

A PARABLE FOR PHILANTHROPISTS

Christopher and I were motoring through the Adirondacks; and, on the morning in question, were traversing an unusually long stretch of unbroken wilderness. For ten or fifteen miles we had passed not a cottage, not a camp, not even a trail. Nothing but forest on both sides of the road — wild, tangled forest, beautiful, fragrant, and infinitely lonely. Its silence had fallen upon us. We felt as if we had escaped forever from the troubled haunts of men, and could never again be confronted with human problems. We drove slowly, with only a half apprehensive eye on the gray sky, which threatened rain.

I was just thinking that it was strange we saw so little evidence of the wild animal life with which the woods must abound, when suddenly, like an answer to my mental challenge, there came a little stir in the bushes ahead of us. A tiny, discreet stir. No suggestion of a bear or a deer. Perhaps a hedgehog, however. As we passed, I looked closely and, to my astonishment, saw, not a hedgehog, not even a rabbit or squirrel, but — of all things, in that uninhabited wilderness — a shrinking, small gray kitten. I could hardly have been more surprised by the appearance of a woodchuck on Fifth Avenue.

Christopher saw it as soon as I did, and he slid into neutral and stopped the car. An indignant and disdainful look crept about his mouth. I knew what he was thinking. We live in a summer-resorted valley ourselves, — and we have had incredulously disgusted experience with people who abandon pet cats when they close their cottages. But not out in the wilderness like this, at the mercy of all kinds of dangers, and so little and helpless, its mother's milk scarcely dry on its mouth. I was so angry that I could not speak, as I got out of the car and went back along the road.

'I don't know what in the world we'll do with it,' said Christopher.

The point was well taken. We were planning to spend the night in a hotel. Neither of us hesitated, however. Our duty seemed clear.

'I suppose we can leave it at some camp or farmhouse,' I suggested.

'And pay them for taking care of it!' Christopher added, ironically.

The kitten remained just where we had discovered it until we were near enough to look it in the eye. It had evidently been a pet. Its fur was sleek and its face wore the open, candid expression peculiar to well-bred cats. It seemed glad to see us. Steadfastly it returned our gaze, and its pink mouth opened in a plaintive meow.

'Kitty!' I murmured. I'm fond of cats, and this one quite went to my heart. 'Pick her up for me, Christopher. I'll hold her while you drive.'

So Christopher went to pick her up, and for the next hour and a half he continued to repeat the motion.

Who could have believed it would be so hard to make connections with a pet kitten? She was not afraid of us. On the contrary, the minute we let her alone, she came stealing back to the side of the road where she could see us and call to us. But she simply could not make up her mind to let us rescue her.

First Christopher tried, with a confident method which left him staring rather foolishly at his unexpectedly empty hand. Then I tried.

'That's not the way. Evidently, she's been out here long enough to get frightened. Poor little thing! We must coax her into confidence.'

So Christopher sat down on a rock and lighted a cigarette while, slowly, slowly, discoursing, 'Poor kitty! nice kitty!' in my most mellifluous accents, I crossed the road and approached the spot where the kitten crouched. It took me at least ten minutes, and, in the end, she slipped from beneath my very fingers. My discomfiture was worse than Christopher's, for the retreating ball of fur turned and spat at me.

'Hard luck!' said Christopher, sympathetically, if also a little critically, 'when you so nearly had her. I'll try again next; but we'd better sit still for a while till she gets over her scare.'

As we sat waiting, it became evident that it really was going to rain. In fact, already a fine mist was in the air.

'Those bushes will soon be nice and wet,' remarked Christopher.

'Well,' I replied, much subdued, 'she's near the edge now. Go and get her, and get it over with.'

Three minutes later, after a slow approach followed by a plunge on Christopher's part, the kitten was in the heart of the forest.

'Oh, I say!' cried Christopher. 'This is hopeless. We might stay here all day and all night and all another day. Don't you think we'd better conclude that we've done our best? After all, there are plenty of mice and grass-hoppers in the woods.'

I recognized this as sound, sensible masculine advice, and I longed to accept it. The prospect of spending indefinite hours dodging about tangled bushes in the rain was not exhilarating. Moreover, the next inn was leagues ahead, and we were hungry. But the sentiment of my sex was too much for me.

'I'm afraid I could never look Shem in the face again,' I murmured.

Shem is our yellow cat at home.

Christopher was admirable. He always is, but on this occasion he outdid himself. He said nothing further, but took off his hat and coat, turned up his trousers, and went to work. For nearly an hour he pursued that kitten, trying every method he could think of or I could suggest. He stalked and coaxed, he waited and plunged, he withdrew, he circumvented and headed off. The rain fell steadily, and the bushes more than fulfilled their promise of wetness. I was very unhappy. After all, I care more about Christopher than about kittens. But something of the kitten's perversity had infected me. As she could not bring herself to be caught, so I could not bring myself to abandon her.

'Well,' said Christopher finally (he spoke carefully; for the last half hour when he had said anything at all, he had said it carefully), 'I'm going to make one more effort, and then — '

It was a thorough effort. He made a wide détour about the kitten's position, entering a part of the forest which he had not penetrated before, and was about to close in on the maddening outcast, when, to my perplexity, he suddenly desisted from the whole undertaking and returned to the road, shaking the rain from his hair and turning down his trousers with as dark an air of disgust as I have ever seen. I wanted to ask, 'What in the world is the matter?' but I thought I'd better not.

He told me, however, presently. The situation was one which just had to be shared. 'There's a trail over there,' he said concisely, 'leading to an occupied camp. We've spent the morning trying to kidnap that kitten.'

Perhaps there is nothing more to be said. Certainly Christopher and I said nothing for many miles. I was too humbly chastened, and he was too — well, let us call it considerate. But we did some thinking; and, after a most opportunely good dinner at an unexpected wayside inn, I was relieved to hear Christopher begin to meditate aloud.

'It was n't crying at all,' he reflected. 'It was just saying, as its mother had taught it, "Welcome to our mountain home." How embarrassed it must have been!'

'And frightened,' I added. 'No wonder I thought it looked scared. Several times we nearly had it.'

'Well,' Christopher concluded, with a grave glance at me, 'philanthropy's a ticklish business.'

BEING ONE OF THEM

I think it began when I stepped into the elevator that would take me to the third floor of the building that houses the local water company.

'Good morning,' said I to the elevator man.

'A fine morning,' said he to me.

The thought crossed my mind that it was a pity he had to spend this fine morning in a sunless elevator-shaft, but all I said was, 'Yes, indeed it is! Third, please.'

I entered the office and handed my bill and my check under the wicket to the clerk. He quickly dispatched the business — Dub! dub! the rubber stamp banged on the bill, and on the coupon, my receipt was handed to me, and forth I went. There at the open elevator-door was the man waiting for me.

'How did you know I'd be out at once?' I asked.

'It don't take long to pay a water-bill,' he answered.

Of course, the water company's office is not the only one on the third floor of that building, but I passed lightly by the obvious question how he knew where I was going, and said instead, 'There must be a good many people paying their water-bills.'

With zest he answered, 'Many! I should say there was! They was comin' and goin' all day yesterday. And last night, too, till near nine o'clock. Lord, I was tired!'

And with that we parted on the ground floor, and I went on my way, considering. For a day or so at the beginning of each month, do all people lose individuality in that man's eye? Short or tall, light or dark, thick or thin, Gentile or Jew, are we all only 'they' to him? people going up with unpaid bills in their hands, people coming down pocketing their receipts? payers of water-rates?

I met my child's dancing teacher. My child, in my opinion, will some day out-Russian the Russians. At present, fat three-year-old legs end rather

abruptly in wee feet encased in the smallest known dancing-slippers; but the pirouettings and pointings of my prodigy promise well. I stopped to speak to the teacher. She is nice. I like her. She has individuality in my mind. But in the course of the conversation she said something about 'the mothers, and I at once knew I had no individuality in her mind. Even detached, in the spring sunshine, on a down-town street, I am still only one of 'them' — one of that long row of fondly beaming females who sit against the wall on Thursday afternoons. To me they are individuals — Stephen's mother, fair-haired like her boy; Alice's mother, with Alice's same smile; perhaps they are individuals to Stephen's and Alice's teacher, but she called them 'the mothers.'

I left her and climbed the steps to a dry-cleaning establishment on the second floor of an old building. There I was greeted by the proprietress, a business woman of tact with whom I have had many an interview, both face to face and over the telephone. These interviews, though entirely on business matters, have always left a pleasant impression, a flavor of personality. To-day's was like preceding interviews. I was greeted with a personal smile. We conferred earnestly together about my husband's fur-lined coat. I asked if it could be returned to me in a sealed package, so that I'd not have to bear the responsibility if moths ate the coat.

'Boxes are high and hard to get, and so we are n't sending anything home sealed this year,' said my dry-cleaning friend. 'They used to always expect it, but I guess they'll have to realize it's impossible, now.'

'They' expected? Who expected? moths? fur-linings? boxes? Oh, yes! of course! Customers. I was one of 'them' to her. I was merely a human being who stored up my goods where moth and dust corrupt. I was a soldier in that vast army that wages war on dirt, with no more individuality in the dry-cleaner's eye than has one khaki-clad soldier in the parade to the citizen looking from a high window. It was growing amusing.

I left the cleaner's. I stepped into the street-car at the corner. We've recently adopted that thorn in the flesh, the six-cent fare, in our town. I fished in my purse. The exact change was n't there. I searched further. No pennies! I handed the conductor a ten-cent piece, and when he doled back my four pennies, I said something entirely pleasant, though it sounded a little like 'nuisance!' His reply was, 'They all hate a six-cent fare.'

'They' again! This time I was one of the traveling public. What I meant to that conductor was a person, one of hundreds who pass under his observation every day, who, like the others, hated a six-cent fare. Only that and nothing more. To him I was n't a payer of water-rates, or the mother of an aspirant for terpsichorean fame, or even a slayer of moths.

As I wrote the above, my next-door neighbor came to borrow something for private theatricals. (We still have private theatricals in our town, despite peace conferences and the spread of Bolshevism.)

'I wonder if you'd lend me one of your linen collars?' said my neighbor. 'Helen is to take a man's part and wants a linen collar, and her throat is so slender none of our husbands' collars will fit. I tried to think who wore linen collars, and you were the only woman I could think of who still does.'

Aha! At last I have achieved individualism, if only of an Arrow Brand. I had seen myself as others saw me — one of 'them,' but now I was in a different position, dragged there, so to speak, by the collar.

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